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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mr. Neylan's Disclosures.

Mr. Neylan, as his name would indicate, is nothing more nor better than a shifty politician. Whatever he says or does must, of course, be interpreted and discounted in respect of his character for adroitness and selfishness. Then, along with a whole field of second-rate men, he wants to be governor. That he had reasons of a personal sort for quitting the State Board of Defense we may easily believe, just as we may doubt the explanation which he has made to the public. None the less there are elements of obvious truth in Mr. Neylan's arraignment of the Board of Defense. The only clearly defined activity of this delectable body is its expense account. It has thus far consummated approximately forty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money without having done anything of observable value in the matter of public defense. Possible advantage may come from paying the "traveling expenses" of various members of the board up and down the state, but surely Chairman Naftzger has not returned value received for his salary of \$500 per month. Why should it be necessary these times to pay anybody a salary for patriotic labors, even assuming that such labors have been performed? Some hundreds of men, leading figures in the greater lines of industry and commerce, have been giving their services

to the government gratis; and it is of record that upwards of seventeen thousand citizens, many of them residents of California, have made application to Mr. Hoover for uncompensated and unheralded work in his department. Could not the state easily find a man in every way of equal rank with Mr. Naftzger who would be willing or even glad to perform such labors as may be implied in the chairmanship of the Board of Defense, on patriotic account?

### The Government and the Railroads.

Since the memory of this generation runneth not to the contrary the energies of government in dealing with transportation—more particularly railroad transportation—have been directed to the end of enforcing the principle of competition. Attempts great or small to augment efficiencies or to promote economies by "pooling," "merging," and other coöperative devices have been repressed—even penalized. The heavy hand of government, state and national, has been laid upon transportation companies and managers who have sought to expedite traffic or to save cost through arrangements founded in principles held to be scientific and legitimate in respect of every other form of human activity.

Thus there has come into being a maze of restrictive laws making it impossible for railroad managers upon their own initiative—even under the pressure of war requirements—to achieve efficiency in the transportation system of the country. All along railroad managers have known how to bring the system as a whole to a unified efficiency, but their hands were tied. Lacking authority to disregard a tangled web of restrictive legislation, they have lacked the power to so work the railways as to make them render a service of which they are normally capable. It has taken the emergency of war to illustrate the unsoundness of the principle under which government has been laboring for many years; and again it has taken the authority of government to overbear and break through the bampertangle in which government itself has enmeshed railroad systems.

It would be idle now to speculate about what the railroads might have done if they had been freed from the restrictions under which they have long labored. The government has solved the problem by the short cut of "seizing" the properties rather than by the simpler means of nullifying its own thousand-and-one restrictions and thus giving a free head and a free hand to the owners of properties.

Nobody doubts for a moment that the railroads of the country, operated as a unified system, can achieve results in expedited and augmented service impossible as separated systems denied the privilege of working co-operatively. Nor does anybody doubt that very notable economies may be effected under the principle of unification as distinct from the competitive principle. But everything will depend upon the manner in which the control now assumed by the government shall be exercised. Nobody will believe that government officials selected upon political considerations and lacking special knowledge and training can operate the railroads of the country more effectively than specialists expert through long practice and chosen by private owners. Still less is it conceivable that the railroads if subordinated to political motives and organized under political authority will do better work or at less cost than in times past. All, we repeat, will depend upon the manner in which governmental control shall be exercised.

The hope is that the very magnitude of the interests involved will sober the head and steady the hand of authority. The business of the unified railroad system is greater than that of the govern-

ment itself. Its annual revenues are three times greater than those of the national treasury and its annual outlay for wages and materials is more than double the total cost of national administration. It employs more men than the government even including the army and navy in ordinary times. It is a much more complex and difficult business than that of the government and it has long engrossed a higher degree of expert knowledge and a larger measure of individual talent than has been sufficient for the operation of the governing machine. To turn over this colossal interest, with its power to affect the welfare of every man, woman, and child in the country, to the tender mercies of politics—and politicians—would be a calamity of unparalleled magnitude both as to its material and moral implications. That it would mean the vitiation and ultimately the destruction of our system is not an extravagant prophecy. It must not be. Our patriotism, our instinctive common sense, must forefend us against this most direful bazard.

The arrangement under which governmental control of the railroads has been inaugurated is in the nature of things tentative and temporary. It is unthinkable that a responsibility equal in some ways, and in many ways surpassing, the magnitude of all the other operations of the government should become a mere adjunct of one of the several executive departments. If the government is permanently or even for a considerable period to direct the transportation activities of the country it must perforce bring into existence an organization adequate to the work.

That control for the period of the war will lead to ultimate nationalization of the railroads under one plan or another is almost self-evident. After a period of unification, separation and re-distribution will be a physical problem too serious for practical solution. Temporary abandonment of the competitive principle in transportation can mean nothing less than its ultimate permanent overthrow. It is now seen that the competitive principle is an unsound one—wasteful at a hundred points, fatal to efficiency and demoralizing in its economic artificiality. Under one motive or another there will come a universal demand for control of the railroads by the government, probably for their full and complete ownership by the government. Organized labor will see in the new dispensation opportunities real or possible tending to its advantage, and its voice, now so potent a force in political affairs, will be for nationalization. Shippers, if unification shall succeed as it ought in expediting and economizing the service, will likewise be for nationalization. Even owners of railway properties will, we suspect, be ready enough to evade prospective difficulties and troubles by transmuting their holdings into government securities.

In view of all these considerations we regard it as inevitable that in assuming control of transportation for the period of the war the government has in effect taken on a permanent enlargement of its responsibilities and duties. It goes without saying that an increment of responsibility so vast will have a radical if not indeed a revolutionary effect upon our system. With governments, as with men, new and enlarged duties make for better character or for worse. The government of the United States if it shall possess itself of the railroad systems will either rise in its character or decline in its character. If it shall rise to the degree of administering the great business of transportation on lines above political calculation it will become a better thing. If it shall apply influences and motives of politics to the transportation system it will inevitably reorganize itself on a lowered moral basis. So great a business as that of transportation can not be conducted upon political considerations and by political methods.



out a progressive moral corrosion leading ultimately to disaster.

Unification of the transportation system should not only work out in expedition of the service, but in many forms of economy. Eliminations of duplicated service, re-routings upon considerations of time and cost, consolidation of terminals, unification of purchasing—at these and a hundred other points there should be saving of expense. Rivalry as between hitherto competing lines must of course cease, with elimination of costly organizations for working up business. Legal organizations of the several companies hitherto have been largely if not chiefly employed in connection with matters rendered obsolete by the new condition. No small item in the current expense account of railroad companies has been the maintenance by each of a defensive organization—defensive in relation to possible encroachment by rivals. All this, of course, must go by the board if governmental control is to be what we assume it will be, a permanent thing.

Incidentally local communities are likely to find themselves sufferers in many unexpected ways, not least through consolidation of purchases. Each great system has as a matter of policy spent its money for supplies largely in its own field. San Francisco, for example, has profited by the policy of our local roads in seeking their supplies in the home market, with particular attention to large buyers of transportation. With the roads operated on government account, local and other minor considerations will of course be eliminated. Thus the many millions hitherto expended by the railroads of California in the local markets may in large measure be diverted under a centralized purchasing system to the greater markets of the manufacturing centres. A very considerable element of our local population has long and loudly clamored for public ownership. We venture the prophecy that no great time will elapse before local interests bereft of preferential favors will be sighing for the "good old days," when our railroads were not mere links in a long chain of nationalized interest, but our very own.

Very obviously certain centres have benefited directly by the policy of particular railroad companies. It has been to the interest of the roads to promote centralization. Chicago is a creation of centralization. The great business which it enjoys would to a very considerable extent have been divided and scattered but for systems of rating arbitrarily enforced. San Francisco likewise has enjoyed advantages which have had no small part in the upbuilding of her commercial fortunes. Under governmental control there will be a wider distribution of favors. The whole scheme of things will be remodeled upon considerations which have been disregarded by private companies, but which government under the conditions of its own interest is bound to respect.

It has been a common prophecy that the change from private to public control of transportation would be attended by a colossal conflict between holders of railroad securities and the government. But we find the railroad owners of the country entirely satisfied, not only with the immediate action of the government, but with prospects of more radical courses in future. Explanation lies in the assurances of the President's declaration in taking possession of the properties. Dividends at current rates are guaranteed and it is further promised that the properties will be maintained in their physical integrity. These pledges completely nullify apprehensions of confiscation or of policies tending to the taking over of the properties without adequate compensation. With private interest thus secure private owners of railroad securities are content to let matters take their course. In truth they find in the action of the government and in the pledges which accompany it a certain satisfying conclusion to pending troubles and long-sustained fears.

There is an element of humor in the sudden termination brought by the government's action of the authorities and dignities lately reposing in the Interstate Commerce Commission and in the many state boards more or less busy in restrictive and other forms of control of railroads. A multitude of issues great and small which up to now have been occupying the attention of these august bodies have, like Banquo's ghost, faded into thin air. Likewise many subjects of litigation

have vanished as if by magic. With full and complete authority in the hands of a Director of Railroads at Washington, holding by proxy the President's own and unquestioned powers, a multitude of hitherto vexed and vexing questions have automatically been nullified.

We have already referred to the political hazards involved in nationalization of the railroads. There remains another very serious consideration, namely, the relation of organized labor to the roads and through them to the government. Labor is very definitely a partner in the business of transportation. Since the enactment of the Adamson bill a year ago it may almost be said to have become the predominant partner. What now will be the attitude of labor with the railroad properties in possession of the government? It does not call for the spirit of prophecy to foretell that it will seek to dictate to the government in the matter of wages, hours, and other considerations directly related to the operation of the roads. There is pending a demand for another large and disproportionate increase in railroad labor rates and there are indications that the Director of Railroads, acting for the President, will meet the demand with concession. Already there are indications tending to this outcome. Under his powers it becomes an easy matter for the system to concede to labor whatever it may demand and concurrently recoup itself through increase of freight and passenger rates. Privileges which the Interstate Commerce Commission have denied to the railroads privately managed the Director of Railroads will take to himself. It will be another case of "Jones he pays the freight."

#### Gentlemen of the Cabinet, Your Plain Duty!

Gentlemen of the cabinet, a plain duty lies before you. It is plain to all of the people of the United States, if not to you. It will be made plain to you as you answer to yourselves two questions. In time of war is the country entitled to the services of the best men in the nation as the heads of the great departments dealing with the war, or is it entitled only to the services of the best men of the political party which happens to be in power? Unhesitatingly you will answer, we think, that it is entitled to employ the best men in the nation.

Are you the best men in the nation for the positions which respectively you fill? If you believe you are not, then your path of duty is patent. Even if you believe you are, then it must be suggested that the decisive determination of the fact does not rest with you, but rests with the President, and the same path of duty stands plain before you. That path leads directly to the White House, and that duty demands that you travel that path and tender your resignations to the President.

You need not be reminded of the tremendous changes in national and international affairs that have taken place since your nomination to office. You should not need to be reminded of the embarrassment which this course would spare the President if perchance he should in his heart of hearts desire to make cabinet changes. Upon the other hand, if after such resignations the President sees fit to reappoint any of you, then in the public mind your positions and your influence are fortified a thousandfold by virtue of the fact that the President has re-selected you as his ministers in time of war.

It is in no carping spirit that we call attention to the fact that the two heads of the great military departments of the government are not only both civilians, but both confessedly ignorant of military and naval affairs, but in addition are both ultra pacifists. It is too plain that in their hope that this war will prove a little war they are preparing to wage a little war. When you, Mr. Secretary Baker, "glory" in your mistakes and unpreparedness because they establish that we are a "nation of peace"; when it is demonstrated that the munition plants of the United States, which ten months ago, at the time of our declaration of war, were manufacturing ten thousand rifles a day, and are now manufacturing but half that number, further comment is unnecessary. When you, Mr. Secretary Daniels, are reported as declaring that improvement in our naval guns and gunnery will depend entirely upon "whether we are to wage an offensive or defensive war," when you treat the American navy as a part of your private estate, and put up "no trespassing" signs against the Navy League because its president has offended you,

with the result that ex-Presidents of the United States are not permitted to set foot in a naval yard or on a naval ship, enough we think has been said. Mr. Secretary Lansing will not hold that his abilities are comparable to those of Mr. Elihu Root as the head of the affairs of state. Mr. Secretary McAdoo certainly has a "man's size job" as director-general of the railroads of the United States, and should be graciously pleased to see his treasury portfolio entrusted to the certainly no less capable hands of, let us say, Mr. Vanderlip.

It is no spirit of raillery that prompts the saying of these things. The consideration is a momentous one. The congressional investigations which are under way are but a sign of the popular dissatisfaction against the present ministers of war. We do not pretend to know whether the President himself is satisfied with them, whether if their resignations were tendered without reservation he would or would not reappoint them. But certain it is that he should be given a chance to form a war cabinet to his liking without the embarrassment of being compelled to call for resignations, and certain it is that the stamp of approval upon any cabinet officer who, under these circumstances, should be reappointed by the President would go a long way toward his rehabilitation in public confidence. And one thing is beyond peradventure, and the Administration may count upon it, if this be not done the next congressional election will sweep the Democrats out of control of the lower house, and as certainly, when the time comes, out of the control of the Senate.

#### Editorial Notes.

Again, and for the fourth time, the Shipping Board has been reorganized. It will have to undergo this process from time to time until President Wilson shall learn that no double-headed scheme of administration ever produces practical results. In the meantime the "ninety days" in which the country was promised launchings have passed—and nearly double ninety days more.

Our sensational newspapers are tumbling over each other in haste—for their own reputations and profit—to inaugurate movements of pretentious beneficence for relief of "war-worn Europe." Far be it from the *Argonaut* to put even so much as a straw in the way of any kindly purpose, even though its inspiration may be that of calculated selfishness. But we beg leave to say that the job before us now is that of winning the war. All other purposes are merely accessory and subordinate. Being so, they ought to be subordinated. The energies of the country now should go to the essential business of supporting the war and by support of the war to the winning of the war. When the war shall be won there will be time enough to rake over the debris and to study ways and means of reconstruction.

The government has been in control of the railroads of the country for less than a week, but even thus soon it promises one reform in transportation which railroad managers for a whole generation were not able to achieve. It proposes to route trains "around" Chicago rather than through Chicago. Happy deliverance! These many years Chicago, by her political and commercial might, has compelled all traffic east and west north of the Missouri line to halt and yield tribute. It has been impracticable to get from one side of the country to the other without stopping over at Chicago, with incidental patronage of her "pie counters." In the last years of his life Mr. Harriman in a private talk declared that he intended to break through this inhibition and operate trains directly between the Pacific and Atlantic shores; but death came before he was able to bring about this much-desired consummation. If now the government, in control of the roads, shall prove itself strong enough to leap through this long-sustained and impertinent barrier, Hats Off will be due to its temerity and its powers.

It is not easy to understand why anybody should seek to "remove" or otherwise disturb Governor Stephens. Why waste dynamite on an amiable, colorless, unco guid man when there are so many political and social pests who might be put out of the way to the public advantage and no doubt to their own relief? It is hardly conceivable that Governor Stephens has offended anybody, friend or foe, by anything he has ever done or left undone. The only reasonable theory for attempts



against his life and for hysterical threats to the same end is that they are designed in friendship and in promotion of his candidacy for reelection. As yet the job is only half done, but another bomb or two will so establish the governor as a martyr and a hero and so stir emotional sympathies in his behalf as to put Messrs. Neylan, Rolph, Heney, Richardson, and all other ambitious political climbers out of the running.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

In re Neylan.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Poor, deserted, unhappy state! John F. Neylan has resigned—again!

The reason for the first resignation, he said, was to resume the practice of the law. Formerly he had been a newspaper reporter. In all of the high-piled tomes of the chronicled doings and misdoings of politicians in California no precedent for such political self-decapitation is to be found. It stands alone. And he stands alone, the solitary instance of a politician to the manner-born, so to speak, who, voluntarily surrendering his comfortable seat high unto the boiling fleshpots, and with an attitude of fine disdain toward the *otium cum dig.*, etc.—solely of lofty motives, of self-abnegation—has upreared himself and resolutely backed away from the comfortable surroundings, the pleasurable temptations and exhilarating influences of an income of \$5000 per to "resume" the net income of a "practice" which, for some while at least, must be nil. The "regulars" beheld that heroic act of self-immolation with white faces and trembling knees; even the frivolous-minded gaped in wonder. To be sure, a busy whisper went circling round to the effect that the erstwhile job-holder had received a polite intimation that it would be better that he shake the dust of the capital from his feet and seek another habitat where his political exigencies, or affiliations, or both, would be better accommodated. And, as that gossip increased, it was pointed out that Arnold's machinations to betray the fortress on the Hudson had been discovered and seized none too soon.

The fateful days ran on. And that gossip persisted and spread wider and wider. Moreover, he developed a dreadful affliction—an incurable case of *cacoethes carpendi*. Anon rumor also came tiptoeing along the corridors hinting that the toe of the executive boot would soon be seen in action. Then Neylan resigned, again, in a wordy huff nearly two columns long.

Poor, deserted, unhappy state! On what uncertain mortal thread did thy timid hopes depend! In thy time of need to be abandoned to the everlasting bow-wows, innocuous desuetude, or something worse, by thine own son! Achilles wrath, to Greece, was nothing to it. He lost his girl indeed, but kept his job. But, with the sickening sense of loss still gripping the heart, how can one find adequate words? The blow is almost as hard to endure as the winds old Boreas is now sending adown the shivering land. Nor is that all. An awful suspicion is obtruding that that cantankerous old cantankerum, Jupiter Pluvius, has noted the defection and joined in the boycott. How else can old Juppe's seeming attitude of "I'll stand in with you" be explained? For, despite the prayers of the righteous—even the hopes of sinners—he has refused and still refuses, as lawyers say, to tip the spout of his sprinkling-pot over the thirsty land, and the starving cattle bawl on the grassless hills. "So disasters come not singly; but as if they watched and waited, scanning one another's motions." Alack! and alas!

Poor, deserted, hapless state,  
Shule, shule agra!  
Neylan's left thee to thy fate:  
Shule, shule agra!

NOMINIS UMBRA.

## Competition and "Restraint of Trade."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Whether, as many publicists think, governmental control of the railroads is the first irrefragable step to governmental ownership of them, at least that step has curiously and convincingly demonstrated the folly of the government's past policy in dealing with those railroads. That policy has been to apply the Sherman Anti-Trust law to all of the great roads, to unmerge their mergers, upon the now abandoned theory that railroad combinations were, in the language of that anti-trust act, "in restraint of trade." Restraint of trade, as theretofore understood in the law, meant combinations which suppressed, injured, and ultimately destroyed weaker competitors. How a railroad combination which gathered in these weaker competitors, strengthened and re-financed them and made them an efficient operative part of the system, could be held to be a restraint of trade never was explained in the prevailing opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the "restraint of trade" doctrine met with vigorous opposition in the dissenting opinions. How, moreover, railroads whose charges for transportation, whether in combination or out of combination, were all subject to exact regulation and were adjusted with scrupulosity, could be held by reason of combination to be robbing the people under such regulated tariffs was also never explained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The most significant fact underlying the presidential order, then, is its declaration of an abandonment of the principle that "competition is the life of trade" and a recognition of that for which the railroads themselves always contended, that only in combination could operative expenses be reduced, efficiency increased, and tariff rates be made reasonable. The executive order of the President declares this to be true to the widest extent, since it merges all railroads in one vast combination.

J. C. M.

## Distinctly Pertinent.

CAMP FUNSTON, KAN., December 29, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In these days of epidemic hysteria the *Argonaut* more than ever appeals to me by reason of its saneness and soundness and the dignity of its refusal to "slop over." The *Argonaut* furthermore shows a certain accuracy of knowledge of the workings of the American army which, to any one who has worn the blue or khaki for more than thirty years, is refreshing, especially to him who in an occasional period of ultra ennui allows himself to read the military misinformation appearing in the average daily newspaper.

The affection of the American public for those who in this national emergency are wearing its uniform is daily demonstrated. The pay of the enlisted man is doubled, his family is generously provided for during the period of his service; opportunity for cheap insurance is offered him; his morals are carefully guarded. A screen is erected between him and all temptation. He has woollen socks which he may use as sweaters and sweaters which he may use as socks. If

at Thanksgiving or Christmas he fails, either at home or in France, to receive the turkey and cranberry sauce which every American patriot should have, a shudder may be felt and a sob may be heard throughout the land. All of which is very edifying and beautiful.

Why is it, however, that the solicitude of the American people fails to be stirred in the direction of justice toward the long-suffering officer? Is he not a participant in the national emergency? If the enlisted man's pay is doubled, why should the officer's pay remain the same? If the officer's pay does not remain the same, why is it cut down? While the officer is serving in the field at home or in Europe, why is he denied the privilege of having his household property stored in a public warehouse on a government reservation? When no public quarters are available, why is he deprived of his right to commutation of quarters? Why does he forfeit his right to be provided with heat and light or commutation therefore at government expense? Army officers as well as enlisted men may have families dependent upon them for support; the national emergency makes no discrimination between officers and men.

Not only is the officer deprived of these allowances to which he is or should be entitled, but also is he required to pay income taxes and other taxes and at the same time stand ready to make the same sacrifice of his life with the enlisted man. Whether consistency be a jewel or the virtue of fools, the real question is: Does the American people wish to be consistent in these things in our army today?

The opinion of the writer is that the average civilian American of intelligence and education is utterly ignorant as to the discriminations which are made by our lawmakers. In the writer's travels he finds that when the average citizen asks questions and learns the truth as to military matters he invariably shows both surprise and indignation.

In the interests of fair play will the *Argonaut* permit some of the truth to appear in the light? T. G. H.

## A Word of Appreciation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., December 27, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I can not renew my subscription to the *Argonaut* without expressing my high appreciation of it. Its editorials are so sane as to appeal to any intelligent mind, and the utter absence of humbug is so unusual as to call for the highest commendation.

Gratefully yours,  
FRANCIS A. LEWIS.

## Appreciation.

The *Argonaut* has received the following letter from a little French girl, orphaned by the war, to whom aid was given through its agency:

Verille le 5 décembre 1917

Mesdames,

Mesieurs,

je suis tout heureuse de vous  
remercier moi-même du généreux  
don que maman vient de recevoir  
de votre part.

Puisque, de si loin, vous vous  
intéressez si vivement à moi, je me  
fais un devoir de vous parler un peu  
de ma vie d'écolière.  
Notre école a cinq classes; depuis la rentrée  
d'octobre, je suis en quatrième classe. Je  
m'applique autant que je le peux pour  
mériter votre estime et me montrer  
digne de vos bienfaits.

Quoique bien jeune encore,  
mon petit cœur de Française saura  
garder le souvenir de ce que vous faites  
pour moi et pour mon pays.

Nous vous adressons Maman et  
moi, nos plus sincères remerciements,

je vous prie d'accepter les  
baisers affectueux et reconnaissants de  
votre petite protégée.

Marthe Pontonnier

88, grand rue Verille, Nèze, France

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

We are still awaiting the German offensive on the western front, but it may be said with some confidence that the probabilities of such a move are waning fast. Military commanders are not in the habit of announcing their intentions, and when they seem to do so we may assume that they are bent on concealment rather than revelation. Germany is well aware from bitter experience that she can win nothing in the west except at a price that she can not afford to pay, and while she will naturally be watchful for such opportunities, real or supposed, as the fortunes of war may bring her, she is not likely to make any extraordinary efforts in France or Flanders unless she is absolutely driven thereto by desperation. The German government was well aware that peace proposals were actually pending at the very moment when it was sounding its hectoring threats of an attack in the west. Obviously those threats were intended to conceal the fact that the peace proposals were equivalent to the hoisting of the white flag. For it is actually the white flag that we see.

The only western fighting during the week was at Verdun, where the Germans brought a powerful attack which was repulsed with heavy losses, and which gained them nothing. The renewed assault upon Verdun may have been due to a belief that the defenses had been weakened in order to furnish reinforcements for Italy. But it was more probably due to a continuing recognition on the part of Germany that Verdun in French hands is a perpetual threat to her own frontier, and that any contemplated invasion of Germany must have Verdun for its base. This was certainly the explanation of the prolonged siege to which Verdun was originally subjected, and we may readily suppose that the arrival of the Americans has once more brought the invasion of Germany within the range of probabilities. A glance at the map shows Verdun as lying directly on the road that leads over the frontier into Germany. It would be the natural point of departure and supply for an invading army. Verdun in German hands would mean the safety of the German frontier. But Verdun in French hands is a perpetual threat to the German frontier. And that threat grows greater as the American army becomes an ever more substantial fact. But the failure of the last German attack on Verdun can hardly be considered as a propitious omen for the general offensive that is supposed to be pending.

The net result of the fighting on the northern frontier of Italy has been some small Teuton gains, but they were not of a kind to justify apprehensions for the safety of the Venetian plains, or of the Italian army. It may be said again that we can not consider the danger to have passed so long as the Teutons are continuing their efforts. They would cease their advance if its futility were evident. But their hopes must be dwindling fast as the weather increases the difficulty of their operations. When the heavy snowfalls and the winter storms begin in earnest there can be no further fighting in the Trentino Mountains, nor can the Teuton forces maintain their positions there. They can not be munitioned and supplied through passes and mountain roads that are deep in snow, nor will they be able to withdraw their artillery after real winter conditions have set in. The winter is said to be some nine weeks late, but the most recent reports show it to have actually begun, and in this case we may expect a speedy cessation of the fighting in the Trentino. It is always to be remembered that Italy's defense of her northern mountain line running west and east from Asiago to Mount Grappa is intended to maintain her command of the Brenta River Valley, which is practically the only route that can be followed by an army intent on the invasion of the Venetian plains. This valley is now dominated by the Italian artillery on the mountain heights to the west and east, and therefore the German attacks are directed against these artillery positions. So long as they remain in the possession of the Italians there can be no descent by the Germans of the Brenta River Valley, and it may be well also to repeat that the Italian defense of the Piave River positions depends upon the successful defense of the northern mountain line. If this should give way it would be necessary at once to evacuate the Piave line, which would then be outflanked and taken at the rear. For this reason we see a concentration of the Teuton efforts against the mountain line rather than against the Piave. But if the Teutons should finally fail in the Trentino we may expect to see them begin a new concentration against the Piave, but by that time the river would be much swollen, and the difficulties of such an attack would be largely increased. We may now safely assume that the odds are much in favor of the Italians, and this assumption is strongly sustained by the peace proposals put forward by Count Czernin. If Germany had believed that she was on the eve of a great triumph in Italy she would certainly have awaited its consummation in order that she might the more plausibly assume her favorite rôle of magnanimity. That she did not wait for some sort of a decision in Italy shows either that she despaired of attaining it, or that she feared it might even go definitely against her. And it is quite on the cards that her army in Italy may yet find itself in the most serious difficulties.

The disposition of the German forces that are supposed to have been withdrawn from her eastern lines is still considered by many to prove the reality of a new danger in the west. There can be no question that considerable numbers of men have actually been withdrawn from the east—the Bolsheviks themselves complain of it, or pretend to—but we may remember first that the process of withdrawal is a slow one, and secondly that we have no positive knowledge of their destination. Vague statements that various Russian units

France waited until the sixteenth century, Germany and Italy until the nineteenth century, to attain even formal territorial unity by bringing under one government all the territory which those nations now possess.



have been identified on the western front should count for little. The same statements might have been made truthfully at almost any time of the war. There has always been a process of exchange from east to west, and Germany is known to have used the eastern field as a sort of sanatorium for her troops that were broken by the hardships of the western lines. We have still to find any authoritative statement that the German lines in France and Flanders have been heavily reinforced. On the other hand we know that the Teuton armies fighting against Italy are made up largely of men released from the eastern front. We are told also that the Bulgarians are being reinforced from the same source, and now comes news that the army of Von Falkenhayn to the north of Jerusalem has similarly been strengthened by troops withdrawn from the Russian lines. There is also supposed to be an army at Aleppo under Von Mackensen intended to block the way of the British who are moving northwest from Bagdad, and we may suppose that this also has been strengthened. That Germany has actually denuded her eastern lines is impossible. She would never be so foolish as to do that in full view of the chaos in Russian affairs. Indeed we may be sure that she has retained sufficient men for any possible eventuality, and that means a very large number. There seems, therefore, to be little difficulty in accounting for all the men that Germany was previously employing on her eastern lines, without resorting to the unsustained theory of large new armies prepared to throw themselves in a devastating flood upon the French and the British.

Whatever unemployed forces may now be at the disposal of Germany will naturally be used wherever they can be of most service, and this seems to be in the east and in Italy rather than in the west. Germany has always preferred to strike at weak points rather than at strong ones, and this has been particularly true during the last year, when it has been increasingly necessary to sustain the hopes of her people by flamboyant bulletins. Moreover, the east is more accessible to whatever troops she may be able to spare from the Russian front, and so already we find that Von Falkenhayn makes a great although unsuccessful effort to recover Jerusalem, which seems to have been taken from him unexpectedly, seeing that workmen were actually installing electric lights in his headquarters the day before the city fell. It is to be remembered that Asia Minor is Germany's most sensitive point, a fact that we are apt to forget in our greater intimacy with Belgium and France. It was over the Bagdad railroad that she intended to pass to the conquest of the world. Indeed she may be said to have gone to war for no other immediate purpose than to secure her right-of-way to the Persian Gulf and to Egypt, and to dominate Serbia, whose continued independence was a threat to her whole plan. Whatever hopes she may have developed with regard to Belgium were merely incidental and opportunist in comparison with her eastern policies, which were basic and fundamental. She believed that she could assign to the Turks not only the defense of Asia Minor and the terminus of the railroad, but also the invasion of Egypt, and she now finds to her dismay that the Turks are inadequate either to the one task or the other, and that their German officers are more of an irritation than a help. This accounts for the eagerness with which Germany seizes her opportunity to reinforce Von Falkenhayn, and probably also to strengthen her army at Aleppo. For it is these armies upon which depend her hopes of being the "man in possession" of all the territories actually essential to her ambitions, whenever the peace conference for which she is yearning shall become an accomplished fact. And so we are brought once more to Count Czernin's peace terms, and the proposed restoration of a *status quo* that shall surrender Belgium to the Belgians in return for the restoration of Asia Minor to the Turks—that is to say to the Germans themselves. It need hardly be said that Germany would consider no price an excessive one that gave into her hands the terminus of the railroad on the Persian Gulf, and the occupation of the Sinai Peninsula. In her heart of hearts she has always known that she could not hold Belgium, but by sturdily asserting her intention to do so she thereby raises the value of its renunciation as a *quid pro quo* for the maintenance of her hold on Asia Minor, which is the only thing that she actually cares for. And if the end of the war and the peace conference should see her in military occupation of Asia Minor her case would naturally be all the stronger. By throwing whatever new armies she may possess in this direction rather than toward the west she is therefore serving her most essential policies, and she is also choosing the only battleground that offers her any real hopes of success. Those hopes are slim enough, but at least they are more substantial than anything offered on the western lines that were long ago hammered into impregnability.

Germany's Oriental dominion is threatened alike by the British armies in Asia Minor and by the Allied armies at Saloniki. She has already struck heavily against General Allenby at Jerusalem, and she is likely to make a similar effort against Saloniki, although she probably regards the southern field as the more important of the two. The British armies at Jerusalem and to the north of Bagdad are actually advancing, and are therefore gnawing at the heart of Germany's vital ambitions. But the Saloniki army is not advancing, and is hardly likely to. None the less its presence is a protection to Greece—now a helligier—and to some extent it is a threat against the railroad that runs through Nish to Serbia, and then passes eastward through Bulgaria and Turkey. The Saloniki army will certainly not advance, and Vassilov shall be fully satisfied of the morale of the Greek army, and even then a forward movement seems to be

difficult and dangerous. Its flanks would have no support, and its right flank in particular would be constantly exposed to attack. It could hardly expect to reach Nish, and to cut the railroad line in the face of the natural obstacles that would confront it in addition to the military dangers. At the same time it is not likely that the Saloniki army will be withdrawn. Its career has not exactly been a glorious one, but at the same time it has saved Greece from the fate of Serbia and Roumania, and in a very real sense it may be said to be covering the operations of Allenby at Jerusalem, since but for its presence the Greek waters would be swarming with German submarines, and every Greek island would be a rendezvous for them. If Germany is meditating a stroke that would have some reasonable chance of success, and that would add to the stock of diminutive scalps now hanging at her belt, she is probably looking in the direction of Palestine and Greece, and as a significant fact we know that she is actually sending men in those directions. And we do not know with any certainty that she is sending men in numbers anywhere else.

But is Germany intending to strike at all, and if so, does such a stroke take precedence of her peace plans. I believe strongly that her peace plans come first, that she has a real hope, and even an expectation, that Count Czernin's proposals may end the war, and that whatever she may do with her armies will be less in the hope of winning honest military victories than in furnishing to her enemies a new motive of terror to end the struggle. That she should propose the *status quo ante* is certainly an arresting fact, since it compels her to face the rage of her own fire-eaters and pan-Germans, who have already incorporated Belgium in the map of Germany, and who in their fevered imagination see *Mittel Europa* as an established fact, with Asia Minor as its appendage. Indeed that rage is already finding expression in the pan-German newspapers, some of whom are almost inarticulate in their fury. That these peace proposals cover some dark and sinister military scheme I do not believe. There is no reason to doubt that they have a certain stupid sincerity about them. I believe Germany is resolved to end the war now, if such an object can by any possibility be achieved. I believe that she must end the war, or face revolution at home from a people rendered desperate from starvation. *Vorwaerts* has the courage to tell the government that there are forty million people who are not merely hungry, but starving, and that at any moment these people may raise their hands in destructive rage and bring the social fabric to the ground. Even the best-informed opinion of those who believe that Germany will not revolt during the war has very little value, since such a situation as this has no precedent in human history. At least it can have no greater value than the opinion of the acting editor of *Vorwaerts* (Liebknecht himself is in prison), who is apparently willing to risk his own freedom in its expression. It is to be remembered that the collapse of Russia is by no means an unmixed blessing to Germany. Indeed she may easily be regarding it as a curse. If it has liberated her own armies it has also liberated a spirit of revolt that is certainly exercising its fell contagion across her frontiers. What must be the effect in Germany of such an object lesson in the power of a nation to strike down its own government over night, and to liberate itself almost without a spasm from the control of a military autocracy? Germany has raised a Frankenstein monster in the shape of the Bolsheviks at which she can not but look in horror. Within the last few days we have read of the arrest of 300 German Independent Socialists, that is to say Socialists who refuse to follow the lead of Scheidemann and other "loyalists," and who demand peace at any price. We have not before heard of these Independent Socialists, and who can doubt that they are the offspring of the Russian revolution? The municipal election at Leipzig discloses the fact that 50 per cent. of the electorate voted for the Socialist peace-at-any-price candidates, and that the Socialists as a whole secured 78 per cent. of the votes. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of these things. They weigh more heavily than the numbers and the efficiency of the German army. They fully explain the white flag that Germany has raised. For it is a white flag, however small a one, and however much obscured by whirlwind threats of which no one takes any notice. And there are other white flags, larger ones, to come in the immediate future. Germany has yet to learn that her enemies are not in the least afraid nor dismayed, and that as they are not fighting for material things so they can not be bribed by material things. And when she next addresses herself to the question of compensation for the ruin that she has done, she might at the same time formulate some statement of the compensation that she considers adequate for living babies carried on the points of German bayonets, for soldiers crucified and mutilated, for women dishonored, and for the crowded slaughter pits of Serbia and Poland. These things seem hardly to admit of financial adjustment. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1918.

According to modern historical researches, music was first cultivated in Egypt. No vestige of primitive Egyptian music now exists. All our present-day information comes from pictorial and sculptural representations of instruments and players and a few instruments exhumed in cities buried under the sand of centuries.

K is a more important symbol in the Russian language than in English, but even so the predominance of the letter in the crisis has been remarkable. Krensky, Korniloff, Klembovsky, Kaledin, Krifoff, Korotkoff, and Kishkine have all played principal rôles.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Sands of Dee.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,—  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee!"  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—  
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair—  
A tress o' golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets, at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Across the stakes on Dee."

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea:  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.—Charles Kingsley.

### Out Where the West Begins.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the hounds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,  
That's where the West begins;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the West begins.—Arthur Chapman.

### The Call of the Wild.

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing  
else to gaze on,  
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,  
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets  
blazon,  
Black cañons where the rapids rip and roar?  
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream  
streaking through it,  
Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?  
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake  
go and do it;  
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage-hrush desolation,  
The hunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?  
Have you whistled hits of rag-time at the end of all creation,  
And learned to know the desert's little ways?  
Have you camped upon the foothills, have you galloped o'er  
the ranges,  
Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and through?  
Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you know its  
moods and changes?  
Then listen to the wild—it's calling you.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed  
twig quiver?  
(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)  
Have you broken trail on snowshoes? Mushed your huskies  
up the river,  
Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?  
Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled with the  
mongrel races,  
Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?  
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you round it off  
with curses?  
Then hearken to the Wild—it's wanting you.

Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, groveled down,  
yet grasped at glory,  
Grown bigger in the bitterness of the whole?  
"Done things" just for the doing, letting habblers tell the  
story,  
Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?  
Have you seen God in His splendors, heard the text that  
nature renders?  
(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)  
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do  
things—  
Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you  
with their preaching,  
They have soaked you in convention through and through;  
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their  
teaching—  
But can't you hear the Wild?—it's calling you.  
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us;  
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.  
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star a gleam to  
guide us,  
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.  
—Robert W. Service.

Sweden does not want Finland, according to Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. The whole culture and civilization of Finland has so completely changed since it was taken by Russia in 1809, it has become such a hotbed of socialism and so entirely Finnish rather than Swedish, that Sweden would not want it back under the circumstances. Sweden would like to see Finland independent of Russia, thus serving as a buffer state between Sweden and Russia.



## DR. VAN DYKE ON THE WAR.

The Former American Minister to Holland Talks of the Causes and the Issues.

Uniting personal reminiscences and diplomatic memories with a most charming literary style, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, former American minister to Holland, has given us a book on the war which may perhaps be regarded as the one sufficient utterance for those who can afford to have one and only one war volume on their shelves.

Dr. Van Dyke, a professorial associate at Princeton of Woodrow Wilson, went to The Hague in the summer of 1913, especially charged by the President "to promote the great work of peace which had been begun by the International Peace Conference at The Hague."

"For that cause," he says in his opening chapter, "I worked and strove. Of that cause I am still a devoted follower and servant. I am working for it now, but with a difference." He continues:

During the first winter everything went smoothly; there was no hurry and no crowding. The queen came back to her town palace. The rounds of ceremonial visits were ground out. The Hague people and our diplomatic colleagues were most cordial and friendly. There were dinners and dances and court receptions and fancy-dress balls—all of a discreet and moderate joyousness which New York and Newport, perhaps even Chicago and Hot Springs, would have called tame and rustic. The weather, for the first time in several years, was clear, cold, and full of sunshine. The canals were frozen. Everybody, from grandparents to grandchildren, including the Crown Princess Juliana, went on skates, which greatly added to the gaiety of the nation.

The international sky was clear except for the one big cloud, which had been there so long that the world had grown used to it. The great powers kept up the mad race of armaments, purchasing mutual terror at the price of billions of dollars every year.

Now the pace was quickened, but the race remained the same, with Germany still in the lead. Her new army bill of 1912 provided for a peace strength of 870,000 men and a war strength of 5,400,000 men. Russia followed with a bill raising the term of military service from three to three and a half years; France with a bill raising the term of service from two to three years (but this was not until June, 1913). Great Britain, with voluntary service, still had a comparatively small army: in size "contemptible," as Kaiser Wilhelm called it later, but in morale and spirit unsurpassed. Evidently the military force of Germany, which lay like a glittering sword in her ruler's hand, was larger, better organized and equipped than any other in the world.

But might it not still be used as a make-weight in the scales of negotiation rather than as a weapon of actual offense? Might not the Kaiser still be pleased with his dramatic rôle of "the war lord who kept the peace"? Might he not do again as he did successfully in 1909, when Austria violated the provisions of the Congress of Berlin (1878) by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Germany protected the theft; and with partial success at Algiers in 1906, and after the Agadir incident in 1911, when Germany gained something she wanted though less than she claimed? Might he not still be content with showing and shaking the sword, without fleshing it in the body of Europe? It seemed wiser, because safer for Germany, that the Kaiser should follow that line. The methodical madness of a forced war looked incredible.

Thus in a comparatively few words Dr. Van Dyke pictures the whole world situation immediately prior to the catastrophe of August, 1914. Holland, like all the rest of the world, pursuing leisurely and happily its native pastimes, and the sky all clear save for the "one big cloud." "Might not the master of militarism still be content with showing and shaking the sword?"

But that way was not included in the German plan. It was remote from the Berlin-Baghdad-Bahn. It did not lead toward a dominant imperial state of Mittel-Europa, with tentacles reaching out to ports on every sea and strait. The plan for another Hague conference failed to interest the ruling clique at Berlin and Potsdam because they had made "other arrangements."

Very gradually slight indications of this fact began to appear, though they were not clearly understood at the time. It was like watching a stage-curtain which rises very slowly a little way and then stops. Through the crack one could see feet moving about and hear rumbling noises. Evidently a drama was in preparation. But what it was to be could hardly be guessed. Then, after a long wait, the curtain rose swiftly. The tragedy was revealed. Flames burst forth from the stage and wrapped the whole house in fire. Some of the spectators were the first victims. The conflagration still rages. It will not be put out until the flame-just is smothered in the hearts of those who kindled and spread the great fire in Europe.

Dr. Van Dyke recounts "the strange difficulties encountered in making the preliminary arrangements for the third peace conference," and the fact that "push as hard as we would, there was no plan which would move beyond a certain point." Washington and The Hague were "earnest and enthusiastic." St. Petersburg was "warmly interested." London and Paris "seemed favorable to the general idea." But Berlin was "singularly reserved and vague."

The situation remained "puzzling, baffling, mysterious" until the minister, in the course of his duties, visited the neutral duchy of Luxemburg, to which he was also accredited:

It was in February or early in March, 1914, that the Grand Duchess sent out an invitation to the Diplomatic Corps to attend a court function. We all went gladly because of the pleasantness of the land and the good hospitality of the palace. There were separate audiences with her royal highness in the morning, a big luncheon given by the cabinet and the city authorities at noon, a state dinner in the old Spanish palace at night, and after that a gala concert. It was then that the incident occurred. I had heard in the town that thirty military officers from the German garrison at Trier, a few miles away on the border, were coming, invited or self-invited, to the concert, and the Luxemburgers did not like the idea at all. Well, the Germans came in a body, some of them courteous and affable, the others stiff, wooden, high-

chinned, and staring—distinctly a foreign group. They were tactless enough to propose staying over the next day. A big crowd of excited Luxemburgers filled the streets in the morning and gave every sign of extreme dissatisfaction. "What were these Prussian soldiers doing there? Had they come to spy out the land and the city in preparation for an invasion? Was there a stray prince or duke among them who wanted to marry the Grand Duchess? The music was over. These *Kriegs-Herren* had better go home at once—at once, did they understand?" Yes, they understood, and they went by the next train, which took them to Trier in an hour.

It was a very trivial affair. But it seemed to throw some light on the mentality of the German army.

In the Pentecostal season in June, 1914, Dr. Van Dyke again made a journey to Luxemburg, and while riding in company with the Dutch prime minister and the French and German diplomatic ministers heard one remark which "has stuck in my memory ever since." He observes:

Mr. Eyschen said to me: "You have heard of the famous 'Luxemburger Loch'? It is the easiest military road between Germany and France." Then he continued with great good humor to the two gentlemen at the ends of the table: "Perhaps one of your two countries may march an army through it before long, and we certainly can not stop you." Then he turned to Herr von B., still smiling: "Most likely it will be your country, *Excellence*! But please remember, for the last ten years we have made our mining concessions and contracts so that they will hold, whatever happens. And we have spent the greatest part of our national income on our roads. You can't roll them up and carry them off in your pocket!" Of course we all laughed, but it was serious. Two months later the French minister had to make a quick and quiet flight along one of those very roads.

Another incident of this trip was the inexplicable passing through Luxemburg of thousands of German soldiers toward Trier, the place whence, two months later, the ruthless Teuton armies swept into France and Belgium:

All day long innumerable trains rolled southward along that line, and every train was packed with soldiers in field-gray—their cheerful, stolid bullet-heads stuck out of all the windows. "Why so many soldiers," I asked, "and where are they all going?" "Ach!" replied my German companions, "it is *Phngsiferien* (Pentecost vacation), and they are sent a changing of scene and air to get." My Luxemburg friends laughed. "Yes, yes," they said. "That is it. Trier has a splendid climate for soldiers. The situation is *kolossal* for that!"

When we passed through the hot and dusty little city it was simply swarming with the field-gray ones—thousands upon thousands of them—new harracks everywhere; parks of artillery; mountains of munitions and military stores. It was a veritable base of operations, ready for war.

From this journey Dr. Van Dyke went home to The Hague "with the clear conviction that one nation in Europe was ready for war, and wanted war, and intended war on the first convenient opportunity. But when would that be? . . . The question was answered with dreadful suddenness."

With great vividness, clearness, and official exactness Dr. Van Dyke then narrates the Serbian incident, the conspiracy to make the Austrian archduke's assassination the excuse for the long-awaited war declarations, the rejection of arbitration, and the incontestable fact of the participation of Germany in shaping the actions of Austria. He remarks:

The Barabbas of war was preferred to the Christ of righteous judgment.

The hope of an enduring peace through justice receded and grew dim. We knew that it could not be rekindled until the ruthless military power of Germany, that had denied and rejected it, was defeated and brought to repentance.

Thus those who loved true peace—peace with equal security for small and great nations, peace with law protecting the liberties of the people, peace with power to defend itself against assault—were forced to fight for it or give it up forever.

With characteristic literary habit Dr. Van Dyke pauses in his narrative at this point long enough to give a very ingenious and impressive "Apologue" of the werwolf, "the Lord's anointed," who henceforth is at large against the world and its civilization:

In the tumult and darkness which enfolded Europe the werwolf was at large. We could hear his ululations in the forest. The cries of his victims grew louder, piercing our hearts with pity and just wrath.

Then follow recollections, alternately pathetic and humorous, heroic and tragic, of the first consequences of the German invasion of France and Belgium—the rush of refugees to the protection of the American minister and consuls:

No one, except those who had the distracting privilege of being in the American diplomatic and consular service in the summer of 1914, knows how much work and how many kinds of work rushed down upon us in a moment. Banking, postal, and telegraphic service, transportation, hotel and boarding-house business, baggage express, the recovery of missing articles and persons, the reunion of curiously separated families, confidential inquiries, medical service (mainly mind-healing), and free consultation on every subject under the sun—all these different occupations, trades, and professions were not set down in our programme when we came to Europe, nor covered by the slim calf-bound volume of "Instructions to Diplomatic Officers" which was our only guide-book. But we had to learn them at short notice and practice them as best we could. No doubt we often acted in a way that was not strictly *protocollaire*. Certainly we made mistakes. But it was better to do that than to sit like humps on a log doing nothing. The immediate affair in hand was to help our own folks who were in distress and difficulty and who wanted to get home as quickly and as safely as possible. So we tried to do it, making use of the best means available, and praying that heaven and our diplomatic colleagues would forgive any errors or *gaffes* that we might make.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by Dr. Van Dyke in handling the stranded Americans was in arranging the cashing of their letters of credit. In this

he was assisted most generously by Dutch bankers, and at one time became so bold as to place the endorsement of the United States government on the traveler's credits. Dr. Van Dyke adds:

I never had any idea, before the war broke out, how many of our countrymen and countrywomen there are roaming about Europe every summer, and with what a cheerful trust in Providence and utter disregard of needful papers and precautions some of them roam! There were young women traveling alone or in groups of two or three. There were old men so feeble that one's first thought on seeing them was: "How did you get away from your nurse?" There were people with superfluous funds, and people with barely enough funds, and people with no funds at all. There were college boys who had worked their way over and couldn't find a chance to work it back. There were art students and music students whose resources had given out.

There was a very rich woman, plastered with diamonds, who demanded the free use of my garage for the storage of her automobile. When I explained that, to my profound regret, it was impossible, because three American guest cars were already stored there and the place could hold no more, she flounced out of the room in high dudgeon.

One stranded American opera singer sought the minister's aid, received it, then sought to abuse it, and finally turned up some months afterward in the paid service of Berlin. J. F. J. Archibald, the American newspaper man who was arrested and sent home for attempting to smuggle German diplomatic correspondence through the British lines, also was among those who sought to abuse the minister's confidence, but failed.

While the descriptions of the horrors of the Belgian invasion occupy but comparatively small space in the book, they are vivid and grim enough to be almost as much as one could care to place permanently upon one's library shelves. What is set down is from first-hand information, the story of an eye-witness, distinguished, neutral then, and credible.

From the horrors the writer passes to a stirring chapter on "Germania Mendax"—a valuable and illuminating survey of the documents and official utterances and acts which demonstrate the falsity of Germany's claim that this war was born in other brains or delivered from other motherhood than hers. The whole story is here told, concisely, completely, convincingly.

Under the caption of "Stand Fast, Ye Free," Dr. Van Dyke tells the story of America's entrance into the war, its inevitability, its justification. He pays a fervid tribute to the "sagacity, patience, and devotion to pacific conceptions of progress" on the part of President Wilson, and then summarizes some of the provoking causes which ultimately forced the President away from his pacifism:

The list of crimes and atrocities ordered in this war by the mysterious and awful power that rules the German people—which I prefer to call, for the sake of brevity and impersonality, the Potsdam gang—is too long to be repeated here. The levying of unlawful tribute from captured cities and villages; the use of old men, women, and children as a screen for advancing troops; the extortion of military information from civilians by cruel and barbarous methods; the burning and destruction of entire towns as a punishment for the actual or suspected hostile deeds of individuals, and the brutal avowal that in this punishment it was necessary that "the innocent shall suffer with the guilty" (see the letter of General von Nieher to the burgomaster of Wavre, August 27th, and the proclamation of Governor-General von der Goltz, September 2, 1914); the introduction of the use of asphyxiating gas as a weapon of war (at Ypres, April 22, 1915); the poisoning of wells; the reckless and needless destruction of priceless monuments of art like the Cathedral of Rheims; the deliberate and treacherous violation of the Red Cross, which is the sign of mercy and compassion for all Christendom; the bombardment of hospitals and the cold-blooded slaughter of nurses and wounded men; the sinking of hospital ships with their helpless and suffering company—all these and many other infamies committed by order of the Potsdam gang made the heart of America hot and angry against the power which devised and commanded such brutality. True, they were not, technically speaking, crimes directed against the United States. They did not injure our material interests. They injured only our souls and the world in which we have to live. They were vivid illustrations of the inward nature of that German Kultur whose superiority the German professors say, "is rooted in the unfathomable depths of its moral constitution." (*Deutsche Reden in Schwerer Zeit*, II, p. 23.)

The German offenses against neutrality are described, incidents are given of the hopeless and willful obtuseness of the German officials to all other points of view than their own, and an account is offered of the attempt to place German spies in the minister's own household. The essential questions of international law are clearly illustrated. The unhappy position of the small neutrals, such as Holland and Scandinavia, is set forth sympathetically; and, as a finale to this chapter, are some telling pictures of both England and France as transformed by the war during the first year of the struggle.

Thus Dr. Van Dyke's book, fascinatingly written, covers the whole story of the war down to the time of America's declaration of hostilities, and becomes a most valuable addition to the shelves, especially of private libraries.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net

The latest school census in the Philippines shows that there are about 660,000 Filipino children attending school. For them there are 11,000 native teachers and 500 American instructors. When the United States took hold of education in the Islands there were 800 American teachers. At first the Philippine teachers assumed charge of the primary work, then the intermediate, and now some are teaching in the high schools.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending Saturday, December 29th, were \$76,744,190.10, as compared with clearings of \$64,949,219.77 for the corresponding week in 1916 and \$48,808,741.73 for the corresponding week in 1915.

An increase of \$1,357,992,114 over 1916 is

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the record established by San Francisco bank clearings for 1917, the clearings for the year just ended having eclipsed both in amount of gain and ratio of increase all previous records.

Clearing House statistics compiled at the close of business December 31st showed total clearings for the year of \$4,837,854,596.20, as compared with \$3,479,862,482.31 for 1916. A large percentage of the increase is accounted

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for, say Clearing House officials, by the clearance of checks drawn in payment of subscriptions to the two Liberty Loans, which swelled the volume of clearings to an unprecedented extent when installment payments were made for the bonds.

"It is a simple matter to lay down rules for investment, but an exceedingly difficult matter to follow them sensibly and ration-

ally." This is the view of Mr. Waldo Newcomer, president of the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore and vice-president of the Atlantic Coast Line Company, which company owns a large amount of stock of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, which in turn owns 51 per cent. of the capital stock of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

"In making investments," Mr. Newcomer said in an article in the *World's Work*, "the chief things to be considered are safety of principal, rate of investment return, regularity of interest payment, and marketability. This order of their enumeration is entirely without reference to order of importance, for the relative importance of these considerations varies according to circumstances. If a person is depending upon a small salary and is investing out of small savings, safety of principal must outweigh everything else. If such a person is not really dependent on the income from the securities, but is regarding it purely as a savings fund, he can disregard the regularity of the interest, and endeavor to secure a slightly greater return in the long run. He is also not particularly concerned with marketability.

"If the purchaser is entirely dependent on an income from an investment, as in the case of a widow of small means investing the proceeds of her late husband's life insurance, it becomes of great importance that the interest should come in regularly, and it may be that in order to receive an adequate return she will have to take some slight risk of the principal being always safe in the full amount. A man of wealth can frequently take a 'flier' for a moderate amount, feeling that the high interest return justifies a certain speculative chance in the principal where he would not be seriously hurt if he should lose it. The widow should not take such a chance.

"In investing for a banking institution, or when investing funds belonging to an individual who is likely to have sudden demands upon him for considerable amounts of money, it is frequently necessary to place the question of marketability somewhat higher in the list than the other considerations. Thus it is seen that the weight which should be given to the different points varies with the circumstances surrounding the investment. The individual should be sure he understands his own requirements before he invests.

"Now, as I remarked at the outset, it is difficult to follow the principles laid down. Assume for a moment that one has determined that he is going to require, first, absolute safety of principal; second, regularity of interest return; third, marketability, and pay very little attention to the amount of interest return. It now becomes the duty of the investor to satisfy himself that the principal is absolutely safe. How is he to do that? Outside of such extremely standard things as government bonds and municipals of the highest class, is there any way on earth that a man can be sure that the principal is safe over a long period of years?

"A little consideration along this line will surely show that none of the principles outlined above can be absolutely and positively settled by any one short of an expert, and frequently not by him. Under the best circumstances, the real worth of investment, I believe, is determined to a great extent by two elements—hard common sense on the part of the investor, a quality which is possessed by comparatively few, and secondly by luck, which fails to strike a great many in an acceptable manner."

While the world war continues we must expect more or less instability in the values of securities. Fluctuations will occur as the result of the changing aspects of the conflict. Favorable news will tend to improve and unfavorable news to depress prices, and there may be occasional hysterical bursts of liquidation. This will be less noticeable in real estate and farm mortgages than in others.

Since no one can be sure that the bonds we may buy today will not sell lower tomorrow, what rule of guidance should the man looking for bargains adopt? Manifestly he should always convince himself that the earnings of the corporation whose issues he would buy afford a good margin of safety. There are many companies whose business is flourishing, and income increasing, or at least not seriously shrinking, and which in spite of high war taxes appear well able to maintain dividends and to pay interest on bonds. They are likely to do this even in times of peace, though they may have been benefited largely by war orders. The future of their bonds should, therefore, not be regarded with apprehension. Intrinsically their obligations are worth far more than the current quotations. Nobody can make a mistake in purchasing bonds whose present yield may be depended on whether the war lasts indefinitely or ceases soon. It is safe to buy such securities even if these may reach a lower level.

The heavy decline in which all kinds of securities have shared has affected the better class of bonds least of all. They will fare best, too, in case of any coming set-back.

With normal conditions restored, their price recovery will be certain and considerable, giving the holder a chance of speculation profit.

Sutro & Co. announced recently that the trustees of the Calamba Sugar Estate had declared a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the preferred stock of the corporation. It is announced that this dividend is to be paid out of the surplus earnings for the period ending January 2, 1918. The dividend is payable on January 15th on stock of record January 2, 1918.

The journal of the American Bankers' Association states that a great many manufacturers and concerns with large pay-rolls have been so little impressed with the necessity for the mobilization and conservation of gold that they continue to pay their employees with it. It is not that their employees are particularly eager to have their pay in this form of money, but it is more convenient for the payer. Our contemporary also states that while the use of gold-coin counting machines permits the making of pay-rolls with great ease and speed, the ease and speed comes at the cost of much abrasion of the metal, and is also an inducement to the people to hoard gold. The Federal Reserve Board has been giving attention to this matter, and the Federal Reserve Banks have been gathering particular information in regard to it. Some of the reserve banks have issued circular letters urging that the considerations of convenience be disregarded, and that the payment of employees be made in other currency. It is the view of the Federal Reserve Board, concurred in by the bankers who have given the closest study to the question, that bankers should discourage the use of gold for pay-roll purposes.

Commercial Attaché Erwin W. Thompson reports that the building of concrete boats has been progressing steadily in Norway and Sweden since the beginning of the war. Denmark is now beginning this work, among other places at Sundby, a suburb of Copenhagen, where a new concern headed by Mr. Bagger-Sorensen and Mr. Gleerup-Moller is about to begin operations with a capital of from \$400,000 to \$500,000. They intend to build ships up to 1000 tons.

That the present coal shortage in the United States is due to causes other than lack of output by our mines is indicated by a compilation by the National City Bank of New York, which estimates our total output of 1917 as greater than in any earlier year and shows that the United States actually produces nearly 45 per cent. of the coal of the world. In 1860 we were producing less than 10 per cent. of the world's coal output; in 1870, 15 per cent.; in 1880, 21 per cent.; in 1890, 34 per cent.; in 1910, 43 per cent.; in 1916, 44 per cent., and the 1917 record when completed will probably show our share of the world's output fully 45 per cent.

The coal production of the United States grew from less than a half-million short tons in 1830 to 2,000,000 tons in 1840, 15,000,000 in 1860, 71,000,000 in 1880, 158,000,000 in 1890, 270,000,000 in 1900, 502,000,000 in 1910, 590,000,000 in 1916, and estimated at 650,000,000 short tons in 1917. According to the bank's statement its coal supply far exceeds that of any other country, her estimated supply being 3,527,000,000 short tons, against 180,000,000 in Great Britain, the next largest producer, and 164,000,000,000 in Germany, which ranks third as a coal producer. China's supply ranks next to that of the United States and is estimated at 1,500,000,000 short tons, or less than half our own, but China's output of coal is extremely small, a trifle of 15,432,000 tons in 1913, according to the bank's statement. So large is our supply that according to the Geological Survey the quantity of coal produced from the mines of the United States since coal mining began a century ago is but about one-half of 1 per cent. of the original supply, the entire output of our mines from the beginning of coal mining in 1800 to the end of 1917 having been 12,000,000,000 tons out of an estimated supply of 3,527,000,000,000.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have by far the world's largest supply and are also the world's largest producer of coal, our exports are much less than those of certain other countries having a much smaller supply. Great Britain's coal exports in 1913, the latest normal year, amounted to 82,000,000 short tons and Germany's about 37,000,000 short tons, while the United States in the fiscal year 1913 exported but about 23,000,000 short tons. Since the beginning of the war, however, our coal exports have shown a slight increase, having been in 1917 about 20 per cent. more than in 1913, while those of Great Britain meantime declined and those of Germany were, of course, confined to trade with the adjacent neutral countries. The total value of coal exported from the United States in the fiscal year 1917 was \$83,000,000, against \$65,000,000 in 1913; of this \$85,000,-

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000 worth exported in 1917, \$58,000,000 went to Canada, \$5,000,000 to Cuba, about \$7,000,000 to South America, and \$350,000,000 to Italy.

The changes in industrial and commercial conditions in the United States resulting from war activities are illustrated by a series of statistical statements compiled by the National City Bank of New York, showing conditions of production, industry, and commerce in the United States in 1917, compared with the preceding years, and especially with 1913, the year which preceded the war.

In foreign commerce the year 1917 of course far exceeds in value of merchandise imported or exported that of any earlier year. Total imports for the full calendar year 1917, according to the bank's statement, are 60 per cent. greater in value than in 1913 and exports of domestic products 150 per cent. greater in value than those of 1913. The total foreign trade of the country is estimated in very round terms at \$9,000,000,000 in 1917, against \$4,250,000,000 in 1913, the total imports and exports combined being thus more than double in 1917 that of 1913.

That these large increases are due in a considerable degree to higher prices is evidenced by the fact that the raw silk imports of September, 1917, were at the rate of \$5.59 per pound, against \$3.43 per pound in September of 1913; raw cotton, chiefly Egyptian, 42 cents

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per pound in September, 1917, against 17 cents in September, 1913; manila hemp, \$322 per ton, against \$210 per ton; cattle hides, 27 cents per pound, against 19 cents; goat skins, 42 cents per pound, against 26 cents, and clothing wool, 46 cents per pound, against 24 cents in the corresponding month of 1913. On the export side the contrast is equally striking, wheat exports in September, 1917, having average \$2.32 per bushel, against 94 cents in September, 1913; corn, \$1.96 per bushel, against 78 cents in the corresponding month of 1913; steel billets, \$84 per ton, against \$21; sole leather, 59 cents per pound, against 26 cents; raw cotton, 25 cents per pound, against 13 cents, and refined sugar, 7 cents per pound, against 4 cents in September, 1913.

Trade with the grand divisions of the world shows equally startling changes. Imports from Europe dropped from \$865,000,000 in 1913 to \$560,000,000 in 1917, while those from South America increased from \$198,000,000 in 1913 to \$580,000,000 in 1917, and those from Asia increased from \$281,000,000 to \$740,000,000, and from North America from \$390,000,000 to \$860,000,000. Exports to Europe jumped from \$1,500,000,000 in 1913 to \$4,110,000,000 in 1917; to North America from \$601,000,000 in 1913 to \$1,210,000,000 in 1917; to South America from \$147,000,000 in 1913 to \$310,000,000 in 1917.

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## RUSSIA THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Charles Edward Russell Talks of Revolutionary Conditions.

Mr. Russell's exceptional qualifications give point and interest to the following excerpts from an article contributed by him to *Land and Water* of November 15th:

As soon as the Revolution came most of the existing local governments in Russia went out of business and their places were taken by provisional committees, which steered the machine until new city councils could be elected. The world has been made to resound with tales, real and fictional, of things all askew in Russia. Nobody had ever pointed out the fact that most of these committees, although made up of men that about such a business were greener than grass, turned off an exceedingly workmanlike job of municipal management.

Kronstadt, of course, went with the rest, only farther than many. Instead of a provisional committee, it put all the local power into the hands of its Council of Sailors and Workmen's Delegates, which immediately took the wheel and began to run things.

Probably the council had its head turned. Men suddenly swept out of slavery into great power are not usually noted for a sweet and lamblike disposition. Anyway, the council sent word to the provisional government in Petrograd, demanding to be represented in its deliberations. The only notice the provisional government took of this was to send a man to represent it in the Kronstadt council. This was the worst possible species of misplay. As one of the Kronstadt men, who had been in America, put it to me, it was as if the Senate at Washington had refused to seat a senator from New York, but had sent one of its own members to sit in the New York legislature. So they seceded, started an independent Republic of Kronstadt, and walked their wild and picturesquely lunatic road until they crashed into the Cossack machine guns that July day in front of the old Duma building. After which the Independent Republic of Kronstadt seems largely to have disappeared from the scenes.

But all this sort of thing opened the door wide to that most ingenious of human devils, German propaganda, and after the first few days there was plenty of trouble, all of a familiar brand, being truly made in Germany. German agents were at that time chiefly busy along the whole Russian front telling the soldiers that the Revolution's creed of public ownership meant an immediate division of all the lands, and if they wanted to get in they must be on their way home, but in the intervals of these employments time was found to foment disaffection at Kronstadt or elsewhere. The vast army of German agents that infest Russia found such things all in the day's work.

Let me see if by some examples I can convey to those that have never known anything but freedom an outline of life as it was under the Russian police. Say that there were two friends among the Intelligentsia, the class most suspected and pursued. If they rode downtown in a trolley-car of a morning going to work or business, they never dared to exchange more than formal salutations and sometimes not even these. If the car conductor were not a police agent in disguise there was sure to be a police agent lurking among the passengers. Almost any innocent remark dropped by either friend might be reported as of sinister import, entered against them in the colossal records that the police maintained, and used at any time as a fingerpost to Siberia. In restaurants you must guard every word with the greatest care; the waiter is probably a disguised policeman. Be careful about your cabman; many police agents have lately taken to driving cabs. A beggar solicits alms at your door, he may have been sent to overhear a

disloyal expression or take note of your callers. Write your letters with scrupulous attention; they will probably be opened and read. Be most discreet about your telephone conversations; it is well known that every wire is tapped.

Every educated man was particularly likely to be an object of suspicion. The mere fact that he was educated proved that he must know something about the outside world of progress and its opinion of Darkest Russia; he could not know that without some degree of discontent. Such a man could never be sure at any moment of the day or night that the eye of a police agent was not watching from some undiscovered hole, that the ear of a police agent was not listening at an unsuspected cranny. If such a man seemed to be of careful and unobjectionable walk, this sometimes served to make the police administration only the more suspicious of him, and then the agents provocateurs, the worst of all the instruments of evil, were loosed upon him. Some one in apparent distress begged his help and told a pitiful story of injustice or of police cruelty in the hope that he might drop an expression of sympathy. Canvassers tried to get him to subscribe for suspected journals, book-agents tried to sell him proscribed books, and visitors dropped upon his premises revolutionary literature that it might be found there and used against him. He was likely to find at any time that his private papers at his home or office had been mysteriously rifled and yet he could never detect the stealthy person that rifled them.

The agents provocateurs were in cunning and wickedness not less than human devils. Their business was to get up outbreaks or overt acts that suspected leaders of the people might be trapped and the rest might be terrorized with the spectacle of a swift and terrible retribution. They wormed their way into all clubs, societies, and organizations, even when these were of the most innocent or benevolent character, that they might take advantage of men off their guard and discover usable evidence. Among the secret revolutionary and propaganda leagues they had always members. These sometimes spent ten years in one organization before they were able to pull off the thing they were after. Very often they themselves would suggest a plan and help to carry out the assassination or bomb explosion with which they dragged down their quarry. Most plausible, ingenious, skillful men and wonderful actors they must have been. When brother suspected brother and son suspected father they still managed to pass undetected (sometimes) in the most active revolutionary circles. The world read with incredulity the confession of Azof, one of their master minds. Yet it is quite true that, as he said, he had worked at the same time with the police and with the revolutionists, and had betrayed both. To win the confidence of the revolutionists he revealed to them the secret plans of the police, and when the time was ripe revealed to the police the secret plans of the revolutionists. He cleverly avowed that he suggested, planned, and took active part in the killing of the Grand Duke Sergius and then revealed to the police all the revolutionists who had helped him in the assassination.

He was but a type. There is not a question that the hideous system developed and maintained by Russian monarchy developed in turn new abysses of turpitude in human nature and new kinds of skill to carry out new and revolting inventions in crime. Compared with the horrible wretches that this system spawned and trained, Titus Oakes and all the other historic scoundrels look almost respectable. Treachery was everywhere; men inhaled it with every breath; they ate it and lodged with it and went hob and nob with it along the streets. Life became literally blackened, cursed and poisonous with suspicion, and generations of freedom must pass before the human heart in Russia throws off the last taint of the most detestable poison with which every vein of it has been clogged so long.

Major-General Leonard Wood, the division commander, has asked the composers and musicians of the seven states from which the personnel of the Eighty-Ninth Division of the national army is drawn, to take part in a competition for the composition of an official march for the divisional command. "It is desired," says Captain Rowland of the division, "that composers keep in mind the history of the seven states—Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Arizona, New Mexico, and South Dakota—from which the men of the Eighty-Ninth Division come. The music should be symbolical of their history from the days of the early settlement of these states, the struggles of the pioneers, their battles with Indians, and the gradual rise of these seven commonwealths to the important rôle they play today as the great Middle Western States of America. It is possible to weave into each composition melodies reminiscent of Indian music, of the days of the great ranches and cowpunchers, of the stage coaches, pony express, and wagon trains, melodies that are reminiscent of the plains, the mountains, the rivers, villages, towns, and cities of the Middle West."

A Brooklyn (New York) woman has founded an Order of Godmothers to "take an individual and parental interest in our soldiers, sending letters to them and little gifts of remembrance and keeping track of them throughout the war."

## CURRENT VERSE.

### A Lost Land.

A childhood land of mountain ways,  
Where earthy gnomes and forest fays,  
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,  
Sport with the peasant as he fares  
Affrighted through the forest glades,  
And lead sweet wistful little maids  
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,  
To princely lovers and a throne.

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,  
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books  
And men with meditative looks,  
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns  
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,  
Divining in deep-laden speech  
The world's supreme arcana—each  
A homely god to listening Youth  
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

Mild votaries of book and pen—  
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought  
In movements of melodious thought;  
In symphony, great wave on wave—  
Or fugue, elusive, swift and grave;  
A singing land, whose lyric rhymes  
Float on the air like village chimes:  
Music and Verse—the deepest part  
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!  
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,  
Where are the things that made you great?  
Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,  
Dare you look now upon a child?  
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein  
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin:  
Music and verse, divinely wed—  
How can these live where love is dead?

Oh depth beneath sweet human ken,  
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!  
—London Punch.

### The Inlander.

I never climb a high bill  
Or gaze across the lea,  
But, oh, beyond the two of them,  
Beyond the height and blue of them,  
I'm looking for the sea.

A blue sea—a crooning sea—  
A gray sea lashed with foam—  
But, oh, to take the drift of it,  
To know the surge and lift of it,  
And 'tis I am longing for it as the homeless  
long for home.

I never dream at night-time  
Or close my eyes by day,  
But there I have the might of it,  
The wind-whipped, sun-drenched sight of it,  
That calls my soul away.

Oh, deep dreams and happy dreams,  
It's dreaming still I'd be,  
For still the land I'm waking in,  
'Tis that my heart is breaking in,  
And 'tis for where I'd be sleeping with the blue  
waves over me.

—From "The Dreamers and Other Poems," by  
Theodosia Garrison. Published by the George  
H. Doran Company.

### The Fairies.

The fairies have never a penny to spend,  
They haven't a thing put by,  
But theirs is the dower of bird and flower,  
And theirs are the earth and the sky.  
And though you should live in a palace of gold  
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,  
You could never be poor as the fairies are,  
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began  
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,  
They have sung their song through the centuries  
long,

And yet it is never the same.  
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,  
With hair of silver or gold,  
You could never be young as the fairies are  
And never as old.

—R. F., in Punch.

### Verdun.

As stands a lighthouse on a headland rock,  
And with its beams illumines the surging waves  
Hurled blindly by the envious sea, which laves  
Its deep foundation's challenge to their shock;

While, maddened by the patient rays that mock  
Its utmost strength, the pride-lashed water braves  
The beacon-tower, and scorns the flame which  
saves

From shipwreck all that on the ocean flock

Its wild and starless waste; so standest thou,  
Verdun, against the dark, material night,  
Which vainly storms thy spirit walls. Naught  
daunts

The courage of thy sacrificial vow  
That none shall pass o'er thee, to quench the  
light  
Flashed worldward from the towering soul of  
France.  
—Professor Courtney Langdon.

Land in Montreal owned by churches and exempt from taxation is valued by the assessors at \$131,504,182. Buildings upon this land are valued at \$75,231,744, making the total of church property exempt \$206,735,926. This is one-third of all real estate values in the city.



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June 30th, 1917

Assets.....\$4,566,290.79  
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Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,185,170.16  
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# The White House

BOOK DEPARTMENT

## A Novel of the Revolution

### WHAT NEVER HAPPENED

By "Ropshin" which is the pen name of Boris Savinkov, Minister of War in Kerensky's Cabinet.

Translated from the Russian by Thomas Seltzer

\$1.60 net

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### A Serious Study of the Russian Revolution.

Up to the present time all the accounts of the Russian revolution have been purely journalistic and very poor at that. Marcossion wrote a fairly good objective story of it; Isaac Don Levine made up a fantastic romance about it from a reading of the Russian newspapers. But a revolution like that in Russia is not a detached episode; it is only a phase of social and political development and only to be understood in the light of earlier stages of the movement and the social and economic factors that are responsible for it. Furthermore it must be borne in mind that what is now termed the Russian revolution is only a part of the great change that is taking place; the revolution has only begun with the overthrowing of the dynasty and the groping about after a new organization to take its place.

Contemporary history is a misnomer. Men are too close to the events of which they treat either to judge them judicially or to have at their command the necessary documents from which to obtain a balanced opinion. It is in this light that the book which Mr. Moissaye J. Olgin has written, under the title of "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," must be judged. It is an honest and an able attempt to explain the revolution by reference to what has gone before and to trace it through its various preceding stages. As the author was himself for years a militant revolutionist and one who suffered much under the old régime, it is hardly to be expected that he can free himself from violent prejudices and antipathies. This is the one drawback to a thoughtful, well-planned, and valuable work.

The most important contribution made by Mr. Olgin is his clear and incisive analysis of the two distinct forces in Russia that chiefly led to the revolution and which today largely determine the attitude of the mass of the Russian people toward it and toward the various plans put forward in the different programmes for a new order. These two forces are first the recent industrial development of Russia, which under conditions differing from those of other European states, has produced an industrial population and proletariat sunk deep in misery and economic bondage; and second, the agrarian question, a heritage of the earlier conditions of land-ownership in Russia and unwise arrangements made in regard to the land at the time of the emancipation of the serfs. Briefly, the industrial classes were in a state of hopeless penury and degradation due to low wages, long hours, and horrible living conditions, and came to feel that they were being strangled by capitalism. The peasants were near the verge of starvation and sunk in the depths of ignorance because they had too little land and that held under conditions that made for deterioration and not improvement. Both classes came to regard the government as their enemy.

The present trend of the revolution and the endeavor to put into operation various Utopian schemes must be viewed in the light of these two forces and the desire to find a way to get rid of the evils which both classes suffered under. Furthermore it must be remembered that the Russians have their own national characteristics, and what they will do under certain conditions may not be predicated from the experiences of other peoples in their various revolutions. A second part of the volume is devoted to the struggle of 1905, which led to the October Manifesto and the calling of the Duma. A third section is given up to an attempt to interpret the Russian revolutionary movement through the

literature of the time which expresses the Russian mind, the character of the old régime and its officials, and the various types—intellectual, peasant, bureaucratic, and revolutionary—that were concerned. The fourth part of the book deals with the recent phase of the revolution, the abdication of Nicholas II, and the currents and counter currents of the revolution at the present time. Altogether it is a most valuable contribution to our study of the great drama in Russia, the first work in English that really sheds any light upon it, but due allowance must be made when reading it for the state of mind and violent opinions of the author and a certain tendency to paint dark pictures darker and at times to generalize unduly from them.

THE SOUL OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Brian Brooke.

Not the least among the poet victims of the war is Brian Brooke (Korongo), who died from wounds received at Mametz on July 1, 1916. Brian Brooke was already famous as a hunter and explorer in East Africa when the war began. He became a captain in the East African forces, but early in 1916, he went to France, only to meet his end in three weeks. Evidently he was a very gallant gentleman. In one of the few poems that he wrote after the war began he says:

Oh, whirlwind and wind and vulture, I asked for the news of the war;  
I asked for no words of culture, and I asked for no tales of gore.  
You are free in the sky to wander, you are free in the world to roam,  
Could you not for one moment ponder, to bring me the news from home?  
Did I ask you for weeping and crying, did I ask you for tales of woe?  
When my people perhaps are dying, and I long to be striking a blow?  
I know that our country will win it, but send us some news how they fare,  
And give me a chance to be in it, and send me a chance to be there.

Most of these poems relate to life in Africa and the white man's share in it. Their merit entitles them to attention, and as a memorial to their author they should be known throughout the English-speaking world.

THE POEMS OF BRIAN BROOKE. New York: John Lane Company.

#### Income Tax.

Mr. Joseph J. Scott, formerly collector of internal revenue at San Francisco, is the author of a work on "The Income Tax and Other Federal Taxes," defined on the title page as "an authoritative analysis, simplification, and illustration of the exacting and perplexing requirements of the United States tax laws."

Mr. Scott has done everything that is humanly possible to aid the taxpayer in the assessment of his fiscal liabilities. He gives us the text of the laws, their elucidation, and their application to every kind of income. He explains the meaning of deductions and exemptions, and the scope of individual rights under the statute. And by way of additional clarification he cites a number of individual cases with analyses of their taxable revenue. It is the best publication of the kind that has yet come under our notice.

THE INCOME TAX AND OTHER FEDERAL TAXES. By Joseph J. Scott. Published by the author at San Francisco; \$2.

#### Why Not Marry.

Anna Steese Richardson says that she edited these essays, and that they were written by no one person. Most of them appeared as editorials in *Pictorial Review*, and they are based on the experiences of authors and readers.

They are bright, clever, and wise. The usual reasons for celibacy are passed in review and demolished, and those who are not celibate, but who wish they were, are admonished as to their failures. These failures, although they are grouped under many heads, seem to be due invariably to a gross and brutal selfishness, the selfishness that modern civilization has exalted into a gospel, the selfishness that is carefully inculcated at the mother's knee, in the school, the university, and the church. Its other name is materialism.

WHY NOT MARRY. Edited by Anna Steese Richardson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.40.

#### A Novelist's Playlets.

Mary S. Watts, novelist and short-story writer, has been trying her hand at short plays. "Three Short Plays" read entertainingly; almost as much so as short stories. Perhaps in the eyes of the play expert this would make them suspect, but their chatty dialogue is characterized by naturalness, and contains some wit and plenty of humor. There is ingenuity in the use of the talking machine in "An Ancient Dance," but "Civilization" has more to it in the way of a root idea. It contrasts the American cowboy who murders the king's English, but has preserved

unimpaired his belief in the ideal woman and his sense of honor, with the rich American who has graduated from Harvard, dresses impeccably, and cheats at parlor cards and the game of love. "The Wearin' of the Green" is a lively and ingenious farce. All three plays contain prosperous Americans typical of their class, amusing themselves characteristically, and uttering quantities of cheerful trivialities with perfect self-satisfaction.

THREE SHORT PLAYS. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

#### Brahmadarsanam.

This volume is made up of six lectures delivered by Sri Ananda Acharya in Christiania during 1915. They are intended as an introduction to the study of Hindu philosophy and it would be hard to speak too highly in praise of their clarity of exposition and the graceful and persuasive charm that animates them. The first chapter is devoted to a general survey of the ground, and this is followed by a chapter on "Dualism," a chapter on "Theism," and three chapters on "Monism." Hindu philosophy has never been presented in a form more attractive than this.

BRAHMADARSANAM. By Sri Ananda Acharya. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

It may come as a bit of a surprise to some to find William DeMorgan and Henry James classed among "Novelists of Yesterday," along with Meredith, Gissing, and Hardy, in Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett's "Some Modern Novelists," which Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue as their first book of the New Year in general literature on January 10th. A second group of "Novelists of Today" includes Howells, Philipotts, Wells, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, and Conrad.

Harry Franck, now a lieutenant attached to American staff headquarters in France, continues to win greater audiences for his unique travel books. The Century Company announces that "A Vagahond Journey Around the World" has just gone into an eleventh edition, while "Vagahonding Down the Andes," the latest work of this soldier-author, has already been sent twice to the printer.

The letters from France of Norman Prince, the young American aviator who was among the first to die for France, are soon to be published, with a memoir by George F. Bahitt, under the title, "Norman Prince: An American Who Died for the Cause He Loved." The book will appear under the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The following hit of biography is from Paul L. Anderson of the Clarence H. White School of Photography, whose "Pictorial Photography" (J. B. Lippincott Company) is said by experts to be the best book yet published on that subject: "In 1910 I got married, and the modus operandi was characteristic of my unconventional manner of doing things. I had been engaged for some time, but I did not look forward with joyous anticipation to the regulation church wedding, with ushers, bridesmaids, 'Here Comes the Bride,' etc. While on a visit to the damsel's home I acquired a few typhoid organisms, and thus escaped all the fuss and feathers of a fashionable wedding. For the damsel in question thought she'd rather be a widow than not (no, that's hardly the way to put it, but you know what I mean), so she married me out of hand, while I was too weak to resist. The wedding was attended by the minister, the parents and sisters of the contracting parties, the physician in attendance, and the nurse, and after shaking hands with the happy man

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(joke!) they all went out and washed their hands in a bowl of dilute carhollic acid, that being a novel innovation for weddings and not likely to become a permanent custom."

Carolyn Wells, whose Fleming Stone stories have had a recent sequel in "The Mark of Cain" (J. B. Lippincott Company), is celebrating her one-hundredth—no, dear reader, not the hundred anniversary of her birth, but the publication of her hundredth book.

Oswald Kendall, the young Englishman whose story of adventure, "The Romance of the Martin Connor," was enthusiastically received in this country, has just been made a prisoner of war in Germany. Mr. Kendall has been at the front almost continually since the war began. In July, 1916, he was wounded, and spent several months in the hospital, returning to the front just before Christmas last year.

Late reports on health conditions at army camps and cantonments show the epidemic of measles to be greatly decreasing. In several camps where measles has extensively prevailed the number of cases of pneumonia has decreased.

#### MISS KELLEY

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## More Light on Paul Jones.

The excuse for another hook on the redoubtable Paul Jones is found in the digging up of numerous contemporary accounts of his exploits on the English coasts in files of English newspapers, and it must be confessed that these accounts make romantic reading. The editor, Mr. Don C. Seitz, would have added to the value of his collection had he accompanied them with critical notes and traced down some of the exaggerated stories and legends that circulated freely at the time. Although newspapers must be regarded as having value as historical sources, they require careful editing and checking for the elimination of error and rumor, and the present publication possesses more interest as throwing light on contemporary English opinion and feeling than value as historical material. Of far greater value is the exhaustive bibliography, which evidences painstaking labor and research.

A quotation from the London *Evening Post* of September 28, 1779, commenting upon the burning of Fairfield and Norwalk by the British forces, is extremely interesting, for it shows the character of liberal opinion in England at the time:

What will be the consequences of burning Fairfield and Norwalk? Paul Jones has done no mischief yet; but had he known of burning these towns, is it not probable he would have burned Leith and Hull? They were as completely at his mercy. When this burning business comes to be retaliated upon our own coasts, we shall then see the ministers scribblers exulting upon the cruelty of it, of its being contrary to the rules of war, &c., and those public prints, which are paid and bribed, by the public money, for deserting and betraying the public interest, who print every lie for ministers, but refuse every truth against them, will be the foremost to publish those complaints, which they now approve in others. The nation can not be misled much longer; the tricks of the court in buying the newspapers, and sending about their runners, are become so obvious, people can not now be duped by them, as they have been.

By the examination of the four men, belonging to one of Paul Jones' squadron, before the mayor and magistrates of Hull, it appears, that Jones' orders were not to burn any houses or towns. What an example of honour and greatness does America thus show to us! While our troops are running about from town to town on their coast, and burning everything, with a wanton, wicked, and deliberate barbarity, Dr. Franklin gives no orders to retaliate. He is above it. And there was a time when an English minister would have disdained to make war in so villainous a mode. It is a disgrace to the nation.

Will Mr. George Creel and our other censors who are hypersensitive to any criticism of our government in time of war kindly take notice of this example of freedom of the press over a century ago.

PAUL JONES: HIS EXPLOITS IN ENGLISH SEAS. By Don C. Seitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## Parliament or Imperial Government.

Mr. Harold Hodge, formerly editor of the *Saturday Review*, has selected a somewhat misleading title for his book on the future government and administration of the British commonwealth. "In the Wake of the War" suggests many considerations and problems of a different sort.

His contention is that some institution far different in character from the British Parliament will be necessary if the commonwealth is to be held together and administered in a manner that shall conduce to the best interests of all. His thesis is self-evident, and most people in England already realize that after the war there will have to be a sharp distinction between the legislature that makes laws for the strictly local affairs of England, or of Great Britain, and the body that handles the affairs of empire.

It is rather when he comes to the discussion of the shortcomings of any elected parliament and the weaknesses of the party system and of political lines generally that one feels bound to take issue with him and suggest that he place his argument for imperial government on different grounds. What he is really discussing is the age-long question of the value of varying degrees of representative government and the weaknesses inherent in the democratic system.

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAR. By Harold Hodge. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Friends.

These three short stories by Stacey Aumonier must be assigned high rank in the fiction of the day. They are based on Dostoevsky's assertion that "as a general rule people, even the wicked, are much more naïve and simple-hearted than we suppose." And so we have the story of the two old London "soaks" whose love for each other is quenched neither by whisky nor by death. And there is another story, "In the Way of Business," explaining why salesmen sometimes drink in order to get business and then lose their

business because they drink. These stories show unusual insight as well as the power to interpret the realities that lie below the semblances.

THE FRIENDS. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

## Kiplingiana.

Of modern writers few lend themselves more readily to comment and parody than Rudyard Kipling. Early editions of his works bring fabulous prices and files of old journals are ransacked for forgotten examples of his precocious genius. At a time when Kipling was unknown in England and came knocking at the door for literary recognition, an admirer, Mr. C. F. Monkshood, devoted to him a hook of appreciation, the first in the field. Now he has brought out another volume dealing with the little-known works of Kipling and including interesting comments and clever parodies.

Doubtless many things are here brought out from obscurity on which Mr. Kipling himself would have written R. I. P., but your Kiplingite, and there are thousands of him, will welcome this opportunity to view the odds and ends of the author's early efforts and reproductions of rare title pages. The volume includes many interesting stories connected with the introduction of Kipling's works into England and the skepticism with which he was received before he suddenly hounded into popular favor. Among the new stories about Kipling occurs the following:

Apropos of his recent series of articles on the work of our submarine heroes, a friend of his suggested that he write a companion series on the doings of our gallant airmen.

"Perhaps! Some day!" was Kipling's non-committal reply.

"Oh, but you must," insisted his friend. "Let's see whether we can't hit on a good title."

"Well," answered Rudyard, after a moment or two's cogitation, "what do you think of 'Plane Tales from the Sky'?"

THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING AND KIPLINGIANA. By G. F. Monkshood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

## Another Dostoevsky Volume.

The Macmillan Company has added another to the series of Dostoevsky translations by Mrs. Garnett, this time including the three stories entitled, respectively, "The Gambler," "Poor People," and "The Landlady." As to the excellence of the translator's work no comment need be made, as it is well known. Likewise, it may be said also, the work of the great Russian psychological novelist is becoming better known.

There is much in Dostoevsky to discourage the foreign reader. He is not only gloomy and even morbid from our point of view, but he is also discursive, and frequently holds up his narrative for what seems an interminable time for an incidental episode or discussion. Some of his works, especially his later ones, are utterly discouraging. But of his greater novels the power of psychological analysis, laying the soul bare, and the depth of human pity and sympathy for suffering, hold the reader enthralled, even though he shudders.

It is the second of the three stories in the present volume that merits most attention, and it is a matter of surprise that its title did not give the caption to the hook. "Poor People" is the novel that made Dostoevsky's reputation and brought him fame at a single bound. There are few more dramatic tales of poor young writers than that of Dostoevsky timidly handing his manuscript to the great literary light of the time, and then re-

pelled by what seemed to him coldness and lack of interest, making his way back to his bare attic. The great man and his friend begin to read the story; they are so held by the genius of it that they can not put it down until it is finished; and then they must go and search out the young author to congratulate him, although it is 4 in the morning. Few men have tasted such joy after bitterness as did Dostoevsky when "Poor Folk" brought him from obscurity to sudden fame.

THE GAMBLER AND OTHER STORIES. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## The Clammer and the Submarine.

The war, like a gigantic octopus, stretches out its tentacles over civilization and snatches its victims, often from among those who, from distance or occupation, might suppose themselves exempt. Mr. Hopkins illustrates this for us in his gently told story of an Eastern family living its retired and sheltered life and surrounded by its relatives and friends. But the war claims them all one by one, young and old. Mr. Hopkins avoids the note of tragedy, but he is a master of the art of what may be called a cheery pathos.

THE CLAMMER AND THE SUBMARINE. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

## Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "The Exploits of Juve" Brentano's have published a second of the series of Fantômas Detective Tales, by Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain (\$1.35). These stories are extraordinarily well told and should prove attractive to the criminologist who is interested in the French variety of misdeeds.

Little, Brown & Co. have published "The Adventure Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting, long and favorably known as a writer on the simpler aspects of philosophy and who now seems to take a definite stand as a psychic researcher and a theosophist. Miss Whiting makes no attempt at scientific exposition, but her literary style and her sincerity probably give her a greater influence than she could ever command by erudition.

Stephen Gwynn contributes a volume on "Mrs. Humphry Ward" to the Writers of the Day Series now in course of publication by Henry Holt & Co. (60 cents). Mr. Gwynn's summary and his judgment are alike just. Mrs. Ward enjoys writing, he says, because she "has discovered a subtle device through which argument can be conducted under special forms. She fails, I think, in the last resort, not because she is too much of the good citizen, but because she is too little of an artist."

The keel for the first composite vessel for the United States Shipping Board was laid in Mobile November 1 by the Mobile Shipbuilding Company.

## New Books Received.

THE FLYER'S GUIDE. By Captain N. J. Gill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A handbook of the aeroplane.

TWENTY-TWO GOBLINS. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. Fairy tales and folklore.

THE CHURCH AND THE MAN. By Donald Hankey. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents. A discussion of church influence.

FURNITURE OF THE OLDEN TIME. By Frances Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6. First published in 1902. A new edition with 120 illustrations.

A NEST OF SPIES. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35. A Fantômas novel.

THE ODES OF HORACE. Translated by Warren H. Cudworth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. Intended to produce the probable effect of the Latin upon Horace's contemporaries.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE PAINTERS OF AMERICA. By Frederic Fairchild Sherman. New York: Privately printed; \$1.75. With illustrations.

THE LITTLE TAILOR OF THE WINDING WAY. By Gertrude Crounfield. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents. For children.

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50. Critical essays.

WHAT NEVER HAPPENED. By "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.60. A novel of the revolution. Translated from the Russian.

UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE. By William H. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A formulation of minimum aims and steps.

FOOD. By Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. What to buy. How to cook it. How to eat it.

PRINCE MELODY IN MUSIC LAND. By Elizabeth Simpson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25. Musical fairy tales for children.

FRENZIED FICTION. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25. Humorous essays.

THE CITY OF THE DISCREET. By Pio Baroja. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. A novel. Translated from the Spanish.

MADAME SAND. By Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25. A biographical comedy.

OUR HAWAII. By Charmian Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25. A comprehensive description of Hawaii.

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. By Arthur Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A volume of essays.

THE SPRING OF JOY. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25. "A little hook of healing."



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### "TURN TO THE RIGHT."

Smiles and tears and gusts of ecstatic laughter are rippling the surfaces of the Columbia Theatre audiences. "Turn to the Right" is continuing the hit made in the East. For Winchell Smith always makes a hit. His numerous collaborators—this time it is John E. Hazzard—may rely infallibly on good luck when they work with him. He thoroughly understands the psychology of the American audience. He knows that it detests seriousness, but adores sentimentality. He knows as well as he knows his own name that the sentimental appeal should always round off into a joke, as, for instance, when Joe, home again after his unhappy year "doing time," sees the family Bible, approaches it tenderly, opens it reverently, and reads on the page devoted to family records "Joseph Bascom, born April 1st." That incident and its rapturous reception by the audience forms an index to the taste of our average playgoer. The audience promptly went off the handle at this joke, all heads swaying in laughter like wheat before the breeze.

"Turn to the Right" is also rural drama. It openly hases its appeal on many old standbys to which audiences are still deeply attached: the repentant, reforming son, the saintly mother, unaware of that son's transgressions; the mortgage on the farm; the scheming, conscienceless creditor taking advantage of rural innocence. Throw in a few ex-jailbirds moved almost to tears by mother's innocence and unsuspicious hospitality, modify this soft strain with slangy comicalities, introduce some rural helles who reciprocate the interest of the softened ex-jailbirds, bring on a "Hi Holler" character, resurrect a village romance between the hero and a stylishly educated sweetheart emancipated from rural gawkiness, work up a financial plan for removing the mortgage and increasing the family fortunes, and there you have "Turn to the Right."

Result: son rehabilitated (another fellow did it); money flowing in; scheming creditor discontenanced, jailbirds reformed, rural belles wooed and won, mansion built for Joe and his hushed-voiced charmer in sight on a conveniently adjacent knoll, mother blissfully happy, and the great American public appeased by seeing all hands round dressed up in conventional evening dress.

Thus, "Turn to the Right." Quantities of enormously successful jokes following up conventional but softening sentimentality, plenty of farm atmosphere, sufficiency of ingenious incidents to divert the youthful-minded public, and all this represented by a well-selected company. And we must not forget the scenic effects; an old farm kitchen with real water coming from the pump at the sink; a hill orchard with practicable trees and real-looking fruit; and a subsequent view of this same orchard dressed in its new spring garment of pink blossoms.

I must confess to having been thoroughly taken in by the prologue, which is really in respect to solid merit the choicest part of the play. Joe has come to a pawnbroker's establishment to get rid of his prison garb, and lay in a present or two for the home folks. His two ex-prison pals turn up. The three men are loyal friends. The two pals take it for granted that all three will rehabilitate their fortunes by joining in a crooked job. But Joe is fixed in his resolutions for reform. No "hooze," and "the first turn to the right." The scene is well acted. Samuel Lowen-wirth's pawnbroker is a bit of life, and I really believed "Turn to the Right" was going to be, too, until the usual comedy of sentiment, tenderly enshrined in the affections of the American people, began to reveal itself. For "Turn to the Right" is for a public that is precisely in the mental attitude of the children when they say, "Mamma, tell me a fairy story." It is a dear little fairy story. Joe is a dear boy, Betty is a dear little sister, "Ma" is a dear little mother, and the ex-jailbirds are two dear things, but, query, Is it art? No, it ain't; and "Hang art!" the delighted average auditor would say. "It's better than art. It makes me cry a little and laugh a lot, and that's good enough art for me."

So now you know all. The man or woman who enjoys "Turn to the Right" is the happy, sane-minded, conventional citizen. He has the full worth of his money, and goes

home chortling with satisfaction. One hears the unanimous buzz of an approving verdict passing over the theatre as the play comes to an end, and the haughty high-brow who hungers for the drama that is founded on the eternal verities had better take himself and his demands elsewhere, for he finds himself shy of sympathetic society.

A very satisfactory company has been chosen to represent the dozen or more characters required in the play. Mahel Bert's gentleness and refinement are agreeably in evidence in the character of "Mother"; she is much on the horizon, all gentle sweetness, trustfulness, and white hair. It is the same Mahel Bert whom we remember in the old McKee Rankin days. Like Eugénie, the French empress, she became a beauty all in a day, because of the discovery that she had a beautiful figure. It was in "Midsummer Night's Dream," was it not?—in which the Grecian costumes required showed to graceful advantage hitherto concealed beauties. For that was before such liberal views of feminine contours were accorded the public.

As happens so often in plays of the type of "Turn to the Right," the more important characters, and those requiring the best acting, are in the hands of the men. Ralph Morgan has hit on the right scheme for indicating Joe's character. Only an affectionate, home-loving boy could have a voice of that timbre, and I have an idea that Mr. Morgan histrionically evolved that voice as a means of indicating the possession of a heart as soft as lemon squash. Mr. Morgan has also the gift for emphatic expression without too much stress, as shown in the way the actor indicated Joe's determined rejection of "booze" and crookedness.

Philip Bishop was fortuitously created to realize the yearnings of managers for an amusing comedy player of distinctively rural type. James H. Huntley gives an expert rural twist to Deacon Tillinger's craftiness. Barry McCormack and William Foran are both expert in delineating the ways of slangily and meltingly sentimental crooks. Funny old public! How tenderly it feels towards these two genial derelicts against whom, in real life, it would holt and bar distrustful doors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

After a lapse of close upon 2000 years since the destruction of Pompeii the skeletons of four of the victims have been discovered in the actual positions in which they were overtaken by the catastrophe. Two of the victims, apparently a man and wife belonging to the upper classes, had evidently been caught by the shower of red-hot stones in the cloistered garden of their villa, and while hastening to seek shelter in a corner had been suddenly buried and asphyxiated through the collapse of the roof overlaid with volcanic dust. The husband was found in a sitting position, with his head and back bent forward and the legs wide apart. His wife was standing erect immediately behind him. Her gold earrings were found on a level with her ears, and there are two gold rings still on the fingers. A third skeleton was that of a youth huddling with his face to a hole in the garden wall. The last of the group, a full-sized man, bent almost double under the weight of the suffocating debris, had on a finger of the right hand an iron ring inset with a prettily engraved cornelian.

A British army surgeon describes an improved glass eye which can move. The chief drawbacks to the ordinary glass eye are that, being simply a convex shell of glass, it tends to sink back into the socket and is fixed in a stony stare. The new device gets over these difficulties by placing in the socket of the eye a sphere of living cartilage or gristle taken without risk from the patient's ribs. It is all one operation. While one surgeon removes the destroyed eye, another surgeon removes the pieces of cartilage from near the patient's breastbone. Two pieces are made into a little globe, which is placed in the socket, and the thin outer covering of the eye, the conjunctiva, is sewn over to hold it in place. The ordinary glass eye shell is inserted over this and is prevented from sinking backwards. Some movement of the eye by the wearer is said to be possible.

An American city, the population of which will be more than 100,000, is in process of construction in France. This city is not a cantonment in any sense of the word but a regular American city, the great majority of the inhabitants of which will be civilians. The great arsenal which the Ordnance Department of the army is building in France is responsible for the creation of this American town in the heart of France. The arsenal proper will comprise forty-eight buildings, each larger than an average New York City block, while one of the great ordnance plants will alone be larger than all the arsenals in the United States put together. The city will have its own police, fire, and health departments, while thousands of small dwellings will be erected to house the workers.

### FRUSTRATED.

#### A Christmas Tragedy.

My heroine is a little Serbian girl, rather roughish about the hair, dirtyish about the garments, and neglectedish about the nose. She lives on an alley adjacent to a neighborhood the children of which look down on her. Her story begins when one of these neighbors, a childless matron who had often taken note of the social ostracization exercised toward the little Serbian, detected a wistful gleam in her dark eyes, as, finger in mouth, she pensively regarded from a distance a competitive doll-show instituted by her small neighbors.

The little Serbian had no dolls, and the roly-poly urchin in rompers who tagged after her had not a toy to bless himself with. They played with pebbles, built houses in the sand, and extemporized enclosing walls with rubbish picked up in the street.

The little Serbian wistfully watched her tiny neighbors, full of normal imitativeness, play the game as their mothers play it. For the time being child democracy did not prevail. The queen of the revels was the child-owner of the biggest doll. They were all engaged in turning their bisque and sawdust idols upside down, minutely inspecting the underpinning of their rivals and swapping awful whoppers about how much their mothers paid a yard for the lace trimmings.

Queer human nature, that is always inflicting sufferings on others, making loud complaints the while of the suffering devised by others. All these women in miniature were fully conscious of the pensive little Serbian who surveyed the show from a distance, and not one of them betrayed the slightest consciousness that she existed.

The kindly neighbor, divining the maternal heart hunger of the little Serb, was suddenly possessed by a brilliant and illuminating idea. No longer should little Miss Serb remain the only doll-less child in the neighborhood. She would dress a doll for her Xmas. A huge image as large as a baby immediately materialized, and Kindly Neighbor fell to her task with a sort of sacred frenzy. She clothed that doll with meticulous care, from her cotton integument out. She lace-edged her bloomerettes and her skirts, she conformed to the style in the fashioning of her outer garments, and she trimmed her saucy toque with waifs and strays from her own ostrich plumes. Little Miss Serb should have no reason to blush for her child-to-be!

The doll was finished before Christmas, and the members of Kindly Neighbor's household had some difficulty in preventing the impatient donor from presenting it forthwith, bribing her finally into waiting for the great day by a promise of toys and sweets for the little brudder in rompers.

And then the blow fell. Kindly Neighbor was accustomed to seeing Serbian père pass his days in a tangle of junk. So she thought nothing of it when she saw him passing to and fro encompassed with more than the usual amount and variety of unclassified household rubbish. She had no suspicion whatever of what was going to befall until it befell. For when, two or three days before Christmas, she was glancing out of her back windows into Serb alley she saw a "To Let" sign on Serbian villa. Oh horror! the doll! the toys! K. N. flew down into the street and questioned the scornful children. Yes, the Serbs had moved. No, they didn't have a mover's van. A rags-sacks-and-bottle-man had transported their possessions elsewhere. No, they didn't know where. Some one had said Hyde Street. K. N., determined that the doll should fulfill its destiny, flew around the neighborhood like an animated interrogation point. In vain. She motored up and down Hyde Street, showering out inquiries. All, all in vain. No junky père, no pensive little Serbian maid, no little brudder in second-hand rompers a world too wide for his baby shanks.

So there was the beautiful doll forever severed from its little soul-mother. Never was she to know the bliss of holding its inconveniently huge proportions in her embracing arms. The happy Christmas day would never dawn for her when she would pace the length of the block, her resplendent child the cynosure of all eyes. For it could not happen twice in her life that a kindly neighbor would present to her a huge and beautiful doll with blantly staring eyes, lace on its underpinnings, and ostrich plumes on its inconceivably beautiful hat. Never! Never!

Never should little Miss Serb say to herself, while her brain registered sensations of unutterable ecstasy, "I am the proud and happy mother of the finest and most beautiful doll in the whole wide world. I am the envied of all observers. I am it."

Alas for the little Serbian! Alas for the benevolent intentions of Kindly Neighbor. Frustrated! Frustrated!

Now the question with me is, Who is the heroine of the tragedy? The little Serbian will never know of the happiness she has

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missed, while Kindly Neighbor is smarting from a bitter disappointment. Perhaps, in dressing the doll, she appeased some obscure instincts she was unconscious she possessed.

But it is the little Serbian who missed, by a hair's breadth, that supreme thrill of joy, that big moment which stamps itself on the memory for life, becoming a lodestar from which to date all subsequent experiences of kind deeds and heart-warming experiences. That blissful moment might have been the tiny germ from which was to grow a faith and trust that would mould a humble life into harmonious expression.

Yes, it is little Miss Serb, and not the childless matron nor the motherless doll, who is the heroine of the tragedy. J. H. P.

The soldiers of the Kaiser are very superstitious, from the men in the ranks up to the Crown Prince. Wilhelm's eldest son carries a horseshoe with him on all his motor trips, and spends most of the day in his motor-car. The horseshoe is attached to one of the doors of the car, and when being photographed in his motor-car the prince always insists on the photographer "taking" the side of the car with the horseshoe. The soldiers of Wurtemberg pin their faith upon a little bag containing the dry pollen of flowers, which, they believe, has the power of warding off the bullets. The Saxons sew into the lining of their waistcoats the wings of a bat, and think themselves to be invincible. The Bavarians hold on tenaciously to a still more bizarre custom. Before going into battle each soldier finds a birch tree, cuts his skin, and lets a few drops of blood fall upon the tree. This ceremony, they assert, assures recovery, no matter what the nature of the wound, when the leaves begin to grow again.

To make the Sioux Indian's inheritance of land more simple and secure, the United States government commissioned Dr. Charles A. Eastman to rename more than 15,000 with their family names. The task was a hard one. Where possible Dr. Eastman kept the original Sioux name of some member of a family, as in bestowing the name "Matoska," meaning "White Bear," on the family of that chief. The hardest task was in finding new names for the absurdities of Indian nomenclature. "Bohtailed Coyote" was a young Indian who has come to prefer himself as "Robert T. Wolf." After a long struggle with "Rotten Pumpkin," Dr. Eastman at last recorded the owner of the name on the tribal records under the noncommittal title of "Robert Pumpkin."

At his laboratory one day, Thomas Edison called a new assistant to his desk. "I want you," he said, "to figure out the cubic contents of this electric light bulb." The young man went away and spent hours at his task, using all the mathematics at his command, filling sheets of paper with his figures. Finally he went back to Edison with his answer. "Let's see if your right," said the big man. He broke the tip off the bulb, filled the thing with water then measured the water in a graduated glass. In two minutes he had done what his assistant had given most of a day to. This independence of formulae is one of the secrets of Edison's success. Isn't it the secret of success of most great men?

The American administrators of the Virgin Isles have begun a campaign against the practice of ohi, the magic of the natives, which is common in some parts of the West Indies. This survival or revival of African beliefs not only reduces its victims to subordination to the witch doctors, but interferes seriously with the affairs of government, and the fact that it is of great interest to students of folklore is held not to compensate for the injury it does.

Very nearly 2,000,000 pounds of jam in papier-maché containers are sent to France from England every week, and in April this year the contracts department had ordered 260,000,000 pounds. Twelve varieties are issued, among which strawberry largely preponderates. Last year Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa supplied 41,000,000 pounds of jam.



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## Persinger to Appear with Symphony.

Louis Persinger, the brilliant concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist at the seventh regular Sunday symphony concert, announced for the afternoon of January 6th at the Cort Theatre, under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

The programme which was received with such favor on Friday afternoon at the Cort will be repeated in its entirety, though the prices will be just half those charged for the previous event. Persinger's wonderful violinistic art will again be displayed in that favorite of all concertos for violin and orchestra, Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto.

The orchestra alone will open the concert with "A Faust Overture," one of the few compositions written by Richard Wagner for concert purposes only, and a marvelous tragedy in miniature, based on the Goethe tale. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will conclude the concert.

The sixth "Pop" concert will be given on Sunday afternoon, January 13th, at the Cort, with the entire orchestra participating, and Emilio Puyans, flutist, as soloist. Puyans needs no introduction to local music lovers. This is his fifth season with the Hertz players. Godard's suite, op. 116, will be given at the "Pop" by Puyans with the orchestra. The remaining offerings of an ideal popular programme are: Overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Nutsacker Suite," Tchaikovsky; Three Slav Dances, Dvorak; "Serenade," Moszkowsky; overture, "William Tell."

## "Fair and Warmer" at the Cort.

The latest farce by Avery Hopwood, "Fair and Warmer," will return to the Cort Theatre on Sunday evening, January 6th, after a triumphant tour of the United States. It comes under the direction of Selwyn & Co.

"Fair and Warmer" tells a tale of how two highly respectable young persons, one a domesticated husband with never a thought beyond his own hearthstone and the other a charming little wife whose sole idea of life has been gleaned from the tip of her mother's apron strings, suddenly discover that their respective partners in matrimony have been having times more gay than creditable, and with equal suddenness decide to be revenged. They can think of nothing better to do than

something as wicked as their spouses have been guilty of—having no practice in wickedness they find that they can not aim it very well. It is three acts of unflagging hilarity. In the perfect cast are Henry Stockbridge, Lillian Foster, Jack Hayden, Grace Bonham, Alexandre J. Herbert, Bessie Brown, Thomas Springer, and Joseph A. Bingham.

## "Turn to the Right" at the Columbia.

These are days of good cheer at the Columbia Theatre, where "Turn to the Right!" the sensational laughing hit of last season in New York and Chicago, is giving the Geary Street playhouse a most auspicious start on the New Year. Another week of the comedy record-smasher is announced, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Never in the history of the theatre has the laughter of audiences been so spontaneous, so frequent, or so prolonged. In fact the thread of the story is often strained to the breaking point by the storms of merriment and applause which interrupt the snappy dialogue of Joe Bascom, the erring son, and his crook comrades, "Slippery Mugs" and "Dynamite Gilly," during their plotting to save the Bascom farm from the clutches of the skinflint Deacon Tillinger and to garner quick riches from the sale of Mother Bascom's justly celebrated peach jam.

But hilarity gives way to hushed stillness with each appearance of the saintly Mother Bascom, through whose love and Christian influence the "boys" are restored to honesty and rectitude. Her untarnished sincerity lends an atmosphere of refreshing wholesomeness to the play. In the hands of Mahel Bert, white-haired and angelic, the rôle of Mother Bascom is one of the most lovable ever introduced to a San Francisco audience.

## Maud Powell Next Great Artist to Attract.

The Maud Powell programmes, which will be given at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and on next Friday afternoon, are studded with musical gems. This fine artist stands at the front of American violinists, and ranks high among the great exponents of the instrument of whatever nationality. Tomorrow she will play the Allegro Moderato from the Sibelius Concerto in D minor, op. 47; Saint-Saëns' magnificent D minor, op. 75, Concerto; Fiorella's Prelude in C minor; Mozart's Rondo in G major; Cadman's Indian lyric, "Wah-wah-taysee" (Little Firefly), and Bazzini's "Dance of the Imps." Arthur Loesser, Miss Powell's assisting artist, will preside at the piano, and will render suitable aid in the great Saint-Saëns work and will play the following solo numbers: Gigue in E minor, Loielli-Godowsky; "Song Without Words," Mendelssohn, and "La Campanella," Liszt-Paganini.

Next Friday's programme will contain the big Arensky Concerto in A minor, op. 54 (introduced to this country by Miss Powell); Brahms' great Sonata in D minor, op. 108, with the assistance of Loesser at the piano; Bach's Prelude in E major; Martini-Powell's "Love's Delight"; Beethoven-Auer's "Marche Orientale"; Dvorak-Powell's "Songs My Mother Sung"; Gretchaninow's "Songs of Autumn," and Vieuxtemps' "Polonaise." Loesser's numbers will be the Chopin Berceuse, Valse in A flat, op. 42, and Liszt's "Rakoczy March."

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will include seven entirely new acts.

The Avon Comedy Four, the personnel of which is Goodwin, Kaufman, Smith, and Dale, will present a new skit called "A Hungarian Rhapsody." For years audiences have roared with laughter at the antics of this quartet and their songs are always received with enthusiasm.

Harry Green, who shares the headline honors, will appear in Aaron Hoffman's novelty skit, "The Cherry Tree," the motto of which is it is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much. Mr. Green will appear as George Washington Cohan, the strongest disciple of the Cherry tree fable, who falls from truth when he discovers that the wholesale telling of it brings misery upon others. Mr. Green is supported by his own company.

Bert Swor, blackface comedian, will introduce an entirely new monologue.

Anna Chandler is a splendid comedienne whose songs are descriptive and exclusive. One of her numbers is entitled "Breaking into Society." Sam H. Sept, composer of Miss Chandler's music, will assist her at the piano.

The Gaudsmidt Brothers hail from the Netherlands, and their two shaggy black poodles are Spanish. The brothers are eccentric clowns and pantomimists.

The Levolos, Pat and Julia, will introduce a new sensation on the wire.

The only holdovers on the bill will be the Alexander Kids and McIntyre and Heath. The latter will present entirely new acts, appearing Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in the greatest of all their suc-

cesses, "The Georgia Minstrels," and Thursday and the remainder of the week in their travesty, "Waiting at the Church."

## The St. Francis Little Theatre.

The St. Francis Little Theatre Club will begin the second half of its season, after a two weeks' rest, on January 8th and 10th, with three little plays: "The Constant Lover," by Sir John Harkin, a charming comedy, with Miss Sullivan and Mr. Maitland; "Bound East for Cardiff," a drama of the sea, by Eugene O'Neill, son of James O'Neill of "Monte Cristo" fame, in which Mr. Albert Morrison, a well-known leading man, will make his debut with the Maitland Players, and will now be a permanent member of this organization, and "Phipps," a satire by Stanley Houghton, as played by Holbrook Blinn at the Columbia several years ago. Members are now being rapidly enrolled for the second season. The membership is limited to 200.

## Godowsky to Give Concert.

With only one concert announced for Leopold Godowsky it is assured that the Columbia Theatre will be crowded to its fullest capacity on Sunday afternoon, January 13th. Godowsky's interpretations of the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, etc., are taken as the last words in music, and his concerts are as eagerly sought by his brother artists as by the music public in general. As a composer, too, Godowsky is preeminent, and his own original works, as well as his arrangements for the piano of much of the fine old seventeenth-century music, have brought him added fame and importance. A great programme will be played in this city, opening with the big Beethoven op. 110 Sonata in A flat. Brahms' Intermezzo, op. 76, No. 3, in A flat, and Rhapsody in E flat come next. Three numbers from his "Renaissance" are next on the list. These are the Minuet in G minor of Rameau, the Courante in E minor of Lully, and the Tamhourin in E minor of Rameau. The Chopin group includes the Fantasie, op. 49, F minor, Waltz, op. 64, No. 3, in A flat, Berceuse, and Polonaise, op. 53, in A flat. Hensel's "Ave Maria," Blumenfeld's Etude, op. 36, in A flat (for the left hand alone), the Mendelssohn-Liszt "On the Wings of Song," Liszt's Polonaise, No. 2, in E major, and Godowsky's own Humoresque are also included in the offering. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders for the Godowsky concert, which should include current funds and 10 per cent. additional for the war tax. These will be filled in the order of their receipt.

## De Gogorza in Two Concerts.

The announcement that Emilio de Gogorza is to appear at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of January 20th and 27th is already interesting the hundreds of admirers that the artist has in this city. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum office, under whose auspices the De Gogorza concerts will be given, is already accepting mail orders, and the indications are that the singer will be, as usual, greeted by great throngs at both events. Since his appearances here De Gogorza has added largely to his already extensive repertory, and the promise is held out that the programmes that he will offer here will be specially attractive. De Gogorza is one of the few great artists that appeals alike to the ultra musical and to the merely casual concert-goer, hence the great vogue that he enjoys.

## Yvette Guilbert to Return.

On Sunday afternoon, February 3d, Wednesday night, February 6th, and Saturday afternoon, February 9th, Yvette Guilbert will again be in this city. The wonderful French songstress so firmly established herself locally on her appearances last season that no exaggerated comment is necessary at this time. The Guilbert recitals will take place at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, which is peculiarly adapted to the intimate art of the great Frenchwoman. Manager Selby Oppenheimer is already accepting mail orders for these events.

Colonel Archibald Young, V. D., in a lecture given recently in Edinburgh, mentioned a curious incident of the recent British advance towards Palestine. When the British troops were approaching a certain town in the desert a deputation of the natives came out to meet them. The headman of the deputation asked for an interview with the British commander. In the course of the interview he urged the claims of the natives to kind treatment, and mentioned that he had brought with him a document showing how well and honorably they had behaved on the last occasion on which their town was visited by European troops. He duly produced the document, which was found to be all that he represented it. It was signed "Napolcon Bonaparte."



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## Minneapolis Symphony Returns in February.

Emil Oberhoffer and the entire Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, eighty-five artists strong, will renew their San Francisco and Oakland acquaintance with fine programmes on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7th and 8th, at the Columbia; on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9th, at the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland, and in a special programme on Sunday morning, February 10th, at the Tivoli Opera House. Reinold Werrenrath, the famous baritone, and Marguerite Namara, superb coloratura soprano, will be special soloists.

During King George's recent visit to the north of England he very nearly became the victim of the early-closing order. An official of his suite visited a local haker's shop after closing hours and asked for bread. The haker's wife refused it, pointing out the reason. "But it is for the king," said the official, "and there isn't a bit of bread on the train." "I don't care if it is for the queen," was the reply; "I dare not serve you." "But I demand it." "I am sorry," persisted the lady, "but I must refuse to serve you." "What can I do?" asked the official. "You might see the police," was the suggestion. This was done, and the king got his bread, though, even so, the haker's conscience still obviously troubled him.

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## VANITY FAIR.

If the writer of this column were so bold as to comment on the methods now in vogue for the entertainment of soldiers he would probably have cause to wish that he had never been born and to call upon the mountains to cover him. The entertainment of soldiers usually falls within the province of women. It is only innate depravity, what may be called congenital cussedness, that would criticize any single thing that is being done by any single woman who believes that she is making the world safe for democracy, or who believes that she believes it, which is the same thing. Men—poor, long-suffering, patient beasts—may be exhorted and urged prayerfully in the direction of sanity, but not women. The woman who knits a sweater with the subconscious and subliminal intention to wear it herself is mysteriously able to experience the thrill of self-sacrifice and patriotic ardor, and even a smile becomes treason and is clamorously resented.

Therefore the present writer, who is awed in a cowed and abject condition, takes shelter behind the high authority of Brigadier-General George R. Dyer, who says that what he does not know about soldiers is not knowledge, and who has attracted obloquy upon his devoted head by refusing to allow society ladies to give dances in certain Eastern armories. General Dyer approves of dances. He likes to think of the soldier cavorting gayly on the light fantastic with the lady of his choice. The soldier may not long have the opportunity. It is quite another sort of dance to which the soldier may be hastening, and one in which ladies will not participate.

But the lady, says General Dyer, must be the choice of the soldier, and not of some one else. Unaccountably he prefers his own. We may deplore his taste, but there it is, you know, and what are you going to do about it? How would you like it yourself, asks General Dyer? Why should soldiers be expected to dance with "girls they had never seen before, who were not their friends or acquaintances or ever likely to be, who had been brought up with different surroundings, with different ideas? These girls were to be brought to the party and were to ask the soldiers to dance. Do you think the men would enjoy that?" In the words of the literary purist, not on your life. Soldiers, says General Dyer, are not freaks. Nor objects of charity. Let them dance until the welkin rings, whatever the welkin may be. But let them dance with their own ladies, in their own way, and according to their own ideas. They are not filled with a wild and hectic joy at the prospect of dancing with gorgeously dressed society girls. Indeed their estimation of the society girl might be a surprise to the society girl. Just put yourself in the place of the soldier, says General Dyer:

Suppose you were a soldier, just landed in London. You had some hours' leave, and you were glad of your bit of liberty, and you made up your mind you'd see the things in London that you'd always heard about. You had it all thought out, as was perfectly natural, what you wanted to do. And then came a messenger from Buckingham Palace, commanding you to have tea with the queen! Wouldn't it be awful? That is the way it is when a company of charming ladies invite the soldiers in to dance with beautifully dressed rich young girls whom the men don't know. In the first place, dancing by order isn't what the soldier, in nine cases out of ten, wants to do. But in addition to that, do you suppose he enjoys it? His hands are dirty—he knows it, and he doesn't like it; his clothes are mused—he doesn't like that either, but he has been sleeping in his uniform these cold nights. His boots aren't all they should be, but he can't wear his other boots until these are worn out. He feels ill at ease, uncouth. He is not uncouth, but the chances are that he is being treated as if he were. He is stiff and uncomfortable. So is the girl he is dancing with. He wishes these kind, well-meaning people would let him alone. If he lives in New York he wants to be with his family or friends. If he is a stranger, there's a lot in New York he wants to see and hasn't had a chance to see yet. In any case, he gets mighty little liberty, and when he is on leave he wants to be allowed to do as he pleases, or entertained in a way he enjoys. How can he and this strange girl enjoy dancing together? They are in danger of offending each other all the time, simply because they have been brought up differently.

If you labor under the impression that the soldier does not know any girls it would be well to rid yourself of that impression. He does. If you labor under the still more fatal impression that the girls he knows are not good for him to know it would be well to rid yourself of that also, and incidentally to mind your own business. You have no more right to censor his behavior than he has to censor yours. The army is not a social settlement. It is not raw material for the upper classes. The soldier does not want you to elevate him, and indeed you might have to go up a floor or two before you could begin that. If you want to do something for the

soldier how would it be to start from a platform of good-fellowship, just plain, common or garden, everyday good-fellowship? If it occurs to you to ask some soldiers to dinner, don't take it for granted that of course they want to come. Probably they don't. You wouldn't yourself, under such circumstances. You might even think that the invitation was a liberty. And don't invite girls. Don't think it necessary to provide amusements. And, above all, don't try to do good to your guests. On the contrary try to get some good to yourself from them. In other words, be a gentleman, or a lady, as the case may be.

Englishmen, says a New York writer, while they may have many other admirable qualities, do not, as a general rule, shine in the possession of tact. Its absence tends to mar the popularity that they would otherwise enjoy, since we always feel it incumbent upon ourselves to make allowances for their shortcomings in this respect. A glaring illustration thereof was given on Thursday last at the luncheon at the Hotel Malpin in honor of the members of the Special Commission of the British Ministry of Munitions. Its chief, Sir Stephenson Kent, in responding to the mayor's felicitous speech of welcome, took occasion to remark that "when we don't like our government, we turn it out." Involuntarily all eyes turned towards the mayor, who had been so overwhelmingly defeated less than forty-eight hours previously. Observing this, Sir Stephenson, instead of passing quickly on to some less delicate ground, addressed himself to the mayor, and made matters worse by explaining: "I was talking only of my own country." It is an explanation which can not have been altogether agreeable for one of his fellow-members of the mission, Captain Cyril Asquith, since the allusion was manifestly addressed to his own father, ex-Premier Asquith, whose administration was turned out last year to make way for the cabinet of David Lloyd-George.

## PARADIS POLISHES THE BOOTS.

By Henry Barbusse.

"Really and truly," said Paradis, my neighbor in the ranks, "believe me or not, I'm knocked out—I've never before been so paid on a march as I have been with this one this evening."

His feet were dragging, and his square shoulders bowed under the burden of the knapsack, whose height and big irregular outline seemed almost fantastic. Twice he tripped and stumbled.

Paradis is tough. But he had been running up and down the trench all night as *liaison* man while the others were sleeping, so he had good reason to be exhausted and to growl "Quoi? These kilometers must be made of india-rubber, there's no way out of it."

Every three steps he hoisted his knapsack roughly up with a hitch of his hips, and panted under its dragging; and all the heap that he made with his huddles tossed and creaked like an overloaded wagon.

"We're there," said a non-com.

Non-coms. always say that, on every occasion. But—in spite of the non-com's declaration—we were really arriving in a twilight village which seemed to be drawn in white chalk and heavy strokes of black upon the blue paper of the sky, where the saffron silhouette of the church—a pointed tower flanked by two turrets more slender and more sharp—was that of a tall cypress.

But the soldier, even when he enters the village where he is to be quartered, has not reached the end of his troubles. It rarely happens that either the squad or the section actually lodges in the place assigned to them, and this by reason of misunderstandings and cross-purposes which tangle and disentangle themselves on the spot; and it is only after several quarter-hours of tribulation that each man is led to his actual shelter of the moment.

So after the usual wanderings we were admitted to our night's lodging—a roof supported by four posts, and with the four quarters of the compass for its walls. But it was a good roof—an advantage which we could appreciate. It was already sheltering a cart and a plow, and we settled ourselves by them. Paradis, who had fumed and complained without ceasing during the hours we had spent in tramping to and fro, threw down his knapsack and then himself, and stayed there awhile, weary to the utmost, protesting that his limbs were numb, that the soles of his feet were painful, and indeed all the rest of him.

But now the house to which our hanging roof was subject, the house which stood just in front of us, was lighted up. Nothing attracts a soldier in the gray monotony of evening so much as a window whence beams the star of a lamp.

"Shall we have a squint?" proposed Volpatte.

"So be it," said Paradis. He gets up grad-

ually, and, hohhling with weariness, steers himself towards the golden window that has appeared in the gloom, and then towards the door. Volpatte follows him, and I Volpatte.

We enter, and ask the old man who has let us in and whose twinkling head is threadbare as an old hat, if he has any wine to sell.

"No," replies the old man, shaking his head, where a little white fluff crops out in places.

"No beer? No coffee? Anything at all—"

"No, *mes amis*, nothing of anything. We don't belong here; we're refugees, you know."

"Then, seeing there's nothing, we'll be off." We right-about face. At least we have enjoyed for a moment the warmth which pervades the house and a sight of the lamp. Already Volpatte has gained the threshold and his back is disappearing in the darkness.

But I spy an old woman, sunk in the depths of a chair in the other corner of the kitchen, who appears to have some busy occupation.

I pinch Paradis' arm. "There's the belle of the house. Shall we pay our addresses to her?"

Paradis makes a gesture of lordly indifference. He has lost interest in women—all those he has seen for a year and a half were not for him; and, moreover, even when they would like to be his, he is equally uninterested.

"Young or old—pooh!" he says to me, beginning to yawn. For want of something to do and to lengthen the leaving, he goes up to the good wife. "Good-evening, gran'ma," he mumbles, finishing his yawn.

"Good-evening, *mes enfants*," quavers the old dame.

So near we see her in detail. She is shriveled, bent and howed in her old bones, and the whole of her face is white as the dial of a clock.

And what is she doing? Wedged between her chair and the edge of the table she is trying to clean some boots. It is a heavy task for her infantile hands; their movements are uncertain, and her strokes with the brush sometimes go astray. The boots, too, are very dirty indeed.

Seeing that we are watching her, she whispers to us that she must polish them well, and this evening, too, for they are her little girl's boots, who is a dressmaker in the town and goes off first thing in the morning.

Paradis has stopped to look at the boots more closely, and suddenly he puts his hand out towards them. "Drop it, gran'ma; I'll spruce up your lass' trotter-cases for you in three secs."

The old woman lodges an objection by shaking her head and her shoulders. But Paradis takes the boots with authority, while the grandmother, paralyzed by her weakness, argues the question and opposes us with a shadowy protest.

Paradis has taken a boot in each hand; he holds them gingerly and looks at them for a moment, and you would even say that he was squeezing them a little.

"Aren't they small!" he says in a voice which is not what we hear in the usual way.

He has secured the brushes as well, and sets himself to wielding them with zealous carefulness. I notice that he is smiling, with his eyes fixed on his work.

Then, when the mud has gone from the boots, he takes some polish on the end of the double-pointed brush and caresses them with it intently.

They are dainty boots—quite those of a stylish young lady; rows of little buttons shine on them.

"Not a single button missing," he whispers to me, and there is pride in his tone.

He is no longer sleepy; he yawns no more. On the contrary, his lips are tightly closed; a gleam of youth and springtime lights up his face; and he who was on the point of going to sleep seems just to have woken up.

And where the polish has bestowed a beautiful black his fingers move over the body of the boot, which opens widely in the upper part and betrays—ever such a little—the lower curves of the leg. His fingers, so skilled in polishing, are rather awkward all the same as they turn the boots over and turn them again, as he smiles at them and ponders—profoundly and afar—while the old woman lifts her arms in the air and calls me to witness "What a very kind soldier!" he is.

It is finished. The boots are cleaned and finished off in style; they are like mirrors. Nothing is left to do.

He puts them on the edge of the table, very carefully, as if they were saintly relics; then at last his hands let them go. But his eyes do not at once leave them. He looks at them, and then lowering his head, he looks at his own boots. I remember that while he made this comparison the great lad—a hero by destiny, a Bohemian, a monk—smiled once more with all his heart.

The old woman was showing signs of activity in the depths of her chair; she had an idea. "I'll tell her! She shall thank you herself, monsieur! Hey, Josephine!" she cried, turning towards a door.

But Paradis stopped her with an expansive

gesture which I thought magnificent. "No, it's not worth while, gran'ma; leave her where she is. We're going. We won't trouble her, *allez!*"

Such decision sounded in his voice that it carried authority, and the old woman obediently sank into inactivity and held her peace.

We went away to our bed under the wall-less roof, between the arms of the plow that was waiting for us. And then Paradis began again to yawn; but by the light of the candle in our crib, a full minute later, I saw that the happy smile remained yet on his face.—From "Under Fire," by Barbusse. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A number of conscientious objectors had arrived in France, and one of the number having a day off duty approached a kilted Highlander and said: "I'd rather go into a lunatic asylum than go into a kiltie regiment." "Aye, I've nae doot ye wud feel mair at bome there," replied the Highlander.

The Manchester *Guardian* tells a motoring story with a moral: A noble lord when leaving one of the official motor-cars asked the woman driver to come back at a certain hour. She replied, "All right." The noble lord then said, "I am accustomed to being called 'My lord.'" The woman driver replied: "And I am accustomed to being called 'My lady.'"

A man once rang Russell Sage's bell in the middle of the night. "Mr. Sage, I can't sleep," he said. "What's that to me?" growled Russell, as he slobbered in his nightshirt. "My note falls due tomorrow—" "I know it does," snapped Sage. "And I want to tell you, sir, I can't sleep a wink because I can't pay it." "Go to the dickens!" roared Sage. "Now I can't sleep a wink, either."

In a Georgia court the judge observed to the defendant: "You seem to have committed a grave assault on plaintiff just because he differed from you in an argument." "There was no help for it, your honor," said the offender. "The man is a perfect idiot." "Well, you must pay a fine of \$10 and the costs, and in future you should try to understand that idiots are human beings, the same as you and me."

"He's perfectly quiet, ladies," remarked the jobmaster to the two girls who were about to hire a pony and trap, "only you must take care to keep the rein off his tail." "We won't forget," they replied. When they returned the jobmaster inquired bow they had got on. "Splendidly," they exclaimed. "We had one rather sharp shower, but we took it in turns to hold the umbrella over the horse's tail, so there was no real danger."

A very pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street-car and managed to seat herself in a very narrow space between two men. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the men for their lack of gallantry, arose. "Aunty," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat." "Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"

Wayne McVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over his farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk. The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a two-thousand-dollar cow. "Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses. "Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

Being a young man, he was telling a young woman all his troubles. It took him a long time, and the evening wore away. He explained how he had happened to lose his last position, and how he couldn't seem to get a foothold in another. She sighed, and he took it for a sign of sympathy—maybe it was. "I am confident that I could make a success," he said, "if I could only get a start." She glanced at the clock. "I can help you," she declared. His eyes lighted with a new hope. "I can get your hat and coat," she continued.

A writer in the *Charity Organization Review*, deprecating the way people talk of "the drab lives of the poor" as greatly a class misunderstanding, repeats a story of some East End girls (matchbox makers) who were taken down to Surrey to spend a summer day in a beautiful house and garden in a lovely part of the country. When their hostess was wishing them "good-by," she said she had much enjoyed their visit, and one guest replied, cheerfully: "I expect we have cheered you up a bit; it must be deadly dull down here."

A telephone subscriber in Newark asked his operator to ring his bell in three minutes, and immediately hung up his receiver. At the appointed time the supervisor rang on the line and the subscriber responded merely with, "Thank you." Later he called again to thank the operator, and explained that he had been boiling eggs and wanted to time them. They had been cooked to the queen's taste, he said. Another operator tells of an out-of-town call from a coin box. The operator told the lady

who called to deposit 10 cents for five minutes' talk. She replied in great excitement: "Oh, Central, I put the money in the wrong slot! I had my gloves on and I couldn't see."

Little Tommy, who is of rather an inquiring turn of mind, and who had been gazing at his father's somewhat rosy countenance for some time, at last said: "Papa, what makes your face and nose so dre'fly red?" "The east wind, of course," answered papa rather hastily. "Do not talk so much, Thomas, and pass me the beer." It was then that a voice came from the other end of the table in dulcet tones, saying: "Thomas, dear, pass your papa the east wind, and be careful not to spill it on the clean cloth."

The plaintiff in giving his evidence halted and hemmed and stuttered. The principal witness for the defendant was what they call "fresh" and managed to interlard his testimony with his opinion on collateral matters greatly to the annoyance of the attorney for the plaintiff. When that gentleman came to cross-examine the witness and received two or three replies that verged on being impertinent he lost his temper and said to the witness: "You claim to know everything. Do you know what made Balaam's ass speak?" "I reckon," replied the witness, "that Balaam was a stutterin' man, and his ass spake for him." The cross-examination closed.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

In Dutch.

I can not sing some old songs—although I loved 'em so;  
"Der Freischutz" and "Die Lorelei," they both have got to go.  
I must forget those callow days when in a voice so fine  
I used to make the welkin ring with that old "Wacht am Rhein."  
"Ich Liebe Dich" no longer, for you have a Prussian strain.  
While I am strong for "Dixie," "Ich Grolle Nicht" is pain.  
"Götterdämmerung" the Kaiser and likewise "Edelweiss."  
"Hi-Li-Hi-Lo" "Fliegt Heim" I know upon their heads a price.  
—*Los Angeles Times*.

War Aims.

In billets down the line one afternoon,  
As Bill and me and most of our platoon  
Was dozin' like, some highter starts to jaw:  
"I wonder what the 'ell we're fightin' for!"  
"England," ses Bill. "For liberty," ses I.  
Ses Dan (the shepherd), "For my flock"—"Oh my!"  
Shouts Pauper Pete, 'ho 'adn't a sou to chink,  
"I'll fight to save my dollars, I don't think."  
"We're fighting 'cos there's Belgium still to win."  
"I'm out for blood—Zepps done my cottage in."  
Then Cockie (e's a poet) 'as 'is say:  
"I fight," he ses, "to scare Black Night away,  
And when my voice is heard for miles around  
The Dawn will break at that victorious sound."  
"It's stripes I want," "A ribbon's more to me."  
"I'm out to save my 'ome across the sea."  
"It's Mother most I'm fightin' for," ses Jim,  
And Ginger said the kids come first with 'im. . . .  
Just near us, listenin' careless as we spoke,  
A chap stood readin', quite a youngish bloke,  
And some one shouts: "Wot 'o, my learned friend,  
Wot's your opinion? 'Oo do you defend?  
Wot sort o' name d'you call old England by?  
Wot makes it worth your bloomin' while to die?"  
The bloke just shows 'is hook, and barely heedin',  
"Shakespeare," he ses, and coolly goes on readin'.  
—*S. C. Roberts, in Westminster Gazette*.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Helen Hooper and Captain Curtis O'Sullivan was solemnized Saturday afternoon in Portland. Miss Ursula Hooper attended her sister as maid of honor and Mr. Joseph Hooper, Jr., was best man. Mrs. O'Sullivan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper and the sister of Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson. Miss Ursula Hooper, Miss Katherine Hooper, Mr. Joseph Hooper, Jr., Mr. Pardow Hooper, and Mr. George Hooper. Captain O'Sullivan is the son of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and the brother of Miss Biddy O'Sullivan and of Mr. Terence O'Sullivan. He is the grandson of Mrs. James Marvin Curtis. Captain O'Sullivan and his bride will reside at Tacoma for the present.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Rolph and Captain Philip Fennell was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride on Arguello Boulevard. Miss Doris Wirtner was the maid of honor and Lieutenant Dana McEwen was the best man. Mrs. Fennell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rolph. Captain Fennell is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Captain Fennell and Mrs. Fennell will reside in the southern part of the state, the former being at present stationed at Camp Kearny.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a tea New Year's Day at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Johnston entertained a number of friends at an egg-nog party Tuesday at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Ellita Adams was a luncheon hostess of last Friday, entertaining a group of friends at her home in Piedmont in compliment to Miss Jessie Knowles. The guests included Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Sally Long, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Betty Merrill, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Sally Havens, Miss Therese Williams, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Elizabeth Bliss.

Mrs. Horace Morgan entertained at a children's party last Friday afternoon in honor of her son, Master William Morgan. On Friday evening Mrs. Morgan was hostess at a dance for the friends of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel for their daughters, the Misses Frances and Ruth Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens gave a dinner-dance at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Sally Havens. Among the guests were Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Sally Long, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Margaret Henderson, Miss Amy Long, Lieutenant Charles Sutton, Mr. Leon Walker, Mr. Maurice Clarke, Mr. Bruce Hamilton, and Mr. Leon Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker gave a dinner-dance Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of their son, Mr. Leon Walker. The guests included Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Sally Havens, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Lieutenant George Young, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Edward Fox, Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Robert Clappett, Ensign Orel Goldarena, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Francis Clark, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear gave a dinner-dance last Thursday evening at their home on Jackson Street, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Captain Charles Goodall and Mrs. Goodall, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Winifred Braden, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Leon Walker, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Arthur Goodall, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Donald Clappett, Mr. Francis Clark, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Edward Fox, and Mr. Robert Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker were hosts at dinner Thursday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker. The affair took place at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained a number of friends at dinner New Year's night at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Margaret Deahl gave a dinner Friday evening at her home on Washington Street, her guests including Miss Aileen McNutt, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Helen Hawkins, Miss Adelaide Suro, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Fran-

cesca Deering, Mr. Francis Clark, Mr. Allan Drum, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Marshall Hale, Mr. Bernard Dohrmann, Mr. Jack Sutton, Mr. Burbank Sommers, and Mr. Bruce Dohrmann.

Miss Kate Crocker gave a luncheon Monday at her home on Laguna Street, complimenting Miss Flora Miller. The guests included Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Doris Durrell, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Mary Boardman, Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Alice Hanchett, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mr. Clark Crocker was host at a dinner-dance Saturday evening at his home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party last Friday evening.

A Horse Show was held Saturday afternoon at the Riding Club for the benefit of the Red Star Animal Relief.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a supper-dance Tuesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Captain Laurance Scott and Mrs. Scott passed the Christmas holidays at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have gone to San Antonio, Texas, where the former has joined the Aviation Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Ballard arrived recently from their home in Montana and have been guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street.

Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook returned Wednesday to their home in San Rafael, after having passed the Xmas season in town with Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins has been passing several days at Del Monte en route to her home in Santa Barbara, after a sojourn of several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Tinning have been spending several days in San Francisco from their home in Martinez.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and her daughters are visiting in Coronado with Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr.

Mr. Edgar Eyre arrived recently from New York to pass a few days in San Francisco with his brother, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf is passing the winter at Annapolis, Commander Bertholf being on duty in Atlantic waters.

Mrs. Foster Gretton is in England at present, staying with her father in Sherborne, Dorset. Major Gretton is stationed in France.

Miss Josephine Ross has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler, at their ranch near Ventura during the holiday season.

Mrs. Henry Ach has been passing several days at American Lake with her son, Mr. James Ach.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw and her daughter, Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering, passed the holidays in New York.

Mrs. Frank Johnson and her son, Lieutenant Gordon Johnson, have been spending several days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, have gone to Coronado for a sojourn of several weeks.

Lieutenant Edward H. Clark and Mrs. Clark have taken an apartment on Union Street for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent have been spending several days at Del Monte from their home on Green Street.

Dr. Washington Dodge, with Mrs. Dodge and Miss Veida Dodge, left Thursday for New York, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the rest of the winter season.

Mrs. James Carolan and her daughter, Miss Emily Carolan, have taken an apartment on Powell Street.

Mrs. Sayre McNeil has taken an apartment at Stanford Court, where she will reside for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall have closed their home in Burlingame and are spending several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Kaufman have left for Camp Jacksonville, Florida, where the former has been ordered for duty.

Mrs. William Baggett of Washington arrived in San Francisco a few days ago to meet her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Mitchell, who have just returned from the Orient.

Miss Jeannette Bertheau is visiting in Coronado with Mrs. Stetson Winslow and Miss Marie Louise Winslow.

Mr. Louis Bruguière, who is at present in Washington, will leave in the near future for England, having recently been appointed to the American embassy there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Myrtle have closed their home in Ross and will pass the winter months in an apartment at 732 Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Woodhead are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in Ukiah.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Grant are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

The Kaiser recently sent to the Pope as a Christmas present "a rare copy of the Old Testament, hand-copied by a community of German monks in the middle ages."

#### Henry Bernstein.

Those who have followed Henri Bernstein's career in France will remember that the production of his "Après Moi" at the Comédie Française, in 1912, aroused a storm of protest from the anti-Semitic group of Frenchmen led by Léon Daudet. It was the first of Bernstein's plays to receive this national recognition, and Daudet and his following were incensed that such an honor as a presentation in the Comédie Française should be awarded a Jew. Ostensibly, however, the protest was based on the fact that Bernstein was technically a foreigner, being a naturalized Roumanian. "Shall France award such distinction," said Daudet, "to an outsider, a man who has not even served his term of military service for the state?" At the hearing on the case, which had resolved itself into one of those frantic public scandals with which France was exciting herself previous to the war, Bernstein arose in his own defense, and, in a speech which had all the elements of drama which he had ever put in the most impassioned speech of the most wronged husband in his most triangular play, he declared: "It is true that I was born in Roumania. It is true that I was naturalized too late to serve in the national army. But, on the day when France is attacked, I will be the first to offer myself in her defense!" And he did. It was from his war experience that his present play, "L'Elevation" was drawn.

#### "Other Times—"

Where are the games of yesteryear,  
The cribbage match, the staid croquet—  
Where is the quaint, old-fashioned dear,  
Why is the Sport Girl of today?

Across the tiny croquet green  
Trundled poor grandpa's luckless ball,  
(But, 'neath the hoop-skirt he had seen  
The daintiest ankle of them all!)  
Now, down the muddy polo field  
Sweeps grandpa's child, on her pony,  
While experts watch her game and yield  
Her stunning—but a trifle bony!

On Winter evenings, long ago,  
She pondered over "fifteen four,"  
He watched her in the candle glow,  
And quite forgot to peg the score.  
Now, talk of "honors," "slams," "revokes"  
Falls glibly from granddaughter's lips,  
Or, notice, midst the slang and jokes,  
The offhand way she sorts the chips!

#### L'ENVOI.

Prince, (for whatever be the date,  
There's always one for every maid!)  
Who ambled, hopeful of your fate,  
Through endless games, demure and staid—  
You never leaped aside, poor dear,  
To dodge the furious auto-ped—  
Where are the games of yesteryear?  
("Perhaps it's well that they are dead!")  
—Gabrielle Elliott, in *New York Times*.

There have been several freak newspapers printed which were most entertaining in their day. One of the most remarkable was the *Luminara*, published in Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus, so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the *Regal*, printed with non-poisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which after being carefully perused, could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. *Le Bien-Etre* promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and a free burial.

Advices from Midland, Michigan, tell of the first production of indigo from coal tar in the United States. One thousand pounds of 20 per cent. paste are produced daily. The annual consumption of indigo in normal times is in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 pounds. By 1912 the German makers of the coal-tar indigo, which is chemically the same as the product of the tropical indigo plants, had driven the natural product from the world's markets. The artificial is considered better and more reliable than the natural dye.

Captain Alexander J. Dubois, from France on his way home to Australia, is registered at the Whitcomb. Lieutenant-Colonel G. V. Packer with his wife, from Fort Riley, Kansas, is also registered at the Whitcomb. Other arrivals include Mr. S. M. McCurran of Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. Kiernan of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

An official minute has passed the British Parliament, placing on record the high appreciation of the Lords of the Treasury of the spontaneous and generous gifts of Jamaica in making provision toward the cost of the war of about \$300,000 a year for a period of forty years from the termination of the war.

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## TRAVELING TREES.

Vegetation That Moves from Place to Place.

Noting the fact that before the modern era of steam and electricity the history of mankind was largely a history of his migration, and that tribes changed in color and size as they moved about, Royal Dixon and Franklyn Everett Fitch, in a hook on the wonders of the tree world, observe that "the same is true of trees. When they are content to stay quietly at home, they go on reproducing themselves in the same old way for generations. As soon as individuals or even extensive groups among them travel a hit they undergo marvelous changes in the lands of their adoption. The tiny dogwood, scarcely six inches tall in Alaska, becomes a sixty-foot giant in Texas and Florida. In the Far North the honey locust is little more than a shrub. On reaching the Southern United States it becomes a medium-sized tree, wonderfully defended by thorns and prickles. In the still more luxurious climate of South America it develops into an immense structure all bristly with vegetable spears and daggers and with a defensive army of ants."

"Moreover, traveling trees are not merely globe-trotters. They travel by rule and method. They make geography every day. . . . Such trees as the pines, ashes, elms, cottonwoods, and sycamores migrate in vast armies, and, like the barbarian hordes of medieval Europe, overrun the territories of neighboring kingdoms, there to be swallowed up by strongly entrenched first-comers, or themselves eventually to supplant the original inhabitants."

"It must not be imagined that these tree movements are things of the past. They are going on today. Within a generation—the wild red cherry has spread from the Eastern to the Western United States. Botanists who accompanied early government exploring expeditions failed to find any specimens of this tree in Kansas and Nebraska. In many parts of the country second and third growth trees are entirely unrelated to the original timber. The Catskill Mountains when first visited by white men were largely covered by spruce and hemlock. Such areas as have been cut over have nearly always been taken possession of by beech, apple, and hirsch; and of late years it has been noticed that poplars and aspens show a strong disposition to grow up in abandoned clearings."

"Just how do trees travel? It would be a mighty and awe-inspiring spectacle to see a great forest striding across the country, but except in some such case as Macheth's Birnam Wood, this has not been recorded as ever taking place. . . . They prefer to travel in embryo, and, by means of tiny fruits and seeds light enough to fly through the air or float on the water, transport future forests half-way around the globe."

"Flying, which is man's weakest and latest art, is the trees' favorite transportation device. They have many types of flying machines, and though they depend on the wind for propulsion, they are often able to send their seeds to greater distances than the motor-driven aeroplane has ever flown. All summer long a great many trees devote their energy to maturing their seeds and providing them with some sort of a flying apparatus. Those of the ash have paper-like wings. The seeds of the elms and maples are equipped with membranes as gauzy and delicate as those of a dragon fly. Willow, poplar, and catalpa seeds are attached to tiny balloons. Hop tree seeds have a kit-like appendage. The spruces, firs, larches, hemlocks, pines, and hitches produce winged seeds. The alders, tulips, ashes, and elms send forth winged hoxes—single seeds occupying entirely matured pistils. The parachute-equipped seeds of the pine are given an encouraging push into the world with the bursting of the cone. The exploding pods of the wisteria and witch-hazel fairly hurl their children out upon the breeze. Masses of beautifully plumed seeds float from the willows and poplars."

"The nuts are enthusiastic sailors. Not a few are built along nautical lines, and when dropped into the water become seaworthy boats. The coconut, the cashew, and the mahogany all make ocean voyages. Coconuts are covered with a thick husk, and this husk has a waterproof envelope of hairs. As they float the three 'eyes' seem always to remain on top. As soon as the nut falls into the water a tiny shoot peeps from one of these eyes and sends forth long leaves, which act as sails to waft the craft along. Finally roots begin to peep forth from the other two eyes, and in a short time this lucky passenger with sails and roots is ready to land on an

island and start developing into a genuine cocoanut tree. The cocoanut is such a good sea traveler that it has planted colonies on almost every reef in the warmer waters. However, the cashew excels it in marine equipment. The cashew has a double hull and an inner skin. Between the outer and the inner shells circulates a black, waterproof juice, which Maud Going aptly terms 'calking between decks.' The bladdernut lacks this equipment, but possesses water-tight compartments, which have no hulkhead doors for a captain to remember to close. There are other nuts and seeds which buoy themselves up with air chambers and oily skins."

"It is quite certain that these tree-voyagers make trips quite as long as those of men. The Japanese black currant is continually landing Asiatic seeds on the shores of Oregon and Washington. A certain West Indian seed of large dimensions drifts to the shores of the Hebrides. These are small craft, but exceedingly seaworthy. Even the frost-filled wastes of the north offer no barrier to the tree-travelers. Propelled by the strong winds of these regions, trees like the honey locust send tiny ice-boats scudding across the frozen landscape at a mile-a-minute speed, while others stick to the slower and more common air route."

"While it is true that trees never walk across the landscape at a speed which is visible to the eye, they do by the slower processes of growth actually move over the surface of the earth. Sometimes they do their traveling under ground, like the rubber and persimmon trees, which . . . send out long side roots that form hases from which new trees spring. . . . The mangrove does the same thing above ground. Standing knee-deep in water, it often sends down shoots from its arms, which, taking root, are the beginnings of a new tree. The willow bends over till one of its branches takes root."

"Full-grown trees may not actually walk across the landscape, but they do swim. There are many records of floating islands, which not only make voyages up and down rivers, but occasionally embark on ocean trips. At the mouth of the Amazon sections of land frequently break off and float serenely out to sea . . . and there have been observed instances when they reached port safely. Nautical movements on inland waters are more apt to be successful. The trees which grow on such floating islands may be said to travel in the most literal sense of the word."

San Sebastian stands almost alone as a famous cosmopolitan watering place upon which the shadow of the war is scarcely cast. Existence there proceeds almost exactly as usual. The season, although it seemed to start a little late, is one of the best, and at an early stage it was calculated that there were more than 3000 visitors in excess of the number at the same time last year. The concha is crowded in the mornings with bathing parties and others, and in the afternoons the boulevards and the terrace of the Casino are gay as ever. As a result of the war the season certainly suffers considerably from the absence of a good part of the cosmopolitan element, largely French and American, and it is dependent chiefly on the human resources of Spain itself, but there are quite as many of the aristocratic families as ever there were, and the humbler folk follow them in their thousands. The absence of the aliens inevitably means a considerable decrease in the income, and this is made the excuse for certain apparent neglect on the part of the Ayuntamiento, for some say they notice an occasional untidiness in the streets which did not exist before. It has been declared of San Sebastian that a lady might cross the streets in dancing slippers immediately after a heavy rain without marking them with mud, but that is hardly true at the moment. Still one has to look for these differences to find them. One hears little of the war, and the general attitude of the visitors, encouraged by the local people, is to ignore it as much as possible at this time of recuperation and enjoyment, and to do the same with the difficult internal politics of Spain herself."

A Japanese-Greek Association has been formed recently, of which the respective presidents are Marquis Okuma and M. Venizelos. It is proposed to open a permanent exhibition at Athens, in which Japanese products will be on view. It is further reported that after the war there will be established a direct Japanese shipping service between Japan and Greece, trade between the two countries having been carried on hitherto through the medium of French and German middlemen."



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## The Last "Wager of Battel."

Just one hundred years ago, on November 17, 1817, the last attempt was made in England to decide a case of alleged murder by an appeal to the god of battles.

The old law which permitted this primitive method of settlement had long been neglected, and was thought to be obsolete. By 1817 most people, including lawyers and even judges, imagined that "Wager of Battel" was a relic of the barbarous past, as little likely to be revived as walking on red-hot plowshares or testing for witchcraft by drowning the witch.

The fact that wager of battle was still an integral part of English judicial methods came out in a case in which a bricklayer named Abraham Thornton was accused of the murder of a girl named Mary Ashford (says the London Observer). It was a Midland case, but the interest which it excited spread to the four corners of the kingdom. The girl's body was found in a pond the morning after she had attended a dance with Thornton at Tyburn House, half a mile from Castle Bromwich. On Whit Monday, 1817, Thornton was tried for murder at Warwick Assizes and found "Not Guilty," circumstantial evidence proving that he was more than three miles away when the drowning took place. It may here be added that Mary's death was probably a case of shame and suicide.

A local solicitor, after searching the pages of the law, induced William Ashford, Mary's brother, to take proceedings as her heir, under an old unreported Act of Parliament, and Thornton was again put on his trial by an "appeal of murder." The case came on in the Court of King's Bench, on November 6th, and was adjourned till November 17th. On that day Thornton entered the court with a smile on his face, and stood unmoved while the count was read.

"Are you guilty of the said felony and murder whereof you stand as appealed?" asked the clerk in the crown office.

"Not guilty," replied Thornton, "and I am ready to defend the same with my body."

His counsel, Mr. Reader, took from the bottom of his bag a pair of large gauntlets, which he handed to the prisoner. Thornton hastily put on one of them, and threw the other on the floor of the court, for the appellant to take up, as a sign that he accepted the challenge.

It was not taken up. Judges and counsel were amazed that an attempt should be made in that year of grace to deflect the course of justice by a personal combat between the accuser and the accused.

But the law was the law, and it had to be observed. Ashford's counsel put in a counter-plea that the court, having regard to the difference in strength between Ashford and Thornton, would waive the "right of battel," and direct a new trial by jury. When, on January 24, 1818, the case came on again for rehearing, the lawyers were primed with precedents coming down from Saxon days. Nothing was settled on that date, and it was not until the following April 16th that Lord Ellenborough gave a decision. "However obnoxious I am myself to the trial by battel," he said, "it is the mode of trial which we, in our judicial character, are bound to award. . . . We must pronounce our judgment that the battel shall take place, unless the party reserves for our consideration whether, under the circumstances of the case, the defendant is entitled to go without the day. . . . At present we pronounce: That there be a Trial by Battel, unless the appellant show reason why the defendant should not depart without the day."

Ashford persisted in declining to accept the wager, nor did he offer any further legal objection to Thornton's discharge, and the twice-accused man was permitted to go free. In the following year the old Act of Parliament un-

der which the wager was possible was removed from the statute book.

The parallel between the royal houses of Greece and Sweden is somewhat striking. If it is carried much further it may become, for King Gustavus, a "deadly" parallel (remarks the Cleveland Plain Dealer). Both Gustavus V and ex-King Constantine are men of ability and forcefulness. Before the outbreak of the war the Swedish monarch exercised large authority in the government of his nation, and was far more assertive than the usual run of twentieth-century constitutional kings. Instead of acquiescing silently in governmental policies which were distasteful to him, Gustavus dismissed governments which declined to do his bidding, and the people of Sweden rather admired his temerity. Like Constantine, whose father was a Danish prince, Gustavus is the scion of transplanted royalty. His father was grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, a French civilian, who was arbitrarily chosen king by the Swedish Parliament. Gustavus has a German wife. She is Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. Since the beginning of the war Queen Victoria has made no secret of her German sympathies. As Constantine's Sophia, the Kaiser's sister, was the most malign influence in the Greek royal household, so Victoria of Baden may be the evil genius of Gustavus. In Sweden, as it was in Greece, the pro-German sentiment is strongest in the king's coterie. The Swedish people, like the people of all civilized nations, look with horror on the German crimes. Neither the king nor his Prussophile cabinet would attempt to force the nation into war as Germany's ally. It would be too dangerous an undertaking. The most that can be done is to maintain a malevolent neutrality toward the Allies and to aid Potsdam as far as possible without getting caught at it. It has not as yet been made clear that the king himself is the head of the pro-German cabal at Stockholm, but he can not escape responsibility either for the policy of his ministers or for the utterances of his wife. This is especially true since it is well known that Gustavus is no weakling, but a vigorous and aggressive personality.

One sure means of ending the war (outside of the imagination of the writers of romances) exists, and a French contemporary does not forbear to urge the use of it. In Madrid, in a certain public square, stands a statue of Our Lady of Almudena; on a gold chain about the neck of the statue hangs a ring richly set with diamonds. Nobody meddles with it. Even thieves let it severely alone. And the reason is plain (says an exchange). For the ring is endowed with a terrible power, as its history proves. Alfonso XII made a present of it to his wife, Queen Mercedes. Queen Mercedes died a month later. Then the king gave the hauble to his sister, the Infanta Maria. A few days afterwards the Infanta died. The ring, reverting to the royal giver, was next presented to his late queen's grandmother, Queen Christina, who was dead within three months. After that the monarch kept the ring in his own jewel casket. Within the year he was dead. Ever since then the ring has hung about the neck of Our Lady of Almudena. The French suggestion is this: Why shouldn't the present King of Spain offer the ring to the Kaiser?

Vandals, seeking a mythical treasure which in generations past has attracted adventurers from remote distances, even so far away as Chile and France, recently were found digging a shaft beneath the altar of the ancient ruin of Gran Quivira, not far from the Santa Fe's Belen cut-off in New Mexico. Last year searchers for this fabled treasure drove a shaft into a solid stratum of limestone, getting at the bottom of it a crucifix.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Alice married a nonagenarian." "And did she change her religion for his?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pleasure," said Uncle Ehen, "kin be imported; hut happiness bas to be home-made."—*Washington Star*.

"An engine is a paradoxical sort of a proposition." "How so?" "It is bottest when it's coaled."—*Baltimore American*.

He—I'm curious to know bow you manage to spend so much money. She—I wouldn't

be, my dear; I might get curious to know how you can make so much.—*Puck*.

"My butler left me witbout any warning." "There are worse things than that. Mine left me without any spoons."—*Houston Post*.

*Sergeant (one of the old school)*—It's the war that's ruining the army, sir—us having to enlist all these 'ere civilians.—*London Opinion*.

"Jaggs boasts be is a man who always goes to the bottom of things." "I noticed that when be was at the punchbowl last night."—*Baltimore American*.

*Teacher*—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing"? *Patsy*—Yes'm. *Teacher*—Why? *Patsy*—'Cause you can't.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

*Employer*—The position requires a great amount of mechanical experience. *Applicant*—I have owned a second-hand automobile for two months. *Employer*—Accepted!—*Life*.

"Well, son," said the recruiting sergeant, "are you willing to die for your country?" "Not much," he answered, with a bright smile; "I'm going over there to make a few Huns die for theirs."—*The Jonathan*.

*Edythe*—He boasts that he gets invited to lots of swell dances. *Grayce*—Ob, I don't doubt it. I dare say he has stepped on some of the best toes in town.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Jones swore be'd tell his wife the truth always and at any cost tbis morning?" "Well?" "Well, be went bome to lunch; tonight he resumes diplomacy."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"Bridget, don't you think you could get along with less company? I'm sure no other mistress would stand it." "Sure, ma'am, that's right! Tbat's why I'm stayin' wid ye."—*Boston Transcript*.

"There are some things I can't understand." "What now?" "It is understood that a man can't lift himself by his bootstraps." "Well?" "But he can stand in his own light."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Valet*—One of your creditors wishes to see you, sir. *Master*—Tell bim I'm out. *Valet*—Yes, sir. And I'll just light one of your best cigars, sir; be'll be more likely to believe me then.—*Boston Transcript*.

*First Politician*—I have observed that you never pull any one's political chestnuts out of

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the fire. *Second Politician*—No; my specialty, as a party leader and reorganizer, is to fire political chestnuts out of the pull.—*Town Topics*.

"Did I understand you to say Dubson was absent-minded?" "Yes, hut not in the way it afflicts some very learned people." "No?" "In Dubson's case it's continuous."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Does prohibition really prohibit in this region?" "Does it?" answered Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas. "Why, podner, the frogs have quit bollering anything hut 'Jug o' grape-juice.'"—*Kansas City Star*.

*Wigg*—Did young Bjones reach the goal of

his ambition at college? *Wagg*—The goal? Wby, be never even made the team.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted girl?" "I do, sir. And I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—*Passing Show*.

*Sweet Little Maiden*—Is there a letter for me? *Postoffice Clerk*—Who's me? *Sweet Little Maiden*—I'm Gladys Cummin. *Postoffice Clerk*—Yes, I dare say your are glad he's coming; but what's your name? *Sweet Little Maiden*—How dare you? My name is Gladys Cummin. *Postoffice Clerk*—Oh—ob—I beg your pardon.—*Pearson's Weekly*.





# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### War Aims Defined.

Formal declarations within the week by Premier Lloyd-George and President Wilson are largely designed for diplomatic effect in Russia. They amount to the practical notification to Russia that her fortunes are bound up with the purposes of the Allies; and, taken with the developments of the Brest Litovsk conference, they should impress those who have in hand the immediate destinies of Russia. Affiliation on the part of Russia with the Allied powers under the promises of Britain and America implies opportunity "for independent determination of her own political development"; separate dealing with Germany will surely mean loss of territory with subordination to Prussian overlordship. The whole future of Russia is dependent upon the choice she may make.

The declarations of Premier Lloyd-George and President Wilson bring to a more definite point than has hitherto been set forth the essential aims of the war on the part of the Allies. Now if not before Germany knows precisely for what purposes and to what ends we are fighting and for which we will fight "to the death." She should, too, be assured that peace may be attained without loss of any principle or sacrifice of any condition vital to her integrity or prosperity. The notification is a definite one that we shall

sustain the war to the full limit of our resources—physical, financial, and moral. There will be no peace until the declared ends are obtained or until we shall be overwhelmed by defeat or exhaustion. Either Germany must end the war by acceptance of the declared conditions or the war will go on until the collapse of one side or the other.

If the struggle shall go on the advantage is obviously with the side which has the greater resources of men, material, and food. That advantage is plainly on the side of the Allies. Germany, on the other hand, has an advantage in the positive coördination of her forces. That the Allies can attain a similar centralization of forces and so match the unity of purpose and action exhibited by the enemy is to be doubted. Democratic and combined organization never quite matches, other things being equal, the force implied in autocratic authority.

It may be said that no serious and intelligent mind, unbiased by interest or sympathy, doubts the ultimate outcome. With the advantage of numerical, material, and moral strength the Allies must win. And it will be a calamity of unparalleled magnitude if the end shall have to wait upon the exhaustion and paralysis of Germany.

### The New Dispensation.

Developments of the week under governmental "possession and control" of the railroads amount to practical revolution in the transportation activities of the country. Executive authority vested in Mr. McAdoo has suspended all restrictive regulations and has moved rapidly in the matter of transferring railroad service from a competitive to a coöperative basis. By the cutting out of passenger trains and the curtailment of facilities of travel a vast "equipment" has been released from non-essential services and transferred to the more vital business of expediting war transportation and carrying coal to shivering communities. Concurrently we have the beginning of a policy calculated to the end of a general reduction in charges of railroad operation. The machinery of competition is in process of minimization through elimination. Government is seeking, not to create and augment traffic, but to nullify and limit it.

Thus the President's declared purpose in assuming "possession and control" of the properties of the country is being worked out radically and promptly. Transportation managers under executive pledge of governmental protection of the physical properties and of their earning values are coöperating cheerfully and effectively. Results already achieved or in sight clearly justify the action of the President in taking over the roads for the war period as the one and only means of unifying their facilities, by breaking through the tangled web of restrictions established by law under the long-sustained policy of maintaining the several systems in competitive relations. It is not yet possible to measure in precise terms the augmentation of efficiencies or the diminution of costs under unification, still less to balance gains and losses, but it is an assurance that when the record shall be definite there will be many surprises on both sides of the account.

All thus far rests upon executive authority under the war powers granted to Mr. Wilson last year. Congress has yet to act in the matter of the executive pledges under which "possession and control" were assumed. Likewise it is for Congress to determine if the restrictive laws hitherto limiting the operation of the roads shall be held merely in suspense or nullified by formal repeal. Addressing Congress on Friday of last week, the President asked in terms very simple and clear that what he has done shall have the sanction of the legislative branch of the government. For the

moment it matters little if Congress shall give or withhold approval, since the President's powers are sufficient to immediate purposes. But ultimately everything will depend upon congressional action; and with respect to the matter there are questionable suggestions. There is an element in Congress, more particularly in the Senate, which very highly regards the authorities and privileges of the legislative department; and we hear already murmurings of offended dignity based on the fact that in taking over the railroads the President acted without consultation with Congress and without its specific sanction.

Then quite naturally there are sincere differences of judgment as to what the ultimate policy of the government should be. Bills prepared under executive direction and placed by the President before Congress, confirmatory of what has been done, will be subjected to scrutiny and criticism and they will assuredly become subject of prolonged and probably of acrimonious discussion. Out of the situation as it unfolds itself there will doubtless come issues of a very serious kind to be reflected in the future politics of the country. There will be those in Congress and out of it who will wish to limit governmental "possession and control" to the period of the war, others to favor control without possession, still others to support the policy of complete nationalization through purchase and ownership. There are infinite possibilities in a situation wherein the considerations are many and involved, the material interests vast, and the political and social consequences varied and vital. For the time being at least Congress will in a general way sustain the President, but as to what it may do as conditions and consequences develop—and party conditions change—no man may now foretell. But very obviously a new "issue"—or a whole brood of issues—in American political and social life is in the making.

Further reflection confirms the hurried impression of our last writing that conditions will not go back to where they stood prior to the "seizure" of the roads. Above and beyond the general principle that revolutions never go backward, we have in this matter two overwhelming factors tending to prevent reestablishment of the system of private control and competitive methods. It was the late Mr. Morgan, we believe, who declared the impossibility of "unscrambling an egg." The railroads of the country, once thoroughly merged and unified, will present a condition which no readjuster can dissolve. Furthermore the co-operative principle as applied to the transportation system as a whole will justify itself beyond doubt or question by its promotion of efficiencies and by its economies. Whoever may own the railroads in future—whether private companies or the government—they are certain to be operated under some scheme of general control, under a plan directly counter to the competitive idea long and preciously maintained by the legislators of the country. The weakness and the wastefulness of competition in transportation will be so definitely exhibited that nobody will wish to return to it—least of all investors in railroad property.

That the public will take kindly to a régime in which competition shall have no part is much to be doubted. The advantages enjoyed by American travelers and shippers in comparison with travelers and shippers in countries where transportation is a governmental function are many and varied; and these have for the most part been brought about by competition. Transportation charges with us have been lower than in other countries; arrangements for individual comfort of travelers have been greater and more available; the general conditions of train service have been more convenient. Governmental control will surely tend to reduction of facilities and to elimination of incidental aids. Already it has been decreed that



partments of solicitation of traffic shall be eliminated upon the theory of saving expense. Yet in very considerable degree the freight and passenger solicitor has been, not merely a promoter of traffic, but an aid to those who patronize the roads. With disappearance of the soliciting agent we shall miss many attentions which have been helpful to travelers and shippers.

The newer parts of the country will miss advantages hitherto sustained through projects of local exploitation hitherto carried by the railroads. Local merchants and manufacturers will miss the business hitherto apportioned them by their home roads. The greater centres will miss the benefits which have come through coördination of interest between themselves and the railroad. Taxpayers, if the government shall take over the properties and exempt them from the tax-gatherer, will be called upon to make up for a heavy slump in public revenues. Even local benevolence, which has unfailingly found generosity and coöperation at the hands of railroad managers, will find itself minus a traditional resource. Taking one thing with another, the public is likely to hold a critical eye upon immediate conditions and to look fondly backward upon the day when the interest of the railroads of every state and community were more or less coincident with local interest. We hear already premonitory rumblings of a protest which, with progress of time and multiplication of large and small discontents, may rise to the volume of a storm.

Governmental control in one form or another we take to be an assured future policy. Governmental ownership may or may not come about; but whether one system or the other shall ultimately prevail—or something else not yet thought of—it may be taken as an assurance that the "railroad issue" instead of being eliminated has been augmented. So great an interest so vitally related to public convenience and welfare can not possibly be eliminated from the kind of consideration which finds reflection in divergence of social and political views and purposes.

It will be recalled that some weeks prior to the taking over of the roads by President Wilson certain "brotherhoods" of railroad workmen—the same that a year ago won a notable increase in wages by threatening to paralyze the transportation of the country—had made a new demand upon the railroad managers, accompanied by a declaration that they "must" have their answer by January 1st. The President took over the roads on December 28th, thus relieving the managers of an immediate problem. That there was design in connection with the date of assuming possession and control by Mr. Wilson is obvious. Likewise it is obvious that the labor leaders and the government understand each other. It requires no prophet to foretell that a commission just appointed to investigate claims of the brotherhoods, and other railway operators, and instructed to report to Mr. McAdoo will recommend a heavy advance in existing wage scales. No doubt that was arranged before hand. An administration which in a hundred ways has exhibited its friendship, not to say its political partnership, with organized labor, as demonstrated in concession to its extreme and arbitrary demands, will hardly fail to sustain this friendship at any cost, especially when that cost may, by a mere word of authority, be compensated by increase in traffic rates. With the railroads in the hands of the government the Administration will find it easy, and easily to its liking, to keep labor in good humor—in other ways to meet its demands with concession.

Thus when the issue of private or public ownership shall come, as it ultimately must, to the point of determination the voice of organized labor will be for taking over the roads in full ownership and possession. Nationalization of the roads will vastly promote the authority of labor in the counsels of the government and in general politics; and it is not thinkable that so potential an opportunity will be overlooked by Mr. Gompers and his associates, who have already in many and in varied ways exhibited their ambition to mix in the business of regulating the affairs of the republic. The political party that shall place itself squarely in favor of public ownership may surely rely upon coöperation at the hands of the leaders of the organized labor forces of the country.

As has already been said, we do not believe that the government will—or should—ever wholly release the

railroads to private and unregulated management. A certain measure of centralized control will surely be sustained. But proposals for public ownership in the complete sense must in the nature of things encounter serious practical obstacles. We pass over, for the moment, the inevitable protest to come from those who, with the *Argonaut*, believe that detailed governmental administration of the transportation system will inaugurate a colossal régime of nationalized corruption. In the physical adjustment there will arise an almost insurmountable difficulty founded in differences of judgment as to the values of the several properties. While it is a known fact that extravagance and dishonesty played a large part in the original financing and construction of many roads, it is likewise probably true, as maintained by authorities in railroad finance, that the present actual value of the railroad properties of the country is fully equal to or in excess of values as represented by securities resting upon the properties. Nor is there any mystery in this apparent incongruity. Many or most of the properties were developed in periods of relative cheapness of materials and labor. Again, the railway terminals in the great cities represent, in present values, values far in excess of those upon which they were originally acquired. We suspect that the financial experts who appraise present values as well within the limits fixed by bond and stock issues have the matter at rights, and that, subjected to the test of proof, they would easily sustain their calculations. But no matter how definitely proof to this effect might be established there will be many to hold contrary views and to insist by every means and method known to political and other forms of obstruction against adjustments thus defined and recommended. Here, we repeat, in appraisal and valuation of the properties, is a hurdle which under its political inspirations the government, however it may be disposed, will find it difficult to pass.

There are hopeful souls who assert and no doubt believe that the railroads under governmental possession and control—or ownership—may be kept out of politics. We fear it is a case wherein the wish is parent to the thought. Certain it is that nothing else with which government has to do authoritatively is kept out of politics. The postoffice has not been kept out of politics. Purchases on government account have not been kept out of politics. Only in a limited sense have the army and navy been kept out of politics. The sacred business of legislation is and has always been the very lifeblood of politics. With the record in view of our dealings with governmental matters great and small one is truly an optimist who imagines so great an interest as that of the transportation system of the country, under nationalization, held above and apart from partisan calculation. It is not, indeed, to be expected that there will be an immediate and brutal sweep of the railroad service on political account, but as vacancies occur in the administrative machinery men of "coöperative mind"—in other words, men friendly to the appointing authority—will be preferred and favored. Any other method of selection would be out of accord with human nature—and political nature is only applied human nature.

It was pointed out in these columns last week that the business of the combined railroad systems of the country is greater than that of the government itself. More men and more money are involved in it. It touches the daily life and, in an immediate and conscious sense, the welfare of the people at more points than the business of government. It stands directly related to the interest of labor, now so insistent in its demands and so determined in their support as to subordinate and dwarf every other motive or consideration. It is not reasonable—indeed it is not conceivable—that an interest thus popularly connected, and subject to governmental authority, can escape the machinations of the politician. Beyond a doubt the railroads, possessed or definitely controlled by government, will feel the same blighting hand that in one degree or another affects and corrupts every other phase of nationalized activity.

It is a fatal fact in connection with our system that everything of real importance is first or last drawn into the voracious maw of politics. From national pensions along a descending scale to the purchase of a reel of hose for a village fire department every interest having within itself opportunity or promise of profit or

employment inevitably gets into politics. It is the curse of our system; and we sadly fear the disease of which it must ultimately decline and die. We should like to believe that there is virtue enough, patriotism enough, common sense enough, protective instinct enough in the American mind to establish and hold above and apart from considerations of politics a great and vital public service like that of transportation. But observation forbids us to cherish a delusion founded in utopian dreams. Just as surely as we shall nationalize the transportation system of the country in such fashion as to place its detailed control in the hands of politically-chosen administrators, just so surely will there enter into our politics a colossal and corrupting factor. God forbid us against a consummation surely fatal to the integrity of our national life in any form even faintly resembling the system organized by and bequeathed to us by the fathers of the republic.

#### A Vital and Timely "Issue."

The war naturally subordinates the ordinary motives of national politics. Old party cries are stifled in the presence of the great crisis; while the intrusion of prohibition, woman suffrage, and other trivialities is at this time sheer impertinence. In recent months it has been difficult to discover any line of radical demarcation between the principles and the policies of the two great parties; thus the situation has naturally tended to the advantage of the party in authority, under the Lincolnian tradition which declares the hazard of swapping horses while crossing a stream. Democratic politicians are nursing the theory that, since everybody is for the war, everybody's support is due the party that is conducting the war.

But the congressional investigations are making it clear that there is an issue of real importance growing out of the war itself. Begun with the idea of finding scapegoats in relatively minor posts, these investigations are demonstrating a woeful lack of vision and a like woeful lack of statecraft in high places. "In our country," declared the War College the other day in its report on military policy, "public opinion estimates the situation and statecraft shapes the policy." Taken in connection with the record of the past three years, this dictum all but defines an issue of vital importance now before the country.

Public opinion, led by President Wilson, held that it was unwise to adopt a military policy. It cherished the notion that we were being kept out of war, hence military preparation was unnecessary and unwise. Statecraft—such as it was—shaped our policy up to last April, and there are few who do not now see that it shaped it badly. The whole truth is not yet impressed upon the country, yet there are many who see that the statecraft which shaped our policy on wrong lines was lacking not more in vision than in honesty. For the Administration, even at the very time it was making a presidential campaign upon the formula "kept us out of war," knew upon positive information that war was inevitable. At the very time Mr. Wilson and his counselors and advisors were claiming credit for keeping the country out of war they had knowledge through Mr. Gerard and others of facts demonstrating the necessity, upon defensive ground if upon no other, of arraying the forces of the country against the Teutonic menace.

Statecraft under political calculation, as the current investigations are making plain, is responsible for the fact that we entered the war unprepared and that after many months of nominal participation in the war we are still doing the work of preparation badly. If statecraft as represented by the Democratic administration had been honest in its dealing with the country it would not have carried us into war under conditions of unfitness and impotency. That we are today, while more than nine months nominally at war, still improvising armies, still short of tents, uniforms, and blankets, still without guns or ammunition, is due to a statecraft lacking foresight, energy, force, or courage or all these qualities.

Here is the basis of an issue both vital and timely, an issue worth the attention of the country and bound, sooner or later, to command it. It has not yet been discovered in its full significance and force by the Republicans in Congress. Only Mr. Roosevelt, whose Republicanism is a matter of question, appears to comprehend it adequately. Yet we venture the prophecy



that it will be made the basis of the oncoming Republican campaign. That in the face of the administrative record, previous to our entrance into the war and since, the Democratic party will be permitted unchallenged to retain control of the government is unthinkable. It is contrary to precedent, counter to the genius and the habit of American politics.

And from the Republican point of view the situation is far from hopeless. In the House of Representatives the two parties are narrowly divided and the margin of Democratic advantage in the Senate is not so great as to preclude the possibility of reversal next year. When the Congressional Directory for the new session was issued last month it exhibited the party situation in the House as follows: Republicans, 213; Democrats, 213; Prohibition, 1; Progressive-Protection, 1; Progressive, 1; Progressive-Democrat, 1; Socialist, 1; Non-Partisan, 1; Independent, 1; vacancy, 1. Total, 434. Since this publication four Democrats have resigned—Fitzgerald of New York, retiring to private life; Bruckner of New York, to become president of Bronx; Adamson of Georgia, to become a member of the board of appraisers at New York; Griffin of New York, to become sheriff of Brooklyn. Another Democrat, Bathrick of Ohio, has died, and still another, Hulbert of New York, is expected to resign to become commissioner of yards and stocks of New York City. Concurrently the Democrats have gained one member in Blake of Michigan in contest with Bacon, a Republican. Three Republicans (Heintz of Ohio, La Guardia of New York, and Johnson of South Dakota) have resigned to enter the army. Today the roster of the House stands 207 Democrats and 209 Republicans, with nine vacancies and a few memberships divided among minor or non-descript classifications.

For the moment it is obvious that the Republicans have the situation in hand, though upon a narrow and uncertain margin. But while the Republican status in the House is not a strong one it is sufficiently close to the line of control to inspire reasonable hope of success in the next Congress if the party, with an effective issue in its hand, shall go into this year's congressional campaign with vigor. All that is really needed is inspiring leadership. Such leadership is not in sight unless it shall be provided by Mr. Roosevelt, who seems to be the only man in sight of sufficient courage and power to command national attention.

#### Our State University and the War.

Current activities in and in connection with our State University serve to illustrate not only the patriotic spirit and capabilities of that institution, but the wide-reaching demands of modern warfare. Before the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce last week President Wheeler ran over briefly the ways and means in which the university is supporting the government in the prosecution of the war. Reckoning alumni, students, and men drawn from its teaching force the university has sent upwards of 2200 men to serve in the military and naval forces of the nation. Two ambulance units were sent to France prior to our entrance into the war and more recently two ambulance units and two base hospital units have been recruited at the university. The academic board is coöperating with the army in the conduct at Berkeley of a school of military aeronautics with an attendance of about 500 enlisted men. A school of navigation is being conducted in conjunction with United States shipping authorities. A school for chief storekeepers in the ordnance department is now carrying on its second course. In conjunction with the War Department a unit of the Reserve Officers Training Camp has been established, in which 1218 university cadets are enrolled.

The various departments of the university are in full coöperation with the government in a multitude of activities. The department of agriculture in close touch with the Federal Food Commission is devoting the larger part of its energies to the solution of food problems involved in the war. The comptroller of the university is serving as United States food commissioner for California. The department of chemistry is engaged extensively in research work in coöperation with governmental authorities looking to war needs. Similarly the engineering department is active in this sort of work and is lending its equipment and the services of its experts to the government. Many of the research problems being dealt with by departments of

the university are confidential in their nature, and of this work it may only be said that gratifying results have already been achieved.

The affiliated schools of medical science, psychology, etc., are likewise active to the limit of their capacity. The dispensary since July 1st has conducted 2200 examinations for government service. The dental school has aided the War Department by supplying trained men for the work of the dental corps and by providing under its clinic free dental service for men who because of defects of teeth might be rejected under the draft. Especially notable among many scientific achievements of the year is the discovery of tethelin by Professor Robertson, a substance whose power has already been demonstrated to promote a growth of tissue in the treatment of wounds.

In the departments enumerated and in several others the university has responded promptly to the call to service. "Our mobilization," said President Wheeler, "has only just begun; but the university knows its responsibility and its power and it offers itself freely and eagerly to the common cause." In conclusion Dr. Wheeler said:

The war is to be a long and bitter one, and is to test the resources of this nation to the depths. All that we are, all that we can hope and think and do as individuals and communities, as persons and state, must be given heartily and without halt to the defense and rescue of the state. What is there left us but the state, to what else shall we have refuge and cling. The Ship of State is sore beset. Shall we leave her and strike out for ourselves, lone swimmers on the face of a gray, storm-ridden sea?

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Challenge to "Vanity Fair."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 7, 1918.

TO THE WRITER OF VANITY FAIR—My Dear Sir: For years your column has been propped on my dressing-table and my camouflage has gone on under your watchful eye, so to speak. Your lightest word on feminine apparel has been my law. It is true I've taken some strange hurdles at your request, but I'm afraid to stand outside the pale of your approval. Long since I converted my spats into pockets, I gave my cigarettes to the soldiers, and I've painted the hack fence with my rouge.

Now, old dear, you listen to me!

Why does not the searchlight of your reforming mind discover the frivolities of masculine attire? Here, for instance, is the "military idea" showing "vigorous style variations" in the season's tweeds whereby the young Powell Street slick-head may get himself up in a fine imitation of our heroes at the front for eighteen-fifty. Buy, he is told, an overcoat from the house of Tuppenheimer, "double-breasted, with belt all 'round," and he abroad at home. The thrills of the trenches in the quiet of your home. "No metal can touch you!"

Then there is the glamour which "exclusive styles" in nightwear may cast upon the imaginative. On page 18 we find father skidding about in a *robe de nuit* which we are informed is "tailored on generous lines"; and to prove the generosity in the allotment of flannelette father is obligingly twirling a pair of dumb-bells. It is further set forth that of this popular nightie there are 517 styles, a numerical strength which leaves them about 460 laps ahead of the famous pickle family of fifty-seven varieties. Another of this interesting group of the nocturnal 517 is the pajama, whose chief claim for distinction is based on a button at the ankle, the button, it seems, leaving "no chance for chills." A veritable Gibraltar, that button. There are always little chills lurking about hallways lying in wait for ankles. But you won't catch one—or one won't catch you—not if the little button at the ankle knows it. The idea is, if you see a man who isn't having a chill, you just know he wears them!

Also there is the "pajunion," whose very name tells you what kind of an ingeniously-devised cross it is. On the face of it it couldn't be a union suit at all or it wouldn't do double-shift duty for the price of one. But there is the name in the neckband—the "pajunion." And it is left to the choice of the gleeful owner to remain discreetly upstairs or don further habiliments and sally forth into the market-place.

But little did I suspect the flagellations imposed by ill-fitting undies until I came across one which promised man "the freedom of his own skin." Now in my ignorance I had supposed that every man since Adam had enjoyed the freedom of his own skin. Not so; he has had to fight for it. It is only now when he can get the pneumo-resto lightweight garments for sale at all dealers for one-twenty-five that he has really come into his own. Hereafter I shall look with compassionate eye upon every man I meet, for I know now that not all the suffering is done in the trenches.

Further agonies are laid before my flinching gaze. A fat, stock-broking person is pictured at his desk with distorted countenance, his hand tugging at the shoulder of his coat. And in the background a grinning clerk is telling a stenographer that "if he would wear a fewfold he would forget his underwear." Equally a mitigant of harassing memories, it would seem, are "Resident" suspenders, which "don't let you know you have them on." Good heavens! Is it possible that rich men, poor men, beggar men, and thieves go their various ways suffering under blighting reminders of nagging suspenders and cranky collars and—other things? And can nothing be done to alleviate these miseries?

Now since you have set at naught by making much of the problems that have vexed women so long, why not storm the trenches of the haberdasheries and rout the cruel garments that "chafe" and "pinch" and "bind" and "grip" the poor average man. Get in touch with the wretch who suffers from the "squeezed-in, hitching-up belt discomfort" and tell him about "the solace of stay-up pants." Why not have a heart-to-heart talk with every Dennis and Silas of them all and suggest a style of apparel that they can wear without being anesthetized? A SYMPATHETIC SISTER.

Government surveyors have struck rich and continuous indications of gold, silver, and iron along the west coast of Sumatra.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The treatment accorded by Germany to the Russian representatives at Brest Litovsk is almost incredibly coarse and clumsy. Standing impeached and condemned for her faithlessness by the whole of the civilized world, and desperately resentful of its verdict, she placidly adds to her record for chicanery by a proceeding that is so transparently dishonest as to be actually stupid. Knowing that the Russian people are credulous and idealist, she assumes that they are also fools. Because they talk of internationalism, she supposes that they have renounced their patriotism. Because they repudiate the intention to annex the property of others, she takes it for granted that they are willing to be robbed of their own. And at a time when she should be clutching desperately at the few remaining rags and tatters of her political repulse she cynically offers to the world a fresh example of political depravity, a new warning that her promises of action have no value except as an indication of the things that she does not intend to do.

The present Russian situation has a large military importance because it is now something more than a possibility that Russia will have to fight again in order to save her own territory and sustain her revolution. It will be remembered that Germany eagerly accepted the Russian principle for a peace without annexations or indemnities, and based on the idea of the self-determination of nationalities. The meeting at Brest Litovsk was ostensibly to arrange the details of such a peace, and to give to the other belligerents an opportunity to participate. There was then little reason to doubt the utopian and credulous honesty of the Russian delegates. I think there is still less reason to doubt it now. They were honest themselves, and they seem to have had small suspicions of the German honesty. They believed that a principle had been established that would compel the adhesion of all the powers under the menace of revolution, and that having wrung a sort of self-denying ordinance from Germany it would be morally impossible for any other nation to show itself less responsive to political morality. Nothing remained to be done so far as Russia and Germany were concerned than to ratify the agreement, to declare peace, and to arrange the necessary evacuations.

Then Germany showed her hand, and with that kind of abrupt arrogance that she mistakes for strength, and that she still supposes to be effective. Poland and Lithuania, she said, were already self-defined as wishing to be attached to Germany, and she would therefore proceed forthwith to attach them, that is to say to maintain permanently her present occupation of those countries. Other and lesser claims, equally defiant of the basic principles agreed upon, were also made by Von Kuhlmann, but they need not be recounted here. It is unnecessary to say that neither Poland nor Lithuania have expressed themselves as wishing to be annexed by Germany. No country on earth could conceivably wish such a thing. No opinion whatever has been elicited from Poland or Lithuania, nor has there been any real attempt to do so. The German assertion was wholly and gratuitously false, a piece of naked and unashamed trickery, if indeed anything so crudely stupid can be called trickery. It was a sudden assertion of Germany's intention to hold everything that she had conquered. The Russian delegates had been treated with studied and insolent contempt as defective children who must be momentarily humored to accept the inevitable. And the Russians seem to have realized this on the spot, although it may be feared that their realization has come too late. They withdrew from the conference and returned to Petrograd, whereon Trotzky announced that Russia would resume the war rather than lose her territory, and that she could put three million men into the field. It is much to be doubted. The breach continues at the moment of writing. Russia is said to be ablaze with a new patriotism, but nothing can be predicted of a people who will believe almost anything if only it is said with eloquence, and who are illiterate. Public opinion in Germany is said to be deeply moved, but in different ways. The Socialists, now united, have hotly denounced their own government for its perfidy, and the Pan-Germans are equally heated in their applause. The government seems inclined to sustain the Pan-Germans, and to threaten Russia with attack unless she accedes to the German plans. Almost anything may happen, and Germany may presently decide to temporize. But it is not likely that the effect upon the Russian public can be wholly effaced. Even the simplicities of the Russian mind must have learned the lesson of guile. And it is quite likely that the Bolsheviks may think it to their interest to fan the patriotic flames rather than to assuage them. There are many advantages in leading a popular patriotic crusade when the wind seems to sit in that quarter, and when it promises relief from internal troubles almost as great as those that come from abroad.

But Russia is in a perilous plight. She is between the devil and the deep sea, and this is precisely the place for which she has been setting her compasses. She has estranged her allies, or at least she will feel that she has. She has deliberately corrupted her own army, and expelled from it every general of note. She admits that the three million men that she claims to possess are in need of food and hoots, and a soldier without food and hoots might almost as well be dead, and probably soon would be. It is not likely that she can offer any sort of military resistance to the German attack, and doubtless this was well known to Germany and was the inspiration of the German demands. It seems as though nothing short of a general war of the people—the most frightful and perhaps the most effective of all wars—can prevent Germany from doing whatever she wishes subject to the whims of



of the weather. It is hard to believe that Russia is fated to be enslaved by Germany. It would seem to be the negation of a moral universe. But it is equally hard to see how she can escape. She is disarmed, stultified, emasculated. She might ultimately save herself by reestablishing her concord with her old allies if they would permit it, but I can not see that it would be to their interest to do so. She might save herself by calling the whole nation to arms and invoking a mass war. A military dictator of the right kind—the Grand Duke Nicholas, for example—might do much. But I can see no reason why her old allies should help her. Why should they take upon themselves the salvation of a suicide, and so add enormously to their obligations? It is already nearly certain that Germany must arrest the movements of her troops southward and westward in order to meet eventualities in Russia. There would be no greater advantage than this if Russia were to resume a futile war with the cooperation of her old friends. And the Allies would then have to take on themselves the additional burden of guaranteeing the integrity of Russian territory, and already they have obligations enough in all conscience. They are well quit of that one.

But whatever may be the fate of Russia it seems certain that the military difficulties of Germany are largely increased. I have never believed that she had withdrawn any very large number of men from the Russian front. It seems impossible that she would do so at the very time when she was meditating a coup of this kind with all its problematical results. But she will assuredly move no more while Russia is heaving with indignation and threatening to resume the war. Germany may hold the Russian army in light esteem, and probably does so, and rightly, but she can not afford to risk the chance of a mass war which was the one thing that she dreaded in France in 1870 after the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. She will not now feel that she has a superfluous man or gun on the Russian frontier. Germany must face not only a complication of her military plans, but also of her peace plans. If she had been able to bully the Russian delegates into an abandonment of Poland and Lithuania she would then have felt herself free to be extraordinarily "magnanimous" elsewhere. She could have faced her fire-eaters at home with full pockets, and she could have pointed with pride to vast territorial gains as justification for her war and compensation for its losses. In the full flush of her gains she could afford to wipe the slate clean in the west, and even in Asia Minor. She would at least have saved her face. But now it seems that she must fight for her intended profits in the east, and seeing that they are the only profits that she has the least chance to acquire she is not likely to relinquish her claims to them. She intends to recuperate herself at the expense of Russia. Probably she has intended nothing else since the Russian revolution put those profits within her reach. She has waited patiently until the wild-eyed Bolsheviks should reduce their country to impotence, and now at last she has presented her bill. Apparently she is to find it somewhat difficult to collect, which is much to the military advantage of France, England, and Italy. But they are hardly likely to guarantee that it shall not be collected. Nor need we waste our tears over the dire perplexity of the Bolsheviks, although we may observe for our own advantage the sort of thing that Bolsheviks—and they are to be found everywhere—will do whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself.

With the exception of artillery duels and of raids there has been no fighting on the western front, nor is there likely to be much until the weather shall moderate, or unless the ground shall be hardened by frost. But it is more than likely that something will happen on the Italian front, where the snow is a less formidable obstacle than the mud of France and Flanders. The Teuton armies in the Trentino are now in a dangerous position, and if it should be possible to strike a blow at them we may be sure that the opportunity will not be lost. The capture by the French of Mount Tomba was not only a considerable military feat, but it creates a strategical situation very adverse to the Teuton armies. Mount Tomba occupies a position at the point of junction between the Teuton lines on the Piave running roughly north and south, and the other lines in the Trentino running east and west. It does not seem that the angle has actually been cut through, but at least a wedge has been driven into it that must prove a grave embarrassment to the defenders. There can be little doubt that the Teutons were not prepared for a winter campaign in the mountains. They reckoned confidently on passing the winter on the Venetian plains. They believed that Italy would crumble as Russia had crumbled. We may be fairly sure that the Teuton schedule included the collapse of Russia and Italy, to be followed by peace proposals based unavowedly on the annexation of enough Russian territory to pay the costs of the war, and whatever booty elsewhere the fates might permit. But the Italian campaign was a failure, while the situation in Russia would not permit of a further postponement of the remainder of the schedule. Moreover, a diplomatic triumph in Russia with the booty actually in the bank might prove a solace for German disappointment at the Italian fiasco and at the lack of gains elsewhere. It was doubtless the imminent need for a display of plunder that persuaded Germany to risk the danger of a Russian upheaval rather than keeping Russia quiet with prolonged negotiations and promises of evacuation at some unspecified date, a date that would never arrive. But in the meantime the situation in Italy is a hopeful one for the Teuton armies. The capture of Mount Tomba with heavy losses in men and guns, and insignificant French losses, shows that the Austrians are no more able to resist a vigorous attack than they were when Brusiloff garnered

them in by the tens of thousands on the eastern front. Austrian prisoners were in a pitiable condition of cold and starvation, and were willing enough to describe the hardships incidental to the closing of the roads by snow. The winter seems now to have set in with its usual rigors. Reports show from six to nine feet of snow on the mountain roads, and this must imply not only the gravest transportation difficulties, but also the impossibility of moving the heavy artillery either forward or backward. At this distance it is clearly impossible to speak with any assurance of the possibilities of a further Allied attack on the Teuton positions during the winter. Possibly the weather will prove more deadly than guns and men. But at least we may now say with certainty that Germany has shot her bolt in Italy and that it has failed. We may even say that her position is now much worse than before the Italian offensive began. It has roused Italy from her comparative lethargy. It has attracted to Italy the practical aid and sympathy of her allies. And it has brought into the southern field at least half a million French and British troops already accustomed to the nearly unvarying sequence of hattle and victory.

This is not the proper place to comment on the peace proposals that are now coming with such rapidity, except in so far as they may have a direct bearing on the military situation, as is the case with Russia. We have now a programme from Count Czernin; another from the Turkish government with special reference to Russia; and a third, the most important of all, from Lloyd-George. We may be sure that there are others in the offing, and that Germany will now proceed to build steadily on the foundation laid by the Austro-Hungarian minister. Germany not only needs peace; it has become her imperative necessity, a necessity in no way concealed, but rather revealed, by wild and whirling threats, and the usual absurdities about the shining sword and the mailed fist. Indeed we may suppose that all the menaces of a western offensive are intended to do no more than to terrify, and to dispose the Allies toward a pacific attention. But what about Bulgaria? Bulgaria was obviously perturbed by Count Czernin's repudiation of annexations, hollow as that repudiation is now shown to be. Bulgaria wants the Dobrudja and Macedonia, and Count Czernin, who is so solicitous for the welfare of the Turk, has not a word to say about either of these territories. Bulgaria seems to be in disgrace, and she must now have an uneasy feeling that her estimate of her own importance is not shared by her quondam friends, and that she may easily be thrown to the wolves if it should suit them to do so, as it probably will. Bulgaria has been far too independent from the military point of view to please either Germany or Austria. She has refused to send her troops out of the Balkans, and her prime minister recently committed the treason of remarking plaintively that she wanted no more than her own territory, that she was not in the least interested in the *Mittel Europe* scheme, and that the Berlin-Bagdad scheme left her cold and unmoved. Certainly it is not likely that there is any love lost between Teutons and Bulgarians. The Bulgarians are neither Slavs nor Asiatics, but a rather unsavory mixture of the two, with the vices of both and the virtues of neither. And it may be that Austria is not particularly disposed to see a powerful Bulgaria which might be only a shade better than a powerful Serbia. The policy of Austria is to keep all the Balkan States balanced and weak, and she may easily fear that a strong Bulgaria would eventually prove to be a rock in the channel. The Bulgarian nature arouses neither sympathy nor liking anywhere. It is cold, selfish, cruel, and unscrupulous. It is far inferior to that of the Turk.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 9, 1918. SIDNEY CORYN.

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Colliard, minister of labor in the new French cabinet under Premier Clemenceau and who is sixty-five years of age, has been a municipal councillor of Lyons since 1898. M. Colliard has specialized in social questions and was president of the labor committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

Richard Strauss, the composer, is a Bavarian, and his friends are fond of remarking that Americans should find it in their hearts to forgive his living in Berlin when they know that he would like the city "if it were not so full of Prussians." His real home is in the Bavarian village Garmisch.

A master of epigram, Clemenceau has made his phrases as much feared as his arguments. In his adventurous political career he has also won a number of sobriquets for himself. "The Overthrower of Ministries" has been the most persistent of his nicknames. "The Tiger" is another title that has been bestowed upon Clemenceau. Other nicknames are "The Stormy Petrel of French Politics" and the "Red Indian." And there was a time years ago in France when his political enemies cast at him the epithet, "Yankee Schoolmaster," in allusion to his residence and activities in the United States.

A story which reflects the character of former President Taft is told in *Town Topics*, as follows: One lovely moonlight night in spring President Taft and his most loved aide, Archie Butt, went for a stroll on the Mall. Passing a bed of hyacinths, looking mystic in the light and very alluring, the President remarked that Nellie (Mrs. Taft) would enjoy a cluster of them, and he gathered a generous bouquet. Just then an officer appeared on the scene and sharply upbraided the despoilers, threatening arrest. Archie quietly took

the policeman aside and revealed the lofty station of his companion. "President, is it?" snapped Mr. Officer; "I don't believe you, and even if it is the President he has no right to gather flowers in the public park." Here President Taft stepped up to the policeman and said: "You are right; I have not, and here are the flowers; I shall not trespass again," and he refused to carry off the blooms.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### The Feet of the Young Men.

Now the Four-Way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose—  
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;  
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,  
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!  
Who hath seen the heaven busied? Who hath watched the black-lot mating?  
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?  
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,  
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?  
*He must go—go—go away from here!*  
*On the other side the world he's overdue.*  
*'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you*  
*And the Red Gods call for you!*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the how,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;  
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,  
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.  
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?  
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning  
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

*Let him go—go, etc.*

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;  
And the har of sun-warmed shingle where a man may hark and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?  
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

*They must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,  
Where the huff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?  
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward on your port  
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?  
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to hale her—  
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.  
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—  
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?  
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade  
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?  
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,  
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—  
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift  
Where the haffling mountain eddies chop and change?  
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,  
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?  
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,  
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.  
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,  
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go—go, etc.*

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the smokes of Council rise—  
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—  
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies:  
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!  
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine?  
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?  
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign—  
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweatath 'neath the Line—  
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,  
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or heat of train—  
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—  
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings the rover—  
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over!  
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

*And we go—go—go away from here!*  
*On the other side the world we're overdue!*  
*'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you*  
*And the Red Gods call for you!* —Rudyard Kipling.



## THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.

John Muir Tells the Story of an Adventurous Voyage of Arctic Exploration.

It is difficult for those who knew John Muir in the days of his age, his long flowing beard, and his venerable appearance to realize that he could at one time have possessed so hardly a love of adventure as to wish to become the naturalist in a relief expedition into the Arctic. Yet such was the case in 1881, when the cruiser *Corwin* was sent on a search for the remains of Lieutenant De Long and the ill-fated *Jeannette*.

"I have been interested for a long time in the glaciation of the Pacific Coast," he explained in a letter to his wife, "and I felt that I must make a trip of this sort some time, and no better chance could in any probability offer."

At the time of the expedition Muir's association with it, of course, was generally known and added much to public interest in the undertaking. Muir himself helped to make it known by a series of articles written from shipboard to the San Francisco press. These articles have now been assembled by Dr. William F. Badé, and, with the aid of Muir's journal as written en route, have been issued in a very delightful book entitled "The Cruise of the Corwin."

The compiler modestly contents himself with an "Introduction," and leaves the rest to be told entirely by Muir; and Muir quickly carries the reader into the Arctic environment. For example, as the *Corwin* first reaches the Alaskan waters he writes:

How cold it is this morning! How it blows and snows! It is not "the wolf's long howl on Unalaska's shore," as Campbell has it, but the wind's long howl. A more sustained, prolonged, screeching, raving howl I never before heard. But the little *Corwin* rides on through it in calm strength, rising and falling amid the foam-streaked waves like a loon.

Also he gives a glimpse into his own inner self that explains much of his power of contentment in the many years away from his family and alone in the wilds. For, writing to his wife from the cabin of the *Corwin*, he says:

All goes well on our little ship and not all the tossing of the waves, and the snow and hail on the deck, and being out of sight of land so long, can make me surely feel that I am not now with you all as ever, so sudden was my departure, and so long have I been accustomed in the old lonely life to feel the influence of loved ones as if present in the flesh, while yet far.

Arrived at Unalaska, the naturalist vividly describes the scenic surroundings:

Early in the forenoon the clouds had lifted and the sun had come out, revealing a host of noble mountains, grandly sculptured and composed, and robed in spotless white, some of the highest adorned with streamers of mealy snow waving in the wind—a truly glorious spectacle. To me the features of greatest interest in this imposing show were the glacial advertisements everywhere displayed in clear, telling characters—the trends of the numerous inlets and cañons pointing back into the ancient ice-fountains among the peaks, the sculpture of the peaks themselves and their general outlines, and the shorn faces of the cliffs fronting the sea. No clearer and more unmistakable glacial inscriptions are to be found upon any portion of the mountain ranges of the Pacific Coast.

Muir decides, after but brief examination, that the Alaskan peninsula, "before the coming on of the glacial period, may have comprehended the whole of the Aleutian chain"; then he passes into most entertaining descriptions of the life of those regions in the days preceding the Dawson gold strikes:

In most of the huts that I entered I found a Yankee clock, a few pictures, and ordinary cheap crockery and furniture; accordions, also, as they are very fond of music. All such bits of furniture and finery of foreign manufacture contrast meanly with their own old-fashioned kind. Altogether, in dress and home gear, they are so meanly mixed, savage and civilized, that they make a most pathetic impression. The moisture rained down upon them every other day keeps the walls and the roof green, even flowery, and as perfectly fresh as the sod before it was built into a hut. Goats, once introduced by the Russians, make these hut tops their favorite play and pasture grounds, much to the annoyance of their occupants. In one of these huts I saw for the first time arrowheads manufactured out of bottle glass. The edges are chipped by bard pressure with a bit of deer horn.

Further on Muir alludes to the effects of contact with the whites incident to the seal hunting and the service for the great fur companies:

There are about two thousand of them scattered along the chain of islands, living in small villages. Nearly all the men are hunters of the fur seal, the most expert making five hundred dollars or more per season. After paying old debts contracted with the companies, they invest the remainder in trinkets, in clothing not so good as their own furs, and in beer, and go at once into hogish dissipation, hair-pulling, wife-beating, etc. In a few years their health becomes impaired, they become less successful in hunting, their children are neglected and die, and they go to ruin generally. When they toss in their kayaks among surf-beaten rocks where their prey dwells, their business requires steady nerve. But all the proceeds are spent for what is worse than useless. The best hunters have been furnished with frame cottages by the companies. These cottages have a neat appearance outside, but are very foul inside. Rare exceptions are those in which one finds scrubbed floors or flowers in pots on window-sills and mantels.

Throughout the passage of the *Corwin* from the Alaskan to the Siberian shores Muir keeps his attention closely riveted upon the glacial evidences which he declares are visible everywhere, but he never fails to suffuse his narrative with delightful sketches of places and peoples. He portrays the reluctance of the Eskimo guide to leave his family and drive the dogs over the

deep, soft snow in what he deems a hunt for men long since dead; the little son of the guide is shown clinging to his father's legs and, although but a year and a half old, "trying to talk to him while looking up in his face"; the mother "with tears running down her cheeks"—a scene which leads Muir to remark: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here were many touches among the wild Chukchis." Muir further notes:

The mannerly reserve and unshaking dignity of all these natives when food is set before them is very striking as compared with the ravenous, snatching haste of the hungry poor among the whites. Even the children look wistfully at the heap of bread, without touching it until invited, and then eat very slowly as if not hungry at all. Nor do they ever need to be told to wait. Even when a year of famine occurs from any cause, they endure it with fortitude such as would be sought for in vain among the civilized, and after braving the most intense cold of these dreary ice-bound coasts in search of food, if unsuccessful, they wrap themselves in their furs and die quietly as if only going to sleep.

At Lawrence Bay, in Siberia, the *Corwin* was visited by the natives, among whom was one whose gifts are thus described:

The old orator poured forth his noisy eloquence late and early; like a perennial mountain spring, some of his deep chest tones sounding in the storm like the roar of a lion. He rolled his wolfish eyes and tossed his brown skinny limbs in a frantic storm of gestures, now suddenly foreshortening himself to less than half his height, then shooting aloft with jack-in-the-box rapidity, while his people looked on and listened, apparently half in fear, half in admiration. We directed the interpreter to tell him that we thought him a good man, and were, therefore, concerned lest some accident might befall him from so much hard speaking. The Chukchis, as well as the Eskimos we have seen, are keenly sensitive to ridicule, and this suggestion disconcerted him for a moment and made a sudden pause. However, he quickly recovered and got under way again, like a wave withdrawing on a shelving shore, only to advance and break again with gathered force.

Traces of two whaling vessels which the *Corwin* had been commissioned to hunt at the same time with the search for the *Jeannette* were first encountered at the Chukchi village of Tapkan, Muir describing the discovery as follows:

Three natives then came forward and stated through the interpreter that last year, when they were out hunting seals on the ice, about five miles from the land, near the little island which they call Konkarp, at the time of the year when the new ice begins to grow in the sea, and when the sun does not rise, they saw a big ship without masts in the ice-pack, which they reached without difficulty and climbed on deck. The masts, they said, had been chopped down, and there was a pair of horns on the end of the jib-boom, indicating the position of them on a sketch of a ship. The hold, they said, was full of water so that they could not go down into it to see anything, but they broke a way into the cabin and found four dead men, who had been dead a long time. Three of them were lying in bunks, and one on the floor.

Muir pauses in his narrative of the search to describe a pathetic scene of starvation and death among the Siberian natives:

We found twelve desolate huts close to the beach with about two hundred skeletons in them or strewn about on the rocks and rubbish heaps within a few yards of the doors. The scene was indescribably ghastly and desolate, though laid in a country purified by frost as by fire. Gulls, plovers, and ducks were swimming and flying about in happy life, the pure salt sea was dashing white against the shore, the blooming tundra swept back to the snow-clad volcanoes, and the wide azure sky bent kindly over all—nature intensely fresh and sweet, the village lying in the foulest and most glaring death. The shrunken bodies, with rotting furs on them, or white, bleaching skeletons, picked bare by the crows, were lying mixed with kitchen-midden rubbish where they had been cast out by surviving relatives while they yet had strength to carry them.

In the huts those who had been the last to perish were found in bed, lying evenly side by side, beneath their rotting deerkins. A grinning skull might be seen looking out here and there, and a pile of skeletons in a corner, laid there no doubt when no one was left strong enough to carry them through the narrow underground passageway to the door. Thirty were found in one house, about half of them piled like firewood in a corner, the other half in bed, seeming as if they had met their fate with tranquil apathy.

While the *Corwin* is back in port at St. Michael Muir writes an instructive chapter on the Alaskan tundra, of which he says:

The tundra is composed of a close sponge of mosses about a foot deep, with lichens growing on top of the mosses, and a thin growth of grasses and sedges and most of the flowering plants mentioned above, with others not then in bloom. The moss rests upon a stratum of solid ice, and the ice on black vesicular lava, ridges of which rise here and there above the spongy mantle of moss, and afford ground for plants that like a dry soil. There are hollows, too, beneath the general level along which grow tall aspidiums, grasses, sedges, larkspurs, alders, and willows—the alders five or six inches in diameter and from eight to ten feet high, the largest timber I have seen since leaving California.

As the ship makes "zigzags among the polar pack" in its steady quest for some signs of the lost explorers Muir tells of a quest for fossils on Herald Island:

I spent the forenoon along the face of the shore cliffs, seeking fossils. Discovered only four, all plants. Went three miles westward. Heavy snowbank, leaning back in the shadow most of the distance, almost changing to ice: very deep and of several years' formation—not less than forty feet in many places. The cliffs or bluffs are from two hundred to nearly four hundred feet high, composed of sandstone, coal, and conglomerate, the latter predominating. Great thickness of sediments; a mile or more visible on upturned edges, which give a furrow surface by unequal weatherings. Some good bituminous coal; burns well. Veins forty feet thick, more or less interrupted by clayey or sandy strata. Fossils not abundant.

This Herald Island, a mountainous body, was afterward ascended for purposes of observation, but the observation added nothing to the ship's quest:

We looked carefully everywhere for traces of the crew of the

*Jeannette* along the shore, as well as on the prominent headlands and cliffs about the summit, without discovering the faintest sign of their ever having touched the island.

Wrangell Land was visited in the hope of finding some traces of De Long there, because De Long had expected to make his way northward along the east coast of this island and leave a series of cairns as he proceeded. But little was gained from the visit, beyond rescuing some whaling parties which had suffered disastrous shipwreck.

Vainly the *Corwin* continued its cruise, and in August turned back from Siberia to Wrangell Land, only to be baffled here by storms and ice:

We therefore sailed along the edge of the pack to the eastward to see what might be accomplished towards our first landing place. We gazed at the long stretch of wilderness which spread invitingly before us, and which we were so eager to explore—the rounded, glaciated bosses and foothills, the mountains, with their ice-sculptured features of hollows and ridges and long withdrawing valleys, which in former visits we had sketched, and scanned so attentively through field-glasses, and which now began to wear a familiar look. The sky was overcast, the land seemed almost black in the gloomy light, and a heavy swell began to be felt coming in from the northeast. Towards night, when we were not far from our old landing near the easternmost extremity of the land, the *Corwin* was hoisted to waiting for the morning before attempting to seek a way in. But the next day, August 31st, was stormy. The wind from the northeast blew hard inshore, therefore it was not considered safe to approach too near.

For four days the *Corwin* huddled with this threatened storm, hoping to break through and make a landing; but the vessel by this time was in bad condition and had no alternative save to put back for San Francisco.

On the return trip Muir made many scientific observations. At Elephant Point, for instance:

When one walks along the base of the formation—which is about a mile or so in length—making one's way over piles of rotten humus and through sloppy bog mud of the consistency of watery porridge, mixed with bones of elephants, buffaloes, musk oxen, etc., the ice so closely resembles the wasting snout of a glacier, with its jagged projecting ridges, ledges, and small, dripping, tinkling rills, that it is not easy to realize that it is not one in ordinary action.

Mingled with the true glacier ice we notice masses of dirty stratified ice, made up of clean layers alternating with layers of mud and sand, and mingled with bits of humus and sphagnum, and of leaves and stems of the various plants that grow on the tundra above. This dirty ice of peculiar stratification never blends into the glacier ice, but is simply frozen upon it, filling cavities or spreading over slopes here and there. It is formed by the freezing of films of clear and dirty water from the broken edge of the tundra, a process going on every spring and autumn, when frosts and thaws succeed each other night and morning, cloudy days and sunny days. This, of course, is of comparatively recent age, even the oldest of it.

A striking result of the shaking up and airing and draining of the tundra soil is seen on the face of the ice slopes and terraces. When the undermined tundra material rolls down upon those portions of the ice front where it can come to rest, it is well buffeted and shaken, and frequently lies upside down as if turned with a plow. Here it is well drained through resting on melting ice, and though not more than a foot or two in thickness, it produces a remarkably close and tall growth of grass, four to six feet high, and as lush and broad-leaved as may be found in any farmer's field. Cut for hay it would make about four or five tons per acre.

The letters close with a description of Mount Makushin, but perhaps, from a human point of view, greater interest will attach to the description of the Aleuts on the preceding page:

The huts of the Aleuts here are very picturesque at this time of the year. The grass grows tall over the sides and the roof, waving in the wind, and making a fine fringe about the windows and the door. When the church bell rings on Sunday and the good calico-covered people plod sedately forth to worship, and the cows on the hillside moo blandly, and the sun shines over the green slopes, then the scene is like a bit of New England or old Scotland. But later in the day, when the fiery kvass is drunk, and the accordions and concertinas and cheap music boxes are in full blast, then the noise and unseemly clang attending drunkenness is not at all like a Scotch sabbath.

Most of the Aleuts have an admixture of Russian blood. Many of them dance well. Three halls were given during our stay here, that is to say, American balls with native women. The Aleuts have their own dances in their small huts.

Throughout the volume are excellent reproductions of the sketches made by Muir on the voyage; also there are some excellent photographs of places of interest.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.75 net.

It has been found that the phenomena known as "breathing wells," or "blowing wells," are due to differences in atmospheric or barometric pressure. The necessary conditions seem to be a porous stratum, such as sandstone, gravel, or porous limestone, only partially saturated with water overlain by some impervious substance such as shale or clay. While the atmospheric pressure is high the air enters the well and collects in the upper part of the porous stratum above the water level. While the barometric pressure is low the air is expelled with considerable force, producing what is known as "blowing." This blowing frequently occurs during storm periods or when the wind is in a certain direction or during certain periods of the day.

Music was cultivated in Ireland with the greatest care from the earliest times down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. During her reign and that of her immediate successor, James I (now three hundred years ago), the Irish chieftains and nobles who had always patronized the bards and harpers, were either banished, and from that time the cultivation of Irish music began to decline.



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## BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week of five business days ended Saturday, January 5th, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports a total of \$96,348,103.86, compared with \$80,852,127.25 in the corresponding week in 1917.

Total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at the close of business on January 4, 1918, were \$165,238,000.

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as compared with \$160,408,000 at the close of the last week in December. Gold reserves now stand at \$98,045,000, as compared with \$92,495,000, or 70.85 per cent. of net deposits and note liability. This is a big improvement over the preceding week, and it shows that the bank is growing in strength and usefulness.

The consolidated statement of the twelve

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Federal Reserve Banks at the close of 1917 shows resources of \$3,101,471,000, gold reserve of \$1,671,133,000, gross deposits of \$1,771,037,000, and earnings assets of \$1,064,310,000.

In the year 1917 California bank clearings were greatest on record, with a grand total for eleven reporting cities of \$7,295,714,819.

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But the big, outstanding fact is that San Francisco bank clearings were double those of ten other reporting cities, inclusive of Los Angeles. For the twelve months San Francisco clearings aggregated \$4,837,854,596, while the combined clearings of the ten other cities amounted to \$2,457,860,223.

As our war financing progresses, the value to the nation of the new Federal reserve system becomes more clearly evident. Two Liberty Loan flotations have become landmarks in the financial history of the country—the first for \$2,000,000,000 and the second for \$3,808,766,150—a total of nearly six billion of government financing in four months in addition to sales of short-term treasury bills direct to the banks. The transferring of this unprecedented amount to the government has been accomplished with hardly a ripple in the money market. Without the Federal reserve system, with its reduced reserve requirements and provision for rediscounting commercial paper, this would have been impossible. The confidence established among bankers by the enactment of this law in 1913 is what, in the opinion of many, enabled us to withstand the financial shock of the outbreak of the war in Europe. This was true even though the system was not yet in operation in July, 1914. The aid it has rendered in the financing of our own large part in the war in 1917 has completely fortified that confidence; there is now no doubt that the banks can do their share in the enormous war financing to come, provided the public does it part.

The great credit facilities of the new Federal banking system must not be used permanently to finance the war. The people must pay the war bill; the banks simply help them do it. At periods between government loans, like the present, the credits extended by banks to aid Liberty Bond purchases should be contracted. Thus can we be sure of keeping financially sound. The National City Bank of New York in its December bulletin pointed to the increase in loans of the New York Clearing House banks (from \$3,756,000,000 on August 4th to \$4,838,935,000 on December 1st), and to the total earning assets of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks (largely discounted paper) from \$374,266,000 on August 3d, to \$1,052,436,000 on December 1st. This expansion was due in the main to the second Liberty Loan financing and the National City Bank says: "These figures should be reduced before another loan is brought out." If the experience of the Reserve banks in regard to the first is repeated, this will be done before March—when the third loan is expected. Discounts of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, for instance, which rose from \$37,000,000 on June 1st to \$252,000,000 on June 19th, due to the first loan, were reduced to \$62,000,000 by the middle of August.

One of the most important developments in the field of banking has been the entrance within the past few months of many of the leading trust companies into the Federal reserve system. Their motives for joining were largely patriotic and in response to President Wilson's request that they do so, but those which do commercial banking as well as trust business will receive direct benefits from membership in the reserve system. They had not joined before because they could not do so and retain their broad powers under their state charters. Last June, however, the Federal Reserve Act was amended to permit state banks and trust companies to become members and still retain their full charter and statutory rights and continue to exercise all corporate powers granted by the states in which they were created. They must, however, keep the reserve required by the act on deposit in the reserve bank of their district; that is where the benefit to the nation from their entering the system comes in. It concentrates the gold of the country in the Federal Reserve Banks where it can be used to best advantage as a foundation for credit. It unifies our banking facilities under a system which has already proven of great worth. It makes us stronger financially to defeat Germany. The state institutions which enter the reserve system will, moreover, enjoy lower discount rates for their acceptances, and will have the privilege of rediscounting commercial paper at the reserve banks—generally at a profit to themselves. They will be able to borrow at a moment's notice from the reserve bank, and therefore they can lend down much nearer to their required reserve and yet be better protected and feel more secure than before they joined.

McDonnell & Co. announce that they are offering a well-selected list of municipal, irrigation, and reclamation district bonds. The issues offered yield from 4.50 to 6 per cent., all of them being tax exempt.

President John Barneson has informed the stockholders of the General Petroleum Corporation that the proceeds from the sales of large tracts of Fresno County lands of that company will be paid into the company's sinking fund, to be used to retire the remainder of the General Petroleum Corporation first

mortgage bonds. After their retirement, proceeds from land sales will apply to the retirement of the bonds of the General Petroleum Corporation. The Coalina lands, which have been sold, are remote from the company's pipe line facilities.

"These payments," President Barneson says, "will relieve the income of the General Petroleum Corporation from annual interest charges amounting to \$54,000 on General Petroleum Corporation bonds and payments to the sinking fund, amounting to \$150,000 per annum, and, later, of interest requirements on the bonded indebtedness of the General Petroleum Corporation to the extent that these bonds may be retired."

The recorded cost of building construction in San Francisco in 1917 was \$15,635,319, according to the report made Saturday by John P. Horgan, chief of the bureau of building inspection in the board of works. In spite of the war conditions the decrease in construction in 1917, as compared with 1916, was less than 15 per cent, the record for 1916 having been \$18,230,000.

Exports for 1917 were estimated by the Department of Commerce Saturday to have passed the \$6,000,000,000 mark, establishing a new high record. Imports were less than \$3,000,000,000, indicating a probable trade balance in favor of the United States of more than \$3,150,000,000.

The country's gold supply showed a smaller increase than last year, because of the substitution of credits for cash in handling Allied purchases after the United States entered the war. Imports of gold in March amounted to \$139,000,000, but in November they were less than \$3,000,000. The total for the year was estimated at \$537,000,000, as compared with \$686,000,000 in 1915.

Exports of gold showed a heavy increase over the preceding twelve months, due chiefly to the large movement to Japan, Spain, and South American countries. The total was estimated at \$374,000,000, compared with \$155,000,000 last year.

International trade of 1917 will show a larger total than in any earlier year. This estimate, appearing in "The Americas," issued by the National Bank of New York, is the result of a careful review of all available figures of world trade for the year 1917. It includes eleven months' actual figures for the United States and United Kingdom, ten months for Canada, and somewhat shorter periods for the other principal countries, covering, however, a sufficient proportion of the year to justify an estimate that the total international trade of the year will be the largest in history. In the case of the United States the total trade of the year is estimated at approximately nine billion dollars against less than four billions in 1913. In Great Britain the total for eleven months is over seven billion dollars, against five and three-quarter billion dollars in 1913. Canada's total for ten months ending with October is over two billion dollars against \$88,000,000 in the same months of 1913, and Japan for the nine months ending with September \$914,000,000, against \$507,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1913. For France no official figures are available for 1917, though the imports estimated by an examination of figures of exports from other countries to France are apparently about 50 per cent. more than in 1913. In the Central Powers no official figures are available, though it is known that their overseas trade is, of course, cut off; they have imported very largely from adjacent neutral countries and the exchanges between the countries forming the group now known as the "Central Powers" have also been very great. In the Allied countries a part of their trade, that conducted by or on behalf of the government, has been omitted from the official figures.

The largest change is that of the Allies. The total trade of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, United States, Canada, and Japan in 1913 was a little more than eighteen billion dollars, while the figures thus far reported for the current year suggest that their total for 1917 may approximate twenty-five billion dollars.

The neutral sections of the world show little change in their grand total of trade in 1917 as compared with 1913, though there are marked changes in its characteristics. In South America the imports of 1917 are far below those of 1913, in which year the imports of that continent were the highest in its history. The imports of all South America in 1913 exceeded one billion dollars, and the 1917 official reports from that continent up to this time indicate that the total imports of 1917 will be little more than half those of 1913, though the 1917 exports not yet reported exceed those of 1913 by about 25 per cent.

McDonnell & Co. were advised Tuesday, January 8th, by William Morris Imbrie & Co. that the Savannah sugar plant is not yet operating. Shipments of sugar from Cuba were

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expected toward the middle of December and then toward the end of December. However, to date no sugar has arrived. It is probably only a question of days before sugar will be received and the plant operating. They say, furthermore, that Savannah Sugar is as well fixed as any other company as regards sugar.

Up to December 1st \$29,824,655 had been paid out to farmers on 5 per cent. long-time loans, according to a report covering the operations of the twelve Federal Land Banks. The total of loans approved, including those closed and those awaiting verification of title and other formalities, is \$105,136,529.

The interest rate under the farm loan system has been increased from 5 to 5 1/2 per cent., to apply to all applications which have not yet been approved.

Borrowing is done through cooperative farm loan associations organized by farmers, each association being composed of ten or more farmer-borrowers and each group borrowing at least \$20,000. Up to December 1st the Farm Loan Board had chartered 1839 such cooperative associations.

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange opened for business on the ground floor of the new building, corner of Montgomery and Sumner Streets, on Monday, Jan-

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uary 7th. The new quarters were opened without any unusual formalities, and after a brief address by Robert C. Bolton, president of the exchange, business proceeded as usual. The new building is fitted up with every modern improvement and most conveniently arranged for the conduct of the stock and bond business.

Cuba today presents a very unusual opportunity to American manufacturers of jewelry and silverware. The island is exceptionally prosperous, as a result in great measure of the high prices that have been paid in the last few years for sugar, which is its chief product. Cubans are fond of jewelry, and are lavish in their expenditures for it. Their fashions especially favor the wearing of such articles.

"The Cuban markets are open today to American manufacturers because Europe is shipping little or nothing on account of the war," says Special Agent S. W. Rosenthal of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, who is now investigating Latin-American markets for jewelry. "In normal times Germany supplied about 75 per cent. of the jewelry imported by this country, while nothing is being shipped from there today. Since the beginning of the war several small jewelry factories have been started in Cuba, but these operate principally in platinum goods set with precious stones."

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AMERICA MEETS FRANCE.

A Study in Relationships Between the Old and the New.

(The following is extracted from an article in the *New Republic*, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.)

More and more is it borne in upon me that we have a great deal to live up to, to compensate for the inconvenience of our mere physical presence. What is not expected of the descendants of Washington and Lincoln? Up to the spring of 1917 we had been here in relatively small numbers, and, whether in the army, in the hospitals, or in relief work, we were volunteers and guests who generally possessed long pocket-hooks, European outlooks and fluency in the French tongue. Now, on the contrary, we arrive as those having a right here and a duty; yet we are generally ignorant of the language and daily habits of our ally and try instinctively and immediately to transform his ancient, hand-made, delicately adjusted civilization—a civilization which, in spite of this long invasion, appears to have remained practically intact—into the hyper-modern, 10,000-horsepower, free and easy terms of Kansas, California, and New York.

That is, theoretically at least, what the French themselves desire. Not only our democracy, our confident and generous youth, our vitality of mind, our fertility of invention, our vast material prosperity, but our efficiency and our scientific method have been a lyric theme, and it is felt that, especially in the industrial world, we can help to break many ancestral chains. Yet one hopes that some lover of the *comédie humaine* is making notes against a less solemn hour of the actual encounter between the French manufacturer who points with pride to a factory unchanged since his grandfather's day and the American capitalist who asks when he is going to tear it down; between the New York business man, accustomed in five minutes' telephone conversation to start a train of events which will culminate within a week, and the French administrative official who, though war keeps him at his office from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m., has not abandoned his habit of longhand letters, long polite conversations, and long-deferred decisions; between the French peasant who makes his toilet in the harnyard, keeps his gold in a stocking, and lives frugally on vegetable soup in a house inherited from a revolutionary ancestor, and the sergeant from Ohio brought up in an apartment on enameled bathtubs and heefsteak, and who always pays with a check; between the poilu who has been holding two-thirds of the western front and a good share of the Oriental front through these bitter years on his pay of five sous a day, and the American private who finds the accumulation of his \$1.25's scarcely sufficient to storm the biggest town near his camp on a Saturday night and drive French colonels from their accustomed chairs to make way for his champagne supper.

The fact is that France and America are exactly in the position of two people who have become engaged by correspondence and are meeting for the first time in the flesh. The color of our hair, our fashion of blowing our noses, are mutually disconcerting. Yet to state these differences is to overstate them; they are only worth noting—deliberately from the French point of view—because we are committed, for the success of our effort here, to a common liberal understanding such as has seldom united two alien nations. On the cordially cooperative lines already established by the American Clearing House and by the

American Ambulance Service, which brought young America into such living contact with the rank and file of the French army, the American Red Cross—that vast and powerful organization—and the American army are working out their daily routine; and though France has lost the habit of public demonstration—not a flag, or a cry after the victory of Verdun, not a protest in the trains or streets during the recent gravest hour of the war, when vast numbers of French troops were sent off to Italy—the name of President Wilson can not be mentioned in a French gathering without long applause. It is impossible to persuade the citizen of the "liberated" part of northern France that we alone did not save him from starvation. The Belgian Relief Commission is known to him as the *Ravitaillement Américain*. As for the French woman of the people, that wrinkled and brown old sibyl from whose lips falls much of the wisdom of the race, she sees our "hoys" arriving with a deep astonishment, and a deeper pity:

"I saw them at the movies," said my washerwoman, "such fine, big fellows—I couldn't hear to look at them. 'First ours, now yours,' I said to myself. Why did their mothers send them over to be killed? Why?"

"But this is our war, too. . . ."

"You believe that? So far away? . . . But if you knew how we feel. . . . My Pierre, when he went back from his September permission—it's not gay going back to a fourth winter in the mud. 'Ten fais pas,' he told me, 'ils sont là, les petits Américains.' It's they who are going to save us."

Americans will gradually come to realize that they are doing Frenchmen an injustice in romanticizing their cause. They have gone about their job of soldiering as they used to do that of peasant, professor, workman, with absolutely no sense of being supermen. Indeed their daily effort is to minimize their pain, conceal their wounds under a twisted smile. (Said the heir to a great name, directing us to the ruins of his ancestral chateau, which the Germans had blown up with dynamite: "*Vous allez rigoler*"—in Broadway English, "It's a scream!") If we can ever realize to what degree they are men and *galantes gens*, who have in blood and territory borne the brunt of the war, and still hear it steadfastly, we shall be doing them all the honor they deserve.

There is an English chemist who specializes in indelible pencils, and his services are often called upon in criminal and civil trials. He can analyze an indelible pencil mark and determine what kind of pencil made it and where the pencil was manufactured. Recently his testimony was instrumental in convicting a man of murder, by proving that a few words scrawled on a bit of paper in the death chamber were written by the same unusual kind of an indelible pencil that the murderer had in his possession. According to this specialist, the writing material in different indelible pencils differs considerably in chemical compositions.

The New York shopping public is credited by the department stores with having cooperated splendidly in the endeavor of the stores to eliminate the return-goods evil. There has been a noticeable decrease in the percentage of needless returns. The public, as a whole, has shopped more carefully and has assisted the merchants in their endeavor to do away with the waste caused by returns of this kind.

CURRENT VERSE.

Peace Over Earth Again.

Rejoice, O world of troubled men;  
For peace is coming back again—  
Peace to the trenches running red,  
Peace to the hosts of the fleeing dead,  
Peace to the fields where hatred raves,  
Peace to the trodden hattle-graves.

'Twill be the peace the Master left  
To hush the world of peace heret—  
The peace proclaimed in lyric cries  
That night the angels broke the skies.  
Again the shell-torn hills will be  
All green with harley to the knee;  
And little children sport and run  
In love once more with earth and sun.  
Again in rent and ruined trees  
Young leaves will sound like silver seas;  
And birds now stunned by the red uproar  
Will build in happy houghs once more;  
And to the bleak uncounted graves  
The grass will run in silken waves;  
And a great hush will softly fall  
On tortured plain and mountain wall,  
Now wild with cries of hating hosts  
And curses of the fleeing ghosts.

And men will wonder over it—  
This red upflaming of the Pit;  
And they will gather as friends and say,  
'Come, let us try the Master's way.  
Ages we tried the way of swords,  
And earth is weary of hostile hordes.  
Comrades, read out His words again:  
They are the only hope for men!  
Love and not hate must come to birth:  
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."

—Edwin Markham, in the *People's Home Journal*.

What Did You See Out There, My Lad?

What did you see out there, my lad,  
That has set that look in your eyes?  
You went out a hoy, you have come back a man,  
With strange new depths underneath your tan;  
What was it you saw out there, my lad,  
That set such depths in your eyes?

"Strange things,—and sad,—and wonderful,—  
Things that I scarce can tell,—  
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's scythe,—  
With God,—and Christ,—and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;  
I have seen the devil at play;  
I have glimpsed to the sod in the hand of God;  
I have seen the God-less pray.

"I have seen Death hlast out suddenly  
From a clear blue summer sky;  
I have slain like Cain with a blazing hrain,  
I have heard the wounded cry.

"I have lain alone among the dead,  
With no hope hut to die;  
I have seen them killing the wounded ones,  
I have seen them crucify.

"I have seen the Devil in petticoats  
Wiling the souls of men;  
I have seen great sinners do great deeds,  
And turn to their sins again.

"I have sped through hells of fiery hail,  
With fell red-fury shod;  
I have heard the whisper of a voice,  
I have looked in the face of God."

You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
You have met God in the ways;  
And no man looks into His face  
But he feels it all his days.  
You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
And we thank Him for His grace.

—From "The Vision Splendid," by John Oxenham. Published by the George H. Doran Company.

Wings.

Up from the earth he speeds on rushing wings,  
Conquering regions of uncharted air;  
Nor as a timid Dædalus he springs  
From height to dizzy height to do and dare;  
To seek the haggart foe-man in his cloudy lair!

As hold, as hrave, and huoyant he of heart;  
His spirit light as evening's gauzy cloud,  
He strides the wind, and fearless cleaves apart  
The hanking mists that Hell would make his shroud,  
For lo! the preying falcon stops, exulting, loud!

He hears the stinging hiss of deadly hail,  
And devil-hammer of down-leveled gun:  
Nor at the test does his high spirit quail,  
Nor thought possess him that his race is run:  
Great heart that sudden finds the foemen ten to one!

Bloody and shattered drops the skillful hand,  
And effort is an effort now, at last;  
His weapon rests inert as the fell hand  
Spit fire and fury, closing on him fast,  
And he, so oft a victor, knows his day is passed!

Then dives one, firing, hy him like a flash,  
His quickened senses urge the swift pursuit,  
And down with sudden meteoric dash,  
He strikes the striker; and as one they shoot  
Whirling, entwined, to earth hy what a fearful route!

But death came quick to cut the bond in twain.  
Still lies his body on the blazing pyre.  
Dear lad, that flew for neither praise nor gain!  
Lo! The freed spirit, purged of ill desire,  
Has soared to God on wings that pass unhurt through fire!

—London Spectator.

Country Parson—Have you a yeast cake, Jennie? Deacon Jones has sent me a demi-john of unfemented grapejuice.—*Town Topics*.



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In practically every business relationship this Company is qualified to act as agent—for both the living and the dead. The amount involved may be as small as a single bond, or it may be as large as a million dollars.

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Haight Street Branch, S. W. Cor. Haight and Belvedere

December 31st, 1917

Assets.....\$63,314,948.04  
Deposits..... 60,079,197.54  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,235,750.50  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 272,917.25  
Number of Depositors..... 63,907

For the six months ending December 31st, 1917, dividend to depositors of 4 per cent. per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8

The Crocker National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business December 31, 1917

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$21,828,798.56
U. S. Bonds.....	1,958,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	4,240,392.07
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	3,294,513.74
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	12,770,238.81

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,206,811.41
Circulation.....	1,972,900.00
Letters of Credit.....	3,324,500.62
Deposits.....	32,737,633.15

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## The White House

BOOK DEPARTMENT

### A Novel of the Revolution WHAT NEVER HAPPENED

By "Ropshin" which is the pen name of Boris Savinkov, Minister of War in Kerensky's Cabinet.

Translated from the Russian by Thomas Seltzer

\$1.60 net

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### A New Life of Audubon.

The younger generation in America knows Audubon but as a name, scarcely realizing how great a part he played, not only in the actual work of natural history in this country, but to what an extent this gifted man was responsible for the whole development of that love of nature and of nature study that has made such fine progress among us in recent years, and which is one of the most wholesome sides of our activities. This neglect of Audubon the man, however, is partly due to the fact that there has not been in existence an adequate nor reliable biography to which to turn for information.

Dr. Francis Hobart Herrick, professor of biology in Western Reserve University, has now made good this lack by publishing a life of Audubon in two sumptuous volumes that may be considered as definitive. He expresses as his reason for doing so the discovery of interesting and hitherto unknown data concerning Audubon's early life and antecedents, but while this is a valuable feature of his book, no other excuse was needed than that of the fact that other attempts at a biography of Audubon were utterly inadequate and the field was open.

Of especial interest is Professor Herrick's descriptions of Audubon's methods, and the gradual development of his art in the making of his plates of birds. We can see that while his versatile talents included gifts that might have made him a great painter, his love for ornithology turned all his genius into this congenial channel and determined the line in which he was to make the achievements on which his lasting fame was to rest.

Audubon's was an adventurous life, full of romance. He was continually making his way into the wild places of the country in quest of new species, and his wanderings through forests and swamps, over mountain and plain, make a story that reads like a novel. Professor Herrick's contribution will be welcomed by all who love birds and by all who are attracted by the life in the open.

AUDUBON THE NATURALIST. By Francis Hobart Herrick. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$7.50 the set.

##### Marketing and Housework Manual.

It would be difficult to crowd more useful and practical advice about household management and marketing for the home into a single volume of moderate size than Miss Donham has done. Everything possible is charted and arranged for easy reference. No time is wasted on long-winded discussions. Short snappy sentences tell the reader how to do things and where to put things. It is hard to select anything among the excellent chapters for special commendation, but Miss Donham's sage advice on the kitchen and kitchen pantry is worthy of study by every woman who, when she goes to register, puts her occupation down as that of housewife.

MARKETING AND HOUSEWORK MANUAL. By S. Agnes Donham, instructor in household management, Garland School of Home-Making. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

##### The Diary of a Nation.

It is not always an edifying spectacle when the humorist takes himself seriously, and we have sometimes been bored when *Life* got obnoxious. But *Life* on the great war is vigorous and refreshing and the series of selections from the comments of Mr. E. S. Martin make a keen and incisive record of the formation of American opinion from the days when we were officially instructed to be neutral in thought and action down to the hour of the great decision. These comments are well worth preserving and re-reading. Here is one gem that is particularly apropos just now in view of the Kaiser's Christmas bid for peace.

Germany wants peace, and says so, and berated it is so obvious that we all believe

ber. But how can she get peace? Gorged with the looms of Lille, the machines of Belgium and northern France, the loot of châteaux, the poor spoil of French cottages—gorged with plunder, drenched with blood, blood, blood—blood of Belgians, blood of Frenchmen, blood of British, of Russians by the million, of Poles, Serbs, Italians, and even Americans; blood of women and children an unnumbered throng—how can the dripping Teuton, lately so fierce, find peace?

He can have it at a price, for, of course, all Europe wants it pitifully, but he can not now get much of a bargain, and terms are not growing any easier before Verdun. If the war had had an aim with definite bounds to it, if it had not been sullied with such terrible brutalities, and had not bred such festering hatreds, peace would have been more practicable now. But it was a war for world-power or downfall, and such a war it is very hard to call off till one side or the other is beaten.

THE DIARY OF A NATION: THE WAR AND HOW WE GOT INTO IT. By E. S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

##### The Angel in the Sun.

When Edith Daley wrote "The Wind Before the Dawn" she took at once a high rank among American poets, and we are glad to find this fine production included in the little volume of Mrs. Daley's poems that has just come to hand. It contains other poems nearly as good, and among them "The Mother of the Nations." Mrs. Daley has done well to make her book a short one. It shows selection and excision, and its result is a uniform excellence.

THE ANGEL IN THE SUN. By Edith Daley. San Jose: Pacific Short Story Club.

##### Others.

The first issue of this anthology of the new verse appeared in 1916, and Mr. Kreyenborg now gives us a second volume containing the work of fewer poets and with a fuller representation of each. Eighteen poets are quoted in this little volume of 120 pages, and Mr. Kreyenborg is to be congratulated on a wise selection as well as on his avoidance of the bizarre and the eccentric. He gives us the new verse at its best.

OTHERS. Edited by Alfred Kreyenborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

In "Mark Twain's Letters," arranged by Albert Bigelow Paine, will be found Twain's answer to a little French girl's question about which of his own books he liked best. "My favorite. It is 'Joan of Arc.' My next is 'Huckleberry Finn,' but the family next is 'The Prince and the Pauper.' (Yes, you are right—I am a moralist in disguise; it gets me into beaps of trouble when I go thrashing around in political questions.)" Just this season "the family's next"—"The Prince and the Pauper"—has been brought out by the Harpers in a special holiday dress with colored illustrations.

A week or two ago the newspapers reported a counter revolution in Southern Russia which was being led by Ilidor, abbot of Tsaritzin and former friend and accuser of Rasputin, who has been living in this country. According to the report Ilidor's revolution was carrying all before it. This is a striking instance of the unreliability of the Russian news at present. In point of fact Ilidor has not left this country at all. Every morning, during the very days of his reported activities in Russia, he was appearing at the offices of the Century Company, where he has been spending much of his time of late dictating his life and confessions. The book will appear within a few weeks.

Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist now in this country, whom the London *Times* has called "the only great genius brought out by the war," was unheard of before the war began. On August 1, 1914, he was living quietly with his family, contentedly painting the tulip fields, waterways, cattle, and windmills of his native Holland. Four days later he drew the first cartoon, "Christendom After Twenty Centuries," of a series that was to reveal him as a champion of civilization and make his name a household word in every country.

In "Rodin, the Man and His Art," Judith Cladel describes how Rodin obtained the beautiful Hotel Biron in Paris, where he made his home of late years and which now, as the Musée Rodin, has passed into the possession of the state. "The house was to be torn down," Miss Cladel says, "and sold as junk; but Rodin was on guard. Ever since he had learned that this masterpiece was condemned his heart bled, and for the first and only time in the course of his long experience an outside interest took him from his work. He wrote letters, took legal steps, called to his assistance artists, people of culture, and men in politics. M. Clemenceau, then president of the cabinet; M. Briand, who succeeded him; M. Gabriel Hanotaux, one of his great friends; M. Dujardin Beaumatz, under secretary of state of fine arts, all listened to

his indefatigable pleading. Finally his plea was heard, and the Hotel Biron was classified as a historical monument, henceforth inviolate."

##### New Books Received.

THE CABIN. By V. Blasco Ibañez. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.  
Translated from the Spanish.

WE OF ITALY. By Mrs. K. R. Steege. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Letters of Italian soldiers to their families and friends.

A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.  
An interpretation of old dogmas.

THE LAND WHERE THE SUNSETS GO. By Orville H. Leonard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35.

Sketches of the American desert.

OUT OF NATURE'S CREED. By Thomas Nunan. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.  
A poem.

SOMEWHERE BEYOND. Compiled by Mary Carmel Haley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.  
A year book of Francis Thompson.

EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING. By Joseph A. Mosher, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The essentials of extempore speaking and of gesture.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM. By Mary Harrod Northend. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.  
Drawn from the letters of a great-grandmother.

SIR CHARLES W. MACARA, BART. By W. Haslam Mills. Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes; 6s.  
A study of modern Lancashire.

A BOOK OF PRAYER FOR USE IN THE CHURCHES OF JESUS CHRIST. Compiled by a Presbyter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.  
Prayers.

NATIONAL STRENGTH AND INTERNATIONAL DUTY. By Theodore Roosevelt. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1.

The present actual position and condition of the United States.

POEMS. By Carroll Aikins. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents.  
A volume of verse.

BALDNESS. By Richard W. Müller, M. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.  
Its causes, treatment, and prevention.

GREEN FRUIT. By John Peale Bishop. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents.  
A volume of verse.

THE HILL TRAILS. By Arthur Wallace Peach. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.  
A volume of verse.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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#### WRITERS' BUREAU

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PLACES MANUSCRIPTS FOR PUBLICATION

SONGS OF THE HEART AND SOUL. By Joseph Roland Platt. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS. By the author of "Russian Court Memoirs." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

How the ex-empire and Rasputine caused the Russian revolution.

THE FOUNDLING PRINCE. By Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

Tales, translated and adapted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu.

A VOICE FROM THE SILENCE. By Anna B. Benschel. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

A volume of verse.

HIGHER LIVING. By Smith Baker, M. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.75.

How to live sensibly and happily.

SIMON SON OF MAN. By John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50.

A new interpretation of the story of Jesus.

The Blue Cross, primarily organized for the care of sick and wounded horses, at the request of the French minister of war, has widened its scope and will hereafter undertake the humane duty of looking after war dogs that are wounded or become ill in battle on the western front.

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369 pages. \$1.35.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Book of Daniel.

This book by the William H. Green professor of Semitic languages and Old Testament criticism of Princeton Theological Seminary is concerned especially with the objections made to historical statements in the Book of Daniel, and treats incidentally of the chronological, geographical, and philosophical questions. The author confronts every objection with documentary evidence designed to show that the assumptions underlying the objection are contrary to fact. When no direct evidence is procurable either in favor or against an objection the author shows by analogy, or the production of similar instances, that the events or statements recorded in Daniel are possible, and that the objections to these events, or statements, can not be proved by mere assertion unsupported by testimony.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL. By Robert Dick Wilson, Ph. D., D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

Rhodes' History of the Civil War.

We owe much to James Ford Rhodes, the dean of American historians. His "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule in the South in 1877" is not only the foremost contribution to the history of our country, but is one of the most fascinating of books. Of it Thomas Bailey Aldrich said: "I was about to say that his history is as absorbing as a play; but I would like to see a play that is one-half so absorbing."

The "History of the United States" appeared in seven volumes and the third, fourth, and fifth dealt with the period from 1860 to 1866. The authoritative character of this treatment of the Civil War period, as well as its charm and scholarship, brought many requests for a history of the Civil War as a separate work in one volume. It is in response to this demand that the present volume has been prepared. It is only fair to say, however, that it is not simply an abridgment of the three volumes mentioned, but is made as the result of three years of arduous toil in which Dr. Rhodes was able to make use of much material that has come to light since his earlier work was published. It is a work distinguished by judicial fairness and accurate scholarship and in it are synthesized in due

perspective the political and military aspects of that momentous period.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

A Radical Among the Philistines.

"George Jean Nathan Presents" is the title of a book treating of "what is called the American theatre," Mr. Nathan seeming to have his doubts as to whether the institution is not something in the nature of a circus. The author is a natural rebel, a hater of sham, and a hearty detester of the rigidified conventions which kill naturalism in art. He is a man without illusions, and when he takes one side in an argument will handsomely advance many pertinent points in logic for the other side, just to show what a crazy world this is, and how difficult it is for a critic to be constructive. Although Mr. Nathan is as the poles asunder from the taste of the average audience he understands its psychology and writes about it both discerningly and amusingly. He is, perhaps, what the public would consider an "anarch in art," which means that he is as sane and well-balanced in his dramatic judgment as the public taste appears to be artificial and crusted in convention. The book is witty as well as wise and makes good reading.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN PRESENTS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Canoe Exploration in Northern Canada.

"On the Headwaters of Peace River" is a spirited narrative of an adventurous thousand-mile canoe trip through a little-known section of the Canadian Rockies. The author, Mr. Paul Leland Haworth, did not undertake the journey as a voyage of discovery or for scientific purposes, but as a trip for hunting and adventure, and of both he got his fill. The excellent pictures which he took along the way and which are reproduced in large numbers in his book are a valuable record of exploration and add greatly to the interest of his account. His volume is largely personal in character and recounts the author's day-by-day experiences in camping and hunting, and it will appeal to every one who has lived the life in the open and knows the delights of forest and stream.

ON THE HEADWATERS OF PEACE RIVER. By Paul Leland Haworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4 net.

The Technique of Trench Fighting.

Captain F. Hawes Elliott, who had some thirty months' experience as instructor in a Canadian division at the front, was detailed to instruct American officers in the methods of trench warfare, and in this work achieved a success that led to a general demand that he publish his lectures for wider use. He has done so in a small pocket volume, elaborately illustrated with cuts and plans. It goes without saying that the information is detailed and up to date. Its value as an instruction book for men in the service is obvious, and it also possesses interest for the layman who desires to read accounts of battles and campaigns with understanding.

TRENCH FIGHTING. By Captain F. Hawes Elliott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Furniture.

Frances Clary Morse's volume is a complete presentation of the best old fashions in furniture. It was first published in 1902 and has been in constant demand for fifteen years. It is now issued in a new edition with over 120 new illustrations, and a new chapter on mantels, doorways, and stairs. There is also added to the text a glossary of terms employed by cabinet-makers.

FURNITURE OF THE OLDEN TIME. By Frances Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6.

Briefer Reviews.

"Love Stories of the Bible," by Billy Sunday (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50), will doubtless find its audience. Vulgarly always does.

"If I Could Fly," by Rose Strong Hubble, is a volume of stories in free verse for children with unusually good illustrations in color by Harold Gaze.

"Sheridan's Twins," by Sidford F. Hamp (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25), is a frontier story for boys and may be commended for its vigor and interest.

Duffield & Co. have published a volume of "More Fairy Tale Plays," by Marguerite Merrington (\$1.50). The plays included are "Puss in Boots," "The Three Bears," "Hearts of Gold," and "Hansel and Gretel."

The publishers of "With the Colors," by Everard Jack Appleton (Stewart & Kidd Company), ask if we will tell our readers, confidentially, just what we think of it. Willingly. We think it is pretty poor stuff.

"Heroes of Today," by Mary R. Parkman (Century Company; \$1.35), contains short biographies of John Burroughs, John Muir, Wilfred Grenfell, Robert F. Scott, Edward Trudeau, Bishop Rowe, Jacob A. Riis, Rupert

Brooke, Herbert C. Hoover, Samuel Pierpont Langley, and Colonel Goethals. The only criticism that can be passed is that some of these people are not heroes unless that fine word is to be applied to mere distinction.

A hook on the drink problem from the restrictive point of view by a man who is not a teetotaler nor connected with any tem-

perance organization is something of a novelty. "Drink and the War," by Marr Murray (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net), is written from the patriotic point of view. It is a war hook, an inquiry into the extent to which alcohol can prevent or delay the winning of the war. The author is not out to prove anything, but simply to place the facts before the country.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

—OF—

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1917

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$8,418,999.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$10,840,150.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,300,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,097,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Rochester (\$200,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$25,756,355.99
2—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS, comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$2,044,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,314,000.00), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,206,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	5,271,866.25
3—CASH IN VAULT and on demand deposit in banks.....	4,002,481.42
4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	\$35,030,703.66
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada.	32,089,494.02
5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	332,160.00
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.	
6—(a) REAL ESTATE situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$2,106,955.75), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$72.47), Alameda (\$60,897.10), San Mateo (\$58,212.51), and Los Angeles (\$60,043.46), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	2,286,181.29
(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is	972,627.90
7—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS.....	254,254.93
TOTAL ASSETS .....	\$70,965,421.80

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$67,748,541.18
NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS.....	88,149
AVERAGE DEPOSITS .....	\$764.24
2—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS.....	254,254.93
3—RESERVE FUND, ACTUAL VALUE.....	2,962,625.69
TOTAL LIABILITIES .....	\$70,965,421.80

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By J. S. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

J. S. TOBIN and J. O. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said J. S. TOBIN is President and that said J. O. TOBIN is Assistant Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

J. S. TOBIN, President.

J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1918.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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"FAIR AND WARMER."

Well, well, well, whatever is the matter of 'em. They have actually sent the Avery Hopwood farce with a better cast than before. Henry Stockbridge, of course, is just about perfect as Billy. To all intents and purposes he is Billy, as far as one can seem to be anything so stable in the lively atmosphere of farce. And Grace Benham is a stunner as Laura, which is what Laura should be. Billy, of course, was sure to fall in love with a stunner, just because fate seemed to destine him to espouse a domestic, home-loving, little wren. But the author's idea was sound when he made Billy so unappreciative of Blanny. They were both too simple and literal to gravitate together, and it was natural, although to admiring male observers deplorable, that Billy was unable to appreciate the essential deliciousness of innocent Blanny during the clumsy efforts of the innocent pair to initiate a genuine jag.

For Lillian Foster is the cutiest cutey that ever happened in spite of the truly weird rig that she wore. Although perhaps there was calculation in that rig, for it may have helped to emphasize the big-eyed childishness of the "baby doll." And Lillian Foster played into the rôle of Blanny all shades and degrees of artlessness, literalness, and kittenishness, and not a single point went unrewarded. Clever little body! she captured her entire audience, to the last woman as well as to the last man.

Grace Benham has beauty, height, a fine figure and bearing, and personality. She carried the "radiant rags"—as O. Henry put it—of the opera costume stunningly and left us asking for more after she had flashed in and out again, all cream satin and silver. I can't say, though, that I admire that chicken-tailed device on her morning costume of the third act. Small rôles are not neglected in "Fair and Warmer." Thomas Springer made an impression by his brief sketch of the unctuously appreciative mover, and Bessie Brown as the maid, and Messrs. Hayden and Herbert gayly contributed to the air of Broadway frivolity which characterizes everything in "Fair and Warmer"—except Billy.

Poor, dear Billy! I'm afraid the Billy Bartlets of life are always rather picked on by their wives. It is fatal to be too amiable; a fault that no one can say that Laura possessed, especially when Billy was celebrating his next morning's head. For we all shivered sympathetically when Billy and his morning-after ailment were to be left bedless.

That bead of Billy's! How genuine an article it seemed to be. It almost amounted to a temperance lecture when Billy sat up in bed, and we felt achingly sympathetic flops in the circulation of the top of our own head when he groaned, and cooled his burning brow on the unsympathetic steel attachments of the telephone. If any tyro at celebrating with gayly colored fluids and bright lights feels inquisitive about the morning after, let him go and see Billy in bed the morning following his and Blanny's adventure into jagdom. For of course there is a bed in "Fair and Warmer." There always is in Broadway farces, is there not?

There are numerous presumably embarrassing allusions of an intimate conjugal nature in the piece, but clever Avery Hopwood knows better than to make his vulgarity heavy-footed and insistent. It always has an innocently casual air, and in this piece generally proceeds from the artless lips of Billy or Blanny. And the jag; how odious it would have been if Laura and her flirtee had been the celebrants. But with those two harmless innocents it was immensely, spontaneously, and unintermittently funny; a comment, by the way, which may be extended to include the whole farce.

## ISADORA DUNCAN AGAIN.

To see Isadora Duncan posture and dance is to revive numerous stray impressions of many Grecian stories, myths, or tragedies. We have seen the models upon which she has based her studies many, many times in the shape of paintings or reproductions of the famous reliefs which decorated the vessels, walls, and entablatures of ancient Greece. We can therefore more willingly accept her classical massiveness of type, since those are the men who lived during the epoch of Greece's

ancient glories seem to have all been of Amazonian mold. And yet one finds one's self greatly desiring at times to see that exquisitely completed art of hers wedded to an equally beautiful person. And again, she does what she does so heartfully that the imagination surrenders itself to the suggestion with swiftest response to the emotion indicated and with a thrill of delight in the beauty underlying its expression.

Miss Duncan was much happier and more spontaneous in mood on her last appearance than on her first. And indeed the occasion was more truly interesting because it was a keen pleasure to see two people who were above all artists in their domain inspiring and interpreting each the other. It was really a rare experience. The occasion was billed as a Chopin recital, and Harold Bauer, with his fine individuality of touch and style, played as lovingly and comprehensively as if the music were of his own composition. He is one of those pianists who disregard all idea of startling by a display of brilliancy and power. Emotion, emotion, and always emotion is his dominant thought. His music is the kind that the intellect deeply approves, but also it always steals into the heart and soul. All those Chopin studies, preludes, and nocturnes were played most delicately, feelingly, and exquisitely; and like a sympathetic accompanying instrument the dancer joined her interpretation to his. Sometimes she seemed to be merely floating in a dreamy rapture of sympathy to the formless mood of the composer. Again, we witnessed a whole drama of agony; the agony of the bereft with its mood of exaltation, as the soul of the mourner

had its inspiring vision of heavenly hosts receiving the soul of the mourned; and then came the sense of loss, of grief, and the inevitable resignation.

These and a number of other delicate suggestions harmoniously conveyed left in the memory a whole gallery of beautiful impressions: a girl coaxing a pet dove to come to her, and again freeing it and watching with childlike delight its flight as it circles above her head; a joyous springtime mood expressed by a delicate abandon into the whirlings and leavings of happy youth; a patriotic leader, with mood stern and high, inspiring eager followers to reach the goal; and the military rhythm, the forward rush, and the wild ardor of the response.

There was a brief dance of coquetry, in which a Carmenesque being of sultry charm provoked and allured, and teased and denied; and most beautiful of all in its lovely tenderness of expression was the Berceuse, in which a soft-eyed, Madonna-like woman all draped in quiet gray, knelt and brooded with deep, yearning love over the slumber of her child.

## THE ORPHEUM.

There is no doubt that vaudeville, which had begun to climb rather high on the scale of merit during the last five years or so, has tumbled down again. This, no doubt, is due to the war. Managers presumably dare not venture their money during these times of war economies on paying for vaudeville tours of such high-priced artists as Ethel Barrymore, as Margaret Anglin, Arnold Daly, Nazi-

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movas, and Sarah Bernhardt; all of whom we have seen at the Orpheum. But it has fallen off in other respects. The artistic group dance numbers are disappearing. There is a more common tone to the so-called playlets, which are generally merely skits. There used to be extremely clever players heading the playlet companies and, in fact, we were permitted in vaudeville many glimpses of the real art of the drama. Now, alas, these heartening vistas grow increasingly rare, due no doubt to war economies plus war taxes. The public pays more—as it should in times like these—and gets less for its money. And yet the Orpheum audiences always seem satisfied; or at least enough of them are to make a power of noise in acclaiming their favorites.

I must say that the Alexander Kids act seemed to me something of a come-down for our only first-class vaudeville house. So also

# THE WAR TIME AIMS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

AT THE close of the past eventful year, the SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, reviewing its own activities and contemplating the largest service of which it is capable for the Year 1918 is moved to restate some of its fixed and fundamental policies. The organization is solemnly aware of its obligation to render a MOST DEFINITE and UNRESERVED SERVICE to our Nation.

Inasmuch as the present war is supremely one of production, calling for the maximum of efficiency in industrial and commercial life, organizations of business and industry of the type of the Chamber of Commerce have enormously increased significance and responsibility.

The first policy of the Chamber is to make the organization thoroughly representative so that when it speaks, it speaks with the power and backing of the vital and responsible commercial interests of the city.

It is a matter of congratulation that so much progress has been made in this direction and that San Francisco has a real organization with which to express its united opinion and to voice its common needs.

The Chamber is committed to get the basic facts concerning the community. Intelligent activity can not be had without thorough information. Every department of the Chamber is required to gather the fullest information upon all subjects under consideration. We are ambitious to have the best-informed organization in the United States as to the transportation, shipping, legislative and other subjects bearing upon commercial and industrial development.

While the various departments of the Chamber are of distinct service to the membership, it is the fixed aim of the Chamber of Commerce to contribute and express, rather than to exploit for immediate selfish advantage.

The Chamber seeks to function the power and influence of its membership toward community development and service.

It is not organized primarily to secure direct business advantages for individual members, but to furnish an organized op-

portunity to individuals, firms, and groups of business men to build up the highest type of commercial and industrial development for the benefit of every man, woman and child in the city.

The Chamber therefore seeks to deal with the dominant problems which face the community, problems which are beyond the resources or abilities of anything less than our city's combined commercial forces. These problems are concerned with port administration and efficiency; they are concerned with a higher type of municipal administration. They arise in connection with unsound legislation which would remove the lawful protection from the peaceful pursuit of business or threaten the legitimate conduct of business or, on the other hand, the Chamber may undertake to guide constructive legislation for the freer opportunity of commercial intercourse. These problems concern large transportation questions, undue discrimination of rates and realization of wider distributive areas for San Francisco. The problem is one of foreign markets and especially in this time of greatly disturbed international relations, deals with the intricate detail and adjustment due to necessary government regulation. The problem is one of properly using the giving power of six thousand members of the Chamber to influence efficiency and legitimacy of the various social and charitable organizations of the city, the efficiency and service of which so greatly affects industrial and commercial prosperity. On the industrial side, the problem is one of the strictest investigation to the end that a wise and far-sighted program may be laid out for manufacturing development. At a time when anarchist, I. W. W. and other destructive forces threaten, the free exercise of

constitutional rights, the commanding problem before the entire community is one of the preservation of law and order.

All of the activities of the Chamber in 1917 have dealt fearlessly and constructively with these problems.

In interpreting the terms commerce and industry, it must always be remembered that these are fundamental human questions and that activities which tend to stimulate commerce and industry widen the opportunity of every individual in the community and affect advantageously both those who work with their hands and those who fill executive posts. The greater the opportunity for employment, the greater the opportunity for the enjoyment of adequate wages and therefore the greater degree of comfort in life.

The Chamber of Commerce realizes that it represents a world city, located at the very cross-roads of international commerce. It must be concerned with every national movement affecting the Pacific Coast. It does not dare treat any subject from a strictly local viewpoint. It must meet all these problems with the one dominating idea that the commercial community of San Francisco with its remarkably advantageous position must contribute everything to the national industrial development in order to win the war.

The policy of the Chamber is therefore to stimulate and encourage the greatest activity and efficiency in commerce and industry and to bring home to each individual member the strength and necessity of his personal contribution to this great end.

With these "WAR TIME AIMS," the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce looks forward to the coming year of service.



did the Avon Comedy Four in their indigestible Hungarian Rhapsody, or at least the rough-and-tumble part of their performance did, although, unlike McIntyre and Heath, they deserve approval for having fake instead of real food tossing around the stage; and there is a crude swing and *elan* to their lusty quartetting which exhilarates their audiences.

As for the Alexander Kids, I felt a sense of repugnance at seeing this child imitation of adolescent frivolity. It was actually pathetic to remark how completely childishness had been eliminated from the wizened little mugs of the "clever, cute, cunning, captivating" youngsters who have been so unpleasantly trained to ape the stage banalities of their seniors. Shrewdness and calculation are precociously developed in their young souls, and are easily read on their child faces. It is a curious commentary on the taste of the average vaudevillian that they who love and admire and presumably cherish the spontaneity and artlessness of childhood, and who would enjoy seeing stage children trained to childish rôles on the stage hail with such rapture the really daunting spectacle of almost tender babes wearing in miniature the costumes and going through the vulgar paces of our much-denuded beauties of the song-and-dance order.

"The Cherry Tree" has returned and has again made good. Harry Green is clever in Hebraic delineation, and in making points. The piece is a crude mixture of humor and attempted sentiment, which sometimes halts and slips, as when the blonde twenty-three says feelingly and gratefully, "I was a poor girl when he married me and he took me from poverty."

McIntyre and Heath have revived "The Ham Tree" under another name and with a few additional touches. They are as solid as ever with the audience during the ham conversation and hold on firmly to appreciative attention during an o'er-long act. Evidently "nigger minstrelsy" humor of the genuine tradition is destined to a long and honorable career. Vaudeville saved it when as an all-evening entertainment it became obsolete.

Bert Swor is a powerful rival, for his darkly impersonations are good and his humor unforced. Rather old stuff, though, that travesty of a speech, although it always seems to go when it is well done.

For a talking songster we have Anna Chandler in "Breaking into Society"; rather an incongruous idea, one would think, in conjunction with a personage so overpowering in costume, smile, manner, and material. However, the audience fully justified the lady for a state of self-confidence that otherwise might be apt to strike the cool outsider as somewhat overweening.

The Levolos do some pretty good wire-walking, and the Gaudsmids, a couple of engaging clowns with their equally engaging poodles did a lot of clever tumbling in a spontaneous and enjoying sort of way that rather tickled the spectators and inclined them toward a personal liking for the nimble quartet.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### Godowsky Tomorrow (Sunday) Afternoon.

Not inaptly has Leopold Godowsky been called "a pianist for pianists—a miracle worker," and the majority of living pianists recognize his transcendent art and gladly do him homage. Nothing musical is foreign to this man, who will give one piano concert at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. His programme is herewith given in full:

Sonata, op. 110, A flat. . . . . Beethoven  
Intermezzo, op. 76, No. 3, A flat. . . . . Brahms  
Rhapsody, op. 119, No. 4, E flat. . . . . Brahms

II.  
Minuet, G minor. . . . . Rameau  
Courante, E minor. . . . . Lully  
Tambourin, E minor. . . . . Rameau  
(From Godowsky's "Renaissance.")

III.  
Fantasie, op. 49, F minor. . . . . Chopin  
Waltz, op. 64, No. 3, A flat. . . . . Chopin  
Berceuse. . . . . Chopin  
Polonaise, op. 53, A flat. . . . . Chopin

IV.  
Ave Maria. . . . . Henselt  
Etude, op. 36, A flat (for the left hand alone). . . . . Blumenfeld  
"On Wings of Song". . . . . Mendelssohn-Liszt  
Humoresque from "Miniatures," No. 29. . . . . Godowsky  
Polonaise, No. 2, E major. . . . . Liszt

Godowsky tickets can be had at the Columbia ticket office today.

#### The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

For the sixth "Pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, announced for Sunday afternoon, January 13th, at the Cort Theatre, Conductor Alfred Hertz has contrived a programme of wider appeal than any he has yet offered.

Emilio Puyans, the able flutist of the orchestra, will be soloist, playing Godard's Suite, op. 116, with the orchestra, a composition graceful and effective and admirably calculated to exhibit Puyans' art at its finest.

That the concert in its entirety is the most popular yet offered is evidenced by contemplation of the programme, which embraces many old favorites. Every "Pop" concert follower loves Suppe's "Poet and Peasant" overture and Rossini's overture to "William Tell." Tschaiowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is always a favorite. Moszkowski's "Serenade" will be given in response to many requests for its repetition. Another "Serenade," by Pierne, is certain of appeal. Three Slavonic Dances by Dvorak, which are new to the haton of Alfred Hertz, and "The Star-Spangled Banner," now an established feature of all programmes, will be the remaining offerings of a prodigal feast of light music.

The eighth regular pair of symphonies is announced for Friday afternoon, January 18th, and Sunday afternoon, January 20th, at the Cort. Tschaiowsky's Fourth Symphony, Debussy's "La Mer," and Chabrier's rhapsody, "España," will make up a programme of vital interest.

#### "Turn to the Right" at the Columbia.

Tumultuous applause within the theatre and a never-ending line at the box-office tell the story of the hit scored by "Turn to the Right!" at the Columbia Theatre, where it is now in the second week of its run. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday this week and throughout the engagement, which terminates Sunday night, January 27th. The company will not play Oakland.

#### "Fair and Warmer" at the Cort.

"Fair and Warmer," the Avery Hopwood farce, has not outlived its usefulness in San Francisco, as is proven by the throngs that have been enjoying it to the fullest during the past week, and who no doubt will continue to do so during the final week of its stay, which begins next Sunday evening, January 13th.

Two upright and respectable persons, the one a husband far too good for human nature's daily entertainment, and the other a little wife whose experience has been largely gotten from the end of her mother's apron-strings, to their astonishment find that their respective spouses have been deceiving them and having more joy out of life than can be found at the family hearthstone.

The put-upon pair decide to retaliate by be-

ing utterly wicked. But not knowing how, they mess things up for themselves and everybody else and end by promising inhumanly good behavior for the rest of their lives in order to keep out of jail and the divorce courts. In the cast are Henry Stockbridge, Lillian Foster, Jack Hayden, Grace Benham, Alexandre J. Herbert, Bessie Brown, Joseph A. Bingham, Thomas Springer, and others.

The engagement will positively end Saturday evening, January 19th, owing to previous engagements elsewhere which must be fulfilled.

"The Bird of Paradise" opens January 20th.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum

The Orpheum hill for next week will not only maintain the highest standard of vaudeville, but will be rich in novelty and variety.

Joseph E. Howard, the well-known composer, will present "A Musical World Revue" in four scenes. It is a summary of various of the Howard musical compositions introduced with proper scenic settings and a company of forty players to enact the songs.

Regina Connelli and Ruby Craven will appear in the Washington Square Players' success, "Moon-down." Miss Craven is a recruit from the legitimate stage, where she is highly thought of.

Harry Sylvester and Maida Vance, clever comedians and singers, will appear in a satirical comedy with songs entitled "Get Out of the Theatre," the author of which is Willard Mack.

Vivian Holt, operatic soprano, and Lillian Rosedale, pianist and composer, will be heard in songs and stories to music. Miss Holt, who was a pupil of Lazar Samaloff, is a lyric coloratura, and Edward Markham, the American poet, described her singing when he exclaimed, "She sings with a lark's tongue." Miss Rosedale is a concert pianist and composer of much ability. She also uses a group of stories to music which are her own composition, as also is the song "Within Thine Eyes I Gaze," which Miss Holt sings.

The Kanazawa Boys are a trio of Japanese who are Risley artists of extraordinary ability. One of them is a natural comedian who throughout the performance keeps his audience in the best of humor.

Bert Swor, the popular blackface comedian; Anna Chandler in "Breaking into Society," and the Avon Comedy Four will be the remaining acts in a most enjoyable bill.

#### The St. Francis Little Theatre.

Another attractive programme has been contrived by Arthur Maitland for the next performances of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club, which will be given on Monday evening, January 14th, and Wednesday afternoon, January 16th, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. The performances will be identical on these two occasions.

A timely note will be struck in the presentation of "For the Honor of America," by Sada Cowan, which is a bid for enlistment and an indictment of the slacker.

"Enter the Hero" is a clever little satire on a spinster who suddenly evinces a desire for the marital state. It will be played by Albert Morrison, who showed to advantage in his first appearances with the organization last week, and the Misses Hélène Sullivan and Ruth Hammond.

The remaining offering will be "A Game of Chess," which is to be repeated in response to numerous requests. This unique melodrama of a Russian nobleman who pits his wits against the strength and arms of a Russian serf is generally regarded as the most effective little play yet offered. It particularly affords Arthur Maitland opportunity for acting of distinction.

#### Critie's Extol Guilbert's Art.

Admirers of art will be afforded the privilege of hearing one of the very greatest artists of the age when Mme. Yvette Guilbert returns to this city to give three programmes at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 3d, Wednesday night, February 6th, and Saturday afternoon, February 9th, under the management of Selhy C. Oppenheimer. Each of the programmes will be entirely different from the other, and contain mostly works in which she has not appeared here before. Mail orders for the Guilbert recitals can now be sent to Manager Oppenheimer at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

#### Minneapolis Orchestra En Route to This City.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, now started on its annual transcontinental tour, which will bring it to San Francisco for concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7th and 8th, and at the Tivoli Opera House for a special concert on Sunday morning, February 10th, and for two concerts at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9th, is unique in that it is the only one of the great American orchestras which has grown to artistic maturity under the conductor who formed it and still



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continues under his haton. Emil Oherhoffer has been the conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra from its inception fourteen years ago, and the unprecedented development of this orchestra from its beginning to its present position as one of the greatest symphonic bodies in the world is due largely to his genius, tact, and magnetic personality. The entire Minneapolis organization of ninety "star" musicians, the same that annually invades New York and Boston with signal success, is making the Coast trip, and specially attractive programmes of unusually interesting music will be given in this city. Selhy C. Oppenheimer will manage the local concerts of this fine orchestra.

#### The De Gogorza Concerts Postponed.

Manager Oppenheimer has just been advised that the famous American haritone, Emilio de Gogorza, has contracted a severe cold in Chicago and will have to postpone his visit to San Francisco for the present. De Gogorza has telegraphed that he does not want to return to this city unless his voice is at its absolute best, and promises to speedily advise Manager Oppenheimer just when he will be able to make the journey to California, which will probably be some time during the latter part of February.

John E. Kellared is making a comprehensive tour of the United States in a Shakespearean repertory. He is coming to the Columbia Theatre.

According to recent government compilation there was a drop of 15.3 per cent. in daily earnings of German women workers between March and September, 1914, but by September, 1916, women's earnings had risen to a figure 54.1 per cent. above that of March, 1914. The greatest increase in women's wages did not occur during the first winter of the war (as was the case with men's), but between September, 1915, and March, 1916, the rise in this period being 18.3 per cent.

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

6th "POP" CONCERT

Soloist—EMILIO PUYANS, Flutist

Cort Theatre

SUNDAY AFT., JAN. 13, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Nutcracker Suite," Tschaiowsky; Suite, op. 116, for flute and orchestra, Godard (Emilio Puyans); Three Slavonic Dances, Dvorak; "Serenade," Pierne; "Serenade," Moszkowski; overture, "William Tell," Rossini. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort Theatre on concert day only.

Next—Jan. 18-20, 8th Pair Symphonies.

## St. Francis Little Theatre Club

Direction of Mr. Arthur Maitland

### Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis

Desires to state that the matinees which are given once a week by Mr. Maitland and a company of professional players are open to the public. Three playlets by the world's best authors are given on each programme.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR

Evening performances are for members only. Application for membership can be made to the committee, Room 875, St. Francis Hotel.

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THIS SUNDAY (Jan. 13) AFT., at 2:30

Superb Programme—Beethoven, Brahms, Godowsky, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Henselt, etc. Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Theatre.

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JOSEPH E. HOWARD and a Company of 40 in "A Musical World Revue"; REGINA CONNELLI and RUBY CRAVEN in the Washington Square Players' Success, "Moon-down"; HARRY SYLVESTER and MAIDA VANCE in Willard Mack's Satirical Comedy with Songs, "Get Out of the Theatre"; VIVIAN HOLT, Operatic Soprano, and LILLIAN ROSEDALE, Pianist, Composer, in Songs and Stories to Music; KANAZAWA BOYS, Equilibrists with a Laugh; BERT SWOR, Blackface Comedian; ANNA CHANDLER, "Breaking into Society"; THE AVON COMEDY FOUR.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE

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### VANITY FAIR.

Hardened, inured, calloused, and insensitized as we are to the strictures directed by frivolity and malice against this enlightened column, we stand none the less appalled by the debonair illogic of a letter signed "A Sympathetic Sister" that appears on one of the less vital pages of this issue. Charging the woman of fashion with a studied contempt for her own health and comfort in her pursuit of the freakish and variable mode, we receive the crushing rejoinder that men are equally and similarly guilty, as is evidenced by their contempt for the mode in their pursuit of health and comfort.

Now why should not father "skid about" in a robe de nuit "tailored on generous lines"? Why this gibe at his manner of locomotion? He may move somewhat rapidly from bed to bathroom, conscious that he is not exactly showing at his shining best, but we resent the imputation that he "skids." Personally we perform this pilgrimage with dignity, undiminished by a salutary speed. And why should not the robe de nuit be fashioned on "generous lines" if a certain sartorial amplitude is demanded by the lavish hand of nature? Now if men were to adopt the sheath style in their nighties, if they wore decoy ducks of pink and blue ribbons, if they had cause to dread even the penetrative light of the early morning—and we know a thing or two, young as we are—there would be some cause for the taunts of a "Sympathetic Sister." Conscious of a decorous if inelegant chastity, we repel them. Like Roman senators we wrap ourselves in the "generous lines" of our nightly attire and proceed in stately dignity to our ablutions. Our motto is now, and will ever be, Virtue First.

And suppose we do wear a button at the ankle of the pajama? What of it? Personally we were not aware that pajamas thus munitioned could be obtained, but henceforth we shall use no other. Does a "Sympathetic Sister" wear pajamas? Does she? We ask to know. Not lightly nor immodestly do we pose this question. We suspect that she does not. Does she know how difficult it is to insinuate herself between the cold sheets of the bed without causing what may be delicately described as an upward and expulsive movement of the lower pajama extremities,

producing a cold and clammy contact with the unwarmed linen? This difficulty would be obviated by a button, an inornate and austere button, not a bunch of baby ribbon nor a jeweled stud, but just a button. Are we to be exposed to ridicule for thus adopting a device that leaves "no chance for chills"? Is this a proper cause for the jeers of the frivolous? Is this comparable with the defiance of comfort, hygiene, and virtue that distinguish the attire of so many women of fashion?

And then there is the pajunion. We never heard of it before, but its obvious architecture is so intelligent that we shall adopt it forthwith. A pajunion we take to be a combination of the upper and lower garments in which it has been our habit separately to attire ourselves before seeking repose. And here, too, we may welcome a great and beneficent discovery, and one calculated to circumvent the present tendency of the individual garments to separate themselves in the silent watches of the night, to part company at the equator, so to speak, one descending and the other ascending, and so producing what may be called a luminous interval, invisible, it is true, to all save our Maker, but disconcerting to a mind verging upon prudery.

Other counts in the indictment are similarly irrelevant. Indeed they may be regarded as certificates to a male virtue that actually needs no certificate. Men, we are told, object to be chafed, pinched, bound, and gripped. This must necessarily seem an insoluble and an exasperating mystery to the feminine mind that tolerates and even welcomes the tortures of the damned in its pursuit of an ever elusive mode. But by what strange perversion of intelligence is this considered as a sufficient reply to a charge that women care for none of these things, neither for health nor comfort, at the biddings of fashion.

Men's clothing, it is true, leaves much to be desired. Nothing is perfect in this imperfect world. But in men we find a constant aspiration toward the good, the beautiful, and the true even in undies, a ceaseless effort toward perfection, a manful resistance to discomfort, that is wholly lacking in the opposite sex. Did any one ever hear of a woman who objected to be chafed, pinched, bound, and gripped? Would it be possible to

produce a woman's dress advertisement stressing such freedom as this? Do women protest against the "squeezed-in, hitching-up belt discomfiture"? Of course they do not. Do they struggle for liberation? They do not. And if men yearn for some device that shall compel their pants to "stay put" is not this, too, evidence of an innate modesty at which women can but look in exasperated and uncomprehending wonder, and of a virtue that must, as usual, be its own reward?

After all American talk about the sacrifices America is making for the Allies (says the *New Republic*) the figures produced by Mr. Hoover respecting American consumption of sugar are enough to make Americans feel uncomfortable and look hypocritical. The plain facts are that American consumption of sugar during a period of distressing shortage has at best slightly diminished. Each American consumes over twice as much as each Englishman and almost four times as much as each Frenchman. Surely it is time to deal more drastically with such anomalies—with such overwhelming indications of a refusal or inability on the part of the American to abandon under the shock of war the wasteful indulgence of his ordinary desires. Americans are the most reckless consumers of candies and sweet drinks in the world, and it is this class of consumption which is least necessary and has the smallest food value. Something can be done to diminish the drain made by candy stores and soda water fountains on the sugar supply by an appeal to voluntary effort, but the appeal should be backed up by a power of coercion with which the Food Administration is not now possessed, but which should be granted to it some time in the near future.

### The Boy of Verdun.

The history of Henri Berthaud, who is now thirteen years old, is one of the latest examples of France holding out. Berthaud, the father, is a miller in the Breton village Escoubac, of the lower Loire. He has a wife and three sons, of whom Henri is the oldest. His windmill is one of those three-storied round stone towers with a conical roof, near the top of which the four long flapping arms that catch the wind and turn the millstones are attached. From the ground to where the windmill's arms turn is nine times the height of the boy Henri.

Two years ago the father was called to the war as a soldier. Unless the mill could be kept running his family would soon be destitute and their only support would be lost. Henri was then only eleven, but he was a stout boy and was accustomed to help his father. He took his father's place.

Ever since, for two years, it is the boy Henri Berthaud who receives the wheat from the farmers, stores it until it can be ground, sets the millstones in motion and regulates the grinding and bolting, after setting the sails of the windmill's arms, and then stores properly the flour and all the rest. The customers have been patient and helpful.

Perhaps no one would have paid attention to this thirteen-year-old breadwinner of a family if it had not been for the new regulations made by the government to economize the use of flour for bread. Formerly, when wheat was more plentiful, about 75 per cent. of its substance went into the flour for bread and 25 per cent. went for shorts and to bran for cattle. Now the flour has to be bolted so that 85 per cent. of the substance of the wheat shall be used for bread.

Henri had been brought up by his father to grind and bolt the old white flour and separate the shorts and bran. The government inspector wished to know if the Berthaud mill was properly turning out the new brown flour according to regulation. He found the boy was faithful and exact where many of the old millers had failed. He asked Henri if he had no one to help him.

"Sometimes when the wind is too strong and I have to grind at night I ask one of my girl cousins to give me a hand at turning the sails."

The inspector told what he had seen and a kind soul put 500 francs (\$100) to the credit of Henri Berthaud, thirteen years old and running a grist mill by himself. He is one

of the many boys in France supporting the families whose men are fighting at Verdun:

Ah! ah! ah! yes, indeed.  
The lads of Verdun are a wonderful breed.

The Finns are said to be bad advertisers, and hesitate to publish their sufferings abroad. That is perhaps the reason why the world has taken hardly any notice of them, or, if reminded of their existence, has treated the question in a half-hostile manner.

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### STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

## BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

December 31, 1917

### RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$26,924,751.03
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	20,079,438.07
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches).....	2,341,000.00
Other Real Estate.....	160,634.43
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit.....	1,215,590.08
Other Resources.....	388,787.97
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	\$13,308,176.32
CASH.....	13,054,774.69
Total.....	\$77,473,152.79

### LIABILITIES

*Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus.....	\$811,600.00
Undivided Profits.....	1,100,000.00
Dividends Unpaid.....	288,400.00
Letters of Credit.....	1,215,590.08
DEPOSITS.....	72,044,728.71
Total.....	\$77,473,152.79

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.

A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1917.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

\* On June 15, 1918, Capital will be increased to \$5,000,000.00, fully paid.

### THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904.....	\$285,436.97
December 31, 1906.....	\$1,699,947.28
December 31, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90
December 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
December 31, 1914.....	\$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916.....	\$39,805,995.24
December 31, 1917.....	\$77,473,152.79

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS { December 31, 1916, 90,683  
December 31, 1917, 141,298

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At the Close of Business December 31, 1917, of the  
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SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL  
108 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

RESOURCES	
First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$ 4,110,910.66
Bank Premises .....	519,550.00
Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures.....	38,000.00
Real Estate .....	42,400.00
United States, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	2,962,074.47
Collateral and Personal Loans.....	1,164,199.20
Letters of Credit, etc.....	161,223.35
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANKS.....	1,023,489.92
Total Resources .....	\$10,021,849.60

LIABILITIES	
Capital Paid in.....	\$750,000.00
Surplus .....	194,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	187,972.46—\$ 1,131,972.46
Contingent Fund .....	12,118.33
Letters of Credit, Etc.....	113,556.95
DEPOSITS .....	8,764,201.86
Total Liabilities .....	\$10,021,849.60

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STORYETTES.  
Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Here, my poor man," said a kind old lady, "here is a shilling for you. Now don't go and spend it on vile drink." "Thank you, ma'am," answered the tramp heartily. "I'll not. I suppose, ma'am, you was a referring to the wretched stuff they 'as at the Dun Cow, ma'am? Ah, but I'll go to the Black Bull. They keep the right sort there."

Phyllis had been caught redhanded and her aunt was lecturing her. "You surely knew you were doing wrong! Didn't your conscience tell you that?" she said. "Will my conscience tell me when I'm being naughty, then, auntie?" "Yes, dear." Phyllis thought a moment, then remarked: "Well, I don't mind it telling me, as long as it doesn't tell you."

A housekeeper, going from home for the day, locked everything up, and, for the grocer's benefit, wrote on a card: "All out. Don't leave anything." This she stuck under the knocker of the front door. On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks. We haven't left much."

Among those present in line when a misty dawn broke over the scene of the third world's series game in New York was a large dorky fan. "Nobody can have this child's place in line," he warned loudly. "Ah came on a Pullman all the way from Nawth Ca-lina to see disser game." "You came on a Pullman?" asked his neighbor. "Yessuh, on it is right. On the roof of it, that's where Ah was. Oh, hoy!"

A young Cambridge man who has not long been married usually confides his troubles to a friend whose matrimonial experience covers a period of twenty years. One day the former remarked very despondently, "I said something to my wife she didn't like and she hasn't spoken to me for two days." The eyes of the old married man brightened. "Say, old man," he exclaimed eagerly, "can you remember what it was you said?"

A tramp asked for something to eat at a farmhouse. "Are you a good Christian?" asked the farmer. "Can't you see?" answered the man. "Look at the holes worn in the knees of my pants. What do they prove?" He was promptly given a good dinner, which he ate, and then turned to go. "Well, well!" exclaimed the farmer; "what made these holes in the back of your pants?" "Backsliding," replied the tramp as he hurried away.

"Poor laddie," said the lady to the hotel elevator boy, "don't you find this work rather trying and monotonous?" "Not at all, ma'am. I like it. It's full of excitement. First of all, there's always the funny people coming in and out. Then there's other things. Only yesterday a man tried to get out before the elevator was down and cracked his skull. Then last week the machine broke, and the

thing came straight down from the sixth floor to the bottom, and everybody was hurt 'cept me. This here rope, too, looks a bit weak, but it'll probably last till we get up, though I don't know what we'll do if it doesn't, 'cos the engineman is away ill to-day, and his helper is just married, and I'm in charge of everything, and I don't know nothing about it. So it aint really what you'd call a dull life, is it?"

Smithers had been "lifting" the earth all round the course, a fact which, of course, his keen-eyed caddie had not failed to observe. Finally the youngster said: "You are a stranger in these parts, sir?" "Not exactly. I was born here, and all my folks are buried hereabouts." Then, as the golfer lifted another piece of earth with his driver, the caddie added: "I don't think, sir, you'll get deep enough with your driver; you'd better take your iron."

Because the newly-commissioned major on the way to Toronto looked like ready money the porter had been very active in his attentions. His movements were of the "hot-foot" variety whenever the officer appeared to require service. Also he was careful to address the major as "gin'ral." And when the train neared the Union depot and following the assiduous use of the hush, the sable servitor discovered himself in the possession of a dime he was equal to the emergency. He clicked his heels together, saluted and remarked, "Corp'ral, Ah t'ank yo, ' sah."

David Belasco was smiling at the extravagant attentions that are lavished by the rich upon pet dogs. He spoke of the canine operations for appendicitis, the canine tooth crownings, the canine wardrobe, and then he said: "How servants hate these pampered curs! At a house where I was calling one cold day the fat and pompous butler entered the drawing-room and said: 'Did you ring, madam?' 'Yes, Harrison, I wish you to take Fido out walking for two hours.' Harrison frowned slightly. 'But Fido won't follow me, madam,' he said. 'Then, Harrison, you must follow Fido.'"

A preacher, who was in the habit of taking his wife with him on his preaching appointments, said on arrival at the chapel in a country town: "My dear, you go in there; you will be all right. I must go round to the vestry." In the vestibule the wife was met by a kind-hearted steward, who conducted her to a seat. At the close of the service the same kind-hearted steward gave her a hearty shake of the hand, adding how pleased he would be to see her at the service each Sunday. Then, whispering, he said: "But, let me tell you, we don't get a duffer like this in the pulpit every Sunday."

The collections had fallen off badly in the colored church and the pastor made a short address before the box was passed. "Ah don't want any man to give more dan his share, breddren," he said gently, "hut we mus' all gih ercordin' to what we rightly hab. Ah say rightly hab, breddren, because we don't want no tainted money in de box.

Squire Jones tole me dat he done miss some chickens dis week. Now, ef any oh our hred-dren hah fallen by de wayside in connection wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from dat box. Deacon Smith, please pass de box an' Ah'll watch de signs an' see ef dere's any one in dis congregation dat needs me ter wrestle in prayer for him." The effect of this brief discourse was instantaneous and remarkable. Throughout the congregation loud whispers of "Len' me a qua'tah," "Let me hah half a dollah," "Gih me a nickle 'til mawnin'," were heard. Apparently every one put something in the box. The Rev. Sam Small Smith surveyed the coins with a satisfied smile as he remarked: "Ah done tole Squire Jones dat none oh my lambs was guilty of sech diabolical eccentricity."

THE MERRY MUSE.

When Mary's Lamb Grew Up.  
Mary had a little lamb—  
But how that lamb has grown!  
Now Mary'd rather walk a mile  
Than face that lamb alone.  
—Boston Transcript.

Wheatless and Meatless.  
My Tuesdays are meatless,  
My Wednesdays are wheatless,  
I'm getting more eatless each day.  
The hotel is heatless,  
My bed is sheetless,  
They're sent to the Y. M. C. A.

The harroom is treatless,  
My coffee is sweetless,  
Each day I get poorer and wiser  
My stockings are feetless,  
My trousers are seatless,  
My how I hate the Kaiser.

To a Very Young Gentleman.  
My child, what painful vistas are before you!  
What years of youthful ills and paus and humps—  
Indignities from aunts who "just adore" you,  
And chickenpox and measles, croup and mumps!  
I don't wish to dismay you,—it's not fair to,  
Promoted now from hassinet to crib,—  
But, O my babe, what troubles flesh is heir to  
Since God first made so free with Adam's rib!

Laboriously you will proceed with teething;  
When teeth are here, you'll meet the dentist's chair;  
They'll teach you ways of walking, eating, breathing,  
That stoves are hot, and how to brush your hair.  
And so, my poor, undaunted little stripling,  
By bruises, tears, and trousers you will grow;  
And, horrowing a leaf from Mr. Kipling,  
I'll wish you luck, and moralize you so:

If you can think up seven thousand methods  
Of giving cooks and parents heart disease;  
Can rifle pantry-shelves, and then give death odds  
By water, fire, and falling out of trees;  
If you can fill your every boyish minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of mischief done,  
Yours is the house and everything that's in it,  
And, which is more, you'll be your father's son!  
—Christopher Morley, in Century Magazine.

Mrs. Peck—I always think twice before I speak once. Peck—Exactly, my dear—but then you are such a quick thinker.—Boston Transcript.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emily Pope, and Lieutenant Mosley Taylor, U. S. A., of Boston. Lieutenant Taylor is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor of Boston and the grandson of General Charles Taylor and Mrs. Taylor. He is a nephew of Mrs. Horace Pillsbury of this city. No date has been set for the marriage of Miss Pope and Mr. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elva De Pue, and Mr. Warren Shepard Matthews of New York. Miss De Pue is the sister of Mrs. Jack Neville. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Marion Elizabeth Mercier and Mr. Mark Gerstle, Jr., was solemnized last week in San Francisco. Mr. Gerstle is the only son of Captain Mark Gerstle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gerstle. Mr. and Mrs. Gerstle have gone to Southern California on their wedding trip and upon their return they will reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. Chester Arthur gave a dinner recently at her home in Santa Barbara, her guests including Miss Alejandra Macondray, Miss Margaret Trimble, Miss Elizabeth Vail, Miss Margaret Dunn, Miss Elsie Stevens, Miss Alice Wetmore, Miss Dorothy Fithian, Miss Clara Oliver, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Chester Arthur, Jr., Mr. William Biddle, Mr. Alvah Kaine, Mr. Hervey Jackson, Jr., Mr. Charles Dahney, Jr., and Lieutenant George Raymond.

Mr. Howard Spreckels gave a theatre and supper party last Thursday evening, his guests including Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Jean Wheeler, Mr. Jack Morgan, Mr. Clark Crocker, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany and Mrs. Karmany gave a cabaret dinner Monday evening at their home at Mare Island. Among the guests were Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Elizabeth George, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Catherine Wheeler, Miss Augusta Rathbone, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Edith Kynnersley, and Miss Pauline Wheeler.

Mrs. Edgar Benedict entertained at tea recently at the Fairmont Hotel, complimenting Mme. Marguerite Chenu, her guests including Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. William Palmer Horn, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Mrs. William Sproule.

Mr. Edward Greenway entertained a number of friends at dinner last Monday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, Colonel Richard Croxton, Colonel John T. Haines, and Paymaster Walter Izard.

Major William Devereux and Mrs. Devereux gave a dinner recently at Coronado, their guests including Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey, Lieutenant-Commander Kirby Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Margaret Barrett, Captain Archibald Johnson, Major V. C. I. Dashwood, Judge P. H. Barlow, and Lieutenant Raymond Armshy.

Miss Helen Hawkins gave a tea last Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, complimenting Miss Ruth Lent. The guests included Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marion Scott, Miss Adelaide Sutro, Miss Helen Hammett, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Barbara Sesson, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Carol Rulofson, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Margaret Deahl, Miss Lucile McGrath, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Marie Spreckels, Miss Beatrice Lund, Miss Dolly Payne, and Miss Dorothy Meyer.

Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., entertained at dinner last Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Relda Scott, Mr. Edmunds Lyman, and Mr. Edgar Eyre.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy entertained a group of friends at dinner Saturday evening in compliment to Lieutenant Hanson Grubb and Mrs. Grubb.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening, complimenting Miss Flora Miller. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Edith Roe, Miss Jean Wheeler, Lieutenant George Young, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. Clark Spreckels, Captain Robert McDonald, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Percy Morgan, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle entertained a group

## A SERENE HOUSE OF REST

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of friends at dinner New Year's Eve at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Junior War Work Council of San Francisco will hold a rally this evening at the Civic Auditorium for the purpose of creating a public interest in the work of the council, which also promotes the Patriotic League. Miss Margaret Williams is the chairman of the local council and among the members are Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. F. Gloucester Willis, Mrs. George B. Wright, Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. Lillian Whitney, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Mary Gayley, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Franc Pierce, Miss Anna Van Winkle, Miss Nellie Scott, Miss Blanche Son, Miss Gwladys Bowen, Miss Heynemann, and Miss Ruth Valentine.

Miss Dolly Payne gave a dinner last Wednesday at her home on Jones Street in honor of Miss Ruth Lent. The guests included Miss Marie Welch, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Nance Ohear, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Dorothy Meyer, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Helen Hammett, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Katherine Masten, Miss Margaret Deahl, Miss Marie Spreckels, Mr. Walter Dean, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Edwin Sudden, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. George Kleyser, Mr. Kenneth Rulofson, Mr. Ted Scribner, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Richard Magee, Mr. Tom Williams, Mr. Noel Morshead, Mr. Alan Drum, Mr. James Phillips, Mr. Charles Mohun, Mr. Richard Dunn, Mr. Charles Gwynn, Mr. Jefferson Doolittle, and Mr. Herman Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merrill Brown of Alameda entertained at a dinner-dance at the Palace Hotel on Monday night for their daughter, Miss Janet Brown. Sixteen of the younger set were their guests.

### The Players' Club.

On January 28th the Players' Club will again present a series of one-act plays in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay Street. Four plays of unusual interest have been selected.

"Ruhly Red," a comedy by Clarence Stratton of St. Louis, will be staged. The Cincinnati Art Theatre produced "Ruhly Red" with so great a success that it was staged by the Philadelphia Little Theatre and later produced in the Northampton Municipal Theatre, the only municipal playhouse in the United States.

Another charming comedy is "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown.

A harlequinade by the famous Russian dramatist, Nicholas Evreiuov, called "The Merry Death," will be given an attractive presentation. It has been staged with great success by the Washington Square Players and the Little Theatre of Boston. The dance of death will be given by Miss Virginia Whitehead, and incidental music will be furnished by the Players' Club Trio.

A drama which will stir a keen interest is "Christmas on the Border," by Colonel R. C. Croxton of the Presidio. It is a military sketch, taking place on the Mexican border.

The dramas will be played every night for one week and a matinee on Saturday, February 24, at 2:30.

Gerald L. Dillon, who for many years has been successfully associated with the Orpheum as publicity manager, was made a thirty-third degree Mason at a special session of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry held last Saturday night at the Scottish Rite Temple. This degree is the highest and most prized in freemasonry, for it is awarded to very few and only for exceptional merit. Mr. Dillon's selection is most popular among his brethren, who regard it as a well-deserved reward for his long and brilliant service in the order.

Other countries have suffered, but no country has felt so broadly and deeply the burdens of the war as has Russia, according to Major Stanley Washburn. To understand this one must realize that Russia has called to the colors nearly 14,000,000 men, that her casualties including prisoners and others becoming ineffective through military operations amount to nearly 7,000,000. In addition to this there have taken refuge within the mighty spaces of her great domain nearly 15,000,000 refugees, fleeing before the terror of the German scourge. It is fair to assume that between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 human beings, either directly or through those near and dear to them, have felt in their daily lives the iron grip of the war.

In twenty-seven days of fighting at the Wilderness, Sportsylvania Courthouse, and Cold Harbor, Grant in 1864 lost 79,129 men in killed, wounded, and missing. The British, with a vastly greater army in action or reserve, lost on all fronts during thirty days' fighting in Europe in November of this year 120,679.

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### Pacific Service Employees' Association.

The Pacific Service Employees' Association, which now contains some sixteen hundred members, is an organization for all the employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in San Francisco and all the outlying districts in which this company operates, and is rapidly growing and taking definite form.

All the activities of the employees, of any nature whatsoever, are taken up through the association. These include athletics of all kinds, for which tournaments, etc., are arranged between different districts; educational matters, entertainments, etc., and, what is of greatest interest now, the present whereabouts and doings of all men who have left the service of the company to enlist in the service of the United States. The matter of permanent headquarters is now being taken up and the members of the association hope soon to have a "home."

Two meetings are held each month—one at Oakland and one at San Francisco—at which matters relating to the company and the employees are brought up and discussed so that all members may keep informed of the company's activities. Papers concerning the work being performed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are read at these meetings and prove to be of great educational value. There is always plenty of entertainment provided at the meetings, also, as the association boasts of some very clever members, a large chorus, and a good orchestra.

In the Philippines American soldiers on several occasions came in contact with Sulu women warriors. In one of the last battles on the islands the Sulus fortified themselves in the bowl of an extinct volcano. It was rushed and captured by American soldiers, who discovered to their dismay after the battle that a number of their antagonists had been women. Their figures were as slim as those of the men; both sexes wore their hair long, with handkerchiefs over their heads, and the women wore trousers similar to those worn in Turkey. Thus they were practically undistinguishable from the men. The bravery of these women warriors appears all the more remarkable when it is recalled that according to the Mohammedan faith a man who is slain while fighting Christians is translated at once to heaven, but as the women are not supposed to have souls their sacrifice of life is without reward in a hereafter.

"How do you account for the sugar shortage?" "Dunno. There are as many fellows raising Cain as ever."—Boston Transcript.

### To Our Friends.

You wouldn't dream of leaving large sums of money in your home or office day after day and night after night.

Yet you leave valuable treasures there—heirlooms, jewelry, keepsakes—which money could never replace; you leave important papers there—insurance policies, securities, receipts. Liberty Bonds—the loss of which would cost you large sums of money.

Did it ever occur to you that there is absolutely no safety for your valuables in your home or office?

You do not need to be reminded of fire dangers and the uncertainty and havoc of them, but you may not realize what an intricate, scientific, almost infallible profession hurglary is! Home and office locks and safes are slight obstacles in the way of a professional thief.

Your turn may not have come yet, but that does not mean that it never will.

But, it never will if you take the proper precautions.—Don't trust the home hiding places—a joke to thieves—nor to an office safe, because there is only one really secure place—a safe deposit box!

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Benno Hart and her daughter, Miss Constance Hart, who have been visiting in New York, are at present passing several weeks in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock have gone to Coronado for a visit of several days.

Mr. Alexander Lilley and Miss Ethel Lilley have returned to San Francisco, after a sojourn of several months in the East. Mrs. Lilley is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, in Philadelphia and will not return to California for several weeks.

The Misses Betty and Elena Folger returned Sunday to Menlo Park to continue their studies, after having passed the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger.

Mrs. Macondray Moore and Miss Alejandra Macondray returned Tuesday to San Francisco, after a brief sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Dr. Chester Woolsey left Saturday for American Lake, where he will be stationed for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have returned to their home on Broadway from a visit to New York.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has returned to her home on Broadway, after a visit of several weeks at Coronado with her sister, Mrs. George Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue and Miss Elva De Pue have been passing several days at their ranch near Yolo.

Miss Edith Roe is visiting here from her home in Tacoma and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Byrd, whose marriage took place a few weeks ago, left Saturday for China, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whitney, who have been visiting here from their home in Portland, have gone to Los Angeles, where they will remain until the first of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have left for a visit of several weeks in New York and Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sperry will leave in a few days for Colusa, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Oliver Wyman will pass the winter season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, at their home on Broadway. Lieutenant Wyman left several days ago for France.

Mrs. Norris Davis and her children returned Thursday to San Mateo, after having passed several months in the south with Captain Davis.

Captain Laurence Scott left last week for Camp Kearny, where he has joined the Grizzlies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman returned last

week to San Francisco, after a visit in Los Angeles with the latter's mother, Mrs. Ygnacio Sepulveda.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson have returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stow have been spending several days in San Francisco from their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. C. B. Jennings is passing several days in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan.

Mrs. Robin Hayne has been spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel from her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill have returned to their home in San Mateo, after a sojourn of several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel and their daughter, Miss Alice Drexel, are visiting in Santa Barbara from their home in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson and Mrs. Ward Mailliard have returned to San Francisco from Tacoma, where they had been visiting Mr. Baltasar Peterson.

Miss Jean Wheeler and Miss Cornelia Clappett left Tuesday for a week's visit at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Miss Lily O'Connor returned to San Francisco a few days ago from Bakersfield, where she was the guest of Captain William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne returned Saturday to San Francisco, after a brief sojourn at Del Monte.

Mrs. Katherine Hooker is enjoying a visit of several days in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have taken a house in Santa Barbara, where they will pass the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue, after a visit in San Diego with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury have returned to California, after an extended visit in Boston.

Mr. Leon Walker left Thursday for Yale, after having passed the holidays in San Francisco with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker.

Mrs. Peter Martin has taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the remainder of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling left last Wednesday for New York and Washington, planning to remain in the East indefinitely.

Miss Ethel Shorb has gone to Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. John Murtagh.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson of Belvedere expect to leave shortly for Coronado.

Having finished the government course to which he was appointed in Philadelphia, Dr. and Mrs. Harold A. Fletcher are in New York awaiting further orders.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gleason, San Francisco; Grace Ellsworth, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. Prazo, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. Watson, San Francisco; Mrs. C. R. Hill and son, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Davidson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. L. Taylor, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hammond, Los Angeles; Mrs. R. E. Carney, Philadelphia; Commodore F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Strange and son, Burlingame; Mrs. L. E. Doan, Jr., San Anselmo; Mrs. L. F. Breuner, Mr. R. W. Breuner, Sacramento.

A water mill one hundred years old, said to be the only one of its type now in operation in the United States, is grinding out whole wheat flour in Clarke County, Indiana. No little engineering skill was employed in its construction. At a point in Fourteen-Mile Creek a tunnel was cut through solid rock ninety feet below the summit of the hill thus penetrated, and the mill race is fed through this bore to the overshot wheel.

Within twelve hours after receiving news of the Halifax disaster the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense had equipped a relief steamer and started it to the scene of the disaster.



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### Hall's Golfing Record.

Holworthy Hall, author of "Dormie One and Other Golf Stories," says he has a right to talk about golf for the following reasons:

1. Since 1896, when I first saw the game of golf played at St. Augustine, Florida, and succumbed on the spot, I have played over 1500 rounds of golf.

2. On 1499 of these rounds I wasn't playing my game.

3. The profanity I have used if set in 7-point Cheltenham Bold Condensed, and placed end to end, would reach from the Garden City Golf Club to the moon eight and one-half times. The damns I have said, if similarly treated, would make one colossal damn six hundred and thirty-eight times as big as Assuan; and if placed as an obstruction to Niagara Falls would cause the Niagara River to back up as far as New Orleans, and put the Woolworth Building under sixteen feet and eight inches of water.

4. The rubber in the golf balls I have lost would fill a freight train composed of ninety-seven cars with a capacity of forty tons each, and the effort I have expended in hunting for said balls in the tall grass would, if translated into foot pounds, lift that freight train an inch and a half higher than the Washington Monument, and hold it there indefinitely.

5. The power I have exerted in swinging clubs would be sufficient to beat twenty-six carpets, each as long as the distance from St. Andrews to Whitmarsh, and as wide as the distance from Baltusrol to North Jersey, once every week for 256 consecutive weeks.

6. The skin I have lost in blisters would make for each of seventy-nine large, Asiatic elephants a completely new epidermis, warranted not to crack or fade.

7. The money I have spent on inefficient caddies would, if placed in a savings' bank at 4 per cent. interest until next Thursday, be enough to provide me with an annual income for life of forty thousand dollars net.

8. I have never yet beaten a man who admitted afterwards that he was in good health. The diseases of my victims, if catalogued and briefed, would include every known ailment from the botts to the blind staggers.

9. The best record I ever made on any course was seventy-eight actual shots, five cusswords, three dollars and a quarter profit, and six cigars.

10. The scuffed shots I have made, if ac-

cumulated into one gigantic whole, would be equivalent to the excavation necessary to dig a trench eight feet deep, four feet wide, from the town hall of Bangor, Maine, to a point eleven miles southwest of Xenia, Ohio; and the turf removed by the said operation would reclaim an area of the Gulf of Mexico as large as the State of Connecticut, plus half of Westchester County.

11. The booked and sliced shots I have made, if straightened out, would have saved seven years and three months of my life, prevented two-thirds of my hair falling out, and saved me \$13,994 in actual cash.

12. The cigars I have smoked on the links would furnish each soldier of the American, French, and English armies with one-tenth of one cigar daily for eleven days, including Sundays and legal holidays.

British labor organizations are proposing a scheme whereby able young workmen can compete for art scholarships in music, painting, acting, and kindred arts through a penny levy per year of every trade unionist in the kingdom. This will give 3,000,000 pennies per year, and found many scholarships for men and women who have ability and ambition.

Nicholas Romanoff, the ex-Czar of Russia, it is said still has on deposit in the Bank of England \$35,000,000, placed there years ago in provision for the rainy day which now has come.

Tid—Is he a civil engineer? Tad—Not very.—Town Topics.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Hi, Bill! Here comes a gas wave!"  
"Thank Heavens! This toothache's almost  
killin' me."—*Cartoons Magazine*.

*Hawell*—I feel like 50 cents. *Pawell*—You  
mean like 30 cents. *Hawell*—No; everything  
has been marked up.—*Life*.

*She*—What's the meaning of "Giving com-  
fort to the enemy"? *He*—I think it means  
"Payin' alimony."—*Cartoons Magazine*.

"What do you think? Smith's widow broke  
his will." "That's no news. She did it the  
first day she married him."—*Baltimore Ameri-  
can*.

"Officer, if I stay on this street will it take  
me to the Public Library?" "Yes, mum. But  
not unless ye keep movin', mum."—*Birming-  
ham Age-Herald*.

*Wife*—That odious Mrs. Nexdore has been  
saying that I have an unruly tongue. *Hub*—  
Unruly? Nonsense. Why, your tongue re-  
sponds to your every impulse with implicit  
obedience.—*Boston Transcript*.

"It won't be much of a story, will it?"  
"What?" "When our grandchildren ask us  
what we did in the great war, and we have  
to tell them that once a week we went with-  
out meat."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Old Lady*—Why can't the admiralty tell us  
how many submarines have been sunk? *Jack*  
—Well, y' see, mum, we can't spare enough  
divers to walk about the bottom of the sea  
and count 'em.—*Passing Show*.

"My friend," said the solemn individual,  
"what are you doing for those who come  
after you?" "Doing for them? I'm trying  
to dodge the pests," replied the man who  
was harassed by hill collectors.—*Boston Tran-  
script*.

"This is a special flour for making flannel  
cakes." The young housewife was trying to  
appear wise. "Does it make good cakes?"  
she asked. "Excellent flannel cakes, mum."  
"Ah, um. Will they shrink?"—*Louisville  
Courier-Journal*.

"Don't you love our song, 'The Star-  
Spangled Banner'?" "I do," replied Senator  
Sorghum. "Then why don't you join in the  
chorus?" "My friend, the way for me to  
show real affection for a song is not to try to  
sing it."—*Washington Star*.

*Draft Official*—On what ground do you  
claim exemption from military service?

The Sperry Flour Company began with one  
mill in California in 1852. Today it has  
twelve mills in operation (among them the  
largest on the Pacific Coast) producing  
QUALITY PRODUCTS for quality  
homes, distributed through quality retail  
grocers. The steady growth of this big flour  
and cereal institution is the best evidence of a  
constant and satisfying service to the public.

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*Rastus, Esq.*—Dis wah am hein' fit to mek  
de worl' safe fo' demockasy, am it not?  
*Draft Official*—Yes; sure. *Rastus, Esq.*—  
Wal, Ise a 'Puhlican.—*Judge*.

"How did you come to be a performer on  
the hass viol." "Well, when I decided to be  
a musician I got father to promise to huy me  
a fiddle. But father always was one of those  
men who want to get as much as possible for  
their money."—*Washington Star*.

"Can you imagine a hillion dollars?"  
"Yes," answered the cautious citizen. "I  
think I can. All you have to do is to pic-  
ture a figure '1' with a long string of ciphers  
after it. A mental grasp of a hillion doesn't

cause me near the difficulty of a hand-to-hand  
struggle for two dollars and a half."—*Wash-  
ington Star*.

*Shears*—How is it that young Scribleigh  
has been attending church so regularly of  
late? *Typa*—Why, he says that he likes to  
go where he is always sure of having his  
contributions accepted.—*The Lamb*.

"Do you think a man in politics ought to  
tell the truth on all occasions?" "No," re-  
plied Senator Sorghum; "a man who is in a  
position to know the truth on all occasions is  
usually surrounded with great precautions  
against his telling anything at all."—*Washing-  
ton Star*.





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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mexico.

It is observed that in relation to Mexico the fine phrases of the past five years are forgot. We are abandoning transcendental idealism and turning toward the practical. American troops who chase Mexican bandits across the line and give them what they deserve are no longer court-martialed or even reprimanded. In a quiet way we are massing a force of 15,000 marines in the vicinity of the Tampico oil fields. We are mobilizing a full division of cavalry, known as the Fifteenth Division of the regular army, in Texas. Behind a mask that grows thinner every day we are showing our teeth to Carranza, our one-time idol. A man of the *Argonaut's* acquaintance, familiar with the ins and outs of Mexican and Central American military affairs, informs it that "Hell is going to pop in Mexico very soon." We suspect that this is sound information. Carranza, whom we practically established in authority in Mexico, is almost openly in alliance with our Teutonic enemies. There is surely coming a time when he will need to have his comb cut, and there are evidences that the Washington government is

getting itself in position, when times and conditions shall be ripe, to do the job.

All along it has been obvious to everybody except President Wilson that our national security is dependent upon a more or less authoritative connection with Mexico. Likewise it has been obvious to everybody except Mr. Wilson that anything like a settled and orderly condition of affairs in Mexico is unattainable through domestic forces. Either the United States or some other country able to create and sustain order must first or last hold a supervisory authority over Mexico. The logic of the situation is plain enough. We shall not permit anybody else to interfere with Mexico. We shall ultimately establish over that country a responsibility similar to that we have held now for more than twenty years over Cuba. In other words, we shall make the Mexicans behave themselves. It should have been done long ago, not merely for our own security, but to the vast advantage of Mexico itself.

If Carranza had a grain of common sense, not to speak of statesmanlike diplomacy, he would hold himself subject to the moral obligation implied in acceptance of many substantial aids at the hands of the Washington government. At the very least he should have held aloof from our enemies. While he has not in concrete terms allied himself with Germany, it is none the less evident that he has done it in effect. He is today harboring German agents, permitting Mexico to become a base for prospective German operations. He needs a call-down, and a sharp one. And unless all signs fail he is in the way of getting it. We are, as above intimated, "surrounding" Mexico by land and sea. We are getting in a position that will enable us when "Hell pops" to avoid being hurt by the explosion.

### The Congressional Investigations.

Since the holiday recess the chief interest at Washington has been the work of three congressional investigating committees. One has been investigating the Shipping Board, another investigating Hoover, and a third has conducted a pretty searching inquiry into the operations of the War Department. The daily newspapers have given us scraps and snatches of testimony brought out in these inquiries, but they have hardly reflected the full significance and effect of disclosures which exhibit mismanagement, blundering, and wholesale waste in several departments of governmental activity.

The investigation of Hoover came to a sudden collapse. Its only effects were (1) an exhibition of the hindrances placed in Mr. Hoover's path by selfish interest; (2) illustration of the narrowness and meanness of Senator Reed of Missouri, notorious pacifist and chairman of the committee. Mr. Hoover, stung to resentment, gave his critics a public dressing-down. He succeeded both in showing up the malice of his accusers and in justifying himself. But it was a policy of questionable discretion. From the beginning of his career in Belgium, Mr. Hoover has avoided rather than sought publicity either for himself or his assistants. He is now engaged in a work which must at a thousand points come into conflict with private interest. Senator Reed and Mr. Spreckels are merely the first of an oncoming army of obstructionists. Mr. Hoover's best policy will be to go steadily forward about his business, leaving the howlers to howl unanswered and depending upon ultimate results to justify his courses. Nothing will be gained, but much may be lost, by halting to kick every cur that may rise up to bark at and restrain him.

The investigation of the Shipping Board got quickly into deep water—into water so deep that it was thought best to swim ashore without going to the bottom of things. The story is too long for detailed development,

and perhaps for the present the best course will be to cover past mistakes, blunders, and crimes with the mantle of forgetfulness—at least until such time as disclosures may not serve to divert the mind of the country from the main purpose of prosecuting the war. Delay, gross extravagance, and gross corruption have beyond a doubt marked the work done by and under the Shipping Board. But it appears that at last the organization is in capable hands. We shall in course of time get through the agency of the board a vast aggregate tonnage. The cost will be great—beyond all reason—but we shall get the ships. In time the full unhappy record will be shown up, but only public distrust and further delay could result from pausing now to reckon up the loss and to apportion the blame.

The work of the Chamberlain committee has shown that the most unsatisfactory department of the government is that presided over by Secretary Baker. It has had, of course, the largest task and the most difficult one and its delinquencies have been of serious magnitude. Revelations exhibiting the failure to properly clothe and equip several of the big camps and to safeguard the health of the men assigned them have been shocking. They show that in some respects at least we have repeated and, what is worse, are continuing to repeat the blunders which marked our preparation for the Spanish war. Our experiences will probably be not unlike those of our allies; we shall go on a blundering way and make costly mistakes just as England and France did. Our government appears unresponsive alike to the pressure of necessity and of public feeling. Not only in the cabinet, but in the military service, there are a number of men who plainly ought to be retired. But it seems that the President finds difficulty in parting with men to whom he has become accustomed; and he is obviously disinclined to permit other than men of his own party to participate in the conduct of the war. We shall probably go on in an incompetent and wasteful way until overwhelming pressure of public opinion shall enforce administrative reorganization all along the line.

The congressional investigations have obviously accomplished much. They have in a measure cleared the way—though not as thoroughly as might be wished—and the work of preparation from now on will go forward more smoothly and with less lost motion than hitherto. The Administration has been forced to adopt several reforms, but there still remains a disheartening lack of coöperation on the part of the various bureaus and divisions of the executive departments. It is doing the best it can under its present organization, but it lacks the strength and the general support that a coalition cabinet made up of the best available talent and experience in the country would give it. In time, when public opinion shall emphatically assert itself, we shall have a more effective administrative organization. The necessity of waiting for it is irritating; none the less there is nothing to do but wait.

An incidental development of the congressional investigation is the universal judgment of military and diplomatic experts that the war is to be a long one. If our military men who have had observation at close range in France have the rights of the situation the war is not likely to come to an end until this country shall participate in it in a very large way. We must, according to expert calculations, put a million or perhaps two million equipped and drilled men into the field. Our allies have about reached the summit of their efforts, and from this time one can scarcely more than hold the situation without aggressive and decisive movements. There is, of course, the possibility of an internal crumbling up in Germany. But predictions to this end have thus far failed, and it will not be the part of prudence to count upon it. The judgment of those best qualified to judge is that the war can only be won



by superior force and that we must supply so much of that force as may be required to supplement the forces of our allies.

### Our Purposes in the War.

Resolved, That the Senate approves the statement of the President as presented by him in his message to Congress on January 9, 1918.

To the end of developing discussion of American purpose in the war Mr. Lewis of Illinois has offered in the Senate a set of resolutions of which the paragraph above quoted is the gist. "I want," said Senator Lewis, "to find out where the Senate stands—to bring out what differences there may be as to the specific terms of President Wilson's declaration of war aims."

If one were disposed to be critical it might be said that the time to develop opinion as to our war aims was prior to their declaration by the President. Whatever differences there may be must now, since the President has spoken in the name of the nation, be subordinated to the executive programme.

Since the foundation of our government its practice under a fixed tradition has been to avoid participation in European controversies. At many times it has been impossible to nullify or suppress our sympathies, but we have until now always contrived to preserve an attitude of moral as well as legal neutrality. And in this course we have been guided not more perhaps by contemporary conceptions of discretion than by the solemn counsel of Washington to avoid "entangling alliances."

While the positive restrictions of an earlier time are today clearly inapplicable to conditions as we find them, these restrictions nevertheless are entitled to a species of authority over our conduct in so far as may be practicable. With the Teutonic menace what it is, we may not avoid alliances. We must fight with those who are making war against the assumptions of an arrogant and world-encompassing imperialism. But this does not imply that we must make our own the specific contentions of our allies, still less that we should presume to adjudicate issues of long standing between European countries. With the historic contentions of these countries we have no proper part, and our policies should not go further in respect of specific matters than is called for under the obligations of our engagements for the pending war.

In dealing with the issues of the war the purposes of America should be writ large—they should relate more to broad principles than to particular aims. We are in this war in a sense to make the world safe for democracy, but in a more definite sense to make the world safe for ourselves. Assuredly we are not in a position to determine the equities of old quarrels, and we ought not to pledge ourselves further than may be required for coöperation with our allies under the standards of general good faith.

The uproar in which the world finds itself today is due to the manifest futility of international agreements as expressed in formal treaties. The treaty system has obviously broken down. Quite as obviously if peace is to be attained and made permanent it must rest upon something more authoritative than scraps of paper. There will be no peace in the world so long as individual nations have the privilege of adjudicating their own causes and of providing under their own initiative means of enforcing their own contentions.

This being so—so beyond question—then the statesmanship of the world, seriously desiring permanent peace, should look to the creation of conditions comparable to those under which disputes are determined by definite processes within the several countries. It requires no great exercise of imagination to conceive the existence of an authoritative international court empowered to adjudicate causes between nations, supported by an international force competent to carry out its decrees. An essential condition of such an arrangement would be abandonment on the part of the several countries of their military establishments by transference of all armed powers to the international authority. Under an international system as thus defined no country should be permitted to maintain armed forces, military or naval, in excess of police requirements. Another essential condition would be abandonment on the part of individual nations of facilities for the manufacture of munitions. Everything connected with an essential to the exercise of force should rest solely in the hands of the international organization. The creation of such a system should be achieved under

a plan of proportionate representation and its financial maintenance through a proportionate system of requisitions.

The alternatives of an international organization charged with adjudicating the differences of nations and of maintaining the peace of the world are unhappily obvious. No sooner shall peace be achieved than nations will begin anew preparations for war. Those like our own having no aggressive purposes will of necessity be forced to enter the competition under the obligations of self-defense. We shall have what we have had before, but upon larger and costlier plans, the rivalries of military preparation. It will mean for this country vast and permanent military and naval establishments. And preparation for war is the surest possible means of bringing about future contentions and future wars.

This world is not Utopia. It never will be Utopia. And since differences and contentions must always arise among men and nations, it should be the study of statecraft to devise means for peaceful adjudication rather than to abandon the world of the future to the illogical and ruinous arbitrations of war.

### Lower California.

Current rumors to the effect that a revolution is impending in the Mexican state of Lower California may or may not be true. In matters of this kind authoritative denials signify nothing. The situation is singularly favorable for the throwing over of Mexican authority, and Governor Cantu is precisely the man who might be expected to carry forward an independent movement. Theoretically Cantu is the head of the Lower California state under national authority, but as a matter of fact he has been independent of any authority other than his own sweet will now for some three years or more. Supported by an army of two or three thousand men, recruited and paid by himself, he has played the rôle of dictator, practically declining subordination or allegiance to each of the several dictators who in turn have placed themselves at the head of the Mexican federation. He has made his own laws, collected his own revenues—in brief he has been the whole thing. And his right, if both technically and morally questionable, has been quite as good as that of Huerta, Villa, Carranza, or any other of the many possessors of authority in Mexico. It has rested upon his own initiative and his own prowess. Cantu has not failed at any time to hold his little realm well in hand. Order has been maintained; industry has been promoted; roads have been built; telephone and telegraph lines have been extended; public buildings, including school houses, have been built and maintained. That he has looked out for his own interest goes without saying; but on the whole no other of the several divisions of Mexico has been so well sustained during the troubles of the past few years as has Lower California under the direct and autocratic authority of Cantu.

While Governor Cantu has maintained a policy of strict reserve as to his relations with the Federal government, it is the common understanding that he has defied each national dictator in turn, declining to contribute to their revenues or to acknowledge their authority in other than a nominal way. He has, we may easily believe, given to each transient president ground of offense and has thereby made himself liable to whatever treatment the national authority may wish to mete out to him. Probably if he were now to put himself in the power of President Carranza he would be backed up against an adobe wall and shot for treason. In this situation he may prefer to accept the chances of a revolutionary movement; and there is no reason why such a movement should not succeed. Mexico has no navy, and President Carranza would not be able, even if he were otherwise in a situation to act, to reach Lower California by water with a force large enough to overwhelm Cantu. Approach by land is out of the question, since it would be necessary to march through American territory. Practically Cantu's position is a strong one, and there is every reason why he should wish to make the most of it.

Lower California, freed from Mexico by revolution, must inevitably fall into the hands of the United States. It could not permanently be maintained as an independent country and the government of the United States would not consent to its incorporation with or its subordination to the authority of any other country.

The American investment in Lower California is large and it is not improbable that there is, or may come about, an understanding between Cantu and certain Americans who hold large interests in the peninsula. By rights the peninsula should belong to this country. It includes the southern part of the great Imperial Valley and controls the outflow from the Colorado River through which the whole Imperial region—American as well as Mexican—is watered. The problem of protecting the Imperial Valley has rested upon the fact that the lower regions of the Colorado River are in Mexican territory. Long ago the United States would have acquired the outlet of the Colorado River if it had been practicable to buy it, but under Mexican law alienation of any part of the national territory has been defined as treason. None of the several national dictators, since and including Diaz, has been in a position to make arrangements looking to American possession of that part of Lower California essential to the safeguarding of the Imperial Valley against flood. Local revolution with ultimate annexation to the United States would solve the problem. It would, in fact, appear to be the only solution. Cantu has long worked harmoniously with the American element in the lower Imperial country. This fact and the further fact that his personal safety and his individual fortunes are more closely bound up with American than with Mexican authority may be, and probably is, the inspiration of revolutionary plans.

### The Government and the Railroad Business.

If there be one form of activity above every other in this country of ours which calls for highly-developed ability it is the business of transportation—the management of our railroads. From the days of Vanderbilt to those of Jim Hill the demand of the transportation system has been for vision and brains allied with training. The biggest business men of our time have been railroad promoters and managers—our "magnates," as the phrase goes. Is there any reason to hope that, if the government should take over the railroads and make them a permanent possession, it might find for their administration men comparable in calibre to the Vanderbilts, the Huntingtons, the Harrimans, the Hills? All these men came up through transportation service. They were products of the conditions in which they wrought. The government now for nearly a century and a half has been a big and a steadily growing machine. Through it there has been developed some very clever men along lines of political and other forms of diplomacy. But we can not recall a single instance in which a great man of business has been produced by or through the conduct of governmental affairs. Purchases on government account have run into the thousands of millions of dollars, yet there has never been any system, any economy—we came near saying any honesty—in this great business. The Postoffice Department has been a great machine of business, but it has never yet produced a strong man of business. So with a hundred other departments and bureaus of government affairs. It seems contrary to the genius of political organization to develop individual powers of vision, initiative, and force. At best it yields only men of routine efficiency. The railroads if owned by the government would no doubt run along smoothly so long as the men reared in the system were retained in it, provided they were given a free hand. But it is inevitable that the government must in the end conduct the business of transportation precisely as it does every other kind of business with which it has to deal. For the greater executive posts men friendly to the powers that be will be chosen precisely as such are chosen for the business of the postoffice and other departments of government. In other words, men will be selected for railroad jobs upon political considerations. And the management of the transportation of the country will reflect the calibre of the managers. Government of course by its taxing power can carry on the railroad business whether it pays or not; but it will do it badly just as it does badly the postoffice business, its engineering business, its building business, its purchasing business, and every other kind of business to which it puts its hand.

### Editorial Notes.

The government has made excellent choice of a director of oil production and distribution. Mr. Requa



has all the qualifications—expert knowledge of conditions, expert judgment, unwearied industry, and unquestioned honesty.

Mr. Armour "believes that the American public *when it understands the facts* is fair and just." Just so! But the American public finds it extremely difficult to get at the facts. What with the government ignoring the facts, with the politicians disguising the facts, and with the newspapers distorting the facts, the public is oftener than otherwise groping helplessly in the dark.

Judge Hylan, mayor of New York, begins his administration, declares the *New York Times*, "by surrounding himself with the sorriest lot of Tammany old-timers, workers, and dependents." Among a long list of commissioners named for one post or another the *Times* finds but one man—Commissioner Hulburt, in charge of docks and ferries—who has the first qualification for the business committed to his care. All the other appointments are characterized as "shocking."

There is a growing demand in the country that something positive be done in the matter of the German spy menace. It is not enough that traitors should be "reprimanded" and otherwise treated in the spirit of charity and mercy. It would help mightily if every man discovered in traitorous courses were placed face to a stone wall and given short shrift. No other policy will put an end to activities of an incendiary kind more or less rife in all parts of the country—even in our military and naval organizations.

It is reported that the Carranza government is planning a deal with Japan by which the latter country is to acquire possession if not ownership of Clipperton Island off the Pacific entrance to the Isthmian Canal. A Mexican commission now on the way to Japan is presumed by current gossip to be authorized to effect this arrangement. That the United States will permit this or any similar plan to be effected is unthinkable. While our relations with Japan are entirely friendly, we could not under our Monroe Doctrine, or in respect of common-sense considerations, permit that country to establish an outpost where in a military sense it would command a main approach to the canal.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "It Breathes a Fine Spirit!"

SAN FRANCISCO, January 14, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: On a train coming home from the East I fell in with a gentleman who had with him a copy of a letter from a young undergraduate who left college and went to France in the hope of enlisting with the American Expeditionary Forces. He was refused enlistment for physical reason and calked his family that he was returning home. However, he made a second application and was accepted. The letter herewith was written his mother. It breathes a fine spirit and I think it is worth giving to the public.

E. J. McC.

PARIS, October 9, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER: I do hope that I didn't raise a lot of false hopes by that first cable—only to knock them down with the second. Truly, I have felt very badly about it, for I know how you miss me and want me back home again—and to be told that I was coming back—and then to learn a week later that it had been made possible for me to stay—well, it must have been a bit of a disappointment. But you have been so wonderful about having me here that I know you will be a hit happy and content—even a bit proud—to know that the opportunity has come for me to stay and help in a very small way toward heating the Boche. You will perhaps never come to know the entire significance of that word—that name—for you will probably never see what he has done to France. But after experiencing what I have, it seems to me that the supreme purpose of every man's life now should be toward that end—toward heating the Boche. Poppe (and you, too, of course) are doing just as much in letting me come over here unhindered as I am by being here. You must realize, mother, that the cause for which this war is being fought is absolutely the biggest thing that ever, ever came to this world. When you come to believe in that, firmly and absolutely unwaveringly, you can face anything that might happen to me with a feeling near to joy. I have a feeling that I am going to come out of it all right, but if I shouldn't, if you will only believe in what the Allies are fighting for, you could face the world with a smile, no matter what came to me. Why is it that we all cling to life so, anyway? I feel that a life given over here is worth a hundred years of ordinary living. Just for this: that when this war is over the world will have been made safe for freedom for all time. A place where Elizabeth and Virginia and Mary can live and love without ever knowing what it means to dread the Boche.

Oh, dear—I am getting away over my head now and I knew perfectly well that I would before I started. On reading over what I have written, it is the most perfectly unintelligible mess I ever hope to wade through. But you are Mother, and of course you know just what I am trying to say.

Gears are now being made of ordinary cotton which will outwear those made from the finest steel.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

We are beginning to look with some weariness on the peace proceedings at Brest-Litovsk as it becomes gradually more evident that they are not likely to have any immediate or vital bearing on the military situation. The first panicky conviction that Germany was about to transfer her entire eastern army to the western front has given way to a realization that she can do nothing of the sort until a valid peace with Russia, and with the whole of Russia, shall have become an accomplished fact. A peace with Russia on an honest basis of no annexations and no indemnities will in no way accomplish the plans of the German representatives, and any other sort of peace will in no way satisfy the plans of the Bolsheviks. Germany has very little to gain by the attainment of such a peace as this. She may be said to have had it ever since the collapse of the Russian armies. Russia ceased to be a fighting force at the moment when Kerensky began to preach democracy and the millennium to the Russian forces in the field. Germany has had nothing to fear from the military power of Russia since the revolution. Her interest in a peace treaty that is no more than a peace treaty must necessarily be of a very tepid kind.

There is no reason to speculate as to what Germany actually does want, since she avowed it with an almost incredible cynicism at the first of the peace parleys. She wants Poland and Lithuania and Courland, and it was this, and nothing but this, that brought her to the peace meeting. Being the victor she demands the spoils. She cares little for a peace treaty that would in very truth be a mere scrap of paper, since she has a virtual peace already, and she cares still less for a peace treaty based upon her own renunciation of her territorial ambitions and implying no particular renunciation on the part of Russia. Certainly she did not go to Brest-Litovsk in order to discuss international pieties and democratic sentiments with the Bolsheviks, and Von Kuhlmann lost no time in making this clear to the conference. He was doubtless surprised to find that the Bolsheviks were wholly unmoved by his hectorings. They replied with a hot defiance, and went back to Petrograd. At the next meeting of the conference the Bolsheviks were not present, and the German delegates returned to Berlin, there to encounter the reproaches of the now united Socialists, and the dangerous disappointment of the public, who believed that a peace with Russia would be a prelude to a general and speedy victory. The conference with the Bolsheviks has now been resumed, but at the request of the Germans and not of the Russians—a fact of some significance. Trotzky has withdrawn his demand for a change of venue to Stockholm, but he seems not to have weakened in his determination to surrender no Russian territory. We have also an utterance by Lenin threatening to reopen the war unless Germany shall honestly abide by the basic understanding of no annexations, and this of course is the one thing that Germany can not do. Possibly Trotzky and Lenin have a wholesome realization that an agreement by them to transfer Poland and Lithuania and Courland to Germany would have the value of the paper upon which it was written, and no more. Indeed it would be a call to arms of the peoples concerned. They may also be aware that their shadowy claims to the leadership of the Russian people would hardly stand such a strain as this.

Although these meetings can have but little immediate effect on the military situation they may have a great effect on the political situation and on the end of the war. If Germany were able to hully the Bolsheviks into the surrender of Poland and Lithuania it would place her in the most favorable position to make peace with the western allies and also to satisfy her own people that they had not fought their war in vain. She would then be able to say to her remaining enemies: "Gentlemen, I feared that it would be necessary to present you with a heavy bill of costs and to collect payment in the shape of annexations. But the course of events is such that the whole of the bill has now been paid by Russia, and there is therefore no reason why we should not reach an understanding on conditions unexpectedly favorable to yourselves, and reflecting so creditably on my generosity." To her own people she would be able to display an enormous extension of eastern territory as ample compensation not only for the cost of the war, but also for her concessions in the west. There would be some kind of plausibility for her claim of victory. With Poland and Lithuania in the hank, so to speak, she would hasten to accede to the demands of the western allies in all of their main essentials, and she would do it with the magnanimity appropriate from the victors to the vanquished. She would argue that there could be no reason why the western allies should protect Russia from the results of her own treason or veto a territorial cession to which Russia herself had agreed, and that could easily be justified by some sort of hocus plebiscite. At the moment this scheme seems to have been thwarted by the sturdy attitude of the Bolsheviks, who are doubtless aware that a surrender of Russian territory would be their own death warrant. Whether the Bolsheviks will be able to maintain their attitude remains to be seen. Germany is actually in possession of the territory that she claims, and there is no possible way by which the Russians can eject her. All that they can do is nominally to continue the war, and to harass the invader by guerilla operations. But there can be no doubt that if the Bolsheviks had proved themselves to be acquiescent, Germany would have snatched eagerly at the bird in the hand, and would have hastened to renounce all the birds that are still in the hush. She would have hastened to receipt the bill, and to declare that all her claims were satisfied. It was in the hope of

doing this that she went to Brest-Litovsk. It is in the hope of doing so that she remains there.

Germany's claims that Poland and Lithuania had already expressed a desire to be annexed, and that she was therefore fulfilling the stipulation for the self-definition of nationalities, was, of course, a piece of pure bluff, and Von Kuhlmann must have had his tongue in his cheek when he made it. There has been no expression of desire from Poland and Lithuania, nor anything that remotely resembles one. Poland has been badly treated by Russia. There can be no dispute about that. But Poland has none the less always preferred the Russian whip to the German scorpion. She is well aware that Russian injustice has always been instigated by Germany, who has found it much to her advantage to keep Poland in a perpetual state of revolt. The Pole is a Slav, and his quarrel with Russia is therefore something of a family feud, whereas his hatred of the German is a blood hostility. The attitude of Poland was well expressed in the *Gazeta Gdanska* of Dantzig, which published the following statement on November 24, 1906: "The Prussian and the Russian.—If one asks a Pole whether he would rather live under German or under Russian rule, his reply will be, 'I would a hundred times rather have to do with Russians than with Germans, and the Prussians are the worst of Germans.' Many Poles will scarcely be able to tell why they hate the Prussians. Many will find their preference illogical. Still it is there. From the fullness of the heart speaketh the mouth. After all, the worst Russian is a better fellow than the very best German. That feeling lies in our blood. The Russian is our Slavonic brother, and in his heart of hearts every Pole is glad if his brother is prospering, and when he can tell the world, 'There you see our common Slavonic blood.' The more we hate the Prussians, the more we love the Russians."

With such considerations in mind we can form our own opinion as to the volume of troops that Germany has transferred to her western lines. Russia is in chaos. The Bolsheviks are acting as though it were they that held the whip hand, and not Germany, and it may be admitted that there are few such formidable forces as a reckless desperation. Over a third part of the Russian people have repudiated the Bolsheviks, and have established independent republics. The Russian volcano may break forth into eruption at any moment. Even if Poland and Lithuania were ceded it would be even more necessary than now to hold them with a strong force. Under such circumstances it seems incredible that Germany should meditate any formidable transfer of troops, and indeed the consensus of expert opinion seems to be that she has not done so. Trotzky—a by no means infallible guide, it is true—says that Germany can do no more than move her men "one by one," and that they jump from the train windows in order to escape the horrors of the western field. Trotzky also confirms the story, originating elsewhere, that twenty thousand German troops are in revolt in the east and are still holding out against the half-hearted efforts of their fellows to reduce them. The Manchester *Guardian*, a particularly well-informed newspaper, first believed that Germany would be able to transfer 3,000,000 men, but quickly reduced this estimate to a doubtful 1,500,000. Colonel Repington, the military expert of the London *Times*, gives the maximum number transferable in the event of an actual peace as 750,000, but he believes that only 120,000 have actually been sent—no more than a corporal's guard under modern war conditions. French authorities place the number actually sent as only about 75,000. And, finally, we have the opinion of Mr. Venizelos, who was recently in London, to the effect that Germany will probably strike at the left flank of the Saloniki army, if she strikes at all, and so clear the Italians out of Valona and drive through Albania to the Adriatic. The advantages to Germany of such a success have already been pointed out. It would bring Greece under German domination, and it would place the eastern Mediterranean under control of the German submarines, to the serious embarrassment of the British operations to the north of Jerusalem. With so obvious an employment for whatever German troops may be available, it is inexplicable that a German offensive in the west should be so confidently expected, and it is much to be hoped that German efforts to divert attention from their real aims will not be successful. There is not the least probability that Germany could attain to a numerical superiority on the western front, and to conduct an offensive against established fortifications she must not only be numerically superior, but overwhelmingly so, and even then her losses would be so frightful as to make anything like a real victory out of the question. As has been said before, Germany will strike at any point that seems to be vulnerable on the western lines. That goes without saying. It is a commonplace of war. But she is not likely to bring any real offensive on the western front. Just now she is thinking more of peace than of war. Her supreme hope is to snatch something from Russia that shall enable her to blow victorious trumpets, and to declare that her aims have been achieved.

It is evident that the Russian fiasco has induced an attack of nerves in a good many of us, and this has been intensified by reckless and uninformed estimates of the present size of the German army. Indeed our credulities in this respect sometimes approach the verge of superstition. This is partly due to the well-meant efforts of authorities to combat a certain apathy that is always displayed by a nation that is at war but that is so far without a casualty list. It is partly due to the German myth, which is equally effective in investing the German soldier with an intelligence and an unconquerable valor which he has never yet displayed, and in crediting the



German nation with a quite miraculous power to create soldiers that it can not possibly possess by normal means. Mr. Gerard's estimate of 11,000,000 Germans now in the field is still within our memory, but he does not explain to us how a nation with a population of only 68,000,000, about half of whom are females, and after three years of devastating war, can conceivably have 11,000,000 men under arms. It is to be presumed that the ordinary vitality ratios apply in Germany as elsewhere, and a consideration of these gives more reliable results than any number of alarmist guesses.

Mr. G. Stanley Sedgwick, writing in the *New York Times*, analyzes the figures for us, alike conclusively and unanswerably. He tells us that when the war began there could not have been 11,000,000 men between the ages of eighteen and fifty in the whole German empire, and this, of course, is evident from the study of ordinary population statistics. Assuming that every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty was conscripted and that every man was found to be fit, there would then have been about 9,000,000 men available for the army. But at least a million of these men, including the very young and the very old, would be unfit. Another 2,000,000 would be indispensable for the work of the country, and this would leave about 6,000,000 men available for actual fighting at the beginning of the war. Allowing for subsequent drafts on the one hand, and for losses on the other, Mr. Sedgwick states it as "a fact that on June 1st of this year the Germans had in the army 5,500,000 men. Of these about 1,250,000 men were on the Russian front, 2,000,000 men in France, perhaps 150,000 in Turkey and the Balkans, and the remainder on the communications and at the depots." Mr. Sedgwick offers to furnish proofs of these figures, but their substantial accuracy seems inescapable. Given the factors of German population at the beginning of the war, and German losses since the beginning of the war, and we have the basis for a calculation that must be approximately accurate. Germany has now called up the classes of 1918, 1919, and 1920, the last class including boys of seventeen and eighteen, who can be worth very little as soldiers. France has just called up her class of 1918, and she still has her classes of 1919 and 1920 in reserve. She is therefore in this respect better off than Germany, and yet we still hear the German-inspired cry that France is "bled white." Actually it is Germany that is bled white. France has 2,000,000 men on the western front, and therefore her army is equal to that of the Germans without counting the British at all. If the Germans were to bring another million men—which certainly they can not do—they would still be numerically inferior, and this for a task that would be hopeless without a vast preponderance. Mr. Sedgwick concludes his letter with a summary that is optimistic, but that is absolutely justified. Speaking of the absurd prediction that the war must go on for another five years, he says: "I venture the simple statement that Germany at the end of two years, and at the present rate of casualties, would not have 1,000,000 men left in the field. On June 1st of this year the German losses had been 4,500,000, of whom over 2,000,000 were actually killed, and over 200,000 prisoners. Since that date they have been even proportionately larger. . . . How well I remember the shuddering predictions in 1915, when the Germans outnumbered the English two to one, and five to one in guns, that they would capture Calais and homeward Dover. Thrice have these desolating blows been threatened, and one attempt with devastating losses to Germany at Verdun. And now they are to bring 1,000,000 from Russia and crush us utterly, they having now the advantage in numbers and (fateful word) initiative. They have neither the numbers nor the initiative."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 16, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Trading is not a day-to-day affair on the Tokyo Exchange, as on the American exchanges, but is more like that in London, where settlements are made fortnightly. In Tokyo trades are divided into three classes "bargains for cash," "bargains for a fixed time," and "bargains for a limited time." Bargains for cash are transacted in a part of the exchange building set aside for that purpose, and are made orally, by written memoranda, or by finger signs, as in America. A scene on this side of the market is very much the same as those which are witnessed daily among the curb brokers on Broad Street, New York.

Japanese native-made paper is not surpassed anywhere in this world; it is used for the finest books. The paper cloth of Atami, from which durable clothing is made, indicates not only the strength, but the variety of uses to which the native paper of Japan can be put. None of the Atami paper cloth is sent out of the country, owing to the large home consumption. No attempt has been made, except in China, to develop this purely peasant household industry out of the narrow rut in which it exists and to place it upon a modern industrial basis.

In discussing the necessity of developing substitutes for coal to meet the world's fuel requirements, Alexander Graham Bell recently remarked that the world would probably depend upon alcohol more and more as time goes on, and a great field of usefulness is opening up for the engineer who will modify our machinery to enable alcohol to be used as the source of power.

The increased area in England and Wales this year devoted to the cultivation of grain and potatoes over that of last year amounts to 347,000 acres.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### A Serenade.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange-flower perfumes the hower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,  
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;  
Breeze, hird, and flower confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade  
Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,  
Sings high-horn Cavalier.  
The star of Love, all stars above  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
And high and low the influence know—  
But where is County Guy?—*Sir Walter Scott.*

### Love Among the Ruins.

Where the quiet-colour'd end of evening smiles  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—

Was the site once of a city great and gay,  
(So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
Ages since  
Held his court in, gather'd councils, wielding far  
Peace or war.

Now—the country does not even boast a tree,  
As you see  
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills  
From the hills  
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run  
Into one)

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires  
Up like fires  
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
Bounding all,  
Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,  
Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass  
Never was!  
Such a carpet as, this summertime, o'erspreads  
And embeds  
Every vestige of the city, guess'd alone,  
Stock or stone—

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe  
Long ago;  
Lust of glory prick'd their hearts up, dread of shame  
Struck them tame;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold  
Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains  
On the plains,  
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
Overscored,  
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks  
Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time  
Sprang sublime,  
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced  
As they raced,  
And the monarch and his minions and his dames  
View'd the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colour'd eve  
Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguish'd gray  
Melt away—

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
For the goal,  
When the king look'd, where she looks now, hreathless,  
dumb  
Till I come.

But he look'd upon the city, every side,  
Far and wide,  
All the mountains topp'd with temples, all the glades'  
Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,  
All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
Gold, of course.

O, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!  
Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!  
Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.  
Love is best. —*Robert Browning.*

Fashions were no less eccentric four centuries ago than they are today. "Before the streets of Venice were paved (in the thirteenth century)," says William Boulting in "Woman in Italy," "ladies went through the mud and filth on pattens. The custom was retained, and in spite of sumptuary laws the patten became heightened until women of rank stood on false feet half a yard high in the sixteenth century. They were unable to walk without the support of one or two gentlemen or servants."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A Spanish novelist who extols his native land in both her heroic and her æsthetic mood recently arrived in New York on a lecture tour. His name is Eduardo Zamacois; his mission is to strengthen the intellectual and spiritual bond existing between the young Americas and the mother country.

King Nicholas of Montenegro is a dramatist. One of his best-known plays is "The Empress of the Balkans." A correspondent who recently sought permission to translate the work for the English stage said of it: "So far as I could judge of it, the royal drama lacked imaginative charm. It had been written in fair verse under the influence of Schiller. It had no 'punch.' But with the help of Henry Blossom or Guy Bolton it might have proved the germ of a good musical comedy."

Captain Gerard de Ganay, who is one of the heads of the great Creusot munition works, which bears the same relation to France that Krupp's does to Germany, is half American, his mother having been a Philadelphian. His family is one of the oldest of the French nobility. He is the son of a marquis and is himself a count. And he is one of the big business men of France. To add to his distinction, he is a perfect figure of a soldier, standing straight as an Indian 6 feet 2½ inches, and weighing 180 pounds.

Governor Marcus H. Holcomb of Connecticut recently observed his seventy-third birthday. The governor was superannuated as a jurist three years ago, and retired from the Supreme Court bench, but the *Hartford Courant* finds no trace of senile weakness in him: "There has not been a more active, energetic force for the public welfare of the state than he. He has just got his gait. He has led in preparation for the great crisis in which we are involved, and other statesmen have followed his lead."

Rear-Admiral Frederic R. Harris, who resigned almost as soon as he was appointed general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, is the officer who solved the quicksand puzzle at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1910 and made possible the construction of the most important drydock in that great naval plant. He employed an entirely new method of dock construction and to this day is remembered as "the man who conquered the quicksands." Admiral Harris is not yet forty-one years of age, and is the youngest officer of his rank in the service.

M. Jeanneney, who appears likely to play an important public part in France as under-secretary of war, has been a member of Parliament since 1902, and was born at Besançon in 1864. He is a personal friend of M. Clemenceau, but he has declined hitherto to accept any portfolio in spite of the reputation which he quickly acquired in the senate. He becomes the close collaborator of M. Clemenceau in the administration of the ministry of war, and M. Clemenceau intends to emphasize the importance of the under-secretaryship, which he has entrusted to M. Jeanneney by giving him a seat in the council of ministers.

Professor George Grafton Wilson of Harvard University, a leading authority on international law, which subject he teaches at Harvard, is the adviser of the United States Navy officials stationed at the Charleston yard, when they become involved in any complexities that arise from their varied present-day duties, caused by the war. Professor Wilson's first war duty was back in the autumn of 1914, when he chanced to be in Holland and at once enlisted for service with the United States minister, Dr. Van Dyke, aiding the latter and the staff during the trying days when Holland was the crossroads for the stream of war refugees.

William Wallace Atterbury, who has been made director-general of American military railways in France, began his education in railroad management at the bottom of the ladder. Upon receiving his degree of bachelor of philosophy in 1886 from Sheffield Scientific School, Yale, he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad as an apprentice in the Altoona shops. With his technical education and his close application to the job of learning railroading, his promotion was rapid, and in 1896 he was made general superintendent of motive power of the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg. In 1903 he became general manager, and in 1909 he was promoted to the vice-presidency.

Will Crooks, the British labor leader and member of Parliament, was born in a one-roomed house in East London and was familiar from infancy with poverty and hunger. For a short spell he was in a workhouse school. When eleven he started a life of hard toil. When his fellow-workmen, understanding his grasp of public affairs and his sound common sense, elected him as their leader, he used his power for the benefit of the poor. As London county councillor, guardian of the poor, mayor of Poplar, Member of Parliament, member of the king's privy council, his life work has been consistent. Today as the Right Honorable W. Crooks, P. C., M. P., he remains unspoiled by success. He lives among his own people in a little two-storied house in Poplar. His home is a centre to which those in distress flock all day long.



## LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Personal Reminiscences and Comments of a Great Leader of English Liberalism.

It will be easily conceded that Viscount Morley has given us the book of the year. Those who recall with pleasure and satisfaction the brilliant critical writings of John Morley of years ago, and who felt that literature had suffered a great loss when their author forsook his earlier vocation to devote himself to politics, must acknowledge a sense of gratification that after years of statesmanship of a high order and with ripened experience of men and affairs, this stalwart Liberal has in the fullness of years taken up his pen once more to recount for us the story of his contact with the intellectual leaders of the nineteenth century and his estimates of men and movements.

Through the pages of the two volumes of the "Recollections" it is possible to glean much of John Morley, the man, but his work is not autobiographical. With modesty he makes excuses for the use of the first personal pronoun lest it savor of egotism; but these apologies are gratuitous, for not only has he made less reference to his own part in great events than we hoped for, but he has devoted himself largely to the portrayal of other writers and statesmen in the light of intimate personal acquaintance. These estimates are in a sense unique, for they are not only written in a kindly and sympathetic spirit, but at the same time they display keen insight, broad-mindedness, and the critical instinct. And what a marvelous galaxy of brilliant minds composed the successive circles that formed the intimates of the author: picture him as a young man enjoying the friendship of Carlyle and Mill, and later of Gladstone, of Chamberlain, of George Meredith, and of Balfour.

Each of the great men of the period must have had his influence on the well-poised but open-minded young Oxonian who had come to London to make his literary fortune, and he came into touch with all who were worth while. His recollections of these men show no mere awe at their position and achievements, but the thoughtful and kindly criticism of one who was doing his own thinking. In this connection it is pertinent to note his relations with Herbert Spencer, now relegated to the dust-covered shelves, but then the outstanding figure in English constructive philosophical thought and the protagonist of the agnostics:

Inexorable and uncompromising in his ideas, he was in life, conduct, and duty the most single-minded and unselfish of men. He had a pedantic turn, his nerves were sensitive, and he was not one of the large minds in which small outside things have no place. He could be impatient over the small mischances of club life, and he was amusingly ready to seek an instant classification of them as due to gross defects of integration, coordination, or whatever else the attendant molecular shortcoming might be. He had a passion for industrialism against militarism, for non-aggression and non-intervention, and for abolition of ecclesiastical privilege. Argument with him on these high matters was not easy; in my own case it was happily needless, for we agreed. The only time that I recall anything like a monologue at Mill's table, Spencer was the involuntary hero. The host said to him at dessert that Grote, who was present, would like to hear him explain one or more of his views about the equilibration of molecules in some relation or other. Spencer, after an instant of good-natured hesitation, complied with unbroken fluency for a quarter of an hour or more. Grote followed every word intently, and in the end expressed himself as well satisfied. Mill, as we moved off into the drawing-room, declared to me his admiration of a wonderful piece of lucid exposition. Fawcett in a whisper asked me if I understood a word of it, for he did not. Luckily I had no time to answer. Away from the contention of the moment, Spencer was as kindly and genial as man could be. He was fond of table games, in sport he was a good fisherman, and he had the blessed gift of hearty laughter.

It is to be feared that George Meredith is not much read by the younger generation today. He moves too slowly for them and they have little patience for his style and delineation of character. But he remains a big figure in nineteenth-century literature nevertheless, and was one of Morley's most delightful and appreciated friends. Of him he writes:

He wrestled manfully with the necessity for daily travail, "and for a public that does not care for my work." His persistence in this sore toil was heroic. "The quality of my work does not degenerate; I can say no more. Only in my branch of the profession of letters, the better the work the worse the pay, and also, it seems, the lower the esteem in which one is held for it." It was my good fortune, in days when publishers gave him little welcome, to be of use to him by printing two, or was it three, of his novels in the periodical of which I then had charge. Of one of these George Eliot asked me whether we found that it pleased our readers. I answered as best I could. She said she had only discovered one admirer of it, a very eminent man as it happened, and even him she had convicted of missing two whole numbers without noticing a gap.

Without doubt the most striking and valuable critical evaluation in the "Recollections" is that of his friend, John Stuart Mill. It forms a charming essay in itself and is difficult to quote from, though one or two characterizations throw much light on the character of the man who exercised such a large influence over the economic and social thought of England and America:

What Mill cared for in his own plans of work was that the aim should at least be definite and in season. He told me that in his younger days, when he was inclined to fall into low spirits, he turned to Condorcet's life of Turgot; it infallibly restored his possession of himself. He was, indeed, of the same rare type. The keyword of Turgot has been described as Justice rather than Pity. In one sense the same is true of Mill, but perhaps Pity, especially in his later years,

was a more active spring of his passion for justice than even the love of well-ordered government that consumed "the god-like Turgot." They shared aversion to sect and the spirit of sect, though they founded themselves on the necessity of those ordered opinions and systems of opinion that are very apt to harden into sect, as Comte has shown, and so, for that matter, had the very different spirituality of George Fox shown in it.

His sense of the miseries and wrongs of "the greatest number" was the mainspring of the resolute beneficence of thought and purpose that really made his very life and daily being. I am sure that he never drew back from his own words, that the condition of numbers in civilized Europe, even in England and France, is more wretched than that of most tribes of savages who are known to us.

Lord Morley also gives us an interesting little bit of side-light on Mill's remarkable essay, "The Subjection of Women":

Literary grandeur matters little where the kernel is a re-statement and new reinforcement of tolerance, discussion without restriction, the free life of the individual, so long as he does not injure other people, fair play for social experiment. On all this nothing could be more bracing than Mill's handling of his lofty case, and the idealism of it, the enthusiasm, sustained as it was for page after page, very nearly approached the electrifying region of the poetic, in the eyes of ardent men and women in our age. Much was, no doubt, due to the influence of the remarkable woman to whom he paid such extraordinary homage. . . . Almost the only one among my friends who knew Mrs. Mill was Carlyle, and when I named her to him, he said little more than this: "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Mill was good at answers."

In another place Lord Morley voices a charming appreciation of his friend Matthew Arnold as a poet. After a discussion of his other contributions to the literature of secular and religious thought, he writes:

In the same spirit George Eliot told a friend that of all modern poetry Arnold's was that which kept constantly growing upon her. One of the slender volumes of his verse has made a cherished companion of mine on many a journey. The hook of selection takes little compass, and in it anybody who is for a short interval a traveler away from the hurry of the world's rough business may well find beauty to refresh, wisdom to quiet, associations to remind and collect. As it happens, I find written on the fly-leaf of this small treasure some words I had inscribed at what was to prove a memorable date: *Read with much fortifying quietude of mind on the glorious forenoon of our departure, on the matchless terrace at Beatenburg, June 12, 1914.* In a few weeks, hardly more than a few days, the blunders and precipitancy of folly-smitten rulers let loose a fierce hurricane of destruction and hate that swept quietude out of the world for a long span of time to come.

From comment on men of letters of his time Lord Morley turns to his political associations. The chapter which he devotes to a sketch of Joseph Chamberlain is one of the most brilliant of the book and tells the story of the growth of the strong friendship between the two men that was to cause surprise by reason of its seeming incongruity. Here began also his study of the Irish question, upon which he brought to bear his splendidly tolerant liberalism in an atmosphere narrow and bigoted. A little later he went into politics himself and won a seat in Parliament, and thenceforth public life was to claim a large share of his energies and activities. With Chamberlain he necessarily came to differ on many vital issues—imperialism, the Irish question, and many others, but their friendship remained. His statement of this is touching:

In after years Mr. Gladstone found a standing puzzle in the long intimacy between Chamberlain and me. "You are not only different," he used to say; "man and wife are often different, but you two are the very contradiction." Of these contradictions I must obviously be the last person in the world to attempt a catalogue. Looking back I only know that men vastly my superiors, alike in letters and the field of politics, have held me in kind regard and cared for my friendship. I do not try to analyze or explain. Such golden boons in life are self-sufficing. The general terms of character are apt to have but a lifeless air. Differences as sharp as ever divided public men by and by arose between us two on burning questions of our time. Breaks could not be avoided; they were sharp, but they left no scars. Fraternal memories readily awoke. As his end drew near, we sent one another heartfelt words of affectionate farewell. Meanwhile for thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers.

After years of yeoman service in Parliament, earning the regard and respect even of his political opponents, Lord Morley went into the government as Secretary of State for Ireland, and had an opportunity to apply to the solution of the knotty problems the principles he had earlier enunciated: not an untrammelled opportunity, however, for partisanship ran high and the difficulties were well-nigh insurmountable. An entry in his diary in 1895 concerning Goldwin Smith indicates the feeling aroused in him by the Tory forces that would not view the Irish question in a spirit of justice and conciliation:

Read Goldwin Smith on the Irish question in a newly-published volume of political essays. A narrow piece of work; full of hard, bitter feeling, obscuring and marring his judgment. Canning said not so long before he became head of the government that the Catholic question "must win, not force its way." Who was the more of a statesman, Canning or O'Connell? Goldwin very unhistoric in spirit, and what is more rare in him, essentially unpatriotic; I mean he shows no perception of necessities and practical limitations; makes no allowances for inveterate antecedent circumstance; is conscious of no responsibility for showing a way out of difficulties; treats the problem as neither capable of solution nor requiring solution. He hints that I am for Home Rule because I am ignorant of Ireland. His own personal knowledge of Ireland seems to have been acquired in a very short visit to a Unionist circle here thirty years ago!

It is when we come to Lord Morley's reminiscences of his Secretaryship for India that we leave political discussion and are furnished historical material of the first importance. Page after page of his lucid and mo-

mentous correspondence with the Viceroy tell the details of the problems that agitated the British government in the days before the war and of his part in bringing the spirit of enlightened liberalism to bear upon their solution. It is not possible within the limits of a short sketch to summarize his views and his work; for this his letters must be read *in extenso*. But an inkling of his point of view may be seen from this characteristic paragraph:

Who are these — and —? The very men who resisted you in your Arundel reforms—the most admirable and prudent thing that has been done in our time! And then, at a time when the cabinet is dispersed, the lawyers are dispersed, and my council is half depleted, they give me a short week in which some of the most delicate and thorny points in the whole range of law and politics are to be disposed of. I daresay these executive gentlemen (who are so ready with compliments to one another for sagacity, experience, and all other virtues) can dispose of them in a week or an hour. But then they have the advantage of not having to argue and defend their proposals. I am not in so happy a position. I have often told you of my wicked thought that Strafford was an ideal type, both for governor of Ireland in the seventeenth century, and governor of India in the twentieth century. Only they cut off poor Strafford's head, and his idea of government has been in mighty disfavor ever since.

It was while he was Secretary for India, in 1907, that Lord Morley had an interview with the Kaiser that today, in the light of what has happened since, and of what we know were the German activities then, takes on an especial interest. At the time he was impressed by the Kaiser's visit and thought that it made for European calm:

I saw much of him at Windsor, and was surprised at his gaiety, freedom, naturalness, geniality and good humor—evidently unaffected. He greeted me with mock salaams and other marks of Oriental obeisance. Seriously he put me through my paces about India. When I talked, as we all should, about the impossibility of forecasting British rule in the Indian future, he hit his hand vehemently on his knee, with a vehement exclamation to match, that British rule would last forever. When I told this to Lord Roberts he laughed and said, "The emperor doesn't know much about facts." He asked how our Radical labor men treated Indian things. I said, "Without any ground for quarrel." He again struck his knee, praying that his own Socialists would only show the same sense. In your most private ear, I confide to you that important talks took place about the Bagdad railway.

Altogether the two volumes of the "Recollections" are a mighty contribution to our knowledge and estimate of men and politics during a long and brilliant epoch and to their author we owe a great debt.

RECOLLECTIONS. By John, Viscount Morley. New York: The Macmillan Company; 2 volumes, 7.50 per set.

Of the 397 members of the Reichstag, Prussia sends 236. The body can be dissolved at any time by the Bundesrat with the consent of the emperor. This power has been used effectively three times to break down the resistance of the Reichstag; in 1878, when it refused to pass the bill to suppress the Socialists; in 1887, when it would not agree to fix the size of the army for seven years; and, in 1893, when it declined to change the military system. In each case the new body did what the government demanded. Since the principal financial arrangements are matters of standing law, if the Reichstag refuses to pass a new budget increasing allowances, or passes one reducing them, the government can be carried on on the old basis without any action on the part of parliament.

Many rains of fishes, frogs, and toads have been described in recent as well as ancient times and by eyewitnesses of unquestionable veracity. Mr. Mauduy, a French naturalist, saw in 1822 a heavy shower of rain in large drops, mixed with toads the size of a walnut. This occurred more than a league from any brook, river, or marsh. Showers of fish have been reported many times in the United States—in 1893 at Winter Park, Florida, in 1901 at Tillers Ferry, South Carolina, etc. In the *Monthly Weather Review* for May, 1894, it was even recorded that during a severe hail-storm at Boving, eight miles east of Vicksburg, Mississippi, a gopher turtle six by eight inches, entirely encased in ice, fell with the hail.

The commonest of all forms of "nerves" among men at the front in Europe is, perhaps, the longing to be alone. It would be difficult to say how many men have had to be invalided out of the army because they can not live near other people. To such, theatres, crowded streets, the buzz of conversation in a room, the proximity of people in a train or in an omnibus become tortures that are almost unbearable. There are men who have taken to solitary huts in the forests, to tiny homes by the sea, where they will live like primitive men until something happens in their brains to jerk them back into the old routine of life.

Wives in England were bought from the fifth to the eleventh century, and as late as the seventeenth century husbands of decent stations were not ashamed to beat their wives. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure for the purpose of seeing wretched women whipped at Bridewell. It was not till 1817 that the public whipping of women was abolished in England.

The Comptroller of the Currency at Washington last year redeemed and destroyed soiled and mutilated currency to the face value of \$464,000,000.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reports total clearings of \$93,177,890.99 for the week ending January 12th, as compared with \$80,653,940.61 in the corresponding week of last year. Saturday's aggregate was \$13,324,836.19.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports for the week an increase of

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gold reserves to \$104,939,000, as compared with \$97,680,000 in the preceding week. This gain increases the proportionate gold reserve to net deposits and note liability to 72.88 per cent., as against 70.85 per cent. in the prior week.

Twenty-one cities in the United States in 1917 exceeded \$1,000,000,000 in bank clearings, compared with eighteen cities in 1916 and fourteen in 1915. Among these San

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Francisco stood seventh with clearings of \$4,837,854,596. The aggregate for the year of 131 leading cities reached \$304,016,021,073, an increase of \$44,355,876,232, or 17.5 per cent. over the previous record attained in 1916.

Bond transactions during the past month

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have been subject to erratic fluctuations—"peace rumors," "war taxes," and "government control of railroads" playing an important part in the daily quotations.

Rails and industrials were inactive with fairly firm prices at the opening of the month. During the second week more activity developed, but prices declined. The third week of the month witnessed a very general decline in all classes from high-grade rails to the more speculative foreign governments, the latter being particularly weak. This condition continued until December 21st, when wide advances were recorded in practically all of the foreign issues, Anglo-French 5s reaching a price of 89½, an advance of over seven points from recent low quotations of 81½. This sudden upturn in the market was attributed to the favorable influence of the Secretary of the Treasury's ruling on the inventory of securities in dealers' hands, which permitted losses in such securities to be deducted from the income-tax returns without the actual sale of the securities. It is generally believed that the Secretary's ruling has relieved a great deal of pressure which resulted in the severe decline earlier in the month. These various currents have made it difficult to diagnose the market, for it is only under exceptional conditions that we experience such wide fluctuations in Anglo-French 5s, or an upturn of 1½ per cent. in a day in U. S. Steel 5s, which carried them to 96.

The Liberty issues continued weak, and during the past few days the Second 4s have sold below 97.

The announcement of a director-general for the railroads resulted in advancing prices for the rails.

In the municipal market the noteworthy transaction of the month was the prompt sale of \$15,000,000 Miami Conservancy District, Ohio, 5½ per cent. bonds. The following quotation from the *Analyst* summarizes the general favorable comment which appeared in all financial dailies: "The single bright spot was found in the perfectly phenomenal success of the offering of the Miami Conservancy District, Ohio, 5½s. This bond is something comparatively new in the investment field. Instead of being the obligation of a single municipality the Conservancy Flood Protection District covers an area of more than 169,000 acres of fertile territory in Ohio, taking in parts of nine counties, and including the cities of Dayton and Hamilton and a number of smaller municipalities. The syndicate originally offered \$10,000,000 5½s maturing serially from December 1, 1922 to 1946, at par and interest, with a substantial commission to dealers and institutions. The entire block was sold almost immediately, and the option on \$5,000,000 more bonds exercised at the same price, and by Thursday the entire \$15,000,000 were placed so beautifully that a premium was bid on Friday. While the bond is in many ways unusually attractive, being exempt from all Federal taxes and yielding 5½ per cent., the rapid distribution astonished even the syndicate members."

Other municipal issues during the month included \$10,000,000 New York City Three Months Revenue Bills at prices ranging from 4.50 per cent. to a 5.02 per cent. basis; \$500,000 St. Louis, Missouri, 4 per cent. School District Bonds, which were offered on a 4.60 per cent. basis; \$300,000 Westchester County 5 per cent. Bonds, which were offered on a 4.65 per cent. basis.

The mines of California made an output in gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc valued in all at \$41,457,692 in 1917, compared with \$39,749,263 in 1916, according to preliminary figures compiled by Charles G. Yale of the San Francisco office of the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. This is an increase of \$1,708,429, or 4 per cent.

The mine output of gold in 1916 was \$21,410,741. The estimated output of gold in 1917 is \$21,098,915, a decrease of \$311,826.

The output of silver from California mines in 1917 is estimated at 2,144,196 ounces, valued at \$1,745,375, as compared with 2,564,354 ounces, valued at \$1,687,345 in 1916, a decrease of 420,158 ounces in quantity and an increase of \$58,030 in value.

The estimated mine output of copper in 1917 is 57,591,195 pounds, valued at \$15,664,805, as compared with 55,897,118 pounds, valued at \$13,750,691 in 1916, an increase in quantity of 1,690,077 pounds and in value of \$1,914,114. Labor troubles during the year restricted somewhat the output of the most productive copper mines in the state, and thus affected the total. Sbastia County was by far the largest producer in 1917, but Calaveras, Placer, and Plumas counties now have very productive mines, with their own reduction plants, and there are many smaller productive copper mines in other counties.

The mine output of lead in 1916 was 12,407,493 pounds, valued at \$856,117; the estimated output in 1917 is 23,189,974 pounds, valued at \$2,133,460, an increase in 1917 of 10,782,481 pounds in quantity and of \$1,277,343 in value. Nearly all the lead comes from

Inyo, San Bernardino, and other counties in the southern part of the state.

The estimated output of zinc in 1917 is 9,158,851 pounds, valued at \$815,137, as compared with 15,256,485 pounds, valued at \$2,044,369 in 1916, a reduction of 6,097,634 pounds in quantity and a decrease of \$1,229,232 in value. The zinc comes entirely from Shasta and Inyo counties. Every one of the larger companies made a reduced output in 1917.

Stocks are on the mend. Prices had got so ridiculously low that even a fair-sized recovery would look like a genuine bull market. And yet there are many industrial stocks whose assets and earnings positions have been improving during the year to justify a movement that will carry them to new high-record levels.

The collapse of Russia naturally served to play havoc with the plans of a good many war supply companies, yet these unfilled contracts will be replaced by other orders for our government or allies which will involve more certain payment and should prove quite profitable.

Despite all the peace rumors in the air, they may be disregarded until some signs are present of the actual disintegration of German militarism. Mr. Wilson and Premier Lloyd-George voice the sentiments of nine-tenths of the peoples now opposed to the Kaiser. However, enough has been made of the peace talk by the stock market to suggest, feebly perhaps, how stocks would act were actual peace to be nearing. But who can predict when or how the war, so lightly and unexpectedly begun, may stop? Germany may seem resolutely opposed to revolutionary tendencies, but empty stomachs know few masters and the conditions in interior Germany this winter can not be favorable. There are also signs of great unrest on the part of German manufacturers and merchants, who know that each month the war is prolonged will mean much longer than a month in catching up their foreign trade after the war.

Despite high taxes, the current dividend and interest payments will leave large funds for reinvestment, and just at a time when prices are shrieking bargains at every one who has a spare dollar. When it is further considered that there is now a lack of incentive on the part of the stockholder to sell out in order to "record his loss" against taxable income, and that there are many investors who are technically short of stocks, having sold out heretofore with the intention of replacing, to say nothing of the many bear operators who are actually short and must buy to make deliveries, we have an ideal condition for a typical January rise.

How the market will respond to later issues of war bonds is doubtful. This year has educated street and public to the viewpoint that a bull market is utterly impossible in the face of new war loans. Yet, if strong enough interests can secure proper banking backing and have stocks in hand, it would be very easy for them to fool both street and public in this respect. In any event, we have a 1918 that is not only potentially capable of bringing about new record prices here and there, but reasonably certain to do so, as there are many stocks that have never been over-exploited in any of our war market booms.

The successes achieved in combating enemy submarines should put new life in shipping shares, which present splendid opportunities for profit to the patient bulls. Marine preferred is reasonably certain to pay another large extra dividend next year if indeed all the back payments of more than \$70 per share are not arranged.

Steel and equipment issues and the good war stocks are the best things to be in, though standard and even low-grade rails could do immensely better with the right kind of news from Washington. Stocks of coal and iron, certainly, and of copper companies possibly should be in line for radical improvement.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco was advised Tuesday that Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo had announced that subscriptions had been received and allotted for \$250,000,000 of the issue of Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness, dated January 2d and maturing June 25, 1918. This makes the total issue to date of certificates maturing June 25th about \$940,000,000.

E. H. Rollins & Sons have just published their January circular describing municipal, railroad, and corporation issues yielding from 4.40 per cent. to 7.75 per cent., which will be furnished upon request. This firm states that they believe the present market offers opportunities to derive high returns from the safest investment securities, which opportunities occur only a few times in a generation.

The annual meeting of the Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company was held Tuesday and all of the retiring directors were re-elected. No detailed financial statement was given out, but it was stated after the meeting

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that the business of the company for 1917 showed greater improvement over that for 1916 than was expected in view of the changed conditions in the investment field. The amount of first-mortgage certificates outstanding at the end of 1917 showed a substantial increase as compared with 1916, and there was a gratifying gain in the number of the company's new clients.

The progressive improvement in the company's business from year to year emphasizes the fact that real estate mortgages are steadily gaining in favor among discerning investors.

The directors organized after the meeting and reflected the following officers: President, R. N. Burgess; vice-presidents, H. C. Breeden and H. T. Scott; secretary and treasurer, M. J. Simon; assistant secretary, F. B. Bradley; executive committee, H. C. Breeden, R. N. Burgess, A. Christeson, William Fries, and Henry T. Scott.

J. R. Mason & Co., exclusive dealers in California irrigation and reclamation district bonds, report a splendid business in this class of securities, which are particularly desirable because of their exemption from Federal income and other taxes.

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district, one of the most prosperous in California, is situated eleven miles northeast of the state capital. The average unit of ownership in the district is thirty-six acres and the value of the land securing the bonds is \$525,000, against a bonded indebtedness of \$78,900. The bonded debt per acre is about \$25.

The gold monetary stock (coin and bullion used as money) in the United States on November 1, 1917, is estimated in Secretary McAdoo's annual report at \$3,041,500,000. The increase in the past ten months has been \$174,500,000, and in the past three years \$1,236,500,000. In five years the portion of the world's gold monetary stock held by the United States has increased from approximately one-fifth to more than one-third.

Herbert Fleishhacker, president of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, was notified Monday by Chairman John Perrin of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco that he had been reappointed as a member of the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board for the Twelfth District. Fleishhacker has accepted the appointment.

A company in England desires to purchase envelope-making machinery, such as cutting and gumming machinery. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce—26,243.

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## ADVERSARIES.

## A Story of a Domestic Misunderstanding.

(When Sylvia Lind wrote "The Chorus" it was hailed as one of the cleverest and most distinctive novels of the day. The same author now gives us a volume of poems and sketches entitled "The Thrush and the Jay" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60). The following excerpt may be considered as representative.)

He was airing his socks in the dressing-room. The gas fire gilded his bare shins as he stood, a sock depending limply from either hand, his flannel shirt whisking a scant drapery about his lizard-like, obtrusive spine. At intervals he took a sip of pinkish liquid from a glass that was on the mantel-piece, and, tilting back his head, emitted a prolonged huddling sound—he was gargling.

All his life he had been delicate; but his Uncle Bullivant, though handicapped like himself, had contrived to live to the number of eighty years chiefly, it was reported, through airing his socks, not only on the comparatively rare occasion of the return from the weekly wash, but every day. Though, as he sometimes murmured, "alas! not a strong man," there was yet sufficient tenacity of purpose in him to insist upon the daily performance of this—almost religious—rite. Presently he knew he should hear his wife come whirring up the stairs—she always mounted two steps at a time—and her knock at his door. This was her share of the ritual. She was uneasy until he came down, partly, perhaps, because she wanted her breakfast. Whatever the cause, however, the note of anxiety in her voice was soothingly delicious to him as she asked:

"Are you all right?"

She was so seldom anxious.

"Exceptionally robust persons," his soft voice droned with pathetic fortitude in his mental ear, "are sometimes a trifle insensitive."

He stepped to one side of the fire, which was beginning to scorch him, and the socks now hung leg downwards.

He remembered his first meeting with his wife. He had every reason to remember it. She was the first woman who had ever attracted his attention. Other women went past him like the invisible air; but she had brought him, almost with a physical shock, to a realization of her existence. Looking back upon it, and forward along its inevitable path also, he concluded that "attract" was not the right word to apply to his sensations at all; rather she had "affected" him. She had, as a matter of fact, affected him most unpleasantly. He remembered the occasion very well; it was at the opera. Her "motif," had he only realized it, was made plain in the nervous ten minutes that he spent after he reached his seat in wondering who would occupy the empty place at his side, whether whoever it might be would come in time, and finally in the certainty that whoever it might be would not. He was in no mood for listening to music when, with the first pitch darkness and triumphant crash of chords from the orchestra, she had stumbled against him and dropped into the vacant chair. She kept surprisingly still after her effort, and seemed, from the tranquil warmth her nearness shed around him, to be listening with heart-whole enjoyment. It was unconscionable. For him the mood of concentration had to be difficultly built up, and it was now altogether broken. He fumed, he ground his teeth, he thought of hitting things to say. The overture and act were interminable. His irritation, indeed, was in danger of expending itself, when, on drawing a hard breath through his nose in a final paroxysm, "Shsh!" came lightly from her. It was an infamy.

Illumination revealed his tormentor. She was a low-browed, dark-haired, bright-eyed creature, and the music had brought a glow into her cheeks. She flung back the cloak from her broad shoulders and surveyed the house. Was there no way of indicating his hatred and contempt? There was. He could not find his programme. His head, craned and hohing in a variety of exaggerated searchings, at length attracted her attention. "Are you looking for something?" she asked him with a full glance from careless eyes.

"My programme"—his voice came strangled; "I think you are sitting on it."

"Oh, I'm sure I'm not."

He fought for self-control. "Excuse me, but I laid it on that chair. You came late—"

She was on her feet in a moment. "Oh, please don't remind me of all my faults at once! I'm so sorry!" She was full of silly laughter. On her chair was the programme. Doubly convicted of gross behavior, she might have humbled herself now; but she lacked such grace.

"If that is your programme, by the way," came her next remark, "what has become of mine?" I had it in my hand when I sat down."

She rose again and searched elaborately. No second programme was to be found.

"You know, I think that must really be my

programme I've given you." ("Given" was good.) "Do you mind if I look at it for a moment? I hadn't a chance, coming late—"

There was her character in a nutshell. She acknowledged her fault and was not howled down by it. He had had to yield the fruit of his victory. Certainly he remembered the affair too well.

She had not remained long in quietness after that. Her roving eye had soon discerned friends across the balcony, and out she must plunge to talk to them. He found that he knew them, too. In less than a minute they were all coming toward him, and his tormentor was laughing noisily while she proclaimed:

"Do introduce us! We've been having a back-street row about a programme."

How coarse was her phraseology! Even while they were engaged her voice had never pleased him. It put him in mind of the red-faced men that slap comrades on the back in the street with the adjuration, "Cheer up, old highter! You're not dead yet." Her casual tone had the same offensive exuberance about it. He never heard it without a desire to draw his shoulder-blades together. Fortunately for her, she was unobservant of these things.

"Exceptionally strong people," the inward voice droned, "are seldom really observant of detail." All the same, he wished he could hear her voice and knock at that moment. He missed the morning observance; it was the happiest thing in his day.

He completed his dressing, and, having risen two or three times on the halls of his feet "to rest the spine," applied his pince-nez to his nose, and went downstairs.

The clock in the hall struck ten as he went into the dining-room.

His wife was there. She was reading the paper in the full flood of air and sunlight from the open garden door.

"Hullo!" she said, not without friendliness, "I thought you were never coming. I went on."

She indicated the scooped eggshells that flanked her plate, the stained cup, the toast-crumbs—she had breakfasted without him. It was unprecedented.

"I have become accustomed to hearing your knock," he said very gently. "I fell into a reverie."

He cleared his throat with a sudden self-consciousness.

"I'm afraid the coffee is cold," said his wife, laying a large hand on either side of the coffee-pot. "Shall I ring for more?"

"If you please," he said, wrinkling his lips. Her conduct, so lacking in refinement, so pregnant with reproachful criticism of himself, should not receive the encouragement of a counter-demonstration.

"What a delicious morning!" he said. "It was, an hour ago. It's clouding over now."

He ate in silence.

Presently the open window aroused his notice. He could see the bright wind lift the little front locks of his wife's hair. He would appeal to her better nature. He shivered slightly and turned up the collar of his coat.

"Do you feel cold?" came her voice, solid and committal as a town crier's.

"Not at all. Nothing to speak of. A trifle. Pray do not close the garden door on my account."

It was closed menacingly without a slam. He wished she had slammed it. It would have been more like her. He turned down the collar of his coat. He would try again.

"Is there anything of interest in the paper this morning?"

She held it towards him at once. "Nothing whatsoever," she said.

He folded the paper into a convenient shape with several sharp little taps. What a rummage she always made of it! Just as he was preparing to read a paragraph aloud to her, she got up and said:

"Thanks so much, but I've read that already. I'm going out."

She went towards the door. Half-way she paused and, turning, said with an air of sudden resolution:

"Do you intend to play this game forever?"

"I beg your pardon."

"I asked if you meant to play this game forever?"

"What game?"

"This game, playing at being polite when we're hating each other really. I'm sick of it!"

"I'm sorry that you find my manners offensive."

"Offensive!" She grew suddenly noisy; she was hounded, he supposed, sooner or later, to make a noise.

"Offensive!" she cried. "It's unspeakable, it's infamous, it's murderous, it's brutish! You're strangling and stifling me. I thought when I married you it'd be like looking after a child, helping and mothering you and cheering you up. But it's not, it's not. Do you know what it's like? It's like being tied to a spancelled goat, a sick, bleating, limping, spancelled goat. He won't jump and he won't let me jump. You're loathsome, you're horrible,

you ought never to have been let loose on a healthy world! I am going to get some fresh air. Perhaps I'll never come back!"

She flung out of the room with amazing violence.

He was not quite sure that she caught his "Really, you seem a little odd in your manner this morning!"

"Brutish? Loathsome? Spancelled goat?" He repeated them to himself. She was absurd.

He finished—he felt he owed it to himself to finish—his breakfast. He went into his study. As usual, she had hothered him for the day.

"It's impossible, impossible," he said, as he always said. "I can't settle to anything."

This time, strangely, he found that such was indeed the case. Her threat kept ringing alternating peals in his brain. Did she mean it? Did she not mean it? Would she come back as if nothing had happened? Would she not come back? If not, was he glad or sorry? If so, was he sorry or glad? It hothered him all the morning.

At lunchtime she had not returned. The meal was laid soherly for one. He did not like to display his ignorance to the parlor maid by asking when "the mistress" was expected.

He returned to his study. Again the agonizing doubts repeated themselves. Ding-dong, ding-dong. It was maddening. He opened the door and listened to the silence of the house. He wished he could have heard her distant humming and have shut the door smartly on it with an air of being disturbed, as he had done the day before. He felt unaccountably restless. What ought he to do about her?

He found himself padding through the house. He looked out of the window and wished that he could see her coming, advancing up the street, flowers in her arm, looking towards the window and meeting his eyes, and at the identical moment stepping into the road to avoid walking under a ladder placed by painters against the wall. How he would have enjoyed now moving back with a frown into the room and saying to her quietly afterwards, "It would be better for you to chew your food properly than to avoid going under ladders."

A strange, unaccustomed sense of isolation began to creep upon him. He thought he would take his tonic. He was not sure what he would do. It was most inconsiderate, "most inconsiderate"—he repeated it aloud—of her to go off in this sensational way. He would do his breathing exercises. He went into the dressing-room and locked the door.

It was nearly tea-time when his wife came home. The house seemed strangely quiet to her. She put her sunshade into the hall stand with a sudden furtiveness as if she feared to make a noise. She was filled with vague apprehensions. What a had-tempered beast she had been, flouncing out of the house like that! Had he been terribly hurt and lonely all by himself? After all, he had never been strong.

She should have come back sooner. The vague anxieties that tormented her in the mornings came crowding upon her. Was he all right? The house seemed much too still.

She tiptoed to the drawing-room. No sign of him there. The study then. She called softly. No answer. How he did keep things up! She tried with the thought to stifle the alarm within her breast. She raced upstairs.

On the landing she called him. There was no reply. She knocked at the dressing-room door. Still only silence. She turned the handle. The door was locked. Trembling, she stood pressed close against the frame. She tried to quiet the drumming of her heart, to listen, only to listen! She held her breath.

Through the shut door at length a small strange sound came to her. A prolonged huddling sound. He was gargling.

It was a camouflaged carrier pigeon at a point on the Somme field that saved a British regiment. This unit had achieved its objective ahead of the time schedule, by which the attack was governed, and found itself in a village on which many German batteries had registered. Various units of Germans had been rallied also for counter-attack. The British commander had one pigeon. This was released while the command was being cut to pieces by the enemy's guns, and the message it carried brought relief in time to beat off the counter-attack organized by the Germans.

The war has called back into service nearly 500 retired officers of the navy and 138 former officers who resigned to enter civil life, including twenty-two rear-admirals, eighteen commodores, and thirty-four captains.

Retail dealers of insecticides are exempt from the licensing regulations covering trade in white arsenic and arsenic insecticides. The only companies required to obtain licenses are wholesalers and jobbers.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### Michael.

No one has ever told better dog stories than Jack London, unless it be Rudyard Kipling. The usual error is to depict the dog as a sort of half-witted human being in an animal body, but neither London nor Kipling is guilty of this. Kipling knows more than London of the dog mentality, but London is unsurpassed in his picture of dog deeds. He strains our credulity, but what does it matter? He does so here, endowing Michael with unbelievable achievements. Michael's supreme feat is performed in obedience to a signal undetectable by any but himself. Suddenly he treats his adored master as a stranger, bristling at his approach and snapping savagely at his hand with every evidence of ferocity. The motif of Mr. London's book is the barbarous ill-treatment of the trained wild animal, and it may be said that nowhere does he so shine as in his protests against cruelty.

MICHAEL. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

##### Peaceful Penetration.

The business enterprise of the Germans and their organization of foreign trade were the subject of much admiration and emulation before the war, and our consular reports are full of references to their efficient methods and the difficulty of competing with them. At the same time both these reports and the American manufacturers and exporters made frequent allusion to difficulties of competition that were not due to ordinary trade methods alone, but which showed credit methods and trust combinations in which the hand of the German government itself was seen. It was evident that credits were extended that no ordinary commercial banks or private firms could grant, and that drives were made for trade in special lines regardless of cost that could only have been sustained by some trust that eliminated the necessity of competition.

But what was not realized was that this business policy was not merely aimed at securing the lion's share of the trade of any region, by fair means or foul, but that it was all directed by the German government as one part of its strategy to grasp political control and domination. When Chéradame and others first warned the rest of the world that we were not dealing simply with keen and unscrupulous business rivals, but with ruthless political enemies that maintained under the guise of trade organization an army of spies and agents who were not only worming their way into all lines of commercial endeavor, but who were abusing the hospitality extended to them by undermining the political stability and order of these countries, spreading sedition, breeding hatred of other countries, and wherever it was possible to start civil strife, aiding both parties impartially that disorder and weakness might result, no one believed them. It was too monstrous and fantastic. But now we know that it was true and more than true. German *Kartells* killing American attempts to start the manufacture of dyes in this country were only one part of the same

scheme that organized agents to destroy American factories and ships or to burn crops and grain elevators and poison cattle.

Mr. A. D. McLaren is an able journalist who for a number of years represented Australian papers in Germany. Long before the war he realized the trend of German policy and spoke out freely about it in warning. Since the war began he has written much of importance, including a book entitled "Germanism from Within." His present book is an able analysis of the methods of the German machine in the carrying on of the war before the war, and is a complement to and a confirmation of the works of Chéradame and Dr. Dillon. His chapters on the German colonization policy and upon the German naturalization laws are of especial interest.

PEACEFUL PENETRATION. By A. D. McLaren. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

##### The Principles of Mental Hygiene.

The name of Dr. William A. White as an alienist and as a writer on psychoanalysis and disease of the mind is so well known as to attract attention at once to any new pronouncement by him. The title of the present volume is slightly misleading, for it deals with a much broader field than the title would seem to indicate. The object of the book is to lay a broad scientific foundation of psychological science as a basis for meeting intelligently the crying social problems that are pressing for solution at the present time, such as those of the criminal, the insane, the feeble-minded, the pauper, the prostitute, the inebriate, and other social misfits that require enlightened treatment and not simply repression.

As an introduction to the consideration of these problems Dr. White treats us to a stimulating study of the evolution of mental development and character that is reminiscent of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's recent epoch-making work, "The Origin and Evolution of Life," and these introductory chapters will prove a revelation of great moment to those who have not realized the lines along which the study of psychology has progressed in recent years. Altogether it is a volume that every one interested in social movements should read and for social workers should prove invaluable. At times it suffers somewhat from a rather involved style which has a tendency to render the reader impatient, but this is but a trifling drawback to a book replete with scientific data and deduction of supreme value.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL HYGIENE. By Dr. William A. White. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

##### The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow.

A beautiful young lady, walking among the exhibits in a great metropolitan museum, is suddenly stricken dead, pierced through the heart by an Apache arrow. The mystery is deep and suspicion points successively toward different persons. Two keen detectives work upon the difficult problem and follow elusive clues. It would not be fair to trace their deductions and tell the dénouement, for the charm of the story is that it holds you in thrilling suspense up to the last chapter. Such is Anna Katharine Green's latest detective tale, in which she displays all the vigor and spirit of her earlier stories. No one would for a moment imagine that she had counted her threescore and ten, and few who pick up the book will lay it down until the last page has been read.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HASTY ARROW. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

##### America's Presidents

This book is described as "a critical study of each of the men who have filled our presidential chair," and as it contains only 148 pages it will be seen that the studies are brief. But they lose nothing from their brevity. They are terse, penetrating, and judicial.

The author believes that our habits of vilification are largely responsible for the fact that our greatest men are not available for presidential office. The members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 were grossly and vulgarly assailed. Washington was denounced like a pirate, and so was Lincoln. None the less our political manners are improving with our conceptions of political availability. We are a little tired of the "practical" politician, a little more insistent on the real values.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS. By Thomas Francis Moran, Ph. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents.

##### Conscience.

The author has given us a valuable inquiry into the nature and authority of conscience, but unfortunately he adulterates it with various ecclesiastical disquisitions that are irrelevant and irritating. The average man is willing to be interested in conscience because he knows that he has it, but he is not inclined to be interested in churches nor to admit that they are either divine or authoritative institutions. Conscience alone is eternal, inter-

nal, and universal. It is a perpetually present blue-print of the divine plan, adjusted to the individual intellectual development, and therefore with different promptings for all men. But we may be grateful to the author for one illuminating suggestion, and indeed for many. Conscience, he tells us, dictates an effort to achieve a standard of conduct, but it does not necessarily define the standard. It is the effort that counts.

CONSCIENCE. By the Rev. G. L. Richardson. M. A., B. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75.

##### Lord Redesdale's Focal Words.

It is only a short time since Lord Redesdale closed his fourscore years of useful and interesting life, replete with diplomatic and artistic experience. As a final contribution he has left behind him a collection of reminiscences and comment that have just been published under the title of "Further Memories." Those who enjoyed his earlier delightful "Memories" will welcome the appearance of this additional volume.

The present series contains some valuable reflections on Russian life and government which were the gleanings from his experience as third secretary at Petrograd in 1863. But the most interesting chapter of the book is devoted to the story of the founding of the great Wallace Collection in London and the mystery of Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace, which in days gone by was the subject of so much conjecture and gossip.

FURTHER MEMORIES. By Lord Redesdale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

##### Pros and Cons.

Dr. Leonard A. Magnus has produced a valuable war book of reference. He sets forth the German contention, usually from German writers, upon well nigh every disputed point and he appends the "contra" facts in a terse and condensed form. There are also bibliographies, tables of dates, and historical sketches. The volume contains nearly four hundred pages and it is so arranged as to facilitate reference and to supply the precise information needed.

PROS AND CONS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Leonard A. Magnus, LL. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

##### The Flyer's Guide.

This handbook is intended as a practical introduction to the art of flying. The author places his pupil in an aeroplane, explains its mechanism, warns him against the errors of inexperience, and sets him to work. In the latter part of his book he deals with the theory of flight and the principles of the internal combustion engine. The book is practically and lucidly written and it contains no superfluities. It should prove a valuable *vade mecum* to the would-be aviator.

THE FLYER'S GUIDE. By Captain N. J. Gill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

##### Briefer Reviews.

Some of the lighter issues of war from the English standpoint are well and humorously described in "The Smiths in War-Time," by Kehle Howard (John Lane Company). It consists of a series of sketches of the domestic life of an English family, anxious to "do their bit," but not always clear how to set about it.

The Boy Scouts' Library in course of issue by Henry Holt & Co. has been enlarged by the addition of "Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill," by Charles E. Burton. The scene of the story is again Bob's Hill and old Greylock, with a summer camping trip of the Raven Patrol of the Boy Scouts to the Massachusetts coast and a Fourth of July in Boston. Price, \$1.30.

Alfred A. Knopf has published "Prince Melody in Music Land," by Elizabeth Simpson. It is described as "musical fairy tales for musical children," and it is intended to teach the principles of music by associating the notes with fairies. It is a charming idea and effectively worked out. There are some unusually clever illustrations by Mary Virginia Martin. Parents who wish their children to be musical should not overlook this book. Price, \$1.25.

Here is balm in Gilead for the bald. Richard W. Müller, M. D., in his "Baldness, Its Treatment and Its Prevention," explains the anatomy of the hair and describes the principal diseases, accidents, and physical defects which cause loss or prevent growth of the hair, giving the appropriate treatment for each case. All you have to do is to select the cause and apply the remedy. But the cause is usually cussedness. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2).

"The Spring of Joy," by Mary Webb (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25), is described as "a little book of healing." But the healing is not done by the usual incantations of the New Thoughtist. It is to be found in a cultivation of joy and laughter and beauty, and we are "shown how" in five exquisite essays on motion, music, fragrance, form, shadow, and

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color. The author has given us an unusual piece of writing. She has a real vision of hidden things.

If only we could be sure that the right people read the books instead of being sure that they don't. Here, for instance, is an admirable little book by Bruce Barton entitled "More Power to You" (Century Company; \$1), suggesting that we may pay too high a price for success in business if it means the exclusion of the higher things of life that bring happiness and power. No one could read Mr. Barton's little book without inspiration, but, once more, we are afraid that it will be read more by the righteous than by the sinners.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose time since the publication of his latest novel, "The World for Sale," has been devoted almost entirely to public affairs, is now recovering in England from a slight operation and is at work again on his war novel, which will appear serially in *Harper's Magazine*.

When a portion of "The Rise of David Levinsky," Abraham Cahan's life-story of an imaginary Russian immigrant (published a few weeks ago) made its appearance serially some literary critics mistook it for an actual autobiography. Now this season another new Harper book, "An American in the Making," the actual life-story of M. E. Ravage, is mistaken by some reviewers for fiction.

General Smuts was long ago recognized as one of the ablest generals in the British army, and Francis Brett Young's account of his service with him in East Africa in his book, "Marching on Tanga," which E. P. Dutton & Co. will bring out in a week or two, will add to his leader's reputation. It is a remarkably vivid narrative of pushing an army forward under conditions of the greatest discomfort and sweeping the Germans out of East Africa.

"A Crusade of France" is the title of a remarkable series of war letters written from the French front to his family by Captain Ferdinand Belmont from the first of August, 1914, until he was killed in action at the end of December, 1915. The work has a long introduction by Henry Bordeaux, the famous French novelist.

"I was called to the bar and practiced for seven years with complete lack of success. This is to be attributed to two causes. First, I can not speak in public, and second, I can not understand law. I did not begin to write seriously until I was thirty, and even then I wrote frivolously. Some of my short stories were collected into a book. It may now be bought second-hand." These are a few of the facts which William Caine, author of "Three's a Crowd," an Anglo-American comedy, just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, has contributed concerning himself. And in concluding his amusing little biographical sketch Mr. Caine says: "In 1914 my wife and I visited the United States. I began to write a book of my impressions, but the war put an end to it. The war has been blamed for a good deal, but let this stand to its credit."

Now that the Holy City is in the hands of the British, it is interesting to note what Dr. Clarence D. Ussher says in his recently published book, "An American Physician in Turkey" (Houghton Mifflin Company), of the Kaiser's palace in Jerusalem. Dr. Ussher went to Turkey in 1898, and established a hospital at Van, returning to this country when war broke out. "From Jaffa," he says, "I saw in the distance a high tower, and on inquiring what it was, was informed that it was the tower of the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives. I asked who built it, and what was its ultimate purpose. 'It was built and paid for by the Kaiser and dedicated by the Crown Prince,' was the reply. 'It will be first the palace of the German governor of Palestine and then of the Kaiser himself, from which he will rule his world kingdom.'" Dr. Ussher's book clearly shows the silent obedience in Turkey to the minute and exhaustive preliminary plans laid down by the Prussian government.

## Theodore Roosevelt

Says:

"The Indian Drum," by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, has appealed to me particularly as one of those exceedingly strong bits of work peculiarly American in type, which we ought to greet as a lasting contribution to the best American work.

A remarkable mystery story. \$1.40

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149 Grant Avenue



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Fall of the Romanoffs.

Who is the anonymous author of "Russian Court Memoirs"? That is a question that is puzzling all students of Russian affairs. These memoirs were so different from the ordinary backstairs gossip that makes up the usual so-called court memoirs that it was evident that they came from the pen of some one very close to the life described, if not indeed a part of it. And now the same unknown author has written a sequel to the earlier work, dealing with the later succession of events and the inner history of the Russian court and its relation to the revolution.

That the volume throws much light on the inwardness of the revolution as far as the throne is concerned goes without saying. Intimate personal details of the main actors in the drama are set forth as could only be done by some one behind the scenes. Many interesting documents and letters and telegrams are placed before the reader by way of corroboration. In some regards, however, the author is not entirely fair and shows that while seeing much there were some things that did not come before his vision in their true perspective.

The thesis of the book is that the ex-Empress Alexandra was the evil genius of the Romanoff dynasty. Every one ever connected with her was the victim of ill luck as the result of the association. She not only did not enter into the spirit of the Russian people when she came among them, but showed a lofty disdain for all classes there and alienated even the most loyal people of the court by her aloofness and her coldness even when they made every effort to please her. Part of this, no doubt, was due to her unfortunate temperament, and perhaps to some extent to her sudden rise from the obscurity of a petty German ducal court to the grand position of Tsaritsa; but the author shrewdly hints that she had been well schooled by the Kaiser in the German idea which led her to believe that her mission was to utilize her lofty position for the carrying out of the German world plan.

A well-deserved tribute is paid to Nicholas II. His intelligence, his lofty motives, his loyalty, and his charming personality are set forth with justice. It is gratifying to see the popular ideas concerning him, most of them circulated by the Germans for their own ends, thus corrected. For of course the Kaiser would have liked to see the Tsaritsa supreme, with the discredited Nicholas deposed and the little Tsarivich on the throne with his German mother as regent. The shortcomings of the Tsar were lovable ones. They were extreme faithfulness in family life and sincere devotion to Alexandra, and the deepest loyalty to the circle of those with whom he was surrounded and whom he was bound to trust. The first led him to defer to his wife in many things on which his own first judgment was just and correct. The second caused him to shut his ears to accusations against some of those about him who were unworthy of trust and enabled them to keep him in ignorance of the real signs of the times in Russia. It was also evident that during the last two or three years of his reign his will was much weakened and he found it increasingly difficult to stand up against the will of the Tsaritsa. Her favorite means of getting her way was to play upon his feelings with her fits of hysteria, and he would do almost anything to avoid these outbreaks.

Step by step the author shows the blunders by which the country was led into revolution. At each point wise action taken with understanding might have easily averted the catastrophe, not only to the throne, but also to the Allied cause. Deceived at every turn, Nicholas nevertheless was always well poised and acted with dignity and patriotism up to

the information of affairs which he was able to obtain. In the final drama of abdication he was by far the most self-possessed and dignified actor and wrung from his adversaries unstinted praise.

The writer draws many interesting conclusions, from an intimate knowledge of the Russian people, as to the probable outcome of the revolution. He does not think much of the theorists and doctrinaires who have been trying to evolve a sort of democratic system analogous to that which has been tried with some measure of success among more advanced and utterly different peoples. While of course he has no use for such German agents and fanatics as Lenin, he is equally severe in his criticism of such leaders as Lvov, Guchkov, and Miliukov, because they made such bad use of their opportunity and showed utter inability to maintain discipline or efficiency. Russia is bound to be a monarchy. Without some visible symbol of authority the Russian people drift into chaos. Order must eventually return by this road. Whence is to come the new dynasty he does not venture to predict, but he points out as a precedent the way in which the Romanoff dynasty itself came to the throne after the troublous times at the beginning of the seventeenth century as the choice of a national assembly or дума.

As a whole the volume is a really valuable contribution to our understanding of the remarkable drama of the Russian revolution and is a fascinating tale in itself, and it greatly whets our curiosity as to who the concealed observer is and what was his personal relation to the kaleidoscopic events that closed the chapter of Romanoff rule. J. L.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

## The Evolution of Science.

Progress in scientific discovery and achievement is geometric in its cumulative rapidity, and compendia dealing with the subject grow obsolete while the ink is still damp upon their pages. But the "Short History of Science" which has been prepared by Professors Sedgwick and Tyler is something more than a mere history. It is rather an analysis of the successive stages through which modern scientific discovery has passed and the interrelation between its several branches that has made our present progress possible.

The authors have gathered together an amazing amount of historical detail concerning ancient and medieval scholars and investigators, and their work, and have arranged in lucid sequence the successive theories and hypotheses that have been the stepping-stones to modern achievements. The volume will prove a valuable and fascinating handbook for the student and for the layman interested in scientific things. Especially noteworthy is the fact that the preeminent position of mathematics in all scientific discovery is given its proper recognition.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCIENCE. By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

## New Books Received.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME. By Charles W. Wendte. Boston: The Beacon Press; 75 cents.

Christmas songs and stories for children.

THE LITTLE RED WONDER BOOK. By Lewis Gilbert Wilson. Boston: The Beacon Press; 50 cents.

A book of questions and answers for children.

EFFICIENCY. By Robert H. Davis and Percy Poore Sheehan. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents.

A play in one act.

ADAM BEDE. Edited by Laura J. Wylie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the Modern Students' Library.

AMERICA YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.; 50 cents.

A pageant.

A BANJO AT ARMAGEDDON. By Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

A volume of verse.

HIS OWN HOME TOWN. By Larry Evans. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER. By Grenville Kleiser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$3.

A training in all the faculties of the mind.

THE WOLF-CUB. By Patrick and Terence Casey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.40.

A novel.

WEST IS WEST. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

CABIN FEVER. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel.

PAWNS OF WAR. By Bosworth Crocker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A play.

The most expensive wood in the world is said to be the boxwood imported from Turkey for the use of engravers. The cost ranges from 4 to 10 cents a square inch for the best grade.

## GEMS FROM GERMANY.

We are distinguished from other nations by our honorable love for outspoken convictions, which would make a cut-and-dried party system distasteful to us.—Treitschke.

In our German people peaceful dispositions and war-like prowess are so happily mixed that in this respect no other people on the earth can rival us, and none seems so clearly predestined to light humanity on the way to true progress.—F. Lange.

Where in the whole world can a people be found who have such cause for manly pride as we? But we are equally far removed from presumption and from arrogance.—Pastor J. Rump.

As the German bird, the eagle, hovers high over all the creatures of the earth, so also should the German feel that he is raised high above all other nations who surround him, and whom he sees in the limitless depth beneath him.—Professor W. Sombart.

It is not only our enemies who, by their underground intrigues, have sought to divert from us the sympathies of other peoples. If we would speak frankly, we must admit that we ourselves are partly to blame in the matter. A great part of the blame is due to our insufficient self-esteem and self-valuation—an inveterate German failing.—Professor Dr. R. Jannasch.

We must vanquish, because the downfall of Germanism would mean the downfall of humanity.—Pastor K. Konig.

We must win, because if we were defeated, no one in the whole world could any longer cherish any remnant of belief in truth and right, in the Good, or, indeed, in any higher Power which wisely and justly guides the destinies of humanity.—W. Helm.

Germany is precisely—who would venture to deny it—the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism.—Pastor H. Francke.

Germany's fight against the whole world is in reality the battle of the spirit against the whole world's infamy, falsehood, and devilish cunning.—Pastor W. Lehmann.

The German army (in which I of course include the navy) is today the greatest institute for moral education in the world.—Chamberlain.

From all sides testimonies are flowing in as to the noble manner in which our troops conduct the war.—Pastor J. Rump.

We thank our German army that it has kept spotless the shield of humanity and chivalry. It is true, we believe, that every bone of a German soldier, with his heroic heart and immortal soul, is worth more than a cathedral.—Professor W. Kahl.

We see everywhere how our soldiers respect the sacred defenselessness of woman and child.—Professor J. Roethe.

The German soldiers alone are thoroughly disciplined, and have never so much as hurt the hair of a single innocent human being.—Chamberlain.

The depth of the German spirit displays itself also in respect for morality and discipline. . . . How often in these days has the German soldier been subjected to the temptation to treat the inhabitants of foreign countries with violence and brutality. But everywhere he has obeyed the law, and shown that even in war he knows how to distinguish between the enemy to be crushed and defenseless women and children. The officials and clergy of conquered territory have frequently borne express testimony to this fact.—Pastor M. Hennig.

One single highly cultured German warrior of those who are, alas! falling in thousands represents a higher intellectual and moral life-value than hundreds of the raw children of nature whom England and France, Russia and Italy oppose to them.—Professor E. Haechel.

Germanism, when it rightly understands itself, and remains true to its nature, is child-like and manlike, at once tender and strong, full of genuinely human simplicity, and therefore of irreplaceable value to Kultur.—F. Lange.

We, however, will not let ourselves be diverted by all this hatred and envy from our striving towards a world-Kultur. We will busily and cheerfully work on at the elevation of the whole human race.—Professor R. Eucken.

If God is for us, who can be against us? It is enough for us to be a part of God.—Pastor W. Lehmann.

Thou who dwellest high in Thy Heaven, above Cherubim, Seraphim, and Zeppelins, Thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail, and tempest hurling upon our enemy . . . and hurl him down to the dark burial-pits.—Pastor D. Vorwerk.

There lurks in our people something of the God-consciousness which inspired the Old Tes-

tament prophets. Very child-like indeed, but of far deeper meaning than he could guess, was the saying of a little boy to his playmate at the outbreak of war: "I am not in the least afraid. The good God will help us, for he is German."—K. Engelbrecht.

We had greatly overvalued all other nations, even the French. The French are a people on the down grade.—The Kaiser.

The soldier who spat in the face of the thorn-crowned Savior did not act more shamelessly than does England now.—Pastor Tolzien.

We assert the view that . . . what once happened to Luther is now happening to our people; it is experiencing a repetition of the Passion of Christ.—Dr. Preuss.

We could draw many instructive parallels: we could say that as Jesus was treated so also have the German people been treated.—Pastor H. Francke.

GEMS (?) OF GERMAN THOUGHT. Compiled by William Archer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Anxious Dead.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear  
Above their heads the legions pressing on;  
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear  
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see  
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar:  
Then let your mighty chorus witness he  
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,  
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,  
That we will onward till we win or fall,  
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon  
They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep,  
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.  
—John McGree.

## Chopin's Funeral March.

Listen! Along the deadened air there comes  
The throb of drums.

Now winding through the misty hills is plain  
A funeral train;  
Where black-swathed women chant as on they go  
A dirge of woe,  
And, sobbing low, the violins make moan  
In undertone.

Now o'er the marching dirge sounds gloriously  
Pealing of trumpets, as for victory.

Now pure and passionless boy-voices sing  
A funeral hymn, as for a mighty king.

"Nobly he fought the fight, he kept the faith;  
Hail to the victor!" so the trumpet saith.

Then violins, pulsing with utter woe:  
"He is gone from us; and we loved him so."

Be he or king or serf upon the hier  
His meed of tears, his crown of praise, is here.  
Here all the dignity of Death; and here  
Triumphant trumpets blare to crown a king.

Listen! Along the deadened air there comes  
The throb of drums.  
—Christopher Braithwaite, in the Living Church.

## The Theatre.

The roar of the smoking world, the rage of the  
bleeding year,  
The reeking sin and sorrow they do not enter  
here.

Here Peace still finds a temple to wait the dawning  
Truth,  
Here still the Hour holds solace for unforgetting  
Youth.

Here Love still meets with Laughter to make the  
earth divine,  
Here Harlequin, immortal, still finds his Colum-  
bine.

The dripping Death whose shadow lies red in  
every clime  
Is here a somber legend that haunts an ancient  
time.

Here Pierrot, still pursuing the glamorous Pier-  
rette,  
Bids those who dare, remember, and those who  
must, forget.

Here, while the hosts of Horror the lands incar-  
nadine,  
A deathless Art keeps burning the lamps at  
Beauty's shrine.

What though the jest and jester, as mortal service  
must,  
Be sometimes less than worthy of the immortal  
trust—

Here, still through all the tempest, the peaceful  
tapers gleam,  
Serene upon the altar of an eternal Dream.  
—Samuel Hoffenstein, in New York Times.

A man in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, who is a fearless snake-catcher, but is deaf, owes his safety to a peculiar condition of the calves of his legs, which always set up tremors when snakes are about. His legs are especially valuable to him when a rattler gives warning.

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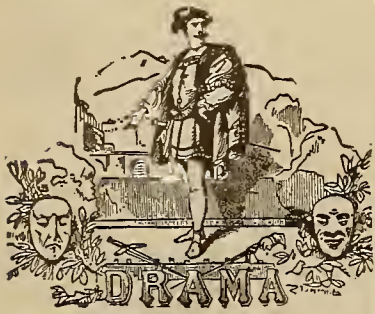
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## ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

A rustling, chattering, well-pleased matinee audience, as usual largely of women, assembled in the auditorium of the St. Francis Little Theatre on the occasion of that playhouse resuming its two-a-week programme after a fortnight of holidaying. Evidently its weekly offerings were missed, and its clientele glad to have them resumed.

Stanley Houghton's play "Phipps," in which we saw the Holbrook Blinn company appear a couple or so of years ago, furnished opportunity for some pleasant comedy scenes and also gave Mr. Yule, the very conscientious and dependable utility man of the company, something of an opportunity. Mr. Yule, however, following, no doubt, instructions laid down by the director, appeared as a decidedly mature flunkey serving in the capacity of butler to feather-headed Fanny and addle-headed Sir Gerald. The butler, indeed, was almost elderly, a cool, calm, quiet sentimentalist masking his actual softheartedness with the impassive air of a trained servant. Just the sort of unpretentious, faithful servant that Fanny would have crushed into his usual self-effacement with a few languid words.

Howard Blinn, I remember, gave Phipps the monumental calves and splendid livery of a footman. He was an imposing Phipps and, although Mr. Blinn is not a tall man, his Phipps looms imposingly in my recollection. I prefer his idea of what Phipps' outer man should be, for Mr. Maitland's idea has been to endue the butler with the quietest kind of a livery. But Fanny was just goose and woman enough when her abstracted eyes fell upon Phipps in recognition of the fact that he was alive and could feel to be pleasurably and softeningly influenced by his liveried splendor and gorgeous comeliness. The piece is just a bit of clever absurdity; a take-off on impassive servitors, pearl-grabbing wives, and foolishly compliant husbands.

A new member of the company, Mr. Albert Morrison, appeared satisfactorily as Sir Gerald; and Hélène Sullivan as the fluffly weathervane Fanny was, as usual, clever and amusing in her delineation of frivolity.

The second piece, "Ahul the Azra," by Sada Cowan, is a bit of Oriental love drama, as seen through Occidental eyes. How faithful it is to Oriental tradition I don't pretend to say, but its effectiveness was all on the outside. Arthur Maitland appeared as a sort of gentleman nomad of the desert, a handsome, curly-headed youth gracefully costumed in ample Oriental draperies, and dominated by a rather too fleshly-looking old graybeard, who was ineffectually trying to preserve Ahul from women and damnation. The woman, of course, appears speedily on the scene, and proceeds to subjugate Ahul with neatness and dispatch. Now Ahul is of the race of Azra, "who live and love and die of love." One kiss apparently finishes him. Why he subsequently comes back to life I fail to understand, since, as an Azra, he should have been consistent and gone on playing dead. In neither of the two rôles that they filled in this play, however, do Miss Sullivan or Mr. Maitland, except physically, appear to full advantage. Oriental passion is not their forte. There always appears to be a lot of cool Americanism in the background, just as one seems to sense a dress suit, waiting solicitously for Mr. Maitland, a dress suit—which he always wears like a gentleman—when he is playing Oriental nomads or Greek shepherds. Zuleika was just a hussy, but she was an Oriental one, and Miss Sullivan is much more convincing in representing an American of that species.

The prize play of the afternoon was "The Constant Lover," a clever and diverting character sketch by Sir John Rankin. Here the two leading players were quite at their ease in a very pretty woodland scene in which two young people are pleasantly engaged in making love and being made love to. And, by the way, we must pause in passing to pay our compliments to Mr. Maitland—I suppose he is responsible—for the unvarying success with which he has his scenes mounted. Simplicity, effective composition, and careful lighting are aimed at and the effects sought for are almost invariably gained. Thus, Sir Gerald's library looked luxurious and inviting, the woodland scene sylvan and pretty, and the

desert scene suggested the mystery and beauty of star-sown night.

In "The Constant Lover" the aim of the author has been to create a pleasant atmosphere of sylvan loveliness, morning sunshine, the singing of birds, and a handsome young man eating a red apple and making love to a pretty girl with simultaneous relish. The handsome young man also airs his views about things, taking the cuckoo for his text; the wise cuckoo, which lays its eggs in other birds' nests; and is afflicted with no family cares. Pretty Girl, however, is obeying her woman's instinct and preparing to nab a suitor. Each strikes a snag. Pretty Girl finds that the suitor doesn't materialize. Handsome Young Man prefers to be an irresponsible cuckoo. His snag is that he loses Pretty Girl, who is a simple and literal piece and only understands lovemaking as a conventional institution preceding marriage.

"The Constant Lover" was really delightful entertainment, the rôles being most agreeably acted by the two players. Hélène Sullivan, although lacking in emotional depth, has really considerable flexibility, and can depict girly-girls, nice, silver-haired mothers, or intriguing sirens with equal facility. Mr. Maitland, who has, no doubt, many cares connected with his double capacity, does not always slip thoroughly away from his own individuality into that of his rôles, but in "The Constant Lover" he satisfied thoroughly by his impersonation of the sunnily selfish wooer of the garden of girls.

## A GROUP OF NEW YORK PLAYS.

We San Franciscans do not see much of Ethel Barrymore nowadays, but our theatregoers remember her with great pleasure as she was in her big-eyed, fascinating girlhood. Marriage and maternity matronized the popular star very quickly, as we discovered a little ruefully when she came out in Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look." How her matronly embonpoint fitted into "Camille," which she is playing at the Empire Theatre, New York, we were curious to know, but it turns out that her girlhood slenderness has returned, coaxed back probably by a brisk course of dieting. With regained slenderness and a blonde wig Miss Barrymore evidently succeeded in suggesting the pathetic idea of tender youth that has been tricked out of its purity, rather than that of the fair sinner who has followed the easiest way through love of luxury.

The surprising thing about the production, however, is that "Camille" has been modernized, revamped, brought up to date. It is quite impossible to conceive of such a state of things in regard to this famous classic of sentimentality, for thus it was to the American public. With the Parisians it was different. The scenes of festivity in the play in its French form were just as graphic and vivid as those of emotion, and with Sarah Bernhardt in the title-rôle "Camille" was, or seemed to be, a life picture of the elegant Bohemianism which so fascinates the imagination of French dramatists and over-dominates their plays.

This modernized adaptation of the play, which, by the way, is now called "The Lady of the Camellias," shows Miss Barrymore as lovely and lovable, but not great. Still, she made her audience weep. Holbrook Blinn, by the way, is in the cast, appearing as a dignified father of Armand, in which rôle Conway Tearle see-saved a little, but finally emerged in triumph; and our old friend Rose Coghlan made a great success by the mingled humanness and worldliness of her Mme. Prudence.

At the Playhouse in New York, Margaret Anglin, another star always firm in the favor of San Franciscans, is appearing in a comedy which, though tending toward the farcical, includes some dealings with the question of war. "Billeted" is located in an English village in which some returned soldiers are billeted at the home of the heroine. The failure of Messrs. Jesse and Harwood, the two collaborating playwrights, to make more of the war aspects of the play is commented on unfavorably by some of the critics, who, however, award praise to Miss Anglin for the poise and finish of her acting, which dignifies a shallow and intrinsically uninteresting character rôle. Truly, the way of the star is hard, and weary the way in search of a good play. Still, while Miss Anglin's talent entitles her to the best, the play has a number of good points. An atmosphere of English provincialism is always enjoyed by Americans, and in "Billeted" it is well depicted. The dialogue, too, is described as witty and, in spite of the light tone of the play, there are several opportunities for Miss Anglin's exercise of her emotional power.

"Why Marry?" demands Jesse Lynch Williams in the title of his new and successful play. Here's a theme indeed, and a playwright of parts to treat it more than adequately. This author is the *rara avis* who

has written an original and keenly satirical play on the subject of matrimony, which is treated as a social institution that the wage-earning young couple of average resources can not afford to support. There is much witty comment on the slings and arrows inseparable from matrimony, but the virtue of the piece lies in its combination of an interesting, plausible, and logical story with fresh, original, and spirited comment on the subject of subjects. It is even said by one of the reviewers that this inspired satire on one of the oldest and most respected of social institutions surpasses Shaw in some respects, and, most significant of all, W. D. Howells has felt moved to chronicle his appreciation, declaring that in "Why Marry?" the spectator can taste "the pleasure of Gilbert's finest moments"; further adding that certain of our dead and gone humorists "have not perished in vain if this has been a condition of our more delicate pleasure in the exquisite irony of a story such as Mr. Williams'."

Such praise gives us a keen appetite to sample Mr. Williams' dish, which, we are assured, has an intellectual as well as a dramatic savor. His subject is one that interests every one, be they misogynists or philanthropists, for nothing is so absorbing to the average human as the spectacle of men and women emerging from the rose mist of courtship and adjusting themselves, to the purely prose exactions of matrimony. I do not doubt, however, that we shall see "Why Marry?" for it has set New York playgoers to cascading with laughter, and laughter brings the theatrical men money, which can not be disregarded, even though they are obliged to chase across the continent to get it. If it comes we may see Nat Goodwin again, for he is in the cast in a first-class comedy creation which made a great hit during the ten weeks' run of the play in Chicago, and which was repeated in New York.

There is something in the theme of "General Post," the English play which is being presented by Charles Dillingham at the Gaity Theatre, New York, which reminds one of the idea of democracy seriously underlying J. M. Barrie's original and amusing comedy, "The Admirable Crichton." "General Post" is the English name for the old-fashioned game of stage-coach. War is the agency by which the cry "General Post" is called, and in the ensuing scramble tailors go up and haronets go down. The story opens in 1911, but at its close a social upheaval in England has been accomplished. In spite of the political and social color of its theme, however, "General Post" is couched in the tone of comedy, and light comedy at that. The author's keenness of perception and breadth of outlook tells in the vitality which characterizes the play, although the light comedy tone is steadily sustained. But the characters are built on reality, and the dialogue is enjoyed for its naturalness as well as its humor. Conservatives and Progressives, Tories and Liberals play their part in the great transformation wrought by the war. Added to its other virtues, "General Post" is well constructed, and the author has blended his apparently irreconcilable social elements into so clever, amusing, and interesting a story that the play shows promise of winning more than the average success.

## THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Geraldine Farrar, having had her last season's "Thais" criticized for an insufficient revelation of personal charms, has reformed this season. Thais' new costume stops at the belt, except for "two small groups of jewels essentially located." It is further said of her that she made Mary Garden, as seen in her Thais picture, "look like a modest missionary."

One of New York's three new theatres, to be called Henry Miller's Theatre, will soon open on Forty-Third Street, but not, as was Mr. Miller's original intention, with "Anthony in Wonderland" for the opening attraction, this piece having unaccountably failed when Mr. Miller brought it out this winter. San Franciscans will remember the piece as quite sufficiently original and entertaining, we would have thought, to please New York's vast multitude of light-minded, amusement-seeking transients.

There are sixteen playhouses now planned or building in the sixteen national army cantonments, each of which is named the Liberty Theatre. Marc Klaw, who undertakes the management of the huge new organization, has got a problem to solve, the first of its kind, for never before has a manager been obliged to select a line of theatrical entertainment to appeal to an exclusively male audience.

New York is not neglecting the language of our pet allies. At the Theatre du Vieux Colombier a novelty for Christmas week was Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," played in

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classic French. And Sarah Bernhardt, perennially popular and ever interesting, in response to numerous requests, principally from educational authorities, has promised to revive "Phédre."

## MOTHERING THE SOLDIERS.

It has been a reproach against American matrons that they too often are willing to evade the responsibilities of maternity. And now that all of a sudden we see the countless tall sons of yearning mothers assembling in the great military rallying places of the nation, nearly all the women of the country have become potential mothers. Their hearts are as wax within them toward these big soldier boys, some of them lonely and shy, others cheerful with the animal spirits of youth, but the majority of them animated by a sense of self-dedication to the great task.

The world is learning the stern and awful science of war, but this is the first war in history in which the women have organized and done their womanly share toward caring for the youthful defenders of the nations. In San Francisco the National League of Women's Service in particular is doing work that it warms the heart to contemplate. Everybody has heard of the club rooms for enlisted soldiers and sailors that are being conducted at the Monadnock Building, but few have seen the men during their hours of relaxation except the women who are doing practical work there, for their privacy is strictly preserved. All enlisted men become members of the National Defenders' Club there established merely by going to the rooms and registering. Once there, they are sure to go again, so comfortable and inviting is the place. The women have given vent to their deep sense of gratitude to the nation's defenders by lavishing comforts, conveniences, and means of recreation for the free use of the men. The large numbers who avail themselves of the club rooms show how great was the need. The institution is a barrier between them and the dangers which lie in wait for the lonely, detached youth far from home. All the mothers and motherly women who planned it remembered that, and many other things. They remembered that the young soldiers, tired with the daily drill and endless walks through the streets of an unfamiliar city, need easy chairs and couches. They remembered that youth likes games and entertainment, and that quantities of the boys love to read. There are always volunteer woman workers on duty there eager for the comfort of the men, who enter the clubrooms with a trustful reliance upon the good-will and careful solicitude of these kind volunteer aids, who nevertheless are very careful never to intrude their society or conversation unless they are sure it is wanted. The aspect of the young soldiers tells how thoroughly they surrender themselves to the soothing influences of the place. Whether they lounge on the couches, read, write, or play games, they are relaxed, comfortable, and at peace. It would be a soothing balm to the sore hearts of their mothers and the hearts of the nation in general to see these lonely lads made so comfortable in the homelike atmosphere that prevails.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Peking is the greatest news centre in the Far East, and it seemed at one time in a way to become a stronghold of the English newspaper under divers ownership—Chinese, British, American, Japanese, and German. With the recent suppression of the Chino-British *Peking Gazette*, and that arrant pro-German, Gilbert Reid, trying to republish his *Peking Post*, there is room (remarks *Far East*) for an Anglo-American paper in the Chinese capital that shall maintain the almost forgotten ideal of the "square deal." The only paper at present published regularly in Peking is the *Evening Times*, a journal that takes up a very decided attitude in opposition to Japanese activities, and it is probably to counteract these efforts that the Japanese are reported to be endeavoring to purchase the *Gazette*, whose capable editor, Mr. Eugene Chen, is at present in asylum—at Shanghai. Peking is not adequately represented in its newspaper press.



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

**"The Bird of Paradise" at the Cort**

Oliver Morosco's production of Richard Walton Tully's Hawaiian romance, "The Bird of Paradise," will be the offering at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday, January 20th. This will be the fifth visit of America's favorite drama.

The cast this season includes Marion Hutchins, who will be seen as Luana, the little Kanaka who tries so hard to be a credit to her white husband. Prominent among other members of the company are Forrest Stanley as Dr. Wilson, who degenerates under the tropic spell; John Richardson as the "heachcomber," who regenerates through his love for an American girl, Roberta Forrest as Diana, James Applebee, Jack Ellis, James Nelson, Rose Watson, Maude Farrington, Maude Melville, James Glasgow, and A. Francis Lenz. Then there are the Hawaiian singers, dancers, and musicians.

The theme of "The Bird of Paradise" is the degeneration of one race when brought into close contact with an inferior civilization. It is an alluring and tragic story of the tropics in settings of gorgeous splendor to the haunting and wailing notes of the ukulele.

**The New Bill at the Orpheum.**

There will be seven new acts in next week's Orpheum bill.

Alan Brooks will appear in his successful comedy-dramalet, "Dollars and Sense." Mr. Brooks is seen at his best and as usual has an excellent supporting company.

Toots Paka and her Hawaiians, native singers and instrumentalists, will present the instrumental music, songs, and dances of their island.

Jack King and Morton Harvey will be heard in songs of unusual excellence. They will sing their latest success, "The Tunes My Dear Old Daddy Loved So Well." Mr. King composes the music and plays the accompaniments of their songs and Mr. Harvey sings the lyrics, of which he is the author.

Kellar Mack and Anna Earl will present original songs and patter.

Bee Ho Gray, the versatile cowboy, and Ada Summerville with her trained horse "Onion"

will appear in a pot-pourri of comedy and skill. Bee Ho Gray holds the world's championship for riding and roping. Miss Summerville gained the title of world's champion horsewoman through her riding and trained horse exhibition.

The Le Grohs, two men and one girl, are pantomimic contortionists.

Roy Rice and Mary Werner will introduce a novelty by Blanche Merrill called "On the Scaffold."

The only holdover on this great and novel bill will be Joseph E. Howard and his company in his "Musical World Revue," which has scored a tremendous success.

**The Eighth Sunday Symphony Concert.**

The interesting programme rendered on Friday afternoon by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will be repeated on the afternoon of January 20th at the Cort Theatre as the regular Sunday event of the eighth pair of symphonies.

The Fourth Symphony of Tchaikowsky, which opens the programme, is quite as well known as the great Russian composer's "Pathétique" Symphony and ranks as high in popular favor as the latter composition.

Particular interest attaches to the three symphonic sketches by Debussy called "Le Mer" (The Sea). To its performance Hertz has brought vast study and several extra rehearsals have been required by the orchestra, which is augmented for this number. The score calls for five trumpets, two harps, three bassoons, and other unusual requirements.

"Espana," a Spanish rhapsody, by Chahrier, will conclude the concert. It is an elaborate composition dealing with dance rhythms and melodies.

The seventh "Pop" concert will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, January 27th. These will be the offerings: Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Largo from "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; ballet music from "Le Cid," Massenet; "Voices of the Forest," from "Siegfried," Wagner; British Folk Song Settings, Grainger; Irish Rhapsody, Herbert.

**"Turn to the Right" Remains Another Week.**

Though it has already broken the season's records at the Columbia Theatre, "Turn to the Right" is announced for an additional week. Engagements in Oakland and several Southern California cities have been canceled by the company in order to remain at the Columbia, but it is announced that the engagement will positively terminate Sunday night, January 27th. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday during the rest of the run.

The story of the play, told amid scenes ranging from a pawnshop to a peach orchard in full bloom, deals with the regeneration of three wayward youths through the love of the mother of one of them, Joe Bascom. The rescue of the Bascom fruit farm from the clutches of a town skinkint is attended by a series of startling surprises and comedy situations.

**The St. Francis Little Theatre.**

Three clever little plays have been selected by Arthur Maitland as the offerings of the St. Francis Little Theatre for the next performances, on Tuesday evening, January 22d, and Wednesday matinee, January 23d, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis.

An element of the serious enters into the first offering, "The Harvest," but the other two plays, "The Dear Departed" and "The Marriage Lease," are light in character.

"The Harvest" is by T. W. Henshaw, and it deals with the eternal "triangle" love affair. It should make one of the most attractive presentations of the season. The organization will be reinforced for this play by Caroline Clifford and a clever juvenile actor, Clifford Shipper. Maitland himself will be most conveniently hestowed and the cast will further include Helene Sullivan and Albert Morrison.

"The Dear Departed" is one of Stanley Houghton's conceits. It abounds in rural character studies and is steeped in drollery. Hobart Lee is the author of "The Marriage Lease," which ingeniously satirizes a marriage agreement presumably made in the year 1930, and which is subject to cancellation after a term of years if the bride and groom decide that single blessedness is preferable to the marital state.

Attendance at the St. Francis Little Theatre continues to grow with every performance. The weekly matinees, which are open to the public, are becoming very popular.

**Godowsky in Two More Recitals**

Leopold Godowsky has been able to rearrange his California tour, and will return to this section following his southern appearances to play once more at the Columbia Theatre, on Thursday afternoon, January 31st, and once in Oakland at the Auditorium Opera House, on Friday night, February 1st. At the

San Francisco recital he will play the wonderful Symphonic Studies of Robert Schumann. Brahms' Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 1 (B minor), and Capriccio, op. 76, No. 2 (B minor), will come next, to be followed by the Grieg Ballade in the form of a set of variations on a Norwegian theme. The Chopin group includes the Fantasie-Impromptu, the Impromptu No. 3 in G flat, the Scherzo, op. 20, in B minor, and the Andante Spionato and Polonaise, op. 22. Finally will come a group containing the "Islamey" of Balakieroff, Ravel's "Jeux d'eau," and the Liszt "Mephisto Waltz."

In Oakland the programme includes such gems as the Beethoven op. 81 Sonata and the famous Chopin B flat minor Sonata, Brahms' Rhapsody, op. 79, Shakespeare's Serenade by Schubert-Liszt, a special Chopin group, Hensel's Berceuse, Scriabin's "Poems," Moszkowski's "Autumn," Hensel's "If I Were a Bird," arranged by Godowsky, and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire."

Tickets for the San Francisco concert are on sale at the usual places, and for the Oakland concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in Oakland.

**John E. Kellard in Shakespeare.**

Following "Turn to the Right!" on Monday night, the 28th instant, at the Columbia Theatre will appear John E. Kellard and an exceptionally brilliant company. The two weeks of the engagement will be devoted to a repertory including "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Bells."

**Incomparable Yvette Guilbert Coming Soon.**

Some one has said of Yvette Guilbert that she is the most beloved in France of all her countrywomen. In the presence of Mme. Guilbert one understands that it is not art which creates personality, but personality which creates art. And the art of Yvette Guilbert lies not only in her complete mastery of the finest shadings of vocal expression, but in her grace of movement, her unlimited powers of resource and of characterization, her marvelous pantomime, her sense of color and line, an art which she has created and developed absolutely as her own, and further an art which contains the cardinal elements of all other arts. A recital by this wonderful Frenchwoman can not aptly be described in words—it must be witnessed to be appreciated. Manager Selhy C. Oppenheimer announces three programmes by Mme. Guilbert. These will be given in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, and they will take place on Sunday afternoon, February 3d; Wednesday night, February 6th, and Saturday afternoon, February 9th, and can be counted upon as the patriotic as well as artistic events of the year, for Mme. Guilbert at this time is assuredly the greatest propaganda for our allies that has ever appealed to this country. At her first recital Mme. Guilbert's programme will include the "Great Songs of France" costumed appropriately according to the period they represent, and her wonderful new creation called "The Life of Pierrot," said to be a most wonderful allegory of French bravery as exemplified in the present war. On Wednesday night a group of many songs typifying the various Parisian people will be the programme feature, and the Saturday matinee includes wonderful groups of songs mainly treating of the army and navy life of the republic. Emily Gresser, the talented violinist, will be assisting artist, and Maurice Eisner will preside at the piano. Mail orders for the Guilbert concerts should be sent in at once to Selhy C. Oppenheimer, manager, in care of Sherman, Clay & Co., and should include current funds, with war tax added.

**Oberhoffer's Marvelous Memory.**

When an orchestral conductor directs a symphony or a concert from memory it is usually commented upon as a feat worthy of special mention. There are many conductors who so conduct certain works of which they have made a special study, but few possess the genius to conduct a large repertory without a hook before them. The remarkable gifts of Emil Oberhoffer, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in this direction have excited comment everywhere. Undoubtedly much of the unusually magnetic and interesting interpretations for which the Minneapolis Orchestra is famous is due to this, for Oberhoffer has been director of this famous organization since its inception fourteen years ago. The Minneapolis Orchestra will make its annual visit to this city next month, giving programmes at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7th and 8th, and a special programme at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10th. In Oakland they will play at the Auditorium Opera House Saturday afternoon and night, February 9th. Reinald Werrenrath, the American haritonon, has been engaged as special soloist at the Thursday and Sunday concerts, and Marguerite Namara will sing at the Friday event. Mail orders should

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A telegram from Efreim Zimhalist and his wife, Alma Gluck, to Manager Selhy C. Oppenheimer, wishing him the compliments of the season, concluded with the assurance that Zimhalist was preparing special and interesting programmes for his forthcoming San Francisco recitals, which will take place at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of February 17th and 24th.

A tenor new to San Francisco, yet whose successes have been tremendous throughout the country, is the young American singer, Theodore Karle, who will shortly appear here in recitals.

Beating a horse with a barbed-wire whip; throwing a cat into a blazing furnace; dragging a cow behind a wagon; starving by neglect a herd of forty-five cattle and a hundred hogs; willfully turning horses to death in a stable—these are among the many atrocities discovered during 1917 by one or another of the 527 anti-cruelty societies in the United States interested in animal protection.

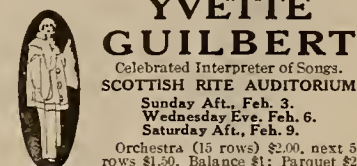
During 1916 the so-called crisis expenses of the Dutch government—that is to say, expenses incurred in connection with the abnormal conditions created by the European war—made up 48.38 per cent. of the total government expenditures.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The supply of clams, says a food authority from Washington, is by no means what it should be. Something must be done, he says, to increase the productivity of the clam and to economize its consumption. This communication from the seat of the greatest government in the world is of a commendable brevity. It is indicative and suggestive rather than what may be called prescriptive. It limits itself to a gentle note of warning and admonition calculated to disturb our apathy rather than to arouse our apprehensions. Doubtless the censor would have objected to anything more definite, to anything that could carry comfort and consolation to the enemy. It would never do to provoke a flourish of trumpets from Admiral von Tirpitz, who as a naval man would be interested in clams, to the effect that American preparations had collapsed as the result of a clam crisis. These be perilous times when no caution can be excessive. None the less we ourselves had noticed the scarcity of clams in the clam chowder, indeed one might say the entire absence of clams. One ought not to use the word clams so often in the same paragraph, but not even the combined powers of darkness shall persuade us to call them succulent bivalves.

But why is there a scarcity of clams? Why are they less productive than of yore? Is it a decrease in the philoprogenitiveness of the erstwhile merry and reckless clam? Is it the war? Is it possible that the clam also has resolved that it will not raise its boy to be a soldier? Is there a race suicide among the clams, or a sex strike? Is this a base attempt of the clam to enhance its value? Is it jealous of the oyster, and bent upon competition with its aristocratic neighbor at whose barrel in the fish shop it must glance with a positive hatred?

The remedy seems dubious. How does one increase the productivity of a clam? Can it be done without a violation of the moral sanctities, a loosening of the proper restraints of virtue, an assault upon righteousness? Are we justified in assailing the proper modesties, the reticences of the clam, and urging him to a carnival of propagation in defiance of the higher life toward which he may be striving, for all we know to the contrary? For what do we know of the soul strivings of the clam, his graspings after the single standard, his searchings for purity, his eagerness to wear the white flower of a blameless life? It is high time for some organization of lofty women who shall devote themselves to the preservation of virtue among what we call the lower animals. We have corrupted and degraded them. Naturalists now tell us that nearly all animals are monogamous, and

that they mate for life when left to themselves. Instead of which we first domesticate them and then degrade them to our own level of promiscuity. That we should thus contaminate the more highly evolved animals is bad enough, but to disturb the placid and serene virtue of the clam is nothing less than iniquitous. It should be seen to. No more clam chowder if we have to pay for it by debauching a humble brother whose weak and faltering steps should be directed upward and not downward, who should be encouraged to rise rather than to sink.

Conversation in an English railway carriage recently turned on the correspondents in the London *Daily Mail* who have suggested government encouragement of marriages by a "national matrimonial agency."

A meek man with a sandy moustache said he thought it an excellent idea.

"I don't agree with you," remarked acidly a broken-looking man with a large basket of household supplies on his lap. "What I would like to see is a national anti-matrimonial agency telling people how *not* to get married; telling men especially what sort of women to dodge and how to dodge them. It would be too late to do me any good, but as a mere humanitarian I would gladly pay another twopenny in the pound income tax for the upkeep of the agency." Turning sharply on the meek man, he asked, "Are you married yourself?"

"No, sir; I am a bachelor."

"Just as I thought," sneered the broken-looking man.

"If you think that marriage is the ideal state," asked a man in the corner of the compartment, "why are you a bachelor?"

The meek man seemed to be rather dismayed by the hostile attitude of these married fellow-travelers. "Why am I a bachelor?" he faltered. "Well, I'm not a bachelor by choice."

"Sheer luck, I suppose?" asked the broken-looking man.

"On the contrary; sheer nervousness. I'm frightened half out of my skin by the fair sex."

"You'll be frightened right out of it if you marry one of them," growled the man in the corner.

"I tremble when they look at me," resumed the meek man.

"So do I," said the man in the corner, "at least when one of them does."

"Every time I've tried to propose," continued the meek man, "I've stuttered and stammered."

"It's not a complaint—it's a gift," observed the man in the corner.

"And I break down half-way."

"You've got a good angel, sir, who looks

after you," said the broken man reverently. "But still," maintained the meek man, "I think that 'Miss Right' is somewhere—if I could only find her."

"Don't travel about so much," advised the man in the corner.

"It's tempting Providence," agreed the broken-looking man. "I met my own wife on a seaside holiday. Within a week we were engaged."

"A week!" exclaimed the meek man. "It would take me a year. How did you propose to her?"

The broken-looking man stared at the meek man in unfeigned surprise. He regarded him as visitors at the "Zoo" might regard a new animal. "How—did—I—propose?" he repeated slowly. He looked for help to the company in the compartment. They stared back at him as men who would say, "This is beyond us."

The man in the corner helped things out. "Don't you realize," he said gently to the meek man—gently as one would talk to children—"that no man has ever yet proposed to a woman?"

"I didn't realize it," said the meek man faintly.

"And yet you're talking rubbish about a national matrimonial agency. Don't you know that every woman is a matrimonial agency, working like steam for one client, herself? Don't you know that every girl's mother is another matrimonial agency?"

"Then how is it?" asked the meek man, "that I, who want to get married, who have a comfortable income, and am in the prime of life, can not find a wife?"

"Heaven knows," said the man in the corner, "unless they all think you are one of those ruthless professional bigamists."

The train stopped and the meek man alighted with dignity. "I opened a sensible discussion," he said stiffly, "and asked for sensible opinions—and I meet nothing but buffoonery."

"No, old chap," said the broken man sadly; "you have heard actual natural history."

## Keep Jolly.

"Pretty nearly the worst thing the soldiers have to do in this war," said Lieutenant Alexander McClintock of the United States Reserve, "is to sit around and think about it."

The interview with Lieutenant McClintock in the *New York Times* continues:

"When I was at Plattsburg," he added, "it seemed to me that those in charge were running one grave danger—that of working the officers 'stale.' The latter were supposed to be above the average of all-around intelligence, but they were worked up there harder than men are worked in any training camp in Canada or England."

Lieutenant McClintock is a Kentuckian, just down from Plattsburg with a brand-new commission. It is not because he is an officer in the new American army that he can talk about the war and the soldiers, but because he has recently come back from active service in Flanders and France. He was a sergeant in the Eighty-Seventh Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards. He was wounded in the battle of the Somme. He won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous gallantry in action and received the personal thanks of King George. He is the author of "Best o' Luck" (George H. Doran Company), one of the breeziest of the war's first-hand soldier narratives. And he has just been spending a short time on furlough in New York before leaving for Camp Dix.

He has some interesting things to say about "the front." And he has, withal, some words of warning for us in America. If every man, woman, and child doesn't wake up and help, he says, we may lose this war.

"I say that the idle times and the thinking are 'pretty nearly' the hardest things for the soldiers," he explained.

"You can't tell a man 'what it will be like at the front.' You can talk and talk and talk, but you can never make it tangible for him. In general, I think it is quite true that the soldier who goes into it for the first time is going to find the mental side harder and the physical side easier than he had expected."

"It is the thinking about it all that drives men crazy. I've known men to go all to pieces just sitting around thinking. It gets on your nerves if you let it. The only thing

to do is to laugh at everything. Keep jolly! Make fun of it all! You hear about the Tommies' jokes. Well, they'd go crazy if they didn't have their jokes. So they make a joke of everything."

Wife—What do you find so interesting in the paper, dear? Husband—I was just looking at the money market. Wife—Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?—*Boston Transcript*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A recent Belgian visitor to America, hearing a little girl called "Kitten," consulted his dictionary as to the meaning of the word. Subsequently he was introduced to the young lady's mother, and, with a profound bow, remarked: "I think I have the pleasure of addressing the old cat."

A young couple went to a minister's house to be married. After the ceremony the bridegroom directed the clergyman aside and said in a whisper: "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down into the cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register."

A story is told of the daughter of William Jennings Bryan. When a young girl she started to school one morning, and after a desperate run for a street-car finally succeeded in catching it. As she took her seat she gasped: "Well, I'm glad one of the family can run for something and get it."

A colored Baptist was exhorting. "Now, breddren and sistern, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away." All came up but one man. "Why, Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yo' sins washed away?" "I done had my sins washed away." "Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?" "Ober at de Methodist church." "Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' aint been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."

Fiske O'Hara, the singing Irish comedian, tells this story: "Some fellows are great friends of the government, but when it comes to being taxed, why, then—they're like Murphy. 'Cheer up, man,' said Murphy to Dooley. 'Yez look as if yez didn't have a frind in the whole wurld.' 'Oi haven't neither,' Dooley groaned. 'G'wan,' cried Murphy heartily. 'If it aint money yez want to borrow Oi'm as good a frind as ever yez had.'"

When visitors came Bobby was often turned out of his room and into the garret for a night or two. He did not object to this, but he felt that it endangered certain cherished possessions. When his uncle, the clergyman, arrived unexpectedly one night Bobby was transferred to his garret quarters in haste and with small ceremony, and neglected to take any precautions to guard his treasures. "I have to thank the thoughtful person who placed a glass of water on the table near the bed last night," said the clergyman the next morning. "I awoke in the night and found it

refreshing—most refreshing." "Oh!" said Bobby, in a tone of sorrow and reproach. "You've drank up my nice new 'uarium, and all—" But here Bobby's revelation was suppressed by his mother.

On one occasion Judge Dewey of Boston had before him a couple of girls charged with stealing ribbons from wreaths on graves. As the evidence of their guilt was not satisfactory, he ordered their discharge, accompanying it with this admonition: "Girls, keep out of the cemeteries as long as you can."

Lord Northcliffe told a sea story at a banquet in New York. "Thanks to the Hun," he began, "the sea to all of us is hateful now as it was in peace time to the Burnley chap. A seaskick Burnley chap on the Isle of Man boat was heard to say to his son: 'Jimmy, I've gotten a stick wi' a silver knob on't a' whoam. Tha' can have it. There's two or three quid i' the bank, an' that's for t' buryin'. And, Jimmy, bury me in t' Isle of Man. I can't stand this trip again, alive or dead.'"

Professor William Howard Taft was in New York recently, and in the course of his short stay took an automobile ride over the boulevards and along Riverside Drive. At Ninetieth Street a young woman five years old saw the big touring car coming swiftly down the drive. After one long look at the big person in the rear seat she jerked the nurse's apron and screamed with delight. "Alice! Alice!" asked the nurse, excitedly, "what is it?" "Fatty Arbuckle's growed a mustache just like papa's!"

Old Zeb Johnson, the champion white-washer, walked down the main street of the village one morning dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole bouquet and with cotton gloves on his big hands. "Hello, Zeb," said the postman, "are you taking a holiday?" "Dish yere," said the old man with a proud wave of his huge hand, "dish yere am mah golden wedding anniversary, sah. Ah'm celebrating hit." "But your wife," said the postman, "is working as usual. I saw her at the washtuh as I passed your house." "Her?" said Zeb hotly. "She aint got nuffin' ter do wif it. She's mah fouth."

Miss Margaret MacMillan, who has been made a Commander of the British Empire Order, speaking recently on the subject of co-education, told an amusing anecdote of a certain college conducted on these lines where, however, the rule is that the male students are not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so and was brought up before the principal, who said: "Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second \$1, for the third \$1.50, and so on, rising 50 cents each time up to \$15." "How much would a season ticket cost?" asked the imperturbable student.

Two men borrowed a horse and carriage to take them to a distant pond on a fishing trip. Arrived at the pond, the men, by the exercise of great patience, managed to get the harness off the horse, after which they tied him to a tree with a neck halter. The fishing-over, the men set to work reharnessing the horse. They found that they could manage everything but the bridle. They simply couldn't get the bit into the horse's mouth, for he wouldn't open it. Finally one of them said, after every ruse had failed: "Well, friend, there's nothing to do but wait." "Wait for what?" asked his friend. "Why, for the confounded animal to yawn."

Two brothers who live in an East Lancashire manufacturing town were noted for being exceptionally well-served with nasal organs. One of the ring spinners at the mill where they worked invited them to a wedding and promised to send a cab for them. The cab duly arrived and the two brothers entered and planked themselves down, one in each window. In order to create an impression during the drive to the wedding, the two brothers were looking out of the cab, one on either side, so that the people could see them. All went well until the cab came to a rather narrow railway arch, which our travelers had to pass through. The cabman looked back to take his bearings, and, seeing the two brothers' noses sticking out of the windows on either side, shouted: "Put them elbows in, please!"

The story of how Mark Twain got into trouble with the Austrian authorities through the indiscretions of a Vienna journalist is told in a Boston newspaper. A certain reporter, either in a facetious or in a vindictive moment, gave out that Mark Twain had been suspiciously loitering about the bridge which spans the Danube Canal near the Ring Strasse, and not far from the Hotel Metropole, at which the Cleuens lived. Mark could not let this reflection upon his character go

unchallenged. He hastened to explain—to apologize, in fact, for having given the authorities the slightest anxiety about him. The explanation was thoroughly Twainian. He had found by the bridge the longest German word he had ever seen, and, in order to comprehend it in all its longitude and latitude, he had pinned one end of it to the bridge with the idea of unfolding it. Bearing his precious burden with him, he came to the opposite end of the bridge, only, alas, to find that he still had yards to spare. The apology was accepted with many a broad grin.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Mary's Little Shoes.

Mary had a little limp  
And furrows in her brow.  
She couldn't wear a number two,  
But tried it anyhow.  
—Kansas City Journal.

## The Rumor and the Truth.

(After Longfellow.)

I hreathed a rumor into the air,  
It was accepted everywhere,  
For so swiftly it spread that I  
Could not explain it was a lie.

I hreathed the truth into the air,  
It fell quite flat nearly everywhere,  
For who in these days cares forsooth  
For a thing so stale as the simple truth?

For long months afterward—oh! how long!  
I found the rumor going strong,  
But the truth, from beginning to end,  
Was hotly denied by my dearest friend.  
—London Passing Show.

## The End of the War.

Absolute knowledge I have none;  
But my aunt's washwoman's sister's son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a porter on Houston Street,  
That he had a brother who had a friend  
Who knew when the war was going to end.  
—J. L. S., in New York Herald.

## Ethics of the Jungle.

Kipling's idea of a law of the jungle which is strictly obeyed is not nearly so fantastic as it might be thought, remarks a recent writer. In fact, recent investigations, assisted immensely by the camera, and especially by the cinema, go to show that the novelist was right. For instance, it is an old idea that the lion and tiger took advantage of the necessity put upon all beasts to drink, lying in wait at the water-hole for such defenseless creatures as the antelopes and giraffes. Yet such an idea is a libel on the lion and a travesty on the tiger's character.

There is a standing armistice or truce of the drinking place. Even a lion will not take a defenseless fawn at a disadvantage. He will hunt fair. He therein sets an example to certain human brutes who neither hunt nor fight fair.

The water-hole is neutral ground, and it seems to be well understood that while there the peace must be kept. But there is order of precedence in the forest as there is in the farm. Have you ever seen cows going into the byre or through a gate into the pasture? They know their order, and will not on any account precede their "betters," while any cow who should get into her wrong stall, should attempt to "go up higher," might not survive the experiment.

Thus at the water-hole, when many animals in the darkness come down together to drink, there is a recognized order of "imbibing." The rhino gets first turn—thinking only now of the big game of Africa. Even my lord the elephant gives him "best." Perhaps it is because of his exceedingly ancient lineage, a sort of stray out of the past, when the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus were around, and it is to be feared that his day is nearly done.

But the elephants come second, and then come the lions, leopards, and other big cats. Meanwhile the milder animals have been standing in the background awaiting their turn and unmolested by their powerful neighbors, who later in the night may possibly hunt one of their number down and make a meal of him. But at the water-hole is peace.

"On what ground did she sue him for divorce?" "Somewhere in South Dakota, I believe."—Baltimore American.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. James T. Rucker has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Edith Rucker, and Mr. Warren Spieker. Mr. Spieker is the son of Mrs. John J. Spieker and the brother of Mrs. John Drum. The marriage of Miss Rucker and Mr. Spieker will be solemnized in the spring.

Mrs. Henry C. Breeden entertained a group of friends at luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club, her guests having included Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, and Mrs. Eugene Murphy.

Mrs. Henry Sinshiemer entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Hotel St. Francis last Thursday evening.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin was hostess to a number of friends at luncheon Tuesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Clay gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Oakland, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Elizabeth Clay, Mr. Walter Schilling, Mr. Harold Wood, and Lieutenant Roy Sloan.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home on Broadway, her guests including Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Gerard Clement, Mrs. Shafter Howard, Mrs. George Howard, and Miss Augusta Foute.

Mrs. Curtis Barbour gave a tea last week at her home in Claremont, complimenting Mrs. R. A. Long, the wife of Captain Long, U. S. N.

Mrs. Robert H. Smith gave a bridge-luncheon Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Taylor gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Talbot Walker, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Marion Zeile.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner Saturday evening for the friends of their daughter, Miss Frances Deering. Included in the group were Miss Margaret Deahl, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Frances Deering, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Carol Klink, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Ted Scribner, Mr. Alan Drum, Mr. Van Pelt Harley, Mr. Dan Fuller, and Mr. Frank Fuller.

Mr. Harold Scribner and Mr. Ted Scribner entertained a number of their friends at a dance Saturday evening given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hanson Grubb.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained a group of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Dorothy Deane was hostess at tea last Wednesday afternoon at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Junius Browne gave a theatre and supper party last Wednesday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Mrs. William Krag, and Mr. George Perry of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Havens gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnham.

Mrs. Russell Slade and Mrs. Spencer were hostesses at a supper-dance Saturday evening, the affair having been arranged in honor of a group of men from the aviation school at Berkeley. Among those asked to meet the honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Ida Ward, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Dorothy Deane, Miss Lola Lee, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Jean Wirtner, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Ethel Lee, Miss Helen Johnson, Miss Frances Johnson, Miss Florence Holbertson, and Miss Marita Rossi.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Norman McLaren has gone East to join her daughter, Mrs. Millen Griffith, planning to be away indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have returned to San Francisco from a sojourn of two months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schwabacher have returned to their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis from a visit of several days in Pasadena.

Mrs. John B. Casserly has gone to Chicago, where she is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Michael Cudaby.

Lieutenant Gordon Johnson and Mr. Howard Sprecke's left last week for New York. Lieutenant Johnson will leave in the near future for France.

Mr. Margaret Trimble arrived a few days ago from her home in Santa Barbara and is the guest of Mrs. Macondray Moore and Miss Alejandra Macondray at their home on Webster Street.

Mrs. Downey Harvey left for the East Tues-

day, planning to pass a portion of her visit in New York with her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cooper. Miss Ysabel Chase is visiting in San Diego as the guest of Mrs. Frederick Hussey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lillenthal have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel, where they will pass the remainder of the winter.

Major Harry Howland, who has resided in San Francisco for several years, sailed last week for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newell have returned to their home in Piedmont from a visit in San Diego, where they were guests of Mrs. Peter Kyne.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Clement arrived several days ago from Seattle and have taken apartments at the Plaza Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby returned a few days ago to San Francisco, after an absence of several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin spent the week-end with Dr. Harry Tevis at his country home at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels have returned to their apartments at the St. Francis from a sojourn in the East.

Mr. William Taylor returned last week to San Francisco from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard have returned to San Francisco, after a visit of a few weeks with their son, Lieutenant Edward Bullard.

Mrs. Russell Slade has left for San Antonio, Texas, to see Mr. Slade, who is with the aviation school in Texas.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marion Baker have returned to their apartments at the Palace Hotel from a trip to San Diego.

Lieutenant Lloyd Schultz and Mrs. Schultz, who have been residing at San Antonio, Texas, since their marriage, have gone to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel and their children will return in a few days to their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mrs. H. L. Kemper and her daughter, Miss Cornelia Kemper, are guests at the Clift Hotel from their home in San Luis Obispo.

Mr. Clinton La Montagne has left for a visit of a few weeks in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertody Stone are visiting in San Francisco from their ranch in Siskiyou County.

Miss Elizabeth George spent the week-end in San Francisco as the house guest of Miss Mary Gorgas at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Peter Addison and Miss Edith Redfield of Seattle are guests of Mrs. Elson Lewis at her home in the Presidio.

Mr. Corbett Moody has joined the aviation service of the army and will leave in a few days for San Antonio, Texas.

Dr. W. R. Cluness, Jr., and Mrs. Cluness have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., on Jackson Street, for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have returned to San Francisco from a visit of several weeks in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaucery Pennoyer have gone to Honolulu for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Elena Eyre are passing several days at Coronado.

Mrs. James Keeney and Miss Helen Keeney will return in a few days to San Francisco from a prolonged visit in Eastern cities.

Major William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick are guests at the Fairmont Hotel from their ranch at Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn have returned to their home on Clay Street from a trip to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe have gone to Coronado for a sojourn of several days.

Mr. Louis Montague returned last week to his home on Pacific Avenue from New York.

Among the guests registered this week at the Hotel Shattuck in Berkeley are Mr. and Mrs. Earl M. Cranston, Mr. Jack Cranston and Mrs. L. M. Pitkin, from Denver; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dunstan, Shanghai; Mr. James F. Ross and family, Los Angeles; Captain F. N. Iglehart and Mrs. Iglehart, Baltimore; Mrs. Thomas G. Hailey and Miss Elizabeth Hailey, Portland; Major A. Parker and family, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Rodgers, Waynesboro, Virginia.

Henry Ford believes that America should at once get busy and build automobile roads. Mr. Ford says: "To supplement our railroad system we should build concrete roads that will last for hundreds of years, with low upkeep charges. In this country 80 per cent. of the road hauling is done on 20 per cent. of the highways, and if this 20 per cent. of the roads were rebuilt of concrete, trucks and automobiles will then take over much of the short haul business within a short time and bring land and city nearer together. The railroad congestion will be relieved by the motor truck through this means."

Reports of prices in Stockholm name \$100 a ton for anthracite coal that formerly sold for \$15. Tea sells for \$8 a pound; chocolate, \$3; ham, \$1. House rents, because of the influx of foreigners to escape the rigors of war, have advanced in proportion.

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#### For Belgian Children.

An unusual variation among the many entertainments given for war sufferers will be the "Evening of Impersonations" in the St. Francis hallroom on the evening of January 23d. Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., is devoting her talent to the cause of Belgian children, and her impersonations will include such famous figures as Julia Marlowe, Laurette Taylor, and Elsie Ferguson, as well as original studies from life.

Horace Britt, well known to symphony lovers as the first 'cellist, will offer some charming numbers.

Some of those who have taken boxes are Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Suto, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Deering, Mrs. Elia Williams, and Mrs. M. C. Porter.

Tickets are on sale at the St. Francis and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Others especially interested in this work for the Belgian children are Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. R. M. Loeser, Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. William Hamilton, Mrs. Lewis Hohart, Mrs. Louis Mullgardt, Mrs. Clarence Smith, Mrs. George Caswell, Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Miss Sallie Magnard, and Miss Ethel Beaver.

#### Wisner-Hughes Concerts.

The third concert given by Mr. Hother Wisner and Mrs. Robert Hughes will take place on Tuesday evening, January 29th, at Sorosis Auditorium. A splendid programme will be rendered, including a group of violin soli by American composers played by Hother Wisner and the Richard Strauss Sonata for violin and piano in E flat, op. 18, and the Leclair (Old French) Sonata and Haydn's E flat Sonata. It will be interesting to hear Arthur Foote's violin ballad, which Mr. Wisner played with Mr. Foote during his last visit in San Francisco.

#### Mr. Landfield's Lectures.

Mr. Jerome Landfield announces that his Wednesday morning lectures at the Palace Hotel on Current Events will henceforth begin at 11 o'clock instead of 10:30.

San Francisco's unit of home guards will be paraded at the Civic Auditorium next Tuesday evening, when Governor Stephens will review it by invitation if his duties permit his so doing.

One of the newest ventures in neighborhood work is a club for Chinese mothers which has been organized at Toronto.

#### To Our Friends.

You wouldn't dream of leaving large sums of money in your home or office day after day and night after night.

Yet you leave valuable treasures there—beirlooms, jewelry, keepsakes—which money could never replace; you leave important papers there—insurance policies, securities, receipts, Liberty Bonds—the loss of which would cost you large sums of money.

Did it ever occur to you that there is absolutely no safety for your valuables in your home or office?

You do not need to be reminded of fire dangers and the uncertainty and havoc of them, but you may not realize what an intricate, scientific, almost infallible profession burglary is! Home and office locks and safes are slight obstacles in the way of a professional thief.

Your turn may not have come yet, but that does not mean that it never will.

But, it never will if you take the proper precautions.—Don't trust the home hiding places—a joke to thieves—nor to an office safe, because there is only one really secure place—a safe deposit box!

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## REAL FOUNDER OF RED CROSS?

An Italian Soldier of Fortune Said to Have Created It in 1586.

The famous Camillus de Lellis founded the first society of Red Cross nurses. The facts of this article are gleaned by Henry B. Tierney from a remarkable book, "The Hospital Saint," written by a Sister of Mercy, a descendant of Martin Luther. Camillus de Lellis was a soldier of fortune, great sinner, and great saint, who founded a nursing order with the Red Cross as its emblem nearly four centuries ago.

In the town of Bacchiano, in the then kingdom of Naples, in the year 1550, fourteen years before the birth of Shakespeare, a son was born to Giovanni de Lellis and his wife, Lady Camilla Campellia. The infant had a long line of soldier ancestors who bore their name worthily, but his father had acquired all the vices of the camp, and Lady Camilla feared that her son would inherit evil traits of character. This fear was intensified by a dream she had before the boy was born, in which she saw a child with a red cross on his breast, followed by a multitude of other children wearing the same crimson sign.

With a troubled heart she watched Camillus develop into a restless, quarrelsome rover, whose one desire was to join his father in a soldiering career. The mother died when the boy was twelve years old, and after a few years of compulsory schooling Camillus realized his desire. At nineteen he was the associate of the most lawless youth of the time, a gambler and a soldier of fortune. His father exercised no restraint over him and regarded him as a comrade. Together they fought for friend or foe, Christian or Turk, as chance offered.

Giovanni fell ill on one of those forays and died at the home of a kinsman, repenting his evil life and making what reparation he could. Camillus was deeply moved by his father's death and decided to mend his own sinful ways. As he journeyed homeward he encountered two Franciscan priests, who strengthened his good resolutions. He decided to go to his uncle, who was a Franciscan friar high up in the Order of Gentle St. Francis. That wise and holy man soon made up his mind that Camillus had no vocation to the priesthood and dismissed him. The young soldier, embittered, went back to his old associations. An open wound in his right leg brought him eventually to the hospital of St. Giacomo, Rome, where he secured employment until his passion for gambling, which he imparted to others, caused his dismissal. Again he turned to the army and again his wild life proved his undoing. Broken in health, half starved, ragged, Camillus wandered about, until a nobleman, touched by his wretchedness, gave him work as a laborer on a Capuchin monastery that he was building. Camillus was no lover of work, and his pride rebelled against the lowly occupation, but his mother's prayers must have followed him, for the good triumphed. On the feast of the Purification, February 2d, the young man made his final choice. Forevermore he would follow Christ. The resolution was valiantly kept. Twice he was rejected by the Capuchins, after a trial, because of the unhealed wound in his leg, and each time he sought refuge in St. Giacomo Hospital.

Here he proved so efficient that he was made superintendent of the wards and out of his labors and the needs of those he served came the determination to spend his life in caring for the bodies and souls of men. To fulfill such a mission most perfectly Camillus decided to be a priest. So at the age of thirty-two and with scarcely the rudiments of an education he entered the junior classes in a Jesuit college in Rome and patiently applied himself to elementary studies. "You have come late," said a rude youth to the tall, ungainly man who was his classmate. The gibe was unheeded by Camillus, but the master re-

huked the boy sternly and predicted to the class that the elderly student would yet accomplish great things for the church.

March 18, 1586, Pope Sixtus V confirmed the congregation of nurses that Camillus had gathered, and on June 26th of the same year in another brief ordered that Camillus and his companions "should wear as a distinguishing mark of their order a red cross on their habits and cloaks."

About this time Giovanni d'Adamo came from Spain to Rome to obtain approval of a society of Spanish nurses. The Pope advised him to join with the Red Cross nurses of Camillus. Adamo was undecided what to do until one day he found that the white wooden cross he wore had turned red. He went at once to Camillus and became a Red Cross nurse.

In 1601 Red Cross nurses of Camillus accompanied Italian troops to recover Canizza in Croatia. During the siege some baggage was set on fire which burned up everything but the red cross sewed on one of the cloaks of these "ministers of the sick." This was considered such a miracle that the red cross was distributed thread by thread among the troops.

Years later, when removing the bodies under the Church of St. Ninfa, in Palermo, it was found that they were decayed, but all the red crosses on the habits of the ten nurses of Camillus were intact.

St. Camillus died in 1614, twenty-eight years after founding his order of the Red Cross nurses, which his mother had seen in a dream before his birth. He had established during his life sixteen houses and hospitals of his order in Italy, and lost 220 of his nurses while attending the numerous plagues and wars of that time. Philip IV introduced the order into Spain. Father Andreas Sicli of Palermo traveled to Mexico, Peru, and Brazil to introduce the order into South America. Father Perez of Castile, after being superior of the Red Cross order of Spain, brought the order to Lima where he died on August 15, 1770. Thus Mexico and South America of the North American continent had three Red Cross nurses of Camillus a century and a half before our own age created a similar order for the care of the wounded of all nations.

Many societies of both sexes undertaking the work of nursing get a member of the order of St. Camillus to bless the red cross they wear, in order to emulate the work of the founder of the Red Cross nurses. The nursing order of St. Francis, 200 of whom are in attendance at the well-known Mayo hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, wear the red cross of Camillus on their breasts in hospitals everywhere. And still there are writers on "The Origin of Red Cross Nurses" who never heard of St. Camillus de Lellis.

In view of the fact that Siam is taking part with the great powers in the world war, it has been thought right to add a color to the flag, namely dark blue. The national flag will have dark blue in the centre occupying one-third of the ground, and on either side a white and a red stripe, each of these stripes occupying one-sixth of the ground. The colors therefore will be red, white, dark blue, white, red.

In Europe, where the ownership of an automobile is a symbol of wealth and social prominence, it is the usage to buy from the manufacturer only the chassis, having the body built to the owner's specifications by some house of body specialists.

## The Roumanian Court.

The Roumanian court speaks English, even when *en famille*, so that one's first feeling is that one is in England. The king, of whom so little is known (for the best of reasons: that he is a silent man except at home), gives the impression of one of the kindest-natured men one has ever met—handsome, and looking ten years younger than his age. His face, in repose, shows indelible lines of anxiety which the war has stamped on it, but he always meets you with a smile. M. Albert Thomas, who came out on an official mission to Roumania, put the feeling into words. He said to me (writes a correspondent in the *London Observer*): "Cela m'est égal s'il est Roi . . . c'est un bien brave garçon, et je l'aime." I told the king and he laughed and answered: "It is curious; I never met any one I felt such a sudden sympathy for."

When one thinks of the great struggle King Ferdinand must have gone through when he broke with the traditions of a lifetime and severed all his family ties, one instinctively acknowledges the greatness of the mind of the king which was able so to submerge the man for the good of his adopted country, and to shoulder a responsibility which he fully realized. He was not allowed to forget it, and, at the crown council in Bucharest, where for the first time he spoke, and his words were "to declare war on Austria and Germany," one of his pro-German ministers faced him across the council table and deliberately called down what was as near a curse as can be invoked in modern times: "May your majesty's armies be beaten in the field, and may I live to see the day!"

The second time the king spoke was at Jassy, when he gave the land to the peasants as a reward for their heroism in the field; and the third time, also at Jassy, when he promised the franchise to the Jews after the war; and what King Ferdinand promises he fulfills. His people call him "Ferdinand the Faithful."

Personal grief has not been spared the royal house, for the baby, Prince Mircea, died just before the flight from Bucharest, and the family life had centred round the child.

The queen has woman's greatest asset in life: beauty. It is not that, however, but her delightful nature that charms one. Used to an absolutely happy life, surrounded by luxury, never having come close to tragedy, she has grasped her nettles of public and private grief in a firm hand and holds them. Such griefs do not pass quickly, though the lips smile. Queen Marie is at this moment working day and night on the front, often under fire, stopping in peasants' cottages (there is nothing else to stop in), passing in her motor on impossible roads from hospital to hospital in all weathers, eating impossible food, and returning, worn out, to begin again next day. She carries comforts for the men, if, by chance, a wagon has got through from England, and if not (which is often the case in the present state of Russia), just by her presence and endurance gives courage to her

men to hold on for her sake. Again the voice of the people has spoken, and she has been christened by them "Sainte Marie."

The Crown Prince, from a boy, has become a man in a few months, doing a man's work, organizing canteens, supervising construction of shelters behind the lines, drilling his troops, racing his motor from point to point where he is most needed (he is his own chauffeur). The Princess Elisabeta and Mariorara work in the queen's own hospital, and when I say "work" I mean it. No finelady fiddling this, but a steady dressing of the wounded, day after day; always the same suffering round of pain, and little that the palace can give to alleviate it, for the palace is destitute of even its own necessities. Miss Milne, an Englishwoman, who has been with the royal family for years, accompanies the princesses and takes her full share of the same work. Even little Princess Ileana, eight years old, starts off with her English nurse every day to carry her basket of bread or cigarettes to some hospital, and does it on foot, too, for there are not enough motors to go round.

Prince Nicholas is seen in his tiny motor, driving himself alone in and out of the heavy war traffic of convoys of guns and ammunition that are forever passing down the narrow, cobbled main street of Jassy. His scout's uniform is familiar to every soldier in the country, for he accompanies his father on visits to the front.

All the royal family got accustomed to bombs in Bucharest, where thirteen fell on the house and garden where the children had been put for safety. Our enemies were well informed of all their movements by traitors from within.

On Christmas Day I lunched at the palace and was amazed to see a plum pudding (for there was nothing in Jassy, I knew, to make one with). I looked mutely at the queen, who replied to my unasked question: "The dinner is a present from Russia: it arrived just in time. I can assure you we don't eat like this every day." And, seeing my husband stoically refuse a second helping, she turned to the butler, saying: "Wrap the rest up in a paper and give it to ———." Much protesting, but very pleased, he carried it away under his arm. When I left she gave me a big bunch of mistletoe with the words: "It's all I have to give you this year, but we have tried to keep a little Christmas, even at this bad moment."

I envy the Roumanian people their rulers. Many are the stories that will be handed down over the wood fire in Roumanian villages of the great retreat to Moldavia, and how the royal family came to them and worked with them behind the lines, holding out courage and help in both hands with a smile.

Mrs. Crawford—Did your husband surprise you with a present at Christmas? Mrs. Crabshaw—No, he didn't. I told him exactly what I needed, and he was mean enough to go and get it for me.—Life.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Let's go to church." "It's raining too hard." "Well, let's go to the movies; it's only four blocks further."—*Life*.

*Mrs. Willis*—They say your husband comes home at all hours of the night. *Mrs. Gillis*—No; only the late ones.—*Town Topics*.

*She*—Do you think that people are less romantic and imaginative after they are married? *He*—I don't know about the romantic part of it, but if they are going to try to ex-

plain everything they've got to be more imaginative.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Lennie*—Does Agnes wear her skirts short? *Millie*—Oh, a few inches above two feet.—*Town Topics*.

"Blinks seems to lead a very happy married life." "Yes. His wife can darn, but she can't knit."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Mistress*—I am not quite satisfied with your references. *Maid*—Neither am I, but they are the best I could get.—*New York Globe*.

*She*—I suppose you saw some close things at the front. *He*—Rather! There was McDougall of our battalion—think he was the closest.—*London Ideas*.

"Are the people who are coming this weekend of any social prominence, mother?" "Dear me, no, child! They are all your father's friends."—*Life*.

*Casey*—Finnegan got his life insured last June an' he's dead so quick. *Cassidy*—Sure, he must have had a pull wid de insurance company.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How does your boy like life in the army?" "Not particularly well. He says he's been in it six weeks now and hasn't once been ordered to do something glorious."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"No pretty girl ever sits by me on a car," complained the man who fancied himself slighted. "Show some enterprise," advised the hustler. "Sit down by them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Jack* (in a whisper)—Say, I am almost sure this pretty girl on the other side of me nudged me with her elbow just now. *Mack*—Aw, forget it. Don't you see she is just knitting?—*Florida Times-Union*.

*Harry* (just "out")—Listen, Bill! Sounds like ole Fritz comin' over in the mud—squish squash, squish squash. *Bill*—That's orl right—that's only the Americans further up a-chewin' their gum rations.—*London Opinion*.

"An Eskimo wears the same suit of clothes all the year round." "I've heard so," replied the man with the shiny coat sleeve. "Sometimes I'm tempted to move way up north where that sort of thing is fashionable."—*Washington Star*.

"This law is a queer business." "How so?" "They swear a man to tell the truth." "What then?" "And every time he shows signs of



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doing it, some lawyer objects."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why did you vote for prohibition?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "after trying both, I decided that a thirst isn't as bad as a headache."—*Washington Star*.

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the distance between the earth and the sun?" "Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."—*Houston Post*.

*Sergeant*—You've fallen out of line not less than five times. You should not be in this regiment at all. *Recruit*—Where should I be? *Sergeant*—In the flying corps, and you'd only have to fall out once.—*London Opinion*.

*Recruiting Officer* (testing eyesight)—Take this newspaper and read it. *Recruit*—What for? You don't suppose I'm going to have time in a battle to sit down and read the leading articles, do you?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I understand your servant has notified you that she is going to quit work." "Not ex-

actly," said Mrs. Crosslots. "She hasn't been working to speak of for some weeks. Now she has announced that she doesn't intend even to associate with us."—*Washington Star*.

"Mr. Sorrell proposed to me, mother." "And you accepted him, I hope." "No, mother. I could never love a man with red hair." "But, my dear girl, you should consider the fact that he has very little of it."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I often think," she said, "that women are more courageous than men." "I know they are," he replied. "Where is there a man who would have the courage to pull out a mirror and doll himself up before a crowd in a restaurant?"—*London Opinion*.

"I suppose a fellow ought to have a good deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying?" "Nonsense! I didn't have a penny when I started, and I'm getting along fine now." "That so? Installment plan?" "Yes, and we've only been married and keeping house for a year, and I've got the engagement ring paid for already."—*Dallas News*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mr. Hearst's "Restoration" Project.

There is that in the suggestion of restoring the ruined cities of France which challenges a whole brood of fine sentiments. The spirits of sympathy and charity are instinctively enlisted. Yet in this, as in other projects of this troubled time calling for expenditure of energy and material resource, it will be the part of wisdom to take stock of conditions—to Stop, Look, Listen! It must be borne in mind that the first necessity is to win the war. To this supreme end all other projects and motives should be subordinated. It is a business obviously calling for all the initiative, all the energy, all the material resource that this country in coöperation with its allies can muster and put forth. Any diversion of force, in whatever form it may be embodied, will in the existing posture of affairs be a mistake.

But there are other considerations. The desolated region of France is at this very hour in dispute between contending armies. A considerable part of it has been redeemed in the sense that it has returned to military possession of the Allies. But the greater part remains in the hands of the enemy. All—and more—

is subject to future chances of war. Only a month ago a considerable region round about Cambrai was taken from the Germans, only to be recaptured by them. The anticipation, of course, is that the line of enemy occupation will recede, but this is a hope rather than an assurance. Common prudence therefore suggests that no expenditure be made in the way of restoration within areas and regions still subject to the fortunes of war. Again, it is to be borne in mind that the damage done was illegitimate even under the hard rules of war; therefore it is due in equity and under the law of nations that Germany shall ultimately pay the bill. Money expended now in the spirit of fraternity and charity may in the final account only be subtracted from indemnities due from the invader.

We have also to consider the circumstances and conditions under which this restoration project is presented to the people of the United States. It comes obviously out of time, and quite as obviously from calculations of self-interest. It is designed less in the spirit of sympathy than in the spirit of exploitation. The purpose is first of all, not to aid a stricken people, but to exploit the Hearst newspapers. A favorite device of sensational journalism, if the Hearst type newspaper may be styled journalism, is to keep in the air some "movement" cunningly planned to excite humanitarian sympathies, but to the practical end of advertising and otherwise promoting a newspaper interest. Thus we have "drives" for prohibition, for woman suffrage, for public ownership, or for whatever fad may for the moment hold public attention. In these various "drives" there is far less of the spirit of human sympathy than of the calculations of cold-blooded business. This is conspicuously so in the immediate instance.

The supreme issue, we repeat, is the war. All our initiative, all our energy, all our financial resource, we repeat, should be given to this end. All other considerations are subordinate and relatively trivial. It will be time enough to clear up the debris of war when the war itself shall have been put into the background.

### Dr. Garfield's Order.

The only possible defense of Dr. Garfield's order shutting down the industries of the country rests upon a condition for which Dr. Garfield himself is chiefly responsible. Expert and competent dealing with the factors of coal production, of labor, and of transportation might easily have avoided a problem which made some sort of radical action imperative. The first mistake was in fixing the price of coal at a level so low as to prevent the reopening of many old workings and to limit the production of mines in operation. Another mistake was that of backing the demands of mine labor for higher pay and shorter hours, thus establishing a condition under which multitudes of slackers declined to work more than three or four days out of each week. Still another mistake—for which the Administration rather than Dr. Garfield is responsible—was that of balling up transportation by conflicts of preference orders. If sixty days ago the Administration had abolished the privilege of preference orders and, under its war powers, had suspended all restrictive laws in relation to transportation, concurrently employing for government work an expert traffic manager, there would have been no difficulty in getting coal from mine to consumer. Executive delinquency, for which Dr. Garfield on the one hand and the Administration on the other must share the blame, is clearly responsible for a condition which had become serious to the degree of a crisis.

Reviewing the Garfield order after its execution is obviously pottering with burnt powder. The thing is done and there's an end of it, excepting as it may serve as a mischievous precedent. It has relieved a desperate

situation. Yet there are many, and among them leading experts of the country, who hold that relief might have come through less drastic—and less costly—means. To a man of academic methods of thought, and without knowledge and experience of practical affairs, the shutting down of industry for a brief period no doubt seemed a simple expedient. To him it meant five days lost time—nothing more. He reckoned not at all of practical conditions which include disturbance of working organizations, aggravation of differences between employer and employed, and the personal distress entailed upon multitudes who live from week to week upon current wages. He reckoned not at all upon the fact that in very many instances the fuel cost in days of shut-down is greater than in days of actual operation. These considerations, vital as they are, and as they are known to be by practical men, are precisely of a kind to escape the attention of an academic theorist.

The plain truth of the matter is that Dr. Garfield was not and is not the man for the special responsibility committed to him. Amiable and well intentioned he is without doubt; and a scholar unquestionably. But a man whose chief experience has been in the academic sphere, whose mind is adjusted to theories as distinct from facts, is not a man for business administration. The coal director should be a man accustomed to handling concrete problems. He should be familiar with the working side of production, of dealing with men and of dealing with transportation. He should, in brief, be a practical man. The mistake of Dr. Garfield's selection is akin to many another in the present organization of the government. There is fundamental misconception behind a policy which employs a managing politician as an ambassador, a college president as a coal director, a financial promoter as a director of transportation, and which retains in time of war at the head of great departments of government men chosen upon political considerations and for the relatively simple duties of times of peace.

### Senator Stone Removes the Lid.

From a partisan of the Administration, speaking in the Senate of the United States, there comes reassertion of the mediæval doctrine that the king can do no wrong! Nobody must question the wisdom and the discretion of the government. Nobody must mark its failures. If small and incompetent men rattle around in large places, if great projects collapse at the point of performance through inefficiency, if our men shiver and die in the training camps for want of the common necessities and comforts of life, if billions of public money are thrown to the winds, if confusion usurps the place of order and paralysis that of energy, we must still with complacent smiles maintain that all is well. This is the logic of Senator Stone, who speaks as a partisan of the Administration—a logic against which various other senators, including members of the President's own party, stand in open and defiant protest.

Since our formal entrance into the war in April nobody has wished to put a straw in the way of the Administration. On the other hand everybody has desired to support fully and cordially the efforts of the government. Until Senator Stone, partisan and friend of the Administration, raised the issue by his speech in the Senate on Monday there has been no partisan or other effort of obstruction. Of course the eyes of practical and sensible men have not been shut. They have suffered chagrin when Mr. Wilson has seemed to regard the war as his own private enterprise. They have inwardly grieved at his failure to reorganize his cabinet by substitution of men of ability, experience, and established responsibility for the group of narrow partisans at the head of the several departments. With chagrin



they have observed the scandals of the Shipping Board, the conflicts of authority, the hundred inadequacies and wastes due to lack of grasp, lack of experience, lack of judgment, lack of energy, lack of business method. They have resented the failure to employ the expert talent and the trained competence of the country in administrative duties. But they have restrained their tongues less in patience than in grieved toleration. Now that the President's own friends and partisans have raised the issue, we shall expect such presentment and discussion of administrative policies as may inform the country and arouse the spirit which alone can win success.

That the Administration is not fairly and efficiently meeting the necessities of the time, that we have failed deplorably in the essential business of preparing adequately and promptly for the war, that we are scandalously dissipating our resources—all this is painfully in evidence. It is of a part with that most colossal of blunders, namely, our failure to prepare when it was evident that we were being forced into the war. It proceeds from the same basis of political calculation, of academic aloofness from practical considerations, of overweening confidence in partisan and private friends, of deficiency in appraisal of men, of jealousy of possible rivals, of colossal conceit and colossal stubbornness of mind.

The proposal on the part of Senators Chamberlain, Hitchcock, and others, political partisans of the Administration, to bring order out of chaos by creation of a special war council or war cabinet, comes none too soon if we are to play the part in the war to which we stand pledged and if we are to meet the legitimate and proper expectations of our allies. Just as it has called for restraint on the part of Republican leaders in Congress to wait upon the slow and blundering movements of the Administration, so it has called for courage on the part of those partisans and friends of the Administration who have at last been goaded to action. They have the rights of the situation; there is no question or doubt as to that. There is need, and imperative need, of reorganization at Washington, to the end of efficient and honorable participation in the great business before us. They come none too soon and they speak none too emphatically. If the Administration can not or will not create an efficient administration of the war, then Congress must under its high responsibility take to itself such measure of powers as lies within its authority and its duty.

Nobody, we suspect, will charge the *Argonaut* with an undue bias in favor of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. We retract nothing ever said in these columns in respect of his faults of character. Now as in the past we abominate his noisy egotism, his bad manners, his looseness of method, his unrestrained violence with respect to whoever or whatever opposes him. But nobody in his senses, not blind and deaf under the prejudice of partisanship, will deny to Mr. Roosevelt high character as a patriot or great powers of moral appeal. Not even his severest critics will deny to him the credit of infinite personal courage. With all his defects he compares at all points of character as daylight to darkness with "Gum-Shoe Bill" Stone, who on the floor of the Senate on Monday arraigned him as a helper of the Kaiser and as an enemy of his country.

#### A Fiction and Its Consequences.

Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and chairman of the advisory commission of the Council of National Defense, let fall a significant phrase in the course of his testimony before the Senate Military Committee last week. Mr. Willard served as chairman of the advisory commission from December, 1916, to March, 1917, a period when it was evident that we were being forced into the war. The advisory commission was made up of business men and the avowed purpose of the organization of which it was a part was to "mobilize industry." Yet in his testimony Mr. Willard declared that the advisory commission and the Council of Defense was merely a "peace organization"; that it gave no attention to actual preparation for war until war was upon us.

Mr. Willard's testimony is a significant count in the indictment of a general policy which made no preparation for war even at a time when war was known to be inevitable. To maintain an outward consistency with "kept us out of war" politics we were permitted

to go into war as ill-prepared as if we had not for nearly three years been hearing of nothing but war and under multiplied suggestions enforcing the necessity of war. Our present situation is the natural result of this policy, of a policy which ignored or denied facts, which pigeon-holed warnings founded in facts, and which in the face of common sense and common prudence held the course of government to a fatal line of conduct.

The full meaning of it all—of what it has done to us and to our allies—is revealed by the findings of the current congressional investigations. We are paying today in lives and money, in lives unnecessarily sacrificed to pneumonia, meningitis, and other diseases growing out of want of forethought and preparation, in money being wasted or going to fatten the purses of speculators and profiteers. We have lost months of time, we are involved in financial obligations running into billions, because little men in big posts thought it necessary to sustain the politics embodied in the formula "kept us out of war."

And still the Administration refuses to be instructed. It seeks to pull away from every movement to grapple with problems of the time in straightforward and vigorous fashion. When it is suggested that the administrative organization be strengthened by replacing weak men with strong men, when it is proposed to establish a comprehensive system of military training, when it is urged by practical men that the administrative departments be coordinated and the system of purchase of supplies be centralized, the Administration sets its face in protest. In contempt of experience, in the face of confusion and extravagance, undismayed by failure, the Administration insists upon maintaining the business of organizing and supplying the war with the same agents and under the same practice as in times of peace.

#### The Country Grows Impatient.

At a time when all other countries in the war are seeking to strengthen their administrative organizations the United States alone is neglecting to employ its men of demonstrated efficiency and of established public confidence. At a time when other countries are seeking to build up their reserves in anticipation of an indefinite period of warfare, we are making no adequate plans for the future. In the face of a disheartening lack of coordination of powers and forces we are pluming ourselves upon achievements as yet theoretical and questionable. Obsessed by the notion that it has done wonders before it has really done anything in the way of actual participation in the business of fighting, our Administration is floundering about in confusion and dissipating its powers in conflicts of cross-purpose.

The situation in the War Department developed by congressional investigation has not in the least disturbed a complacency which shuts its eyes to distressing facts, sits calm, assured, and satisfied while men in our training camps, minus guns, minus adequate clothing, minus sanitation, are suffering and dying of cold and disease. The Secretary of War sits cocky and smiling before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and fences after the fashion of an adroit politician, asserting that all is well when there is multiplied evidence that much—very much—is ill. He compromises with the alien enemy peril; he resists the establishment of a business system; he denies the need for a ministry of munitions; he resents proposals of a military policy or of legislation looking to the creation of a reserve personnel for our armies; he refuses to accept any of the lessons of past blunders. It is not surprising that even such ardent partisans of the Administration as Senators Chamberlain and Hitchcock grow impatient with an unteachable fatuousness and a boundless self-sufficiency.

For what is amiss—and very much is obviously amiss—the mediocre men at the head of great departments, amateurs all in the business of governmental administration, would have the country believe that Congress is to blame. But the record does not condemn Congress. On the other hand it exhibits Congress as answering with surprising readiness the many demands made upon it. Congress has up to now practically subordinated partisan motives. Republicans in both houses have co-operated promptly and cordially in meeting the requirements of the Administration. Congress provided in the army bill of last year everything that was asked of it in the way of military reorganization. It accepted

the principle of the draft with scarcely a murmur of question or protest. It gave to the President the authority and power of a practical dictator. It swallowed whole the administrative revenue scheme, questionable though it was and is at many points. It has provided money reckoned in billions of dollars. If there be any just criticism of Congress it rests less upon its restraint of the Administration than upon its too ready acceptance of administrative projects. It ill becomes the head of the War Department or of any other department to call Congress to account for delinquencies plainly proceeding from an overstrained confidence in and a generous support of administrative projects.

We are a people of infinite patience. Our disposition is and has been all along to support the government without question, to supply its needs without stint, to accept its plans, to fortify it materially and morally. But a strain is put upon patriotic spirit when we observe the President's trust in small and untrained men, his disinclination to accept the service of demonstrated administrators ready and willing to serve, when we see great projects like that entrusted to the Shipping Board going wrong through incompetence, when we see our drafted men suffering and dying for lack of common comforts and safeguards, when everywhere we see extravagance and waste and when in connection with all these things we find ourselves at the end of ten months only just limping into the war.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From an Appreciative Reader.

COLORADO SPRINGS, January 14, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have been reading the *Argonaut* regularly for the last twenty-five years and have always admired its sturdy and fearless treatment of public questions. It is the only paper I know of that has not been afraid to come out plainly and place responsibility exactly where it thought it belonged. I am impelled to write this letter to you in light of your editorial in the issue of January 12th, "A Vital and Timely Issue," and other similar ones in recent issues.

This country needs great papers like the London *Times*, which has never been afraid to criticize any one in public life, no matter what the station of the individual may be, so long as it thinks it is right and that the criticism is for the public welfare. The things this paper has done in calling attention to what should be and must be done and which were not being done in England to win the war are well known, and the tremendously increased efficiency thus brought about in England is also well known and thoroughly appreciated in England.

You have not been afraid to bring your criticisms precisely where they belonged, directly on the President, Mr. Wilson, for his presidential campaign carried on on his "kept us out of war" platform, when he knew, as you say, that war on our part was inevitable. In this as in his cabinet and practically all he has done he seems to have been guided first by political expediency. This is no time for partisan politics, and the Republican members of the Senate and House have been broad-minded enough to recognize this and have been Americans first and given the Administration their full and hearty cooperation in all that pertained to the conduct of and preparation for the war. It is a very big business and calls for big broad patriotic treatment and a manner of conduct with but one aim, prompt and vigorous success. Any head of a big business who carried on its affairs in the inefficient way so many of our war preparations have been carried on would be quickly displaced by some one able and more efficient. The war will undoubtedly be won eventually, but these preventable delays in getting ready mean postponement of the end and expenditures in lives and money that will be vast in amount and which could have been prevented by business-like action, regardless of political expediency. Mr. Lincoln carried on the war of 1861 without regard to politics and Mr. Wilson can well, and in fact must follow his example, and soon, if he hopes to hold a worthy place in American history.

As an American citizen I hope you will continue to, as you have in the past, criticize what is bad, commend what is good, regardless of on whom the criticism may fall, only that you feel that you are right. We need more such of the Press to inform the public and aid them in forming their opinions.

I am writing this letter as an expression of what I am sure is in the minds of many other citizens.

J. D. HAWKINS.

#### Letter from Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. D. Grant, the *Argonaut* is permitted to publish the following letter received by him from an old-time friend, once a Californian—Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, the famous novelist and playwright:

BEACHWOOD, BARTLEY, SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 11, 1917.

\* \* \* We are now recovering from the Italian debacle and the Maximalist triumph at Petrograd. These calamities may prove stepping-stones to a more carefully coordinated policy upon the part of the Allies. The difficulties and complexities of such a task are only appreciated by those behind the scene. When the true history of this war is published the outside world will realize what has been accomplished in the teeth of conflicting interests which seemed impossible to reconcile. I am sure that you personally pay no attention to the absurd attacks recently leveled against our admiralty. Our navy has performed in silence and secrecy prodigies of valor. One item alone makes one gasp with amazement—we have transported almost without loss 13,000,000 of men! That doesn't look as if the "Nelson touch" had vanished, does it? I notice that certain American newspapers have been saying that England has allowed her colonials to bear the brunt of the fighting. The answer to that is conclusive. England has suffered seventy-five per cent. of all the casualty.

I rejoice to think that this country and America are at last partners and friends. Do you remember our flagstaff at Arley, which Stanford gave to Frank McCoppin? [The reference here is to a ranch in San Luis Obispo County, where the



writer and a group of his British friends lived for several years.] We wanted to fly the Union Jack from it. You, if my memory doesn't fail me, advised us more wisely, so we flew the Stars and Stripes. The future of civilization now lies beneath those two flags. May they wave above us—and forever and ever, Amen!

It seems quite likely that this war may now go on for a couple of years. And how is the bill going to be paid? Conscriptio of capital is inevitable. That means dislocation of industries. Many are predicting an income tax of ten shillings in the pound. Will this strangle enterprise? I don't think so, because love of enterprise is racial in my country and yours. I am sure that the big money-makers work for prestige rather than for dollars.

It is impossible to exaggerate the moral effect on this country of America coming in. Our loss of Russia is swamped in this tremendous gain. We are beginning to feel the pinch of restricted supply. We are living upon rations and cars can only be used in the public service. But I have heard no complaint. Before the war demagogues prattled about the luxury of the famous clubs. At my two clubs, the Garrick and the Athenæum, we are living strictly within the allowances. I have looked over the mess sheets of both clubs and find that the members consume less meat, bread, and sugar than is permissible.

I have always been an optimist and I believe with absolute conviction that as an empire we shall come out of this welter stronger, more united, and purged to finer issues. Much that was hateful and base has been swept away. In the avalanche some things that you and I valued, perhaps unduly, have been obliterated. The people who have been hit hardest, hit so hard that I fear they can never recover, are the country gentlemen who lived quietly on their own estates, the squires in England. Increased taxation has ruined them. All of them lived up to moderate income, between two and four thousand a year. They spent their money amongst their own tenants and ruled fairly well and wisely as you know. Their little reign is over. The British officer, as you and I knew him, has gone, too. The British maiden of the better class, the rather prim, modest, reserved girl who lived in the country happy and content with the blinds down between herself and everything offensive in life, has disappeared. There has been tremendous leveling up and down.

I am glad that I am alive in such times, and I hope to live long enough to see the after-war problems solved satisfactorily. One thing is certain—the idle rich in this country simply are not. The rich have worked as hard as the poor, men and women. An entirely new world is rising above the horizon. In that world, after the war, the rich will be poorer and the poor richer, something unknown in history.

There will be no premature peace. I don't think that England as a nation feels vindictive. I never hear anybody talking of vast indemnities. But there is a grim determination to secure a peace that will be lasting.

We have had wounded Tommies here in this house ever since the war began. Some hundreds have passed through our hands. Many have been victims of nerve shock, but not one so far as I know has weakened upon the fundamental proposition of sticking it out to the end.

Write me—often as you can. A letter from California brings back the smell of sage and tar weed.

Affectionately, HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

#### Our Army in France.

It has been supposed in this country that however defective the equipment of our training camps, ample and even generous provision has been made for our troops already in France. But there has come a sudden awakening in the reports of careful observers now being given through New York newspapers, more particularly in the *Tribune*. Late last year the *Tribune* commissioned Mr. Caspar Whitney, the well-known writer and, until our entrance into the war, a member of Mr. Hoover's staff in Belgium, as its special correspondent in France. Mr. Whitney was so affected by conditions there that on his own initiative he has returned to bring to the American people an uncensored message. Prefacing the first installment of his report, Mr. Whitney declares that his purpose is threefold: (1) To endeavor to eliminate bungling in our war preparations; (2) to insist upon the replacement of incompetence and red-tape with efficiency and clear vision in the main arteries of our war-making machine; (3) to impress upon the American people the full depth of their own responsibility for disquieting revelations. There is for us, he points out, but one consideration pertinent or tolerable, namely, the care and the effectiveness of our fighting force in France, that we may fulfill our obligations to our allies and to our soldiers. "Half-measures," he declares, "will not suffice; the trouble is too deeply seated. Switching incompetents from one office to another will not repair bungling. When the lives of our men and the success of our cause are the issue there can be no doubt of the course we should take."

From the first installment of Mr. Whitney's report we excerpt the following. Parenthetically it is pertinent to remark that the information supplied by Mr. Whitney in detail goes far to explain the determination of Senator Chamberlain, Mr. Roosevelt, and others to enforce reorganization and thus to speed up the war:

It is a jolt to hear American efficiency, as represented by the U. S. A. supply and transportation service, referred to in France as a "joke"; but it is a severer jolt to discover the multiple causes which have given it currency.

For five months, at the date of which I write (December 25th), the American troops had been in France, and the showing of its supply and transportation service is as follows: FIVE days' advance rations.

SHORTAGE of shirts and ponchos.

NO reserves of heavy shoes to replace the lighter ones, which were not adapted to service in France and have not worn well; or of clothing which is not warm enough, and, as to overcoat, ill suited to trench work.

NO rubber boots, and already a few cases of "trench feet," that strangely crippling development of this war, are appearing. *Trench feet—and we as yet only playing at war!*

NO hats. There were really sixty-five.

NO woollen socks, except those furnished to the hospitals by the Red Cross.

NO machine guns or reserves of rifles.

NO artillery save that got from the French, and much of the rifle and all of the artillery ammunition drawn from the French and the British.

NO labor with which to complete cantonnements—French soldier labor having been loaned for those already built—and

permanently establish the line of communication between the sea and the American sector.

'Tis not a picture to kindle our pride, but it is not one to lift us out of our complacency, to give us fear for the ineptitude that menaces the health and the military fitness of our soldiers?

And with the army thus suffering through supply and transportation shortage, I found the warehouses of the Red Cross in France comfortably stocked (although an entire trainload of provisions had just been sent to Italy) with beans, rice, condensed milk, canned beef and some sugar, for the service of their canteens in the French army (where they are doing fine and needed work)—and motor truckage enough for their requirements. Each huys in the same market; each is 3000 miles from his base; each dependent on the same transatlantic service. The government, through its quartermaster department, has, of course, advantage in the open market or in the hid for cargo space; but the Red Cross is managed by business men on business principles. That's the answer to the otherwise incomprehensible situation of the army being without reserves of needed supplies, while the Red Cross has full warehouses, though it is furnishing 25,000 meals a day through its canteens.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

I am asked why I am unwilling to believe that Germany is transferring large bodies of men from the eastern to the western fields, and that a great German offensive in France is imminent. Perhaps I might successfully counter by asking my correspondent why he does believe these things, for it seems to me that the weight of probability is on my side. But to some extent he gives reasons for his gloomy forebodings. He says that they are based on a "general expectation," that all German newspapers are in full agreement as to the efforts that are to be made in the immediate future, and that the best-informed correspondents in France speak constantly of the reinforcements that are being sent from Russia. Why should these reinforcements be sent he asks, except for the purposes of an offensive?

Now personally I would much rather believe than disbelieve in a German offensive. I do not hope that there will be no offensive, but I am afraid that there will be none. If the war is to be won by attrition, it is to the interest of the Allies that the Germans should be tempted to attack as often as possible, and at as many points as possible. The German offensives toward Calais and Verdun were of immeasurable damage to the German cause, and we may believe that the German preponderance in men and munitions was then much greater than it is likely to be now. At the time of the Calais offensive the Germans had twice as many men as the English, and five times as many guns, but they could not save themselves from calamity. We do not know the exact figures at Verdun, but they were certainly to the advantage of the Germans, and yet, once more, the battle of Verdun was ruinous to the assailants. At the present time the German strength on the eastern front is much inferior to that of the Allies. It would still be inferior if Germany were to transfer every man that she now has on the eastern front, exclusive of Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks. It is true that this estimate, which is based on a total present German strength of 5,500,000 men, does not coincide with some alarmist statistics now in vogue. None the less it is easy to compute the number of males between the ages of eighteen and fifty contained in any population of 68,000,000. The proportion holds good throughout civilization, and the number of such males is always about 9,000,000. These figures were analyzed last week, and it need not be done again. They fully justify the belief that Germany can not now have more than 5,500,000 men under arms, of which 2,000,000 are in France and 1,500,000 in Russia, the remainder being in Asia, Macedonia, on the Italian front, and on lines of communication. If Germany were to bring the whole of her Russian army to France she would then have 3,500,000 men there, as against 4,000,000 of French and British. If she could comb out another half-million from communications and depots the rival forces would then be of equal size, and it need hardly be said that a great preponderance is necessary for an attack upon fortifications.

That Germany will bring Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks to the western field is always a possibility, but it is not a probability. Austria has her hands more than full in her Italian operations. Bulgaria is notoriously unwilling to send her men away from her own immediate field of war, and she has apparently incurred the animosity of the Germans on that account. And the Turkish armies are being hard pressed by the British advance from Egypt and the Persian Gulf. The Italian front will demand more and not less men from Austria as the Allies proceed to push the advantages accruing to them from the weather. In the event of an entire cessation of danger to the Germans on the eastern front—and this is not yet even dimly in sight—it would then be possible for the Germans to transfer a million of their own men and perhaps a million Austrians, and this would give them a parity of men with their enemies. No more than this could be done under any conceivable circumstances. Indeed, such an eventuality is so far away as to be invisible. But an equality of men would give her no chance of success. She must have a large preponderance. It is practically impossible that Germany should withdraw a million men from the east. It is even more impossible that she should secure a million Austrians. The situation in Russia has become more and not less difficult for her than it was a week ago. The Allies have won distinct successes on the Italian front, and this must increase the difficulties of the Austrians on that field. Where, then, can Germany obtain the men for an offensive that shall be undertaken with any hope of success? Certainly she shows no signs of increased strength. It is true that the actions of the

last week or so have been small, but none the less they may serve as indices. On the western front we find a French attack in the Vosges which resulted in the capture of German trenches, a reverse frankly admitted in the German bulletins, although they describe it as "temporary"—presumably a comfortable attempt at prediction. The Italians and the French have won a marked success around Mount Tomha. The English have carried out raids across the Piave, and the Italians have won ground on the lower Piave. If reinforcements have reached the western and Italian fronts from the east it is at least evident that their strength has not yet made itself felt. But it is probably the fact that no such reinforcements have been sent, or only in such small numbers as to be insignificant.

The correspondent of the New York Times with the French armies, who seems to be particularly well informed, gives us detailed information as to the transfers from the eastern front. He believes that Germany had seventy-five divisions in Russia, and this would be a million and a half of men, the number that I have already suggested in a previous paragraph. He enumerates the men that have been withdrawn from the various divisions, and he says that they amount to 75,000. But even this does not necessarily imply a shifting of the balance of strength, since he suggests that men of the class of 1919 are being sent to Russia to take the place of those withdrawn. This would be an increase in value rather than in numbers for the western front. Colonel Repington, of the London Times, takes somewhat the same view. He says that an actual peace with Russia would permit the transfer of 750,000 men, including Austrians, which is very much less than the number I have given as the utmost possibility. But Colonel Repington adds that only about 100,000 men have actually been moved from east to west, which is in substantial agreement with the New York Times correspondent. And it does not necessarily follow that all these men have been sent to the west. Some may have been sent to Italy, to Mesopotamia, or to Macedonia. For these reasons it is hard to find any substantial ground for the belief in a German offensive in the west. It seems to be no more than one of those expectations launched by Germany herself and for her own aims. That Germany should try to strengthen herself in the west is reasonable enough without resort to the supposition of a new offensive. That she was not strong enough to resist the Allied attack in Flanders, on the Ailette, and the Chemin des Dames, was made obvious enough by the events of last summer. That she is not strong enough to resist the attacks that are now being brought from time to time is equally obvious. She knows that major operations will certainly be resumed as soon as the weather shall permit. Naturally she is availing herself of the Russian situation to place herself in a position of more effective resistance. It is not very much that she can do in that direction while events in Russia continue to be threatening. But that she aspires to a western offensive of her own is improbable.

Not satisfied with the conviction that vast bodies of troops are being transferred from the eastern front we are now asked to believe that the Austrian armies will be withdrawn from the Trentino in order to participate in the Teuton flood that is about to be let loose on France and Flanders. Our newspapers are printing maps with eloquent and disquieting little curved arrows to represent the passage of Austrian armies from the north of Italy to the east of France. Almost anything of a military nature seems simple enough when it is indicated on a four-inch map, but we may be sure that the Austrians would be vastly pleased if they had the power to move their armies with the ease ascribed to them by the map-maker. Now these Austrian armies in the Trentino are frozen to their positions. Winter was slow in coming, but it has come at last. All the mountain passes are deep under snow. The Austrian army is connected with its northern base by a single railroad line, and that railroad line is normally hurried under nine feet of snow. Unless the army is to starve it must keep that line clear. Transport by road is now out of the question. It is still more out of the question to withdraw the army over a single railroad, and with its enormously heavy artillery. Half our misconceptions of the war are due to a vague impression that armies are moved from place to place in very much the same way that a tourist boards a train and sits comfortably until he has reached his destination. Even in America, which is thousands of miles from the fighting lines, we are now in the midst of something like a railroad paralysis due to our efforts to move a relatively small number of men and their supplies. The Teutons have more men in the Trentino at the end of that single snow-blocked railroad, and amid the most frightful weather conditions, than America is likely to put into the field for some long time to come. They have the heaviest artillery that exists, and they have munitions, hospitals, and wounded. That army went into the Trentino during the summer, when it could use the passes and the roads as well as the railroad. It confidently expected to reach the Venetian plains and to leave the mountains behind it long before the advent of winter, but it would now be about as easy to move the mountains themselves to the western front as to move that army. And yet we are asked to believe that it will forthwith be transferred to France and that all we need do is to consult Baedeker to ascertain when it is likely to arrive.

The Austrian army in the Trentino is not now a Teuton asset. It is a Teuton liability. Even if the weather would allow of its retreat we may be sure that the Italians would not. The Italians, he it remembered, are on the plains, or mainly so, and moreover they have an admirable system of



railroads at their rear. Even if the Austrians should be able to retreat from the Trentino it is extremely unlikely that they would consider it wise to do so so long as they can maintain themselves there, seeing that this would leave their Piave army unsupported and at the mercy of the Italians. It was because the Austrians attacked in two directions at once that they were able to establish themselves in their present positions. But for maintaining their threat of invasion from the Trentino they could not have attacked on the Isonzo. If they should now evacuate their Trentino lines, they must evacuate their Piave lines also, and so leave Italy altogether. This they certainly have no intention to do if they can possibly avoid it. It would be a failure so unmistakable as to be calamitous. But the Italians now have their opportunity. They need pay no further attention to the Trentino armies during the continuance of winter. Those armies can neither advance nor retreat. But the Italians can attack the Teuton armies on the Piave, where the weather conditions do not interfere. And, as we have seen, they are already doing so, and are likely to do so much more earnestly before the spring shall enable the Trentino forces to come once more into action. They have already driven the Austrians from the western bank of the Piave, and there is every indication that they intend to follow up this advantage. Austrian prisoners taken in the attack on Mount Tomha—and the prisoners taken were more numerous than the attackers—were in a pitiable condition of cold and hunger, and eye-witnesses tell us that they cheered their captors and execrated their few German associates. To look upon the Italian situation as in aheyance until the summer shall allow operations to continue where they left off is a great mistake. The Teuton armies there are now in very great danger. Their fighting force has been reduced by one-half—by the extent of their army in the Trentino—while the Italian force is intact, and can be used against the other half of the Teuton army on the Piave. Nothing is more likely than that we shall hear momentous news from the Italian front before the end of the winter. Italy will take the place of Russia as a counterpoise to the western war, and the Allies are likely to see to it that she is equipped and stimulated to that end.

Events in Russia are still chaotic, but certainly they are not shaping themselves to German advantage. Indications are increasingly clear that the Bolsheviks do not intend to surrender Russian territory, but whether this is due to patriotism or to a fear of their own people we may determine for ourselves. But if these events point to a certain unexpected solidarity on the part of Russia, they seem to speak even more clearly of a division of counsels in Germany. Indeed the signs of German disintegration grow constantly more unmistakable. Reports from neutral countries—always to be received with caution—say that the emperor empowered Count Czernin to offer peace without annexations or indemnities, and that his almost immediate revision of his plan under the frantic protests of the Pan-Germans was responsible for Von Kuhlmann's writhings and duplicities in regard to Poland. Socialists all over Germany, including the so-called loyalists, seem to have joined forces in denunciation of the Brest-Litovsk proceedings, which first offered the prospect of an immediate peace with Russia, and that then seemed to promise no more than a prolongation of the struggle under new and more frightful conditions. One thing at least is evident—the Germans are showing a much greater interest in the negotiations than the Russians, who act as though they had the whip hand and with an attitude almost of condescension. Naturally it would be so. Russia has nothing to gain by ending the war with the loss of Poland. Nothing worse than this could happen to her under any circumstances. By asserting her intention to abandon nothing, and asking the Germans blandly what they propose to do about it, she places herself in a position of considerable strength, since the last thing that Germany can wish is war against a nation *en masse*. News from Russia is so incomplete that it is practically impossible to form a clear idea of what is actually transpiring. But certainly a Russian peace is not yet in sight. There is nothing so far in sight which offers Germany the opportunity to withdraw her armies or to strike the name of Russia from her list of enemies. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23, 1918.

The birth rate of 1916 in France is estimated by the French authorities as only eight per 1000, and at the same time the death rate has undoubtedly increased, and is over twenty per 1000, quite aside from the deaths occurring from military operations. It is pointed out that in 1914 the population of France was 39,500,000, and that at the beginning of the war the excess of births over deaths was about 50,000 annually. In 1916 the deaths in the civilian population totaled 700,000, and in the military forces 400,000, a total of 1,100,000. The number of births in France in 1916 was 312,000, or 788,000 fewer than the number of deaths. For purposes of comparing conditions in this country with those in France it is pointed out that in New York State the birth rate is twenty-four per 1000, and the death rate fourteen in each 1000.

Of late a printing press capable of handling four separate jobs at once, and feeding stock that varies in thickness from thin tissue to four-ply cardboard, has been introduced in this country. It is said to do three-color process work as well as cylinder presses, and produce solid tints that show no mottling. It will turn out from 2500 to 3200 impressions an hour, the speed depending, of course, upon the class of work in hand.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is again to the fore in China as generalissimo of the South China Republicans, is a dapper, well-dressed Europeanized Chinaman, of spare figure, modest and reserved in conversation, and with nothing in his address that indicated the leader and inspirer of men. He is no orator, but excels in plain and forcible statement of facts.

General Korniloff, the leader of one of the anti-Bolshevik factions in Russia, is under the average stature of his soldiers. There is in his dark face something of the Calmuck or the Mongol—in the marked cheek bones, the narrowness of the eyes, the sparse, dark moustache and scanty beard, but he is full of the fire of genius; every inch of him is finely tempered steel. He is in his forty-seventh year.

Charles H. Randall, the California congressman who was one of the leaders in both the suffrage and the prohibition fights in the House of Representatives, is a Nebraskan with a common school and journalistic education who, soon after he settled in Los Angeles, became identified with the progressive civic forces of that community, later served on its park commission, and then in the state legislature.

Fraülein Dr. Marie Elisabeth Lüders, who after engaging in social work in Belgium under the German administrative authorities, was intrusted by the War Office with the organization of women's work in Germany, has now been appointed professor in ordinary for social policy at the newly founded Leopold's Academy at Detmold. She is the first woman professor in ordinary to be appointed in Germany.

Olga Petrova, the actress and noted film star, was born in Warsaw, of Russian-Polish parents. Her childhood was passed principally in Brussels, Paris, and London. As she reached womanhood she moved in fashion circles—how fashionable may be guessed from the circumstances of her theatrical debut. It was in the private theatre of the late Marquis of Anglesey, where she played opposite the marquis, a thespian dilettante, for mutual friends.

M. Nabakoff, who succeeded Count Beckendorff as Russian Chargé d'Affaires in London, is a staunch adherent of the new régime in Russia. His brother is editor of the Liberal paper *Retch*. M. Nabakoff has lived in England for several years, and is well acquainted with English affairs. He was councillor at the embassy for some time before taking up his present appointment. He, together with Count Witte, took part in the peace negotiations at Portsmouth, U. S. A., at the close of the Russo-Japanese war.

Russia's Bolshevik premier, Lenin, is said to be a man who sees life only from the angle of his own ideas. Even in 1917, as in 1905, and after the overthrow of the Romanoffs at a time when such a possibility was a mere dream, he can not acquiesce in the coöperation of revolutionary Socialists with representatives of other parties. It is his creed that all liberals are cowards and traitors, and that the salvation of Russia can only come from a dictatorship of the workingmen and the peasants, achieved by an armed revolution.

Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan, U. S. N., at the head of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, is the business administrator of the United States Navy. He is a South Carolinian who graduated from the University of South Carolina at Columbia and entered on a civilian career. Not until 1894, with his experience as a business man back of him, did he enter the navy; and then as an assistant paymaster. Four years later he was paymaster; seven years after that a pay inspector, and in 1914 he was made paymaster-general of the navy, with the rank of rear-admiral.

Baron Reading, England's chief justice, whose unofficial name is Rufus Isaacs and who was born in 1861, received most of his education in the university of the world. He studied at University College School in London, and later at Hanover, but he soon went to sea, and thereafter spent his time in his father's produce business until he became a member of the London Stock Exchange. His career at the bar was brilliantly successful and he became one of the most famous advocates of his day. Like many other barristers, he had his lean years to begin with, and he had been called ten years before he reached the front rank. His forensic triumphs make a long catalogue. For a dozen years there was hardly a single *cause celebre* in which he did not appear.

Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War and member of Roosevelt's famous "kitchen cabinet," has volunteered for service in the reserve corps of the judge-advocate general. "Tattler" says of him in the *Nation*: "Stimson is a large man in everything except stature. His height is modest, his build sturdy but slight, his face a narrow oval, his coloring dark, and his general air young in spite of the gray that has crept into his hair and moustache. He has the mouth of one who talks little and the brow of one who thinks a good deal. His manner is as businesslike as his unobtrusive attire, and his eyeglasses accentuate the sharpness of his clearly chiseled profile. He does not 'slop over,' even when addressing an audience known

to have a vivid taste in language; but when he starts after an object on his own initiative, whether it be a skulking sinner or a big bear, he never loses sight of the trail till he reaches the end of it."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### To the End.

I wonder if the Angels  
Love with such love as ours,  
If for each other's sake they pluck  
And keep eternal flowers.  
Alone I am and weary,  
Alone yet not alone;  
Her soul talks with me by the way  
From tedious stone to stone,  
A blessed Angel treads with me  
The awful paths unknown.

If her spirit went before me  
Up from night to day,  
It would pass me like the lightning  
That kindles on its way.  
I should feel it like the lightning  
Flashing fresh from Heaven;  
I should long for Heaven sevenfold more,  
Yea and sevenfold seven:  
Should pray as I have not prayed before,  
And strive as I have not striven.

She will learn new love in Heaven,  
Who is so full of love;  
She will learn new depths of tenderness  
Who is tender like a dove.  
Her heart will no more sorrow,  
Her eyes will weep no more;  
Yet it may be she will yearn  
And look back from far before:  
Lingering on the golden threshold  
And leaning from the door.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

### The Love-Knot.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;  
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy, peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,  
Madder, merrier, chiller still  
The western wind blew down, and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, trying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah, Ellery Vane, you little thought  
An hour ago, when you hesought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

—Nora Perry.

### Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
And a' the world to rest are gane,  
The wae's o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gae'd to sea;  
And the croun and the pund were haith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa;  
My mother she iell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;  
I toid'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them haith, and wi' tears in his e'e  
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!

My heart it said, ay; I loo'd for Jamie hack;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?  
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urg'd sair; my mother didna speak;  
But she loo'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gi'd him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;  
Sae Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he  
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and I had him gang away;  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

—Lady A. Lindsay.



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

William Cabell Bruce Writes Two Volumes of a Critical Study.

Benjamin Franklin excites the admiration of the world, not because he could do one thing well, but because he could do so many things well, and because his quality was equally admirable in the small as in the great. He handled the affairs of nations with the same fluent skill that he directed toward some mechanical device for copying his letters. He signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance between the United States and France, the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain, and the Federal Constitution. He wrote books that have been read continuously the world over, and he became renowned as an electrician and an inventor. He shone in all classes of society and he found something to admire in them all. It was said of him that he was alike the best of Americans, the best of Frenchmen, and the best of Englishmen.

The two volumes of biography issued by William Cabell Bruce may be taken as now the best available source of information concerning Franklin. Strictly speaking they are not a biography, for they are not in continuous narrative form, and for this we may thank the literary gods. Mr. Bruce prefers to deal with Franklin from the various aspects of his character and activities, from the standpoints of his citizenship, religion, science, business, literary capacities, and personal characteristics. It is an eminently proper way in which to study a great man. Certainly it is the most pleasing of ways.

Printing was a laborious occupation in Franklin's day:

The outlook of Franklin was a cheerful, optimistic one, and he had no sympathy with pessimists of any sort. Even his civic interests came back to him in personal profit, since, aside from its public aim, the *Junto* was a most useful aid to the business of Franklin and Meredith. All its members made a point of soliciting patronage for the new printing firm. Breintal, for instance, obtained for it the privilege of printing forty sheets of the history which the Quakers published of their sect; the rest having gone to Keimer. The price was low, and the job cost Franklin and Meredith much hard labor. The work, Franklin tells us, with the fond minuteness with which a man is disposed to dwell upon the events of his early life, was a folio, of *pro patria* size, and in pica, with long primer notes. Franklin composed it at the rate of a sheet a day, and Meredith ran off what was composed at the press. It was often 11 at night and later when Franklin had completed his distribution for the work of the next day, for now and then he was set back by other business calls. So resolved, however, was he never to default on his sheet a day that one night, when one of his forms was accidentally broken up, and two pages of his work reduced to pi, he immediately distributed and composed it over again before he went to bed, though he had supposed, when the accident occurred, that a hard day's task had ended.

The *Gazette* under Franklin's management was probably the best newspaper produced in Colonial America. Its editor's relations with his readers are always of the personal kind:

One of Franklin's favorite devices for filling up gaps in the *Gazette* was to have himself, in the guise of a correspondent, ask himself questions, and then answer them. "I am about courting a girl I have had but little acquaintance with; how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has," is one such supposititious question. "Commend her among her female acquaintance," is the ready-made answer. Another imaginary question was of this tenor: "Mr. Franklin: Pray let the prettiest Creature in this Place know (by publishing this), that if it was not for her Affection she would be absolutely irresistible." Next week a flood of replies gushed out of the editor's pigeon-holes. One ran thus:

"I can not conceive who your Correspondent means by 'the prettiest Creature' in this Place; but I can assure either him or her, that she who is truly so, has no Affection at all."

Franklin was extraordinarily loyal to King George so long as loyalty remained a possibility. He admired the French king and queen, but he said this should not hinder him from believing that his own king and queen were "the very best in the World, and the most amiable." As late as 1770 he wrote to Dr. Samuel Cooper, "Let us, therefore, hold fast our Loyalty to our King, who has the best Disposition towards us, and has a Family Interest in our Prosperity":

Strangely enough it was not until two years before the battle of Bunker Hill that he awoke sufficiently from his fool's paradise to write to his son, "Between you and I, the late Measures have been, I suspect, very much the King's own, and he has in some Cases a great Share of what his Friends call *Firmness*." Even then he hazarded the opinion that by painstaking and proper management the wrong impression of the colonists that George the Third had received might be removed. Down to this time so secretly had the king pursued the insidious system of corruption by which he kept his parliamentary majority unmurmuringly subservient to his system of personal government, that Franklin does not appear to have even suspected that his was the master hand, or rather purse, which shaped all its proceedings against America. When the whole truth, however, was made manifest to Franklin, his awakening was correspondingly rude and unforgiving. How completely reversed became the current of all his feelings toward George the Third, after the Revolution began, we have already seen in some of our references to letters written by him to his English friends, in which the king, whom he once revered, was scored in terms of passionate reprobation.

The treatment ultimately accorded to Franklin by the Privy Council and his dismissal from office is a part of the history of that day, but Franklin did not allow it to weigh upon his mind nor to influence him after war broke out:

That these circumstances made a deep impression upon his

mind is undeniable, but it was really not until he found himself in America in 1775 that he gave himself up to the conclusion that nothing was to be gained by his remaining longer in England. After his removal from office he still counseled his correspondents in America to adhere to a policy of patience and self-restraint, and in a letter to Thomas Cushing and others, written only a few days after the hearing at the Cockpit, he termed the destruction of the tea at Boston an unwarrantable destruction of private property and "an Act of violent Injustice." To all the efforts of Lord Chatham and his high-minded associates, after this hearing, to bring about a reconciliation between England and America, he lent the full weight of his advice and experience. And, when some of the members of the British ministry, after it, ashamed to deal with him directly, covertly opened up an interchange of proposals with him through David Barclay, Dr. Fothergill, and Lord Howe, in regard to the terms upon which a reconciliation might still be reached, he entered into the negotiations with a spirit singularly free from personal bitterness.

Another interesting episode recorded by the author was the visit of Franklin to Lord Howe to ascertain whether he had any authority to negotiate a treaty of peace:

Lord Howe seems to have borne himself on this occasion in every respect like a gallant gentleman. When the three members of Congress reached the shore opposite to Staten Island, after the journey from Philadelphia, which Adams had made on horseback, and Franklin and Rutledge in chairs, they found a harge from him awaiting them with an officer in it as a hostage for their safe return from the island. Adams suggested that the hostage should be dispensed with, and his colleagues, he tells us, in his grandiose way, "exulted in the proposition and agreed to it instantly." The fact was communicated to the officer, who bowed his assent, and re-embarked with the Americans. When Lord Howe saw the harge approaching the beach of the island, he walked down to meet it, and the Hessian regiment, which attended him, was drawn up in two lines facing each other. Upon seeing that the officer whom he had sent over to the Jersey shore had returned, Lord Howe exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you make me a very high compliment, and you may depend upon it I will consider it as the most sacred of things." When the party landed he shook hands very cordially with Franklin, and, after being introduced to Adams and Rutledge, conducted the three between the two files of Hessians to the house where the conference was to take place; all four chatting pleasantly together as they walked along. Adams, who was far too intense an American not to hate savagely a Hessian, fresh from the cattle-pen of his prince, described these soldiers as "looking fierce as ten Furies, and making all the grimaces, and gestures, and motions of their muskets with bayonets fixed, which, I suppose, military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded." The house which was to be the scene of the conference was dilapidated and dirty from military use, but the apartment into which the Americans were ushered had been hung with moss and branches by Lord Howe with such refinement of taste that Adams subsequently pronounced it "not only wholesome, but romantically elegant." After reaching it the whole party, including the colonel of the Hessian regiment, sat down to a collation "of good claret, good bread, cold ham, tongues, and mutton." When the repast was over the colonel withdrew, the table was cleared and the fruitless conference began.

Incidentally we have a good story showing the change in Franklin's attitude toward King George:

To the period when the Committee of Safety was holding its sessions belongs a story which William Temple Franklin tells us of his grandfather. Some of the more intolerant Pennsylvanians asked the committee to call upon the Episcopal clergy to refrain from prayers for the king. "The measure [said Franklin, who always preserved his sense of proportion] is quite unnecessary; for the Episcopal clergy, to my certain knowledge, have been constantly praying, these twenty years, that 'God would give the king and his council wisdom'; and we all know that not the least notice has ever been taken of that prayer."

Franklin was received by revolutionary France with extraordinary enthusiasm. He seemed to be the embodiment of French revolutionary ideas:

That Franklin, when he came to Paris as the representative of a country which was not only at war with the hereditary enemy of France, but had fearlessly avowed general political sentiments that France herself was eager to avow, should, with his fame, simple manners, and social charm, have excited for a time the surpassing enthusiasm which he did is not surprising; for what the French ardently admire they usually festoon with fireworks and crown with flowers; but that this enthusiasm should have continued, so far as we can see, wholly unahated for nine years, is a surprising thing, indeed, when we recollect how inclined the fickle populace of every country is to heat in its hour of inevitable reaction the idol before which it has prostrated itself in its hour of infatuation. While in France Franklin was not simply the mode, he was the rage. Learned men from every part of Europe thought a visit to Paris quite incomplete if it did not include a call upon him. Even the Emperor Joseph, "a king by trade," as he once termed himself, intrigued to meet him incognito. Among the many letters that he received from individuals, distinguished or obscure, who sought to flatter him or draw upon his wisdom or treasured knowledge was *Rohespierre*—then a young advocate at Arras—who sent him a copy of his argument in defense of the lightning rod before the Council of Artois, and Marat, who, true enough to his future, was investigating the physical laws of heat and flame. In the letter to Franklin, by which the copy of his argument was accompanied, *Rohespierre* spoke of Franklin as "a man whose least merit is to be the most illustrious savant of the world." To have a Franklin stove in its fireplace, with a portrait of Franklin on the wall above it, grew to be a common feature of the home of the wealthier householder in Paris. His spectacles, his marten fur cap, his brown coat, his bamboo cane, became objects of general imitation. Canes and snuff-boxes were carried à la Franklin. Portraits, busts, and medallions of him were multiplied without stint. Among the busts were some in Sévres china, set in blue stones with gold borders, and among the medallions were innumerable ones made of clay dug at Passy.

John Adams gives us an account of the meeting between Franklin and Voltaire at the hall of the Academy of Science in Paris. It was a meeting with an embarrassing culmination for the American:

Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done, and they bowed and spoke to each other. This was no satisfaction; there must be something more. Neither of our philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they, however,

took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued, until the explanation came out. "Il faut s'embrasser, à la Française." The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and frivolity then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom, and, I suppose, over all Europe. "Qu'il était charmant de voir embrasser Solon et Sophocle!"

Franklin interested himself greatly in the lot of American war prisoners in England and wrote many letters of indignant protest to his English friend Hartley, who disbursed for him the sums of money that he raised:

Correspondingly stern was the rebuke of Franklin for the heartless knave, Thomas Digges, equal even to the theft of an obolus placed upon the closed eyelids of a dead man as the price of his ferriage across the Styx—who drew upon Franklin in midwinter for four hundred and ninety-five pounds sterling for the relief of the American prisoners, and converted all but about thirty pounds of the sum to his own personal use. "We have no Name in our Language," said Franklin in a letter to William Hodgson, "for such atrocious Wickedness. If such a Fellow is not damn'd, it is not worth while to keep a Devil."

The chapter devoted to the scientific achievements of Franklin is perhaps as interesting as any in the volume:

How essentially he was a man of science is demonstrated by the fact that, whenever he was on the element, where alone he could hope for exemption from the political demands of his countrymen, his intellect turned at once with ardor to the study of Nature. Old and feeble as he was, he wrote no less than three valuable dissertations on his last voyage across the Atlantic, one on the causes and cure of smoky chimneys, one on his smoke-consuming stove, and a third, distinguished by an extraordinary wealth of knowledge and observation, on the construction, equipment, and provisioning of ships, and the winds, currents, and temperature of the sea; which was accompanied by valuable thermometric tables, based upon observations made by him during three of his transatlantic voyages. The maritime essay was written with the closest regard to detail, and contains such a mass of information and luminous comment as has rarely been condensed into the same space.

Franklin's experiment to discover if lightning-laden clouds were actually charged with electricity is now so familiar as almost to obscure the dramatic nature of the first trial:

It was performed when a thunder gust was coming on in a field near Philadelphia with such simple materials as a silk kite, topped off with a foot or more of sharp pointed wire, and controlled by a twine string, equipped with a key for casting off the electric sparks, and ending in a silk ribbon to secure the safety of the hand that held it. The whole construction is set out in a letter written to Collinson by Franklin shortly after the incident, in which with his usual modesty the latter describes the kite as if he had had nothing to do with it. Something like the feelings of Sir Isaac Newton, when the falling apple brought to his ear the real music of the spheres, must have been those of Franklin when the loose filaments of twine bristled up stiffly and the stream of sparks from the key told him that he was right in supposing that the mysterious and appalling agency which had for centuries been associated in the human mind with the resistless wrath of Omnipotence was but the same subtle fluid that had so often lit up his electrical apparatus with its playful coruscations.

Franklin's scientific observations usually had a trend toward the increase of human comfort and well-being:

Not only his temperament, but his general mental attitude was instinctively scientific. As we have seen, while Whitefield's other auditors were standing mute and spellbound, he was carefully computing the distance that the words of the orator would carry. As we have also seen, when his soldiers were cutting down the giant pines of Gnadenhutten, he had his watch out, deep in his observation of the time that it took them to fell a tree. When his friend, Small, complained of deafness he wrote to him that he had found by an experiment at midnight that, by putting his thumb and fingers behind his ear, and pressing it out and enlarging it as it were with the hollow of his hand, he could hear the tick of a watch at the distance of forty-five feet which was barely audible at a distance of twenty feet without these aids. Even in his relations to the simplest concerns of life he had always the eye of a man of science to weight, measure, dimension, and distance. If any one wishes to see how easily he reduced everything to its scientific principles, let him read Franklin's letter to Oliver Neave, who thought that it was too late in life for him to learn to swim. With the confidence bred by a proper sense of the specific gravity of the human body as compared with that of water, Franklin said there was no reason why a human being should not swim at the first trial. If Neave would only wade out into a body of water until it came up to his breast and by a cast of his hand sink an egg to the bottom, between him and the shore, where it would be visible, but could not be reached except by diving, and then endeavor to recover it, he would be surprised to find what a buoyant thing water was.

All of these extracts are taken from the second volume of a work that has uniform excellence and uniform interest.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By William Cabell Bruce. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$6.

One result of the taking of German Southwest Africa by the South African Union troops has been the discovery that, instead of its being largely a barren wild, it contains much good land suitable for cultivation and grazing. In a recent speech Sir Thomas Watt, a member of the South African Union ministry, said that instead of finding it a desert he found good land in the conquered territory, with wonderful grasses, a deal of vegetation, fat cattle, splendid horses, and first-class sheep, and he gained the impression that it only required money and energy under British occupation to make it "a land of milk and honey."

Statistics issued by the Irish department of agriculture show a great decrease in the number of pigs in Ireland for the past two years. Up to October 1917, a decrease of over 50,000 is shown compared with the same period in 1916.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

Bank clearings for the week ending Saturday, January 19th, as reported by the San Francisco Clearing-House Association, aggregated \$111,600,130.99, as compared with \$90,958,996.35 in the corresponding week of 1917.

Reporting as of January 18th, the Federal

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Reserve Bank of San Francisco shows gold reserves as against net deposit and note circulation of 70.94 per cent.

War credits extended to foreign governments since the United States entered the war total \$4,236,400,000. Of this Great Britain received \$2,045,000,000; France, \$1,285,000,000; Italy, \$500,000,000; Russia, \$325,000,000; Belgium, \$77,400,000; Serbia, \$4,000,000.

Par value of shares of stock has had some

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attention from the Treasury Department during the last year, in connection with the Federal tax on capital stock taken at its fair value. The department has now published its conclusions regarding the net earnings corporations engaged in different kinds of business must make in order to have their stock worth its par value. The department's con-

clusions are that the following rates are necessary for this purpose:

Banking--	Pct.
States west of Mississippi River.....	8
States east of Mississippi River.....	6
Mercantile.....	10
Mining.....	10
Industrial.....	10
Oil-producing companies.....	15
Oil-refining companies.....	10
Contracting and construction companies.....	15
Public utilities.....	8
Railroads.....	8
Light and power companies.....	8
Electric railways.....	8

McDonnell & Co. were advised Saturday that a cargo of raw sugar consigned to the Savannah Sugar Refining Corporation was afloat and scheduled to arrive at the port of delivery within a few days. This means that the corporation's big modern plant, which was closed down some time ago, will reopen. A fair margin of profit will be allowed the corporation under government ruling.

The trade figures of the United States for 1917 show some curious contrasts when compared with 1913, the year preceding the war. Imports from Europe show a fall of over \$300,000,000, those from South America an increase of about \$400,000,000, from North America a gain of nearly \$500,000,000, from Asia and Oceania an increase of approximately \$500,000,000, and from Africa an increase of nearly \$50,000,000. On the export side the increase to Europe is about \$2,500,000,000, to North America over \$500,000,000, to South America about \$150,000,000, and to Asia and Oceania a gain of about \$300,000,000.

The par value of the railroad investment of the United States is roughly \$20,000,000,000. It is estimated that on this, for the year ending December 31, 1917, the earnings above all operating expenses, rentals, taxes, and interest charges will be \$560,000,000. This would be over 4 per cent. on the \$20,000,000,000. It is to be remembered that before this \$560,000,000 was reached all fixed charges had been deducted, in other words that sufficient had been made to maintain the solvency of the roads as a whole and a margin of over 4 per cent. created against share capital.

A form of preparation for government purchase is the valuation of the physical properties of the railroads, which has been going slowly forward the past two years. So far it has accomplished little. The appraisals given have been on small roads in whose financial structure there was obviously the element of over-capitalization, or "watering." But there have been no valuation figures turned in of properties where the cash paid in is well established and where valuations reported by well-known engineers have shown that the reproduction cost would exceed the bond and share capital.

Just what would be the offer by the government to holders of notoriously over-capitalized roads it is hard to say. Such holders could not expect the sympathy for entertaining a speculative venture that was given the individual who has taken the known facts and on them based an investment.

The value of the mineral production of Alaska in 1917 is estimated at \$41,760,000, exceeding that of any previous year except 1916, which was \$48,632,000. The decrease in 1917 was therefore about \$6,870,000. During thirty-three years of mining Alaska has produced over \$391,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper, and other minerals.

Alaska mines are believed to have produced gold to the value of about \$15,450,000 in 1917, compared with \$17,240,000 in 1916. The total value of the gold mined in the territory is now about \$293,500,000, of which \$207,000,000 has been from placers. In 1917 about 88,200,000 pounds of copper was produced in Alaska, valued at about \$24,000,000. The production in 1916 was 119,600,000 pounds, valued at \$29,480,000. The total copper produced to date is 427,700,000 pounds, valued at \$88,400,000.

"Bloated Bondholders" was a term of reproach utilized by demagogues to array class against class. That distinction has been wiped out by the government's campaigns to finance the fight against the Huns. Treasury Department records show that Liberty Bonds are now widely distributed throughout the states where owners of securities formerly were regarded as special protégés of Satan. This new class of investors has discovered that it is easy to acquire bonds by making small monthly payments. The next step in their lesson will come when they clip their coupons and observe how easy it is to make every dollar they save earn 4 cents a year. The result will be the creation of a tremendous class of investors who will not relinquish the saving habit when the government stops issuing bonds. The French became a nation of bondholders after the Franco-Prussian war. The habit they developed in response to the needs

of their government survived the period of recuperation from the cost of that war. When France's needs were supplied, they turned to other standard securities. That is what the government's financial experts predict will happen in the United States. There will be fewer American securities held abroad in the future and the money formerly sent out of the country each year in the form of interest and dividend payments will go into the pockets of the new type of American bondholders.

In the Anglo and London Paris National Bank's advertisement last week a typographical error was made. The bank's deposits on December 31, 1917, were \$71,042,256.58, instead of \$17,042,256.58 which appeared in the advertisement. The Anglo London and Paris National Bank is one of the strongest financial institutions in the West.

The firm of Pinckard & Shaughnessy, stock and bond brokers and member of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, have removed their offices to the new Stock and Bond Building on Montgomery near California Street.

The California Silk Mills, which has recently been organized under the laws of California, is destined to become a great industrial institution. The plant, which is located in Berkeley, has already commenced operations with ten looms, which will be added to from time to time as the business increases and expands. California is better suited for the manufacture of silk goods than any other state in the Union, being nearer the source of supply, as China and Japan produce 90 per cent. of the world's supply of raw silk. California uses annually approximately \$20,000,000 of manufactured silk, or the product of 13,000 looms working the year round. That the silk manufacturing industry will eventually be an important factor among the industries of the West will not be doubted by any one who has made a careful study of industrial and economic conditions. Mr. W. O. Mills, a man who has had large practical experience in the silk manufacturing business, is in charge of the operation of the California Silk Mills.

The daily quotations of Liberty Loan Bonds on the New York Stock Exchange below par do not represent any real loss for those holders of Liberty Loan Bonds who do not need to sell them. The figures do mean a very small loss for those who find themselves compelled for one reason or another to sell; but those who hold on to their bonds have one of the very best investments in the world—absolutely safe, free to a great extent from taxation, and bringing in an absolutely certain income. The loss to them is purely imaginary, a paper loss, not a real one.

Secretary McAdoo, in a speech before the Liberty Loan Conference in Washington December 10th, made the statement that, while sufficient legally competent evidence was not in hand to warrant conviction before a jury, yet enough was known morally to convince a man of understanding that the hand of the Kaiser was at work in bringing about sales of Liberty Loan Bonds and depressing their price on the exchange. This is added proof that the loss indicated by the difference between par and the stock exchange prices is fictitious and not real.

The phenomenal growth of the stock and bond business of McDonnell & Co. during the past few years has made it necessary for them to change quarters, and on Monday next they will open their new offices in the recently completed San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange Building. Their new quarters were designed with a view to providing the maximum of comfort and convenience for the clients. Private wires run direct from the office to all the principal exchanges in the country and every effort has been made to insure service along modern, efficient, and economic lines. Visitors from the East state that there are no more modernly equipped brokerage offices in New York than the new home of McDonnell & Co.

Repression shown in stock market movements during the past year did not extend to other financial lines. Bond sales on the exchange fell off nearly 8.6 per cent. from the preceding year, while stock sales decreased 20 per cent. and issues of domestic capital declined 30 per cent. On the other hand, the two Liberty Bond issues totaled \$5,800,000, over five times the total sales of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange, while the government marketed \$3,000,000,000 of short-term certificates. At no time through the year did discounts rise above 6 per cent., time loans above 6 1/2 per cent., or call money, even temporarily, above 12 per cent. It is true that no little variability in interest rates appeared, owing to the governments, financing and the shifting of its funds in and out of the banks. The Federal Reserve system, however, has been a bulwark against acute disturbance. Moreover, although the reserve

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banks' rediscounts increased during the year from about \$157,000,000 to some \$971,000,000, their combined resources are more than \$3,000,000,000 and afford latitude for a further large expansion of credit, the system being a tower of strength alike for the government and the business community. Bank clearings, despite reduced stock market dealings and the practical extinguishment of speculation in grain, exceeded those of 1916 in every month save December, and the year's total exceeded 1916 by 17.2 per cent. The relatively greater gain outside the metropolis than in it was shown by the gain of only 11.2 per cent. at New York and of 26.4 per cent. outside thereof. Money in circulation gained 18 per cent. over the record year 1917. Although gold exports were the greatest ever recorded, being two and one-half times those of 1916 and 65 per cent. greater than in 1914, the hitherto record year, gold imports increased 1.5 per cent. over the high point of 1916. Foreign trade made new high levels, but the evidences of a change in character of exports were unmistakable. Shipments of crude materials gained, as did breadstuffs, copper, cotton, iron and steel, meats, chemicals, coal and mineral oils. Decreases were shown in brass, explosives, horses and mule, automobiles and leather goods. Higher prices rather than larger quantities exported accounted for some of these gains. Exports as a whole increased 13.6 per cent., imports 24.6 per cent., and all foreign trade 17.2 per cent., but some of this was unquestionably due to the rise of 29 per cent. in commodity values.

Mr. S. B. McNear, vice-president and general manager of the Sperry Flour Company, has just returned from a trip to New York City and Washington, D. C. In New York City he attended an important meeting of the divisional chairmen of the United States Food Administration, Milling Division. While in Washington he had several conferences with Mr. Herbert Hoover and his assistants, with the results that many important milling regulations were approved by Mr. Hoover.

Mr. McNear was in the East during the Christmas holidays. The following telegram was sent to him by the San Francisco Sperry Family as a slight evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his employees: "The San Francisco Sperry Family, one and all, extend Christmas greetings to you. May your Christmas be a happy one is our sincere wish."—*The Sperry Family.*

The City of Palo Alto has sold to Girvin & Miller \$66,000 5 per cent. bonds, maturing in from one to twenty-two years, for a premium of \$532. Blyth, Witter & Co. named a premium of \$257 for the bonds and the Bank of Palo Alto offered a premium of \$135. The bonds were authorized for the purpose of financing a municipal power plant and electric light works.

Official government statistics show that Paraguay is proving to be a very favorable field for the sale of American drug products. Drugs, proprietary medicines, and druggists' sundries of American manufacture are found in practically all the pharmacies in considerable quantities. Importers of these goods generally express satisfaction with American products, and the prospects seem to be good for an increased trade in all lines of such supplies from the United States.

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THE PEN-WIPER.

A Story of Naval Officers.

One day, several months ago, in the parlor of a small inn situated in the north (one must not be too precise), several naval officers had congregated together. Two years ago this little inn had been on its last legs in a financial sense, but then came the war, and with it the fleet, and ever since that day, whenever the ships were in harbor, naval officers had met together at the inn Northern Lights.

The Northern Lights is a very snug little house, stoutly built in gray stone, and from its porch it is only a stone's throw to the small pier (built by local labor, under the direction of an engineer-commander), against which the piquet boats and sailing launches and pinnaces jostle each other when waiting for their cargoes of officers and men who have been ashore for a few hours' exercise. So it is that officers waiting for their boats gravitate naturally to the Northern Lights; and study in a contemplative manner the Defense of the Realm Acts and Board of Liquor Control Regulations.

It was blowing half a gale, and the Scotch mist was rolling across the moors like puffs of damp smoke, when I turned into the Northern Lights. Only a few enthusiasts had "taken the beach." I took off and hung up a dripping oilskin and entered the parlor. There were three other fellows in there sitting around the fire. One was a marine whom I did not know, and the other two were friends of mine, R— and P—, both lieutenants from one of the battleships.

"By Jove, it's perishin' cold," complained the soldier; "seems to grip one after East Africa," he murmured, as if in extenuation of his complaint.

"When did you come home?" said R—. "Middle of June," responded the marine.

"The Huns are pretty well euehred out there, aren't they?" said R—.

"Oh, rather; Smuts had put the kyhosh on them all right; they were getting ready to have a beano for the home-coming of the victorious warriors at the Cape when I passed through," answered the soldier. "Sickening had luck I had in not coming home earlier; I missed the stunt at Jutland on the 31st."

There was a lull in the conversation. We three had not missed "the stunt on the 31st," and though some months old, mention of that date evoked memories.

"Talking of the 31st," said P—, "I only realized the other day that the 'Pen-Wiper' was scuppered that night."

"Whom did you say?" I asked.

"The Pen-Wiper," repeated P—.

"Who the devil was that?" inquired R—.

"Why Jimmy X—, of course. D'you mean to say you didn't know he was called the 'Pen-Wiper'?"

We expressed our ignorance of this fact, and demanded the tale which we knew must be attached to this name.

"I think," said the soldier, "a very small drink wouldn't do us any harm." Suzie McHamish entered in response to a knock of a stick on the wooden floor. "Three small whiskies and water and a lemonade," said the soldier.

"Everry officer must pay for his ain drinks," sternly remarked Suzie, then, as she saw the clock, which pointed to 5:50 p. m., "Whisht, and it's no yet 6 o'clock, so ye canna ha' whusky the noo."

"Quick, R—, exert your well-known fascinations or we are undone," I whispered.

"My dear Miss McHamish," interposed R—, "how often have I warned you that the affection which exists between us will be fatally marred by this slavish adherence to those regulations." And he pointed to the "Liquor Control" rules. "Come, Suzie, for two years you have sinned at 5:50 p. m. for my sake. Why this sudden coyness? What is ten minutes of time? And our boat goes at—"

"Ah, weel, Mr. R—, ye ken verra well it's no lawful, but I s'pose I maun get them for ye."

With a complacent smile R— filled and lit another pipe as P— began his story.

"It was in 1908 I first met him; I was a

sub in one of the boats of the North flotilla, based at Portland. Jimmy had just command of the *Sharper*; he commissioned her at Pompey, and when he brought her round to join up with the flotilla we all thought him a devilish lucky fellow. He only had six years in as a lieutenant, and was the youngest skipper in the flotilla. But he deserved his command. I tell you Jimmy was one of the smartest destroyer officers in the old Home Fleet. The way he handled that boat was a revelation to the whole flotilla. There was no doubt about it, he was red hot. Of course some people said he was reckless, and so he was in a way; but, after all, what good destroyer officer hasn't got a bit of devil in him? Jimmy had his share all right. When he'd just shipped two stripes they gave him a command in the Devonport torpedo-boat flotilla. Old Arthur Hillow was the commander of his division, and he was a hit of a taut hand. One night they were exercising off the Eddystone, and Jimmy's boat began to flame at the funnel—you know what devils at doing those old coal boats were; when they got in next morning, Hillow sent for Jimmy and scrubbed him down over this. Next time when they went out, to the joy of the division, old Arthur's boat began to flame. Jimmy saw this, and though they were going twenty knots, he brought his boat up to within about ten yards of the divisional leader.

"What the deuce are you doing, you reckless young fool?" sung out Arthur through a megaphone.

"Please, sir, I've only come to make some toast," says Jimmy in reply as he hoisted out a ship's loaf on the end of a twenty-foot hoat-hook. No one else could have done it without being court-martialed, but it shows the kind of a fellow he was.

"Well, as I was saying, he joined up with our flotilla in 1908 just about the time they started the idea of putting destroyers into 'pens' instead of mooring 'em in the stream. We use to lie two deep in the Portland pens, and whenever Jimmy was outside boat it was the dickens to pay for the hloke inside him. Jimmy would come in at half speed, dodge half a dozen dinghies and a couple of huys, miss the entrance pier by inches, and inside of five minutes he'd be tied up, head and stern.

"He had a mania for running things fine, and fellows swore that his boat had a smaller turning circle and less beam than any of the others, but, of course, she was sister to them all. Naturally he often had small humps, and he thought nothing of removing every wooden outside fitting from the boat he was running alongside. If you left anything sticking over the side it was a 'dead hird' if Jimmy was due to double-hank you in the 'pens.'"

"He always sent his artificer over at once. 'With Captain X—'s compliments, and if 'e done any damage 'e 'opes you'll let me repair it, sir.'"

"'Done any damage,' shrieked an infuriated gunner one day in which he was a helpless spectator whilst one of his sighting hoods was neatly split in twain by a bridge rail as the *Sharper* shot past. 'Done any damage? Why your captain's a blinkin' pen-wiper—that's what 'e is!'"

"The name stuck, and no one relished it more than Jimmy himself.

"I never saw him again since those days, but I heard about him after the action. It appears that he fired his last torpedo at a range of two hundred yards, with about a dozen searchlights and Lord knows how many six-inch on him. Last thing seen of him his boat was disabled—humping down the side of a German battleship. If I know anything of him the 'Pen-Wiper' wiped the Huns that night. He always did get where he wanted to."

"Pity he's gone," said R—, "hlokes like that are useful the night after a fleet action."

"Yes," agreed P— as we rose to battle our way down to the pier and its waiting boats, "but there are still some left like him, thank the Lord."—*Etienne in Land and Water.*

When the French homed Stuttgart they raided the very cradle of aircraft engines. It was there that Daimler, developing the Otto gas engine, evolved the true internal combustion engine, which an ingenious Frenchman harnessed to the first of practicable motors. And out of ideas gained at the great Daimler motor works which arose at Stuttgart, Count Zeppelin evolved his leviathans. But for the internal combustion engine artificial light would have been impossible. But for what he saw and learned at Stuttgart Zeppelin would never have made his name exalted and a byword among men.

Some idea of the annual activities of the large film-producing companies is contained in the announcement that one company in 1917 turned out 105 productions averaging six reels each. This annual product, reduced to miles, would be in excess of 8000. About three-fifths of the pictures were made in California and the remainder in New Jersey.

CURRENT VERSE.

Presence.

O mother—mother of mine—  
What a wonderful mother you are!  
High in the midnight heaven  
Quivers a cool white star—  
I feel your hand on my forehead,  
I see the light of your smile—  
I am so sleepy, mother—  
I shall forget—for a while.

Hark! There the guns have awakened,  
Madly they stamp and roar—  
Snarling their hungry impatience—  
Gluttonous lions of war.  
Seventy yards through the clamor,  
Under its curtain of fire,  
Wet with the mists of the morning,  
Glimmers the German wire.

"Charge!" through the throbbing silence,  
After the crash and boom.  
Into the pallid daybreak—  
Over the edge of doom.  
Low on the far horizon  
Trembles a faint white star—  
O mother—mother of mine—  
What a beautiful mother you are!  
—*Jennie Betts Hartsuick, in Life.*

A Lost Land.

A childhood land of mountain ways,  
Where earthy gnomes and forest fays,  
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,  
Sport with peasant as he fares  
Affrighted through the forest glades,  
And lead sweet wistful little maids  
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,  
To princely lovers and a throne.

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,  
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books  
And men with meditative looks,  
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns  
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,  
Divining in deep-laden speech  
The world's supreme arcana—each  
A homely god to listening Youth  
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

Mild votaries of book and pen—  
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!  
A music land, whose life is wrought  
In movements of melodious thought;  
In symphony, great wave on wave—  
Or fugue, elusive, swift and grave;  
A singing lad, whose lyric rhymes  
Float on the air like village chimes:  
Music and Verse—the deepest part  
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!  
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,  
Where are the things that made you great?  
Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,  
Dare you look now upon a child?  
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein  
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin—  
Music and verse, divinely wed—  
How can these live where love is dead?

Oh depth beneath sweet human ken,  
God helps the dreams, the dreams of men!  
—*London Punch.*

The Great Guns of England.

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile

To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift  
their throats and smile;  
But the old woods are fallen  
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come  
again,  
They will come back some springtime with the  
warm winds and the rain,  
For Nature guardeth her children  
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a  
hundred years;  
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are  
hers;

She shall bring back her children  
And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never  
cease to flow,  
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever  
the gas-winds blow.

He shall always weep for his widows,  
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shall flow they'll flow  
and wide,  
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride  
When he slaughtered a little people  
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on  
With the listless falling of streams that find not  
Oblivion,

For ages and ages of years  
Till the last star is gone.  
—*Lord Dunsany, in Overland Monthly.*

At an inquest on a Chinese laundryman at Newport it was stated that the man, who had been in England twelve years, recently became a member of a local Baptist church. He was found hanging by the minister of the church, and a note in broken English was found stating that he died because "he wanted to go up to heaven, where his Heavenly Father was." The coroner said that it was unique in his experience to find a case of suicide for such a purpose.



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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### Mme. Campan's Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.

Just as there is a certain type of man for whom Napoleon is a sort of god, so there is among women a type that make a sort of special heroine out of Marie Antoinette. It is for these latter especially that a very handsome and beautifully printed edition of Mme. Campan's memoirs has just been published.

Of the actual value of the memoirs as historical material one must not place too high an estimate. This intimate friend of the unfortunate queen was a keen observer and her recollections serve to reproduce the atmosphere of the court and to throw light upon the personal side of such affairs as that of the diamond necklace. But of the larger problems of statecraft and government she was hardly fitted to gain a proper perspective. In fact few of those about the court were able to see things except in a very narrow light, and to them all the great Turgot, who might have averted the disaster that hung over the monarchy, was merely a troublesome interloper of a radical kind that was interfering with the extravagance which they considered to be their rightful and natural mode of existence.

Mme. Campan was, however, a facile and charming writer and her recollections make interesting reading under any circumstances. The edition which has just appeared is distinguished by fine typography and paper and is an ornament to the library. It has also the advantage of a memoir by Barriere and an introduction and notes by Professor J. Holland Rose.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. Volume I. New York: Brentano's.

#### Frenzied Fiction.

Stephen Leacock is a kindly satirist. He has a delightful, high-spirited humor of the American variety, and is never more entertaining than when directing it at some of our foibles. "Frenzied Fiction" is a collection of just such squibs, which make one laugh quite immoderately and then recall vividly absurdities of our American life and manners.

One series of skits, entitled "Ideal Interviews," is characteristic. They are with a European Prince, with Our Greatest Actor, with Our Greatest Scientist, and with Our Typical Novelists. Read them, laugh heartily, and then recall them the next time you see just such an interview in the columns of the daily paper. Another delicious piece of satire deals with "The New Education." The "Bright Young Thing" is just returning to her college work. She is returning without regret, for "one can't loaf all the time." But doesn't she find mathematics and all such things a bore? Oh, she didn't elect mathematics; she went in for Social Endeavor. Not a reading course, with all sorts of stupid books, but Laboratory Work, that is to say, for instance, that they go as a class to a department store and study it as a Social Germ.

In one or two of the chapters the grotesque is somewhat overdone, but the book as a whole is an unequalled source of delight and stands on a par with Marquis' "Hermione."

FRENZIED FICTION. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

#### Edward McGowan.

"Narrative of Edward McGowan, including a full account of the author's adventures and perils while persecuted by the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856, together with a report of his trial, which resulted in his acquittal. Reprinted line for line and page for page from the original edition, published by the author in 1857, complete, with reproductions, in facsimile, of the original illustrations, cover-page title, and title page."

So runs the title page of a remarkable volume printed from hand-set type by Thomas

C. Russell, who may thus be congratulated not only on the reproduction of a work important to the early history of California, but also on as fine a piece of the typographical art as can well be found. Mr. Russell has printed 200 copies of the "Narrative" and he has distributed the type. The first hundred will be sold for \$5 a volume and the second hundred for \$10 a volume.

NARRATIVE OF EDWARD MCGOWAN. Printed at San Francisco by Thomas C. Russell, 1734 Nineteenth Avenue, Sunset.

#### French Plays.

When André Antoine founded his Free Theatre in Paris it was with the purpose of presenting new and original dramas which would otherwise never see the light on account of the conservatism of the average manager. Barrett H. Clark has translated from the French and had published in one volume four plays written by dramatists who were what might be called sons of the Free Theatre and who have since been recognized as standing in the front rank of accepted dramatists. "The Fossils," by Francois de Curel, is the story of an ancient and noble family in whom the sense of family perpetuity is so deep and tenacious that when the line threatens to be extinct the most conservative members join in a fervent conspiracy to perpetuate it by authorizing the dying heir of the Chantemelle estates and honors to marry his mistress, so that he may legitimize the little son who is the issue of their illicit connection.

"The Serenade," by Jean Jullien, is an extreme example of the drama of revolt, going so far in its depiction of the brutality and sordidness of human nature as to amount to too savage a revolt against the lay figures and conventionalized drama of the nineteenth century; for, with the passing of the Free Theatre, Jean Jullien's hold on the public ceased.

"Francois' Luck," by Georges de Porto-Riche, won its way with Antoine, not through its radicalism, but because the public was sure to be won by the charming character study of the principal character.

Georges Ancey, like Jullien, was too extreme in his revolt against petrified conventions wholly to win even the liberals. He exaggerated the darker phases of human nature, a fault which is observable in "The Dupe," the fourth play of the collection reviewed. Nevertheless the striking events and inherent power of this play entitle it to the appreciative attention of the student of French drama.

FRENCH PLAYS. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50 net.

#### The Aristocrat.

Louis N. Parker has founded "The Aristocrat" on an incident of the French Revolution. The Royalist family of the Chastelfrancis, while illegally celebrating in the family chapel with a choice assemblage of aristocratic guests a mass under the auspices of a recalcitrant bishop who has antagonized the Revolutionists by refusing to take the Republican oath, are surprised and arrested by a detachment of National Guards. The play proceeds on its logical course to dramatic scenes in a prison with the mob howling outside while the great nobles are summoned one by one to their doom under the blade of the guillotine. The theme is time-worn, and there is no particular novelty in Mr. Parker's handling of it, but his instinctive theatrical sense and trained technique are, as usual, to the fore. The play in the reading strikes one as full of dramatic effectiveness and there is a certain stately spectacular quality to the emotions which are motivated which strengthens its appeal.

THE ARISTOCRAT. By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

#### St. Paul.

Dr. Francis E. Clark was unaware when he wrote his book that the relentless hand of war would bring Oriental Europe and Asia Minor once more to the centre of the stage of world politics. Perhaps he wrought better than he knew when he gave us this description of a journey to the cities visited by St. Paul. His narrative will doubtless have a fascination from the purely religious point of view, but it can none the less be read with much profit by those in search of a vivid description of peoples and places to which war has given so lurid an importance. There are fifty-six illustrations and a map that add largely to the value of the work.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL. By Francis E. Clark, D. D., LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

#### Three Brieux Plays.

Brentano's has brought out a second installment of three translated plays by Brieux, of which "Woman on Her Own" will be found particularly interesting by militant women, on the keen look-out for injustice. Therese is a portionless young woman who, in the effort to exercise her business talents in the industrial world, runs against the sex antagonism of the wage-earning male. Brieux constitutes himself the champion of the woman, and by writing this play undoubtedly has hastened the

day of the industrial freedom of the women of France.

"False Gods" is a striking dramatic presentation of the fanaticism of ancient Egypt, and portrays the courage of the pioneer in skepticism whose intrepidly indicated disbelief wins for him only death and execration.

"The Red Robe" contains more of the propaganda toward which Brieux' sympathy for humanity always impelled him. It shows the dangers of injustice to the accused which have hitherto dwelt in the French method of judicial procedure. In France it has been the custom to try cases in privacy, and, while Brieux sees the danger of injustice in both public and private trials, his intention was to indicate the tenacity with which an unworthy judge, having no public tribunal to influence him, sticks to his opinion more as an assertion that he is right than from honest conviction. The result is tragedy.

THREE BRIEUX PLAYS. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50 net.

#### Israel and Internationalism.

There is a form of rhymeless poetry, metreless but full of rhythm, that makes the best of our modern *vers libre* unsavory husks. Nothing is more stately, strong, or beautiful than the measures of the Hebrew poets of the Bible. And it is this form that some anonymous author, or perchance Mr. J. E. Sampter, who signs himself transcriber, has invoked to set forth in noble numbers a call to the peoples of the world to abandon the binding thrall of nationalism. He does not, indeed, embellish his lines with antiphonies and reiteration, nor does he use the spondaic metre to give dignity, but he has reproduced the feeling of the Old Testament poets without the effect of parody or simulation.

A remarkable book indeed and unique. It is neither didactic nor doctrinaire, yet its message is straight and sure and it carries you along like a chapter of Hosea. The message is pointedly to the Jew, and he will see in it a powerful appeal for Zionism. Perhaps this is the purport and intent of this resonant song, but one would fain see in it a call to a spiritual rather than a material Zionism, a call embracing all peoples and all lands.

J. L.

THE BOOK OF THE NATIONS. Transcribed by J. E. Sampter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

#### Popular Science in Story Form.

The name of Jean Henri Fabre is dear to all who love natural history, and hundreds of thousands have followed with delight his fascinating investigations of the life of bees and spiders and ants and all their tribe. It is by the wonderfully patient inquiries by which this rare old naturalist, recently deceased, disclosed the secrets of the insect world that we best know him. But he had a great fondness for children, and in a volume which in French has now passed through some nineteen editions he has set forth for their edification in the form of "Uncle Paul's" talks with his little nephew and niece all manner of delightful scientific information. Eighty different subjects are treated, and they vary from volcanoes, clouds, rain, and thunder and lightning to the bumble-bee, flower blossoms, caterpillars, and pearls. An astonishing field is covered of just the things that every boy and girl wants to know about, provided the study of them is not made to savor of routine school work. It is learning for the young made easy, and a reading of the volume means a big store of valuable information.

THE STORY BOOK OF SCIENCE. By Jean Henri Fabre. Translated by Florence Constable Bicknell. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Three hours to type three pages, only to find the ribbon had been misplaced and the pages were blank is but one of Captain Nobbs' experiences in writing "On the Right of the British Line" after he had been blinded in the battle of the Somme and captured.

The occasion—and it is something of a literary occasion—of the announcement by the George H. Doran Company of a new book, "The Brown Brethren," by Patrick MacGill, revives attention to one of the most picturesque figures and one of the most gifted artists of the war.

It has remained for the art and genius of Louis Raemaekers to rout the propagandists of the enemy by delineating the great basic truths of war as waged by the Huns. His very shock is a stimulus, for in telling us of the horror of war Raemaekers makes us understand that to stop it forever by victory is the only thing worthy of thinking and feeling human beings. The exact services rendered to the Allied cause in this way form the subject of an article entitled "Raemaekers, Main-spring of Armed Force," by S. Stanwood, announced for the February Century Magazine.

Although it has long been known that Jefferson as Secretary of State took a deep interest in the building of the Capital City, it was only recently discovered that he himself

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prepared designs for the White House, and actually submitted one of these anonymously in the public competition for which he drafted the advertisement. Jefferson's ability to make such drawings has until recently been denied in many quarters, and only the assemblage of an overwhelming body of evidence has convinced the skeptics of the truth of traditions regarding the great statesman's skill as an architect. Designs for his own remarkable house at Monticello, for a governor's house at Richmond, the Virginia Capitol, and other buildings had demonstrated his ability to undertake a plan for the official residence of the President. A knowledge of foreign architecture and foreign architects, enthusiastically cultivated during his five years in Paris, England, Italy, and Germany, qualified him to make his design exceptional in scholarly conformity with the best precedents. The story of Jefferson's architectural work will be told in an illustrated article, "Jefferson and the National Capitol," by Fiske Kimball, announced for the February Century Magazine. Without diminishing in the least our admiration of Hoban's design, which we now see in its true relations, we can not fail to acquire a new interest in the Capitol of today by learning how much it owes to the thought and artistic skill of the father of American Independence.

A most graphic idea of the incredible difficulties of British campaigns in the East, without ever touching upon the war proper, is given in the forthcoming book, "In Mesopotamia," by Martin Swayne, a volume announced for early publication by the George H. Doran Company.

The remarkable position of Clemenceau and the main issues of his life form the subject of an article by Herbert Adams Gibbons, entitled "The Tiger of France," in the February Century Magazine. Mr. Gibbons explains how it has come about that the man who is unanimously considered the greatest destructive political force of the Third Republic has now been called upon to save France.

Why is fiction regarded with a certain condescension? The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We can not afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still for fiction. We can not afford to patronize these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes of endowments or coterie worship, or, certainly, more advertising is what the American novelist requires, but a great respect for his craft. The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favorite, not always a respected one of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the preeminently popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon "Hamlet" was presumably only a play-actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"? The reasons for this deplorable attitude toward the novel are analyzed, it is said, in an article entitled "On a Certain Condescension Toward Fiction," by Professor Henry Seidel Canby, announced for the February Century Magazine. The novel, according to Professor Canby, was given a bad name in its youth that has overshadowed its successful maturity.

The sunflower seems destined to play an important part in the economic life of the United States as a substitute for linseed. A report was recently read before a convention of the National Paint and Varnish Association, which declared that the cultivation of the sunflower for this purpose can be made to yield a gross return to the farmer of from \$30 to \$35 an acre.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Prussian Chez Lui.

The curse of Prussia is Prussia, and the great mystery of our century is that such a people should be filled with the ambition to force upon happier peoples their drear and sordid mode of existence. At least that is the feeling that pervades one after reading the sketches of life in Koenigsberg written by Mr. Raymond under the caption of "Intimate Prussia."

The pictures of Prussian life are written in the form of a simple story. An English student, after studies elsewhere in Germany, betakes himself to the University of Koenigsberg to get an insight into the real Prussia. He finds quarters in the home of the family of the head porter of the railway station, and chronicles the simple life of the father, the mother, the student son, and the two pretty daughters. Under the guise of this family tale he gives an intimate picture of Prussian life that bears every mark of reality and fidelity to the original. It is a depressing picture, but one not without its romance and its softer side. Many volumes of description and analysis might be written without giving so accurate and comprehensive a view of the narrow, frugal, sordid, and highly-disciplined life that is the basis of the Hohenzollern power as this simple Familien-Chronik.

INTIMATE PRUSSIA. By A. Raymond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$2 net.

## The Crime.

Unquestionably one of the dynamic hooks of the great war was "J'accuse," written anonymously and published first in Switzerland. The author was evidently a German of political experience and position, and his clear-sighted analysis of the origin of the war and its causes was a terrific indictment of the leaders of Prussian Germany. That they felt the force of this exposition was shown by the fact that they made every endeavor to suppress the book, to proscribe it in their own domains, and through the pens of some of their most prominent professors and publicists to answer its damning charges.

The author remained undiscovered, at least so far as the public was concerned, but he did not cease an activity that he believed in the highest sense patriotic, the effort to make his countrymen see things as they are, to the end that Germany might throw off the military incubus that had hypnotized and enslaved her and was leading her to ruin. The feeble attempts to answer and counter his direct charges have called him once more into the forum, and he has responded to his critics in a new volume entitled "The Crime."

This new volume represents much painstaking labor. It is in the main a reiteration and reinforcement of his first indictment. While it follows the line of the first and does not branch out into new fields of discussion, it does gather together an interesting mass of confirmatory material bearing upon his original theses, and must be regarded as a valuable complement to "J'accuse." The two volumes should be taken together as a complete and searching indictment that sooner or later will perform a great task in opening the eyes of such Teutons as are not incurably inoculated with the present mania Teutonica.

THE CRIME. By a German. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50 net.

## Recent European History.

It is of course obvious that in the training of our army officers at West Point a very considerable amount of attention must be paid to European history, not to the military side alone, but also to the political side, which profoundly influences military dispositions. Apparently the instructing staff have found it difficult to find among existing works a text-book that exactly met the requirements,

for two professors of the history department of the military academy have just published an exhaustive treatise on the history of Europe from 1862 to 1914, especially designed for purposes of instruction.

The plan of the volume is admirable. The mass of historical data is presented clearly and with fine coordination. Military campaigns are not given undue space, that side of the course being left to other departments, but excellent condensed accounts of the successive European wars are included. The chief stress is laid upon the elucidation of international relations, and considerable attention is paid to internal affairs in each of the great powers.

The book is coldly impartial, an attitude that would be entirely praiseworthy were it not for the fact in limiting their vision to the formal data of politics and diplomacy the authors have been inclined to overlook the moral and spiritual elements in the problems. There is unconsciously reflected the technical mode that led our own people to regard many of our regular army officers at the outbreak of war as pro-German because they expected Germany to be victorious "on form." An exception to the general attitude of impartiality must be noted in the treatment of the Irish Home Rule question and in dealing with the relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, where scant justice is done to the fact that years before the great war the valiant little Balkan nation realized that she was in mortal danger because she stood in the way of the realization of German and Austrian dreams of dominion. For the general reader the book furnishes both a fine conspectus of recent history and a most useful work of reference.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1862 TO 1914. By Lieutenant-Colonel Lucius Hudson Holt and Captain Alexander Wheeler Chilton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.60.

## Fairy Stories from the Sanskrit.

There are two men in the University of California of whom we should be proud, and both of them are better known and appreciated in the great world at large than right here at home. One of them is Arthur W. Ryder, professor of Sanskrit, poet, chess-player, etc., and the other is Perham W. Nahl, artist and teacher of art. And now they have collaborated in bringing out the fairy-story book of the year. Professor Ryder has translated from the Sanskrit the stories of the Twenty-Two Goblins, and Professor Nahl has illustrated them with a score of Oriental pictures reproduced in color. The stories are new and fresh and the translator has given them lightness and charm in their English garb.

TWENTY-TWO GOBLINS. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. Illustrated by Perham W. Nahl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$3 net.

## New Books Received

DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR. By John Firman Coar, A. M., Ph. D., F. A. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

A discussion of issues.

JUST OUTSIDE. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

COMRADES. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40.

A war novel.

THE RHYME GARDEN. Verses and drawings by Marguerite Buller Allan. New York: John Lane Company.

For children.

GINGER MICK. By C. J. Dennis. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

Australian war verse.

SONGS OF THE CELTIC PAST. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

EARLY ENGLISH PORTRAIT MINIATURES. Edited by Charles Holme. Text by H. A. Kenedy. New York: John Lane Company.

Issued in "The Studio."

THE INVISIBLE GUIDE. By G. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

Spiritualism.

GARDENS OVERSEAS. By Thomas Walsh. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

"MY BELOVED POILUS." St. John. New Brunswick: Barnes & Co.

Letters from an American girl with the French ambulance.

A CRUSAIDER OF FRANCE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont.

TRAINING AND REWARDS OF THE PHYSICIAN. By Richard C. Cabot, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A survey of the medical field.

THE HIGH CALL. By Ernest M. Stires. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Essays on the ethical side of the war.

A conservative estimate of the number of negroes crossing the Mason and Dixon line every week is said to be 5000.

## A FLAME ATTACK.

## How French Soldiers Protected Themselves with Mud.

(The following vivid account of a flame attack on the French trenches was given to Walter Duranty by a corporal of a regiment as famous as the Foreign Legion—the only one besides the Foreign Legion entitled "to wear the green and gold shoulder straps of the military medal fourragere." The flame attack followed a bombardment exceeding in intensity that of Verdun. The extract is from *Collier's Weekly*.)

Right beside a mitrailleuse began banging like an unsilenced motorcycle, and almost simultaneously there rose up forty feet high on the extreme left flank of attack a tall, thin jet of white and red light from which sprayed off flashes of green and yellow as water sprays from a hose jet at a fire. For what seemed a full second or more the flame hung in the air above us, showing bright as day the shapeless slope in front with its mounds and hollows. Funny bow the brain works! In that brief moment as automatically I turned and threw the grenade in my hand toward the base of the fire column, my thought was not of the danger to us, but of triumph in the havoc our quick firer had wrought among the Germans advancing to the attack. Then a rain of blazing liquid fell upon us, and I screamed as the drops of fire seared my left hand.

Suddenly all was night again—thick darkness that seemed solid before our eyes like a black wall. Our mitrailleuse was silent, but in front our grenades were bursting like giant firecrackers; by my side some one was shrieking in agony, and farther along I could hear the lieutenant, as I had heard him before, cursing the fools who were so slow getting their mitrailleuse back into action.

My hand didn't hurt me any more. I had no pain anywhere, no thought save to throw homb after homb down there to the left to destroy the devilish thing that was preparing to spring at us again.

It's a queer thing about some of these new war inventions. You feel a concrete hatred as for a savage beast without thinking about the men who are really working the thing. A Boche prisoner told me the same about our tanks; said he entirely forgot there were men in them and was quite surprised to see our wounded crawling out once when a big shell hit one fair and square and smashed it. So we all cheered as if we'd killed the devil when a sudden deep bellow drowned the banging of the bombs and a great round fountain of fire told us one of the flame containers had exploded. Those wretched Boches must have died quick, like flies in the flame of a lamp, for one after another three containers burst into roaring eruption as the fire from the first one caught them, and by their light we saw here and there a stray survivor plunging headlong back to the German line. So far at least the attack had been a failure.

My hand had begun to hurt again damnably, and I turned to see if our Breton sergeant had got any oil when I was startled to hear him yelling as if for the first time in his life he was really excited.

"The mud, the mud," he shouted. "the mud

will save us. Mon lieutenant, the mud, the mud."

I thought he was crazy, and so, I suppose, did the lieutenant, for he shouted back: "What the devil do you mean, you fool?"

"We escaped at this end," replied the Breton more calmly. "yet the flame fell right among us. Only two of us were burned, and they were dry, so it made cinders of them, but we others had fallen into a shell hole, and the water and mud saved us."

By God, he was right! As I looked at my body and arms I could see how the mud had dried where the flame struck it, and here and there burnt patches where it had eaten its way even into the damp cloth.

I don't know what they use in these fire throwers, but it is devilish stuff. Nothing will extinguish it: it just flares away until it's all consumed.

The lieutenant didn't need to give an order. With one accord we flung ourselves forward, for we knew our respite was short, and wallowed in the sticky mud, plastering it in handfuls over our heads and bodies, with just a wipe at the end to clean off the goggles of our masks. It astonished me how many of the company were alive after that bombardment.

By this time the sea of flame in front had died down, and we knew the Boches would try again immediately before it got light enough to help us. Already one could see things more clearly in the gray twilight, and when they did come the mitrailleuse worked terrible execution. But one quick firer isn't enough for a massed attack and bombs make more noise than damage, so things soon began to look very ugly.

They had their flame jets going again, but more scattered this time, and though we blew up one or two there was a steady rain of fire that we couldn't check or avoid.

But that mud was wonderful. It saved our lives a dozen times over. We had wrapped bandages round our hands and then daubed mud on that so that we were armored all over like tortoises in their shells, save for our fingers, which caught it every now and then and hurt horribly as one threw the bombs.

Then a shower of flame fell plumb on the mitrailleuse, and the cartridge bands blew up all together and put it out of business. I don't think there had been any hand-to-hand fighting before, but when that happened they rushed us right away.

I heard all about that afterward, as when I came to I was in a field hospital. They told me my uniform was covered with a sort of armor, that wonderful clay baked hard as iron. They had to break it off with a hammer.

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### THE ORPHEUM.

As usual Allan Brooks discounts every other attraction of a hill on which he figures, and this in spite of the fact that we have seen "Dollars and Sense" before. I have never quite understood why men take such intense delight in humorous depictions of inebriety, but I suppose we women must lay it to the revival of tender recollections of past joys; although we, perhaps ignorantly, assume that when man is alcoholically befuddled he forgets everything when he returns to himself. Still, there must remain a tender haze of recollection of the condition in which all the pleasant emotions were heightened and all the unpleasant ones minimized. But a comedy drunkard must be extremely funny to make the women laugh, and he must be able to express some natural graces of nature even during the greatest height of the vinous elevation portrayed.

Allan Brooks never loses his charm. Whether he is tossing down highballs, or uncertain of his footing, or affectionately loquacious with his valet, his magnetism and a distinctive and delightful individuality of humor work their spell. And everything in his appearance harmonizes: his negligent length of limb, his easy attitudes, the peculiar arch of his brows, the quiver and even the shape of those humor wrinkles on each side of his mouth.

I wonder that an actor-director with so keen a sense of humor would permit his leading man to be so meticulously precise in his distinctness. However, we forgive the handsome youth because he is simultaneously handsome and conscientious; for those two adjectives do not so very often run in couples.

Dorothea Sadler is very good as the calculating beauty who entralls two good men and true, and Otoy Mizuki as the Japanese valet makes us forget that he is acting.

Although a holdover, Joseph E. Howard and his "Musical World Revue" rank high in favor. His piece has music, spectacle, and a pretty, modest, little girl, who runs a costume show on her own slender shoulders. There is really artistic composition in the "Lotos Flower Set," and spectacular gorgeousness in the Chinatown scene. The voices of the male quartet are very good, their songs hit the popular ear, and Joseph Howard, smiling, cheerful, and debonair, makes a big personal hit when he sings songs of his own composition.

The Le Grohs are a double-jointed trio, evidently related, who were horn supple and have improved on nature. They bent their spines to such amazingly acute angles that it made some of the women nervous. Their champion treated his arms and legs as if they were the antennae of a devil-fish. But it all seemed easy and natural to them.

The rough-and-tumble fun and nonsense of Rice and Werner in "On the Scaffold" made its due appeal, especially at the grand sliding climax; but their lines need revision and the injection of more humor. Mack and Earl patter-patter acceptably, Mack rejoicing in a natural comedy mug, while Anna Earl is active, petite, and pretty. King and Harvey went to extremes in their burlesque singing, but no one seemed to object, the acclamations seeming to come from the majority; and the Hawaiian singers and instrumentalists pleased by the native flavor of their melancholy and rather long-drawn-out music. Bee Ho Gray is an imitator, but a most skillful one, of a vaudeville pioneer in his line. We enjoyed the dexterity of his lariat whirling and throwing and the skill with which he lassooed any anatomical section of the horse or the lady that took his fancy. One does not feel like criticising him for following his predecessor in the line in which he is so expert, more particularly as he is ready-witted and amusing in the incidental patter that he maintains with a strong cowboy accent which sounded like the real thing.

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL LIAR.

The psychological liar is horn, not made. There are quantities of him everywhere. A quartet jumps to my mind immediately. One is a man, three are women. Psychological liars are apt to be women. Is it because they are, or have been, in that near yet already

astoundingly old past which is rapidly dying, obliged to imagine destinies for themselves instead of making them, as men do? At any rate, the psychological liar is not usually an evil-doer. She—I say she advisedly—generally harms no one. She merely indulges in the luxury of making herself the heroine of imaginary adventures. Sometimes, when she is too temperamental, she does wreck a life. This happens when she drags in some unsuspecting man and makes him the hero of her self-created fictions. Of such is the type of sub-normal girls who figure as the accuser in trials of men falsely accused of misdeeds they have never committed.

That form of mental malady which pushes this kind of liar into her lies is either a morbid excess of romanticism or a form of megalomania. She feels, perhaps, an irresistible desire to give people something to talk about. Only that something must be herself. An early marriage and maternity would be the best cure for this mental condition, for nature meant that emotional womankind should plunge its emotions into the rearing of children when she is still in her teens.

It is useless to deny that women enjoy life very much more than they used to in the days when nature's dictates were heeded, but there are always some people that can not quite conform to the new dispensation. Outwardly the psychological liar confirms, but inwardly she revels in wild romanticism or intense adventure. I never think of the psychological liar as just a teller of the ordinary falsehoods of convenience or expediency. With her, to fictionize about herself is an instinct. Poor little half-unconscious liar! Does she take herself in with these fictions in which she always appears in a creditable light? I verily believe she does, sometimes, in spite of these heaving misty edges about that conviction, which, perhaps, can be gotten rid of when the clear cold light of reason is shed upon the tortuous passages of her mental consciousness.

And so the psychologically lying heroine of "Enter the Hero," which we saw last week at the St. Francis Little Theatre, is strictly founded on reality. For the heroine of Theresa Helburn's little play is a young woman who, like the heroine of "Green Stockings," not finding a love affair obtainable, made up one, with herself as the heroine, and the most eligible man on her horizon as the hero. Like the kidnapped lover in "Green Stockings," he was so conveniently remote—heing, if I remember aright, a civil engineer in South America—that she could evolve love letters by the peck without being found out. The interest of the piece lay in the spectators' ignorance of the truth, their gradual perception of it, and their interested survey of the psychological liar's shufflings as she endeavors to get herself out of a bad fix. Everything is in keeping with the type; her vigorous efforts to preserve her credit in the eyes of her family, the entire absence of shame with which she faces the young man's amazed perception of the sort of species she is, and her continued impulse toward sustaining the invention, all are thoroughly in accord with the curious mental perversions of the psychological liar.

Hélène Sullivan acted the piece admirably, cleverly conveying to the interested spectators a perception of the queer uncertainties of mood in which Ann's suitor-camouflage had plunged her. We were puzzled, expectant, waiting curiously for the solution. And when it came we recognized its vraisemblance to life types.

A promising little actress is Ruth Hammond, fresh-spirited and eager in her work; outwardly a little too much so sometimes, but unfailing in the vividness with which she stamps her impersonations upon our consciousness.

By request, "The Game of Chess" was repeated, again making a marked impression as high-class although old-fashioned melodrama. It belongs to the era of old Russia as we imagined it, now, we hope, forever passed away. The piece shows Mr. Maitland to advantage as the ruthless Russian prince to whom a peasant's death is as the brushing away of an intrusive fly. With his well-shaped head, fine, straight nose, and slender shape, he looked the patrician, and he read the lines with a melancholy cadence appropriate to the cold aristocrat who has exhausted all sensation and has nothing left but personal pride to stimulate him to his best endeavor. Perhaps some actors would make the melancholy less strongly insisted on than the cold, heartless mockery of the patrician who so disdains his peasant opponent, but it tends to soften our attitude toward him; which, as he is the protagonist of the piece, is as it should be.

The last piece on the programme, entitled "The Honor of America," goes more like a bit of recruiting propaganda than a play. It has more talk than action, but since it tends to lead up to a state of mind appropriate to these tense and terrible times of war, when every man and woman must acquire the moral as well as the physical courage to face fast-

crowding responsibilities, I rather think that the young actor-manager selected "The Honor of America" both patriotically and wisely.

### "THE FOUL REFINER."

One of the American war correspondents who early in the war had been companioning with officers in the armies of the belligerent nations spoke of a strange realization that seemed to dwell in their eyes; an ever-present yet calm knowledge that they were within close reach of the grasp of death. It was, in fact, exactly what Allan Seeger expressed in his poem, "A Rendezvous with Death." Our young men on this side have not yet reached that point, and some of them never will. Too much imagination can be a bane to a potential soldier.

But it is the men who have been on the edge of the abyss of flame and looked deep into its lurid depths who have come away realizing a new heaven and a new earth. Each man who has lived through the tragedy must bear the marks of it according to his nature; but can any save the most soulless find themselves unchanged?

The American type—we are trying to place it. Never before has the American youth from all over the country passed before us in such multitudinous review. It divides itself into sub-types, but generally speaking it is hot-headed, good-humored, full of animal spirits, generous in its emotions, and characterized by the headlong chivalry easy to a nation in which plenty has hitherto prevailed. But American youth seems to deteriorate as it matures. The American business man, the professional, the politician, allowing for a due proportion of the instinctively refined, the finicky, the intellectual, or the semi-spiritualized, is apt to be a thick-jowled, hearty, genial materialist whose countenance expresses a certain lack of scruple and a love of gain for the pleasure and power it purchases.

In a few months our men will be returning inviolated. We will then see in their young faces that haggard perception of the horrors that can be that we have noticed in the eyes of some of the French officers who have lived through the inferno. Some have, strangely enough, retained a normally cheerful and matter-of-fact outlook. But when they have addressed various gatherings of their own compatriots, women of the Salon Français, or American men at downtown assemblages, people have observed signs of the shadow over their youth.

The outward evidences of that shadow will pass. But it is impossible not to believe that the youth of the world which is at present passing by the million into that vast shadow which horders so closely on the confines of death will, after the war, set itself to a great task: that of reforming the political ways of the world. It is not one or two nations only, but the world itself, that has been the great sinner. And for its sins the present generation is paying the cost. But when nearly all the civilized nations of the world have suffered through their sons and daughters there is hope that a new type of humanity will evolve, and that the greater injustices of the past will forever pass away.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### Lemare Recitals.

Edwin H. Lemare will give his forty-ninth recital on the municipal organ at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and everything points to a larger attendance than usual. The people of San Francisco are gradually awaking to the fact that one of the greatest artistic assets ever possessed by any community is ours, although the stranger within our gates who goes to the Auditorium to one of these feasts of melody usually marvels at the comparatively small attendance. However, an energetic body of women workers is joining hands with the auditorium committee of the board of supervisors for the purpose of stimulating interest in the concerts, and next Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, there will be a mass meeting at the Fairmont Hotel for the purpose of perfecting plans for obtaining big audiences at the recitals. Mr. Lemare himself will address the meeting, to which all interested in good music are cordially invited.

Sunday's programme will be made up entirely of numbers from Mr. Lemare's large list of compositions, and after the introductory "Star-Spangled Banner" will be as follows: Marche Heroique, Nocturne in B minor, Bell Scherzo, Adagio from the Second Symphony in D minor, Intermezzo (Moonlight), Pastorale in E, Improvisation, Concertstück (written in the form of a Tarentella).

It costs but ten cents to attend and the Auditorium should be crowded to the doors. In addition to the Sunday afternoon events a recital is given every Thursday evening at 8:15.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me where Lake Ontario is? Pupil—Yessum. Page 18. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

## THE DE VALLY CLASSES IN OPERATIC AND LYRIC ART

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### The Little Theatre.

The plays to be offered in the Little Theatre of the Players' Club at 3209 Clay Street hold a keen interest, as all are new to San Francisco.

"Joint Owners in Spain" is a delightful comedy by one of America's greatest novelists and playwrights, Alice Brown. The character work in it is especially fine, and the lines hold a delicious humor. In the cast will be Olivia Hall, Rosetta Baker, Alisa Stevenson, and Marion Cumming.

Another comedy of unusual interest is "Ruhly Red," having an Oriental setting. This play will be in the hands of Rafaela Brunetto, a finished and gifted actor; Benjamin Purrinton, the talented playwright and composer of popular patriotic songs, and Mrs. Lucy Alanson Smith and Carolyn Caro, who will alternate in the leading rôle of the easily duped American wife. Mary Ritson and Marion Fisher will appear alternately as the alluring Oriental dancer.

Of interest is the production of "Christmas on the Border," by Colonel R. C. Croxton of the Presidio. It is a military play, in which soldiers from the Presidio will appear. The scene of the stirring little drama takes place on the Mexican border.

A harlequinade, "The Merry Death," by the famous Russian dramatist, Nicholas Evreinov, will also be given. An unusual opportunity is offered William S. Rainey in the rôle of Pierrot. This young actor has at last yielded to the call of the professional stage and has made a brilliant success at the Alcazar. The talented actor too rarely seen, Dion Holm, will have the rôle of Harlequin. Mrs. Carolyn Green and Dorothy Wetmore will alternate as Columbine. Claire Thompson, a charming professional dancer, and lovely Mary Lafler will alternate as Death, giving the Dance of Death.

Elmer Stanley Hader, the local landscape and portrait artist, will have the artistic settings under his supervision.

Concert numbers by the Players' Club orchestra will be given between the plays.

The plays will be given every night for one week, beginning Monday evening, January 28th. A special matinee will be staged on Saturday.

### The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Director Emil Oberhoffer of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has arranged an attractive series of programmes for presentation here during his coming visit. The Minneapolis Symphony concerts will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7th and 8th, and at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10th, and concerts will be given in Oakland on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9th, at the Auditorium Opera House. On Thursday afternoon and Sunday morning Reinald Werrenrath, the world-famous American haritone, will be the special soloist; on Friday afternoon Margaret Namara, the famous coloratura soprano, will be the vocal feature, and Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist, and Richard Czerwonky, violinist, will be the Oakland soloists.

The Oakland evening programme will be given as the fourth event of the artists' series of the Oakland Teachers' Association, and the programme will include Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Chadwick's "My Juhilee," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, Tschaiakowsky's "1812" overture, and the Vieuxtemps "Ballade and Polonaise" for violin and orchestra, with Richard Czerwonky as soloist.

Tickets for these musical events are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco and Oakland, at the office of Kohler & Chase, and the Columbia ticket office in this city. Selby C. Oppenheimer is the manager of the concerts, and information other than the above may be had from him at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

M. Rousseau, the French naval expert, states in the *Temps* in reference to a recent visit to British centres of shipbuilding activity, that at Fairfield Yard, Govan, he saw with wonder and amazement "the extraordinary dimensions of certain new British warships, besides which the size of the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Tiger* would seem very modest."



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## The Seventh "Pop" Concert.

Alfred Hertz will offer an appealing programme at the seventh "Pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, January 27th, a programme that is certain to prove quite as popular as that given a fortnight ago, when the Cort capacity was taxed to its limits.

Particular interest will attach to the performance of Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody" at the coming "Pop," the first work of the popular composer yet programmed by Hertz.

The always-liked overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, is certain to be received with favor, as is the ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid." The latter embraces seven Spanish dances, of a variety of rhythms, and wholly charming. "The Voices

of the Forest," from "Siegfried," one of the most popular excerpts from a Wagner opera, will be given for the first time here by Hertz.

Dvorak will be represented by the Largo from the "New World," the movement which made the most general appeal at the recent enthusiastic reception of this symphony. Three of Percy Grainger's exuberant British Folk Song Settings—"Irish Tune from County Derry," "Molly on the Shore," and "Shepherds' Hey"—are further happy selections on Hertz' part. The playing of the national anthem in stirring manner will, of course, be a feature.

San Francisco will hear Florent Schmitt's "Rhapsodie Viennoise" at the ninth pair of regular symphonies on Friday afternoon, February 1st, and Sunday afternoon, February 3d. In this work the brilliant French composer has elaborated a charming Viennese waltz in extraordinary manner for the modern orchestra. Mozart's Symphony in E flat major, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Abert's arrangement of a Bach Prelude and Fugue, to which has been added a Choral by Abert, will be the remaining offerings.

## Shakespeare's Plays at the Columbia Theatre.

The revivals of Shakespeare's plays at the Columbia Theatre by John E. Kellerd will be an event of importance to lovers of the classic drama. For years he has occupied a dominating position as a Shakespearean actor in the East, although this is his first tour of the Pacific Coast. For the present tour Mr. Kellerd has surrounded himself with a company of unusual strength. The repertory for the engagement includes five plays. For the first week "Hamlet" is to be staged on Monday and Thursday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. "The Merchant of Venice" is announced for Tuesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, and "Macbeth" for Wednesday and Saturday nights. Owing to the length of the "Hamlet" performance the curtain will rise at 8:10 on Monday night.

## "The Bird of Paradise" at the Cort.

"The Bird of Paradise," Oliver Morosco's spectacular romance of the Hawaiian Islands, from the pen of Richard Walton Tully, author of "Omar, the Tentmaker," enters upon the second and final week of its successful engagement at the Cort Theatre with the performance of Sunday night, January 27th.

"The Bird of Paradise" is one of the real novelties of the theatre, and despite the fact that it is now making its seventh tour of this country, its appeal is apparently as great as ever.

The pathetic love story of pretty Luana, the Hawaiian princess, for the American doctor, Paul Wilson, is wonderfully compelling. Against the story there is a background of native costume, island politics, missionary methods, and a brief survey of that far-off Pacific industry, beach-combing.

The scenic effects are most elaborate, the eruption of Mount Pele remaining the most startling effect of its kind known to the stage.

Marion Hutchins, Forrest Stanley, and a cast that is excellently balanced interpret the play.

## Godowsky's Return Concerts Notable Events.

The return concerts to be given in this city and Oakland by Leopold Godowsky will be notable events. Godowsky is conceded to be the most important pianist now before the public. To hear an artist of this calibre play is an integral part of one's education, and teachers, recognizing this, are insisting on their pupils availing themselves of the rare opportunity afforded by his too seldom visits. On Thursday afternoon, January 31st, Godowsky will play an extended programme from Schumann, Brahms, Grieg, Chopin, Balakireff, Ravel, and Liszt.

On Friday afternoon, February 1st, at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House, the programme will include the Beethoven op. 81 Sonata; Brahms' Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 2; Shakespeare's Serenade, by Schubert-Liszt; Chopin's famous B flat minor Sonata, a wonderful group of three Preludes, three Etudes, a nocturne, and a Scherzo, and works by Henselt, Henselt-Godowsky, Scriabin, Moszkowski, and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire." Tickets are now selling for both events at the usual Oppenheimer ticket offices.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by the Four Marx Brothers, supported by a company of eleven people. They will appear in the musical comedy, "Home Again," which is an excellent vehicle for their versatile abilities.

Bessie Rempel, with the aid of her company, will present "You," a playlet which created a sensation in the East. Its purpose is to show that every one possesses a real and artificial self and that usually people say what they do not mean, rarely disclosing their true selves. Miss Rempel gives a clever and fascinating performance of "Everygirl."

George Austin Moore, and Cordelia Haager

entitle their act, which is a fascinating assortment of songs and stories, "From Texas to Kentucky." They are among the most delightful entertainers in vaudeville.

Comfort and King will present their colored classic, "Coontown Divorcons." As delineators of negro characters they are excellent.

Frank Crumit calls himself "The One Man Glee Club." He is a comedian who can sing, play several instruments, and tell any number of good stories.

"Five of Clubs" in "A Pierrot's Dream" should not be confounded with playing cards. They are four men and one woman who are responsible for a pretty juggling novelty.

Doc O'Neill will present the audience with his new humorous sketches. His hearers willingly surrender to his delightful nonsense.

Toots Paka and her Hawaiian Singers and dancers and Alan Brooks in his great comedy hit, "Dollars and Sense," will complete an entertainment of extraordinary merit, novelty, and variety.

## The St. Francis Little Theatre.

For the seventeenth week of its very successful season the St. Francis Little Theatre, which has Arthur Maitland as its directing head, will offer three novel one-act plays new to this city. The performances are announced for Wednesday evening, January 30th, and Thursday afternoon, January 31st, in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

"Streaks of Light," which will be the opening bill, is a little tragedy of great power and keen psychological interest, by Herman Sudermann. It deals with the love of a youth for a married woman. The latter might be termed a unique type of "vampire," and unusual demands will be made upon the fine abilities of Helene Sullivan, to whom has been entrusted the rôle.

In "The Old Rasputin" Theodore Dreiser tells a quaint story of the decline of a man of position, through loss of his mental powers, to the most humble of lots. A street scene, with its shifting throngs, calls for all the resources of the St. Francis Little Theatre.

The concluding number will be "Barbara," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. "Barbara" is a deliciously amusing satire on the advice-giving butler, something after the manner of Stanley Houghton's Phipps. Maitland will play the butler and Helene Sullivan and Albert Morrison will have congenial parts.

The matinee performances are open to the public and their popularity is constantly on the increase.

## Harry Lauder Coming to Cort.

Harry Lauder, undoubtedly the greatest "single" entertainer in the world, comes to the Cort Theatre on Monday, February 4th, under the direction of William Morris. It is announced that this is his farewell tour of America. His engagements have been triumphs everywhere, not only for his singing of Scotch songs and his inimitable drolleries, but for his war talks, which have aroused great enthusiasm. While here Lauder will devote every moment of his spare time to the International Y. M. C. A., speaking to the soldiers in the cantonments and telling them what their brothers in arms are doing for the cause of humanity and democracy in France. Lauder's Cort engagement is limited to six night and five matinee performances.

## Yvette Guilbert Will Impersonate Pierrot.

As a special feature of the first of her series of San Francisco recitals, which will be given at the Scottish Rite Hall, Mme. Guilbert will impersonate the character of Pierrot, which she has but recently added to her repertory. Not the Pierrot of the comedies, but a new and real Pierrot, bubbling with real life and love and allegorically living the struggles of a New France against its oppressor. He has experienced the pangs of hunger, and he has known love disappointed; he no longer grines for mere fun, no longer is he purely Pierrot the mountebank, but Pierrot the thinker, the idealist, impersonating the soul of man. The balance of the programme of Mme. Guilbert's first recital, which will be given on Sunday afternoon, February 3d, is composed of the "Great Songs of Great France," all appropriately costumed in the gowns of the periods they represent and including the legend of St. Bertha, the armless servant given arms so as to assist at the birth of the Savior, the Ballade of the wicked rich, a group of popular French chansons, etc. On Wednesday night, February 6th, the second programme will be given, and this will include groups of songs showing the different French types, the peasant, dwellers of the Montmartre, the Quartier Latin, and special works by Maurice Rollinat, Jean Richepin, and others. The final recital takes place on Saturday afternoon, February 9th, and the programmed works concern the army and navy life of the great French republic from the time of Joan of Arc, through the periods of the different Louis, to the present day.

Emily Gresser, the charming young violinist, who was Mme. Guilbert's assisting artist



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on her last visit, is again aiding the renowned song-actress, and will offer a number of selections on all of the programmes. Maurice Eisner, one of America's foremost piano accompanists, has been specially secured for the present tour. Tickets for the three Guilbert recitals are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, the attraction being under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer.

The France and Canada Steamship Company of New York has bought and now controls the largest sailing schooner fleet in the world. During the past year this company has purchased nearly 50,000 tons of schooner bottoms.



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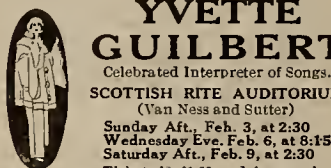
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Schumann ("Symphonic Etudes"), Brahms, Grieg, Chopin, Ravel, Balakireff, Liszt, etc.

Godowsky in OAKLAND—Auditorium Opera House  
Next Friday Night (Feb. 1)  
Beethoven op. 81 and Chopin B flat minor sonatas, etc.  
Same prices. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co., Oakland.

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Wednesday Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:15  
Saturday Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30

Tickets \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, on sale at usual offices.

Knabe Piano Used.

## Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

EMIL OBERHOFFER, Conductor  
COLUMBIA THEATRE, Thursday aft., Feb. 7—Sibelius, No. 1 Symphony, etc. Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, soloist.  
COLUMBIA THEATRE, Friday aft., Feb. 8—Cesar Franck Symphony, etc. Margaret Namara, coloratura soprano, soloist.  
TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE, Sunday morning, Feb. 10—Tchaikowsky "Manfred" Symphony, etc. Werrenrath, soloist.  
Prices—Columbia: \$2, \$1.50 and \$1.  
Tivoli: \$2, \$1.50, \$1 and 50c.

OAKLAND CONCERTS  
AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE  
Saturday Aft. and Night, Feb. 9

Coming—ZIMBALIST, Russian Violinist.

## St. Francis Little Theatre Club

Direction of Mr. Arthur Maitland

## Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis

Desires to state that the matinees which are given once a week by Mr. Maitland and a company of professional players are open to the public. Three playlets by the world's best authors are given on each programme.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR

Evening performances are for members only. Application for membership can be made to the committee, Room 875, St. Francis Hotel.

## CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 29, at 3:15

ITALIAN ROOM—HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

## PROGRAMME:

Debussy—Quartet for strings, G minor  
Leclair—Sonata for flute, viola and piano  
Foote—Quartet for piano and strings

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Cort Theatre

SUNDAY AFT., JAN. 27, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Largo from "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Ballet Music from "Le Cid," Massenet; "Voices of the Forest," from "Siegfried," Wagner; British Folk Song Settings, Grainger; Irish Rhapsody, Victor Herbert.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

Next—Feb. 1 and 3, 9th Pair Symphonies.

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## RUBY RED

By Clarence Stratton

## CHRISTMAS ON THE BORDER

By Colonel R. C. Croxton

## THE MERRY DEATH

By Nicholas Evreinov

## SATURDAY MATINEE 2:30

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#### VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Shaw, taking advantage of the present stagnation of world affairs and the consequent dreary leisureliness of Congress to advance a little matter of national suffrage, says "women are not pacifists in the sense in which that word is used at the present time." Dr. Shaw does not venture into the deep waters of definition. She does not give us her conception of a pacifist. Possibly she has none, or possibly it is changeable. Was it not Dr. Shaw who said that "Susan B. Anthony would have made a better executive than Abraham Lincoln"? The record so stands. It is quite likely that the women represented by Dr. Shaw—a very small number—are not pacifists, nor anything else except emotionalists, and emotionalism is a sort of frantic and infuriating force that is thrown without discrimination upon either side of a question and that is rarely modified either by vision or intelligence. The same woman who was hysterically eager to dress in white robes and sing carols between the rival lines in Flanders will now be found devising hideous torments for the Kaiser. The nation has suffered more from the emotionalism of good women than from the measured plottings of bad men.

Mrs. Catt is presumably included in Dr. Shaw's plea of not guilty of pacifism. But Mrs. Catt said, "We are loath to recognize the Red Cross because it comes from war." Mrs. Catt also defended Miss Rankin for her vote against war with Germany on the ground that "if Miss Rankin voted for war, she would offend the pacifists; if she voted against it, she would offend the militarists." Mrs. Catt evidently supposes that every one who is not a pacifist must be a militarist. If I interfere with a drunken brute who is murdering a baby, I am a pacifist. What these good women seem to need more than anything else is a clarification of their alleged mental processes.

The War Department does not intend to furnish the names of soldiers for purposes of godmothering. So says an official bulletin, and we give three cheers. The weekly dispatch to France of some half-million boxes of absurd candy and chewing-gum was not a vision that the transport departments could view with equanimity.

Admiral Togo, who knew something of fighting, forbade his wife to write to him during war, and he did not write to her. He said that nothing must interfere with the concentration of his mind upon his duties. What Togo would have said to boxes of candy may be left to the imagination.

It has been the experience in France that the godmothers very quickly forget the godsons when the novelty has worn away. The end of the godson is then worse than the beginning, because he feels neglected and looks forward hungrily for the letters that do not come. It would be the same here. Godmothering would be a fad of a day, just one more titter and thrill for useless minds.

The French soldier is pitifully lacking in everything but the bare necessities of life. The American soldier will have everything that a wealthy and paternal government can give him. He does not need godmothers, and probably would not want them.

One of the postcards most popular at the present time with Germans who are disposed to try to make light of the empire's food difficulties is one bearing the following recipe for preparing a war meal: "Dip the meat card in the egg card and bake it in the butter card to a nice brown on both sides. The vegetable card is to be steamed with the flour card until partly tender and then cooked with the potato card until done. For dessert the left-over pieces of the dough card are to be sprinkled with the cheese card, covered with some small pieces of extra cards, and served with the pitted fruit card. Then put the potato card in boiling water, add the milk card, dissolve the sugar card in it, and throw in some toasted crumbs of a white bread card. Be sure to remember that the kitchen fire is to be made with a coal card and your hands washed with a soap card and dried on a clothing card."

Upon the subject of "The Oldest Joke" in the world E. V. Lucas is characteristically and inimitably discursive in his new book, "A Boswell of Baghdad," announced for early publication by the George H. Doran Company. What is the oldest joke in the world? Why, clearly, something about the face of the other person involved. It is improbable, the author admits, that Adam and Eve were rude about one another's faces; even now "matrimonial invective does not ordinarily take this form." But by the time cousins had come into the world "the facial jest" began; and ever since then it has been universally considered a supreme witicism to remark that you consider your friend's face deplorable. Hence follow anecdotes:

"At a dinner party given by a certain hospitable lady who remained something of an infant terrible to the end of her long life, she drew the attention of one of her guests, by no means too cautiously, to the features of another guest, a bishop of great renown. 'Isn't his face,' she asked, in a deathless sentence, 'like the inside of an elephant's foot?' I have not personally the honor of this divine's acquaintance, but all my friends who have met or seen him assure me that the similitude is exact. Another lady, happily still living, said of the face of an acquaintance, that it was 'not so much a face as a part of her person which she happened to leave uncovered, by which her friends were able to recognize her.' A third, famous for her swift analyses, said that a certain would-be beauty might have a title to good looks but for 'a rush of teeth to the head.' I do not quote these admirable remarks merely as a proof of woman's natural kindness, but to show how even among the elect—for all three speakers are of more than common culture—the face joke holds sway."

In honor of the Portuguese national poet, a "Camões Professorship" is to be founded in the University of London, on the lines of the recently established Cervantes Chair of Spanish. The proposed department will include studies in Portuguese and Brazilian history and finance, in the economic and industrial problems of Portuguese-speaking countries, their laws, banking, and monetary systems. A special departmental library will serve as a centre for Portuguese and Brazilian students resident in London, and bring them into touch with English students interested in these countries.

#### COURTESY AMONG AIR WARRIORS.

##### Spirit of Chivalry Is Strong.

A hollow square of men, bareheaded and motionless, in horizon blue, stand around the open grave: above two avions wheel and bank. Beside the new-turned earth lies a long wooden box, at its head a single figure in uniform speaking slowly, solemnly. No hostile plane comes near—if one sails into the gray vault overhead it passes respectfully by.

As the speaker ceases a half-dozen men step from the square and the long box is tenderly lowered. With the first motion a long-drawn moan, rising to a wailing shriek, supersedes the dull thudding of the avions' motors. Both dive headlong toward the grave shrieking weirdly, symbolizing and almost voicing the grief of the group on the ground. When but a few yards above the grave the wailing ceases, the planes suddenly sweep almost straight upward, as if to go up with the soul on the first steps of its long journey. They bank and wheel away, the group on the ground disperses, the grave is filled in. And now, if a Boche plane appears, it is to make trouble.

Thus a French escadrille has paid the last honors to a fallen comrade. It is only in the air service, even in France, that such a spectacle is possible. The symbolism of the wailing planes and of the escort of the soul of the warrior may be foreign to the more direct mind of either Briton or German. But to the French it is always fitting to dramatize such honor, and so the aviation service can still make a funeral an individual thing, and a ceremony.

The right to remain an individual, whether in life or in death, is the one great distinction that is given to the men in the most dangerous of the military services. Infantryman, artilleryman, engineer, all are swallowed up in the mass while living, and when the end comes it is a death by mass, too, and their very graves—if they have them—are shared with strangers. Even motorcycle corps and submarine raiders are teamed, and no one man stands or falls by himself. Aviation is the only service left where individual effort is at as great a premium as ever and where success and failure both depend on the man himself. In the air, in spite of every sort of squadron flying and teamwork, each man fights and wins or dies—alone.

It is this distinction, probably, that has brought into the air fighting much of the spirit of the knights of old. In many ways the fighting aviators are living much the lives of the heroes of chivalry. Their warfare is that of man to man, as much as was ever that of the armor-clad horsemen in the lists; they live with spectacular death, and they embody beyond all others the spirit of daily, hourly adventure.

It is natural that the chivalric spirit should be strong. Even the Boche, treacherous and brutal in all other fighting, has felt its influence and battles in the air with sportsmanship and fairness. He does not quite maintain the standards of the Allied pilots—of that more later—but he shows unmistakably that he is doing the best that his kultur will permit.

Thus air fighting retains whatever is possible in a life where the one object is to kill off consideration for the enemy and of courtesy and kindness. There is mutual respect and exchange of civilities much as there was between opposing knights. This is most frequently shown in the honor accorded to the dead, as in the fact that no German pilot would disturb the funeral of a French aviator. A remarkable instance came after the burial of Captain Boelke.

When it was learned that the great German Ace had been brought down and was buried close behind the German lines, many French pilots started out with wreaths of flowers to pay honor to their fallen foe. As they crossed the lines the German anti-aircraft guns sent up their usual shrapnel. The planes flew on amid the bursts until above the grave and then, still under fire, began to drop their wreaths.

Immediately the firing ceased, and the pilots went through the same ceremonies as with one of our own dead; they would swoop down to within a few hundred feet of the ground, "wailing" their motors, and then chandai—soar upward—into the clouds. More than a dozen pilots paid this tribute, and all were permitted to return unmolested to their airdromes. The guns did not open fire again till they had disappeared. The next time they crossed the lines the battle went on as before.

All enemy airmen receive this distinguished consideration. Men who are killed in other ranks are usually hidden in the nearest hole only the identification tag and valuables being removed to be sent to the government and returned through it to relatives. But with the airmen it is different. When the fallen aviator is a German there is less ceremony than for one of our own men, but far more

than in the case of a member of any other service. He is given a Christian burial and a monument. This monument is always made from the propeller of his machine, the blades being fastened to form a cross, on which are inscribed his name, if known, and the date of his death. Courtesy does not permit the inscribing of the manner of his death, except that he fell in combat.

The same thing is done for an Allied pilot who falls behind the German lines—and most of our men fall there, as the fighting has been carried always into German territory. When the great German retreat was made last spring the advancing Allied troops found many such graves which had been accorded the honors due them.—*Toronto Globe*.

It is estimated that 100 pounds of freight per man per day must be unloaded at the port of debarkation of American troops in France. Therefore, when at the end of two years America has, say, one million men in France, it must unload daily 100,000,000 pounds of freight, or 50,000 tons.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Alljaw was feeling sentimental and pensive. "When I die," said she to her husband, "I want you to have this sentence placed on my monument: 'There is peace and quiet in heaven.'" "I think," rejoined Mr. Alljaw, "it would be more appropriate to say: 'There was peace and quiet in heaven.'"

An intelligent Frenchman was studying the English language. "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," said he, "and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up trying to learn English."

Little Richard's mother took him for a visit to his grandparents. When bedtime approached he was instructed to kiss each of his relatives good-night. He hesitated when he came to his grandfather, who wore a long, heavy beard. "Aren't you going to tell grandfather good-night, dear?" his mother asked. "No, mother, I can't," was the reply; "there isn't any place to tell him."

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following: "Look here, Sarah; mustard-plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, \$2. There's \$2.50 in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"

Mrs. Schmidt took her large family of children to the city one day, and when lunch-time came she led them into a restaurant. "Waiter," she said, "one sirloin steak and seven plates." The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully: "Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard I think you'd get more of a meal."

An Irishman gave a little dinner and invited a few of his intimate friends. A chicken was set on the table and Pat began carving. "Well, Mary," said he, "and what part would you like?" "Bedad, Pat," says she, "I'd like a leg." "And you, Mike?" "Musha, Pat, I'd like a leg, too." "And what part would you favor, Bridget?" "I'd like a leg, too." "Arrah," says Pat; "do you think it's a spider I'm carvin'?"

A farm hand who had worked every day in the week from dawn till late at night, finishing the chores by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said: "I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work." "Well, haven't you one?" was the astonished reply. "No," said the worker. "There are three or four hours every night I don't have anything to do except fool away my time sleeping."

"It is impossible to exactly imitate the voice of an animal," said Minns learnedly. "Some people reckon that they are very clever at it, but any one who knows can see that they are all out." "Who told you that you were a judge?" asked Sims. Then Minns got cross and offered to bet him half a sovereign that he could not execute even a plausible imitation of an animal. "Any member of the animal kingdom?" queried Sims. "Yes," answered Minns. "Done for ten shillings?" exclaimed Sims. He went to the middle of the room and the others awaited the result. Sims stood perfectly quiet for a minute, then returned to his seat and asked for the ten

shillings. "What do you call that? That's no imitation," cried Minns. "Excuse me," observed Sims politely, "that was a fish." And the others insisted upon Minns parting with his money.

Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a high school. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannels. "Gee!" said one much-interested youth. "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels are red or white."

In a certain Western state two farmers were conversing about their periodical trips to town. "How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?" "Why, they are regular take-ins," replied the second farmer. "Last winter, when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss and gave me a big bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what d'ye think it was. Nothing but bot water."

A party of visitors entered a metropolitan art studio. The curator, who was engaged in showing them around, was called away on business and left the guests in charge of one of the clerks. They were admiring a beautiful statue of translucent marble. Their guide dwelt upon the fine points of the statue, giving the name of the sculptor, showing it from every viewpoint. One of the visitors asked: "Alabaster, isn't it?" "No; Venus," he corrected.

Percy, being down to recite at the temperance concert, stood up to do or die. He got along all right until he reached the words, "He stood beside the bier!" Then his memory failed him. "He stood beside the bier," he repeated, trembling. The evil spirits on the back benches murmured one to another. "He stood beside the bier," groaned Percy, and drew a moist hand across his dripping forehead. "Go on," yelled a voice from the rear. "It'll go flat while you're waiting, you fool."

Tom Callahan got a job on the section working for a railroad. The superintendent told him to go along the line looking for wash-outs. "And don't be so long-winded in your next reports as you have been in the past," said the superintendent; "just report the condition of the roadbed as you find it, and don't use a lot of needless words that are not to the point. Write like a business letter, not like a love letter." Tom proceeded on his tour of inspection and when he reached the river he wrote his report to the superintendent: "Sir—Where the railroad was, the river is."

This is the way the agent got a lesson in manners. He called at a business office and saw nobody but a prepossessing though capable appearing young woman. "Where's the boss?" he asked abruptly. "What is your business?" she asked politely. "None of yours!" he snapped. "I got a proposition to lay before this firm, and I want to talk to somebody about it." "And you would rather talk to a gentleman?" "Yes," "Well," answered the lady, smiling sweetly, "so would I. But it seems that it's impossible for either one of us to have our wish so we'll have to make the best of it. State your business, please."

The old salt who took small parties out by the hour in his cockleshell boat had been much annoyed by the loud and fatuous remarks of 'Arry, who had come down for the day. When just beyond the mile limit the old wreck began to leak. The boatman, however, reassured the party—told them that there was no danger and was confident that they would reach the shore before the leak developed. To allay any further fears he handed around lifebelts. The party consisted of five, and there were only four belts. "Hi! Where's mine?" asked the terrified Cockney, who had dropped all his cheerful chipping of the old salt. "Don't you worry, my lad," said the boatman, "you don't need no lifebelt. A feller with an 'ead as 'oller as you'n can't sink."

When the recent Interallied Conference in the interest of permanently disabled soldiers was concluded in Paris a party of delegates journeyed to England to inspect the great schools established there for the reeducation of men maimed in battle. One of these schools excited the visitors' admiration because of its marvelous equipment and seemingly perfect management. This was all the more remarkable because the director of the school was a very young man. So much impressed were the visitors that before leaving they waited upon the youthful director and fairly showered him with praise. "It is both a great responsibility and a high honor to

you, sir," said their spokesman, a distinguished French scientist, "to have been placed at your age at the head of so important a school." "I agree with you, Dr. —, but in times past I have had occasion to direct matters even more important than these," replied the young man, who was none other than the ex-King Manuel of Portugal.

"I left England a political slave; I shall return to it a free woman," remarked Mrs. Pankhurst recently at a meeting of Russian suffragists. "But," she continued gravely, "it is not the possession of the vote that counts, it is the knowing how to use it." And in order to illustrate her contention she proceeded to tell the story of the pedestrian who had nearly been run over by a taxi. "You don't know how to drive?" cried the angry man, as he brushed the mud from his clothes. "Don't I?" cried the no less infuriated driver. "Here's my driver's certificate." "I don't believe it's yours," was the retort. "Not mine!" gasped the indignant driver. "Why I bought it from a pal who's gone into the army, and paid him for it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Marriage.

Formerly: Cupid.  
Now: Cupidity.  
Then: Matrimony.  
Now: A matter of money.  
And, as for alimony,  
She wants all the money.

—Town Topics.

French in the Trenches.

I have a conversation hook; I brought it out from home,  
It tells you the French for knife and fork and likewise brush and comb;  
It learns you how to ask the time, the names of all the stars,  
And how to order oysters and how to buy cigars.

But there aint no stores to buy in; there aint no big hotels,  
When you spend your time in dugouts doing a wholesale trade in shells;  
It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres and such,  
But when it comes to talking, why, it doesn't help you much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally say  
When you meet a feller casual like and pass the time o' day.  
Them little things that breaks the ice and kind of clears the air,  
But when you use your French hook, why, them things isn't there.

I met a chap the other day a-rootin' in a trench,  
He didn't know a word of ours, nor me a word of French;  
And how we managed, well, I can not understand,  
But I never used my French hook though I had it in my hand.

I winked at him to start with; he grinned from ear to ear;  
An' he says "Bon jour, Sammy," an' I says "Sonvenir";  
He took my only cigarette, I took his thin cigar,  
Which set the ball a-rollin', and so—well, there you are!

I showed him next my wife and kids; he up and showed me his,  
Them funny little French kids with hair all in a frizz;  
"Annette," he says, "Louise," he says, and his tears begin to fall;  
We was comrades when we parted, though we'd hardly spoke at all.

He'd have kissed me if I'd let him, we had never met before,  
And I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way of war;  
And though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the same  
If he'll ever see them kids of his—I never asked his name.

—William J. Robinson.

The Philippine Islands are very productive of begonias, and a California begonia expert is responsible for the statement that some sixty species and varieties never known to commerce have of late been found in our Far Eastern insular possessions. It is feared, however, that all of these need tropical temperatures and, therefore, are only subjects for greenhouse culture.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Macondray Moore has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Alejandra Macondray, and Mr. Alvah Kaime of Santa Barbara. Miss Macondray is the sister of Mr. Frederick Macondray and the niece of Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Jr., Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. Atherton Macondray, Mr. Arthur Macondray, and Mr. Faxon Atherton. Mr. Kaime is the son of Mr. George Kaime of Santa Barbara and a brother of Miss Laura Kaime. The marriage of Miss Macondray and Mr. Kaime will be solemnized during the summer.

The marriage of Miss Nina Blow and Captain William Prideaux, U. S. N., was solemnized last Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. W. Blow, on Leavenworth Street, Rev. Frederick Clappert officiating. Miss Margaret Weil was the maid of honor and Paymaster Walter Izard was the best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip Captain Prideaux and Mrs. Prideaux will reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was a luncheon hostess of last Friday at the Francisca Club, her guests including Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Mrs. Henry Breeden.

Mrs. Hewitt Davenport gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Mrs. Gerard Clement. The guests included Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Myron Folsom, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Ralph King, and Miss Grace Buckley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman entertained at tea last Wednesday afternoon following the christening of their little daughter. Among their guests were Count del Valle de Salazar and Countess de Salazar, Captain Randolph Miner and Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Ygnacio Sepulveda, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Anson Hotelling, Mrs. Alfred Swinerton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Tierot, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss Phyllis de Young, Archbishop Edward Hanna, Mr. John de la Guerra, Mr. Charles Martin, Mr. Allard d'Heur, and Judge J. V. Coffey.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller were hosts at dinner last Saturday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. William Ehrman of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr entertained at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel last Wednesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper, and Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston.

Mrs. Bernard Ransome, assisted by a number of Oakland matrons, has opened a Red Cross Superfluity Shop in Oakland. Among those who are interested in the success of the undertaking are Mrs. Edward Brayton, Mrs. Augustus Macdonald, Mrs. Alexander Allen, Mrs. Frederick Bordwell, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Thomas Potter, Mrs. Arthur King, Mrs. Samuel Wakefield, Mrs. Joseph Carlston, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mrs. George Percy, Mrs. Frederick Turner, Mrs. Walter Starr, Mrs. Wickham Havens, and Miss Ethel Moore.

Mrs. Harry Williams was hostess at a tea last Tuesday afternoon at her home in Berkeley for the benefit of the French wounded. Mrs. Williams was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs.

Charles Gayley, Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mrs. P. H. Coolidge, Mrs. Charles Bancroft, Mrs. Walter Kellogg, Mrs. Howard Wright, and Mrs. Frederick Slate.

Mrs. Maurice Sullivan gave a luncheon Thursday in compliment to Miss Edith Rucker. The guests included Mrs. Wilbur Day, Mrs. Harry Weihe, Mrs. Alfred Swinerton, Mrs. Franklin Kales, Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Richard Heimann, and Miss Winifred Braden.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent, Miss Mary Boardman, Mr. Silas Palmer, Major A. S. Fletcher, and Dr. Lewis Michaelson.

Miss Elizabeth George entertained at luncheon recently at her home at Mare Island in honor of Miss Mary Gorgas. The guests included Miss Amy Long, Miss Marion Becker, Miss Edith Kynnersley, Miss Catherine Wheeler, Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Augusta Rathbone, Miss Ruth Maxwell, Lieutenant Harold Saunders, Lieutenant Arthur Colony, Paymaster William Marcus, Paymaster D. H. Dismukes, Ensign George Dillman, Ensign C. K. Richards, Ensign G. H. Walker, Ensign Charles Davenport, Dr. J. H. Hammond, and Dr. Frederick Kirby.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden were hosts at dinner last Wednesday evening, with their guests last attending the musicale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Breeden's guests included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, and Mrs. Norris Davis.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a dinner last Saturday evening at the Hotel Coronado, her guests including Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Captain Alfred Ranney, Ensign Orel Goldaraena, Mr. Clinton Jones, Ensign George Pinckard, Mr. Sidney Peters, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. James Harrold, and Mr. Edward Mumford.

Mrs. Marie Stoney gave a tea last Wednesday, her guests including Mrs. Clara Huntington Perkins, Mrs. Dudley Cates, Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, Mrs. John Murphy, Mrs. Frank Cheatnam, Mrs. John Punnett, Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Mrs. Charles Ketzler, Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, Mrs. Chester Moore, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Ethel Jack, and Miss Lilian Dean.

Miss May Sinshelmer gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in compliment to Miss Ethel Jack of San Luis Obispo.

Miss Frances Taylor entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan gave a tea Friday afternoon at their apartments on Powell Street. Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. Haskett Derby, and Miss Dorothy Collier assisted Mrs. Carolan and Miss Carolan in receiving the guests.

Mrs. Walter Filer entertained at luncheon Saturday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Hohart Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago.

Mrs. Ralston White gave a tea recently at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Harold Boericke. Mrs. White's guests included Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, Mrs. Oliver Wymann, Mrs. George Denpsey, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. William Reding, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Allen Cline, Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Lilian Whitney, Miss Cora Smith, and Miss Augusta Foute.

Mrs. Ira Pierce gave a luncheon last Thursday at her home on Jackson Street in compliment to Mrs. W. J. Van Schuyver.

Punta Arenas was founded by the Chileans in 1840. Today it has a population of about 17,000, composed of Spanish-Americans, natives and descendants of natives of the United Kingdom, and of Australians, French, Germans, and Russians. While the numerically dominant race is Spanish, the English-speaking inhabitants practically control its business interests.

Upwards of fifty years ago Charles Dickens, addressing a gathering in Manchester, England, said: "My faith in the people who govern is infinitesimal; my faith in the people governed is illimitable."

#### The Late Mrs. Alfred K. Durbrow.

Died, at her home in this city, on Tuesday, 22d inst., Mrs. Clara Pierson Durbrow, wife of Alfred K. Durbrow, aged 72 years. Born in New York City, Mrs. Durbrow came to California with her parents via Cape Horn in 1854 and lived continuously in San Francisco thereafter. Her life was marked throughout by a genuine womanliness, mindful first of domestic duties, but never unmindful of responsibilities outside and apart from her home. For many years, as president of the Buford Kindergarten Association, she gave intelligent direction to one of the oldest and best of our public charities. At all times and in all ways Mrs. Durbrow gave to the obligations of life a full measure of womanly devotion. No duty or opportunity of service was ever slighted. It is pleasant to know that that which Mrs. Durbrow so generously gave to others was returned to her in the rewards due to high character and to affectionate consideration. Six sons and daughters, grown to maturity and independence, in sorrow call her blessed; and a multitude of relatives and friends bear grieving witness to her worthiness and nobility. A. H.

#### Death of William Babcock.

Died, at Coronado, Wednesday, 23d inst., William Babcock of San Francisco and San Rafael.

#### The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The annual meeting of the members of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission was held on Wednesday, January 9th, at 1372 Jackson Street. It was reported that the donations received by the Mission in 1917 were even more generous than in the past, in spite of the war. This is especially gratifying to the members, both as showing the continued interest of the public in their work, and because it helps to defray the constantly increasing expenses of the Mission, due both to the enlarged scope of its work and to the increased cost of all foodstuffs. The following directors were elected for 1918: Honorary president, Mrs. Mary Bates McLellan; president, Miss Elsie Hess; first vice-president, Miss Helen Gibbs; second vice-president, Miss Bell Armer; treasurer, Mrs. L. Strassburger; recording secretary, Miss Miriam Wallis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. B. Lowenthal; Mrs. F. Mandelbaum, Miss Virginia Gibbs, Miss Hannah Leszynsky, Mrs. Sol. Stock, Miss S. E. Johnson.

#### Cora L. Williams Institute.

An informal reception will be given at the John H. Spring mansion, Thousand Oaks, Berkeley, on Sunday, the 27th instant, the property having been recently bought by Miss Cora L. Williams, principal of the A-to-Zed School, Berkeley, for her new educational enterprise, the Cora L. Williams Institute for Creative Education. The world of advanced thinkers was recently interested by a treatise from the pen of Miss Williams, entitled "Creative Evolution," in which she showed that the evolution of the individual is being merged into a social involution. Her new institute, based on that idea, will work for the building of what she calls the Great Community, yet the children students will be given the regular school courses, vitalized by special care to tap the hidden energy in the minds and souls of children. Parallel with that guidance will be classes for the instruction of mothers and teachers.

#### Army and Navy.

The Reading Matter Committee for Army and Navy, San Francisco Chapter, American National Red Cross, is greatly in need of books for ships, hospitals, and cantonments. Therefore books, magazines, and weeklies will be gratefully received at 942 Market Street, room 512, Red Cross headquarters.

Steamboat Creek, in Oregon, does not get its name in the manner one would expect. There never has been a steamboat anywhere near this little mountain stream. In the early days gold was discovered along this creek and there was a stampede to stake out claims. While gold has been mined there ever since, the early prospectors were disappointed. The country did not come up to the advance notices and in mining parlance that is called being "steamboated." The creek has ever since been called Steamboat.

He—In these times men will not submit to live under an autocratic rule. She—Good heavens! Henry, you are not thinking of discharging the cook?—Baltimore American.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Captain Benjamin Foster arrived in San Francisco a few days ago from Oklahoma and is visiting his sister, Mrs. Leonard Abbott.

Miss Mary Phelan and her niece, Miss Gladys Sullivan, left Monday for Washington to join Senator James D. Phelan, after having passed the winter in San Francisco.

Miss Esther Bull has returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in Portland.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., has taken apartments in Washington, where he will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster has arrived from San Diego and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have gone to the southern part of the state for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., left Monday for the East, having received orders that will take him to France in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. George Kaime, with his daughter and son, Miss Laura Kaime and Mr. Alvah Kaime, has been spending several days at the Fairmont Hotel from his home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and their daughter, Miss Jean Wheeler, have gone to San Diego for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, who have gone to Washington to reside, have taken the house of Mrs. Christine Hennick in Sheridan Circle.

Miss Gretchen von Phul passed the week-end in Berkeley, where she was the house guest of Miss Janet Knox.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller have gone East for a visit of several weeks' duration.

Miss Elva De Pue, who has been staying at her father's ranch in Yolo County since her return from the East, is passing a few days at her home on Sacramento Street.

Miss Emily Clayton has been visiting in San Francisco from her home in San Diego, and is the guest of the Misses Marcia and Elizabeth Fee at their home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Elena Eyre returned to San Francisco last week, after a visit of several days in San Diego with Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Helen St. Goar.

Major Archibald Johnson returned Monday to Camp Kearny, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Tennant Harrington and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Harrington, left Tuesday for New York, where the marriage of Miss Harrington and Lieutenant-Commander David Bagley will be solemnized.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer have returned to their apartments at Stanford Court, after an absence of several months in the East.

Major Henry Dutton is spending a few days on furlough at his home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Louis Monteagle returned Sunday evening to her home on Pacific Avenue, after an extended sojourn in Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Clay are in New York, after having spent several weeks in Arizona with their son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ehrman arrived several days ago from their home in Portland and have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman have leased the home of Mrs. John Tallant on Green Street, where they will reside during the spring and summer months.

Mrs. Hohart Chatfield-Taylor, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer since her arrival from Chicago, will leave in a few days for Santa Barbara, where she will pass the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle is passing several days in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell arrived a few days ago from the Orient, and will spend a few days in San Francisco before returning to their home in Washington.

Mrs. William Fullam and Miss Rhoda Fullam, who have been spending the winter in Washington, have arrived in Southern California. Mrs. Austin Sands accompanied her mother and sister to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas passed several days of last week at the Hotel St. Francis from their home in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger have gone East for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Adams is the guest of Mr. and

Mrs. Mark Requa at their home in Washington. During her sojourn in New York Miss Adams was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pennoyer.

Mrs. Archibald Kains left San Francisco last week for Washington, where with Mr. Kains she will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Benno Hart and her daughter, Miss Constance Hart, have returned to their home on Jackson Street, after a sojourn of several weeks in the East.

Miss Elizabeth Zane has arrived in Washington, where she is the guest of her brother, Major Edmund Zane.

Mr. Charles Mills, who is in Aviation Corps of the army, has gone to Ohio, where he will be joined in the near future by Mrs. Mills and their little son, Master Billy Mills.

Mrs. Laurance Scott has closed her home in Burlingame and has joined Captain Scott at Coronado.

Mrs. E. M. Heller is spending the winter in Coronado so as to be near her son, Lieutenant Leonard Heller.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Emily Pope, and Mr. Kenneth Pope have arrived in San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in New York and Boston.

Miss Margaret Trimble returned last week to her home in Montecito, after a visit in San Francisco with Miss Alejandro Macondray.

Mrs. Albert Baruch is spending several weeks at Coronado from her home in San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. Charles R. Appleton and family, Dr. A. L. del Costello and Mrs. Costello, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cable, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Douglass, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Link, Los Angeles; Mr. Paul Garrett and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Sacramento; Miss N. Morgan and Miss M. C. Pankhurst, New York; Dr. Langley Porter and Mrs. Porter, San Francisco.

Mr. W. P. Callahan, president of the Callahan-Whiteside Motors Company of Louisville, Kentucky, is registered at the Whitcomb, with Mrs. Callahan. Other arrivals include Mr. N. R. Cooper, Fresno; Mr. M. S. Jones, Cincinnati; Mr. James J. Reed, San Jose.

Last Friday night was the last of a series of Third Friday Night Dances given by Dr. Kaspar Pischel and Mrs. Pischel for the enlisted men, as Mrs. Pischel has left for the East to be with her daughter, Mrs. Harold A. Fletcher, in Baltimore.

### A New Tenor in March.

Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer will present a new and great tenor to local music lovers in early March. Theodore Karle has enjoyed a wonderful popularity throughout the East, and while the noted singer is a Californian by birth he has never yet appeared in this city. Karle is over six foot two in height, and contrary to the accepted theory of tenor singers, combines a great manliness of presence with a flowing golden voice. He is recognized throughout the East and in Europe as one of the coming great singers of the world, and it is assured that his delightful art will more than please San Franciscans.

The prosperity of Greater Tokyo City is shown by the increased taxes over last year; the average is 37 per cent. In the eight tax collection districts the total exceeds 99,000,000 yen (\$49,500,000); the rates of increase vary from 9½ per cent. in the Yotsuya district to 50 per cent. in the Ryogoku and 72 per cent. in the Yeitai districts, where the offices and residences of the marikin are located.

Japan has her own channel tunnel scheme. Permission has been applied for to construct a tunnel under the Shimonoseki straits connecting Kyushu with the mainland. The tunnel would be over six miles in length, and the estimated cost fifteen million yen.



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### Animals on Scant Rations.

A large part of the animal population of all the countries at war has felt the worldwide shortage of food. The high cost of grain has meant a reduction in that ration to all domestic animals. It has in many cases compelled the stock-raiser and the farmer to dispose entirely of his animals. As serious as the food situation is for us all (remarks *Our Dumb Animals*), when the strictest conservative food measures are adopted it is the captive wild animals who live only for exhibitive purposes that must first be put on a shorter ration. In zoological prisons animals fortunately (for them at least) do not live long as a rule. The war has made it impracticable to replace those that die, and this is well. Sound and sensible conservation would probably demand that the living should be killed or released.

In a recent statement relative to the food supply the Duke of Bedford presented a sad picture of life in the zoo, which was thus reported:

"The only meat that they gave to the carnivora was horseflesh purchased from the army. They had ceased using potatoes. The bread given to the monkeys and other small mammals was made from flour rejected by the Board of Trade, and ship biscuits that had outlived their usefulness as human food. Instead of wheat they used paddy, rice, and locust beans. They were replacing oats with a mixture of maize and split horse beans.

"Hay was that left by the army buyers, sup-

plemented with park grass and foliage. Only Chinese pickled eggs were employed and the fish was that unsuitable for human use. Bananas, formerly fed to many small mammals and birds, had to a great extent been replaced by hoiled mangel-wurzel and beets. Only five pounds of sugar a week were used, and this was 'foot' sugar unsuitable for human food. And the 'greens' were limited to eleven hushels a week of kinds not sold for human consumption."

### Zimbalist Will Be Here Soon.

A notable attraction of the musical calendar of next month will be the two Sunday afternoon recitals to be given by Efrem Zimbalist. Zimbalist ranks high among the players of the violin, his interpretations making a direct appeal to all serious students of music. The Zimbalist recitals take place at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 17th, and Sunday afternoon, February 24th, and Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer promises specially attractive and important programmes. Mail orders for these events should be sent to Oppenheimer in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

All official motion pictures on war activities in the United States bear the name of the Committee on Public Information, and are distributed only through the committee's division headquarters or by state councils of defense.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Judge*—Why did you hurl this hottle at the umpire? *Fan*—It was empty.—*Boston Globe*.

"He walked down Main Street with his face covered with coal dust." "Such ostentation!"—*Buffalo Express*.

"People should marry their opposites." "Most people are convinced that they did."—*Winnipeg Telegram*.

"Have you ever been in No Man's Land?" "Yes, I was the guest at my wife's bridge club one afternoon."—*Life*.

"Conceited, isn't he?" "Yes, he even thought he had ended the war the day he bought his first Liberty Bond."—*Topeka Capital*.

"So your doctor said that there was nothing wrong with you?" "Yes." "Did he examine you?" "Not me—only my financial rating."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Teacher*—What is the third letter of the alphabet, Johnny? *Johnny*—Don't know. *Teacher*—What do you do with your eyes? *Johnny*—Sleep.—*Dallas News*.

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Messenger*—Who's the swell ye was talkin' to, Jimmie? *Newsboy*—Aw! Him an' me's worked together for years. He's editor o' one o' my papers.—*New York Globe*.

"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat laughs at yoh funny stories even if dey aint so good; an' sympathizes wif yoh misfortunes, even if dey aint so bad."—*Washington Star*.

*Pastmaster*—Why did that sorter quit? *Assistant*—He said that his eyes are so poor that he couldn't read the newspaper address labels. *Pastmaster*—What difference does that make?—*Buffalo Express*.

*He (after a long silence)*—I wonder how things are developing in Russia. *She (with an unsuppressed yawn)*—If you only stay a little while longer you can find out by the morning papers.—*Baltimore American*.

*Stylate*—I see a French physician says that yawning is good for the health. *The Girl*—Indeed. I've wondered a number of times why I've been so unusually well since you began coming here.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why do you have an apple as your trade-

mark?" asked a client of the cash tailor. "Well, well," replied the man, rubbing his hands, "if it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?"—*Tit-Bits*.

*Mr. Styles*—Did you get caught in the shower while you were shopping today? *Mrs. Styles*—Oh, no. I was in a department store while it rained. *Mr. Styles*—But it rained for two hours. *Mrs. Styles*—Yes, I know. I was waiting for my change then.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mrs. Santa Claus*—Land sakes Claus, you look like a wreck. What's the matter—cyclone? *Santa Claus*—Worse, Germany. They ate my reindeer, melted my sleigh-bells for

bullets and confiscated my whiskers for fodder before I could get away.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Glithersby is always talking about 'my soldier.'" "So he is." "I didn't know he had a son at the front." "He hasn't. Glithersby sent his chauffeur, and just confidentially I think he takes too much credit upon himself."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You advertised as a chauffeur-maid." "Yes, madam." "What were your duties at your last place?" "I drove and cleaned the car single-handed." "And as maid." "I took down my lady at night and assembled her in the morning, madam."—*Cassels Saturday Journal*.



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# The Argonaut.

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WILLIAM J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Mooney Report.

Nobody is surprised that the commission appointed by President Wilson to review and report upon the Mooney conviction has demanded re-trial for Mooney. It was for this very purpose that the commission was appointed, and there was no doubt about the result when its membership was announced. The inside of the whole business is that leaders of organized labor, now so important a factor in affairs at Washington, have taken up the cause of Mooney and his fellow-murderers precisely as they did that of the McNamaras and others connected with the Times massacre at Los Angeles four years ago. The Administration, which is playing about with the laborites in return for their help in the last national election, no doubt felt obligated under the rule of give-and-take to do this wrong thing. It is difficult, however, to understand under what principle the government is acting. The Mooney crime in its essential character was a crime against the peace and dignity of the State of California. It lay wholly aside and apart from the jurisdiction of the

national government. It is for the State of California, not for the United States, to determine guilt or innocence, to fix the penalty and execute it. Mooney was duly convicted after a trial which even his own counsel has declared to be fair. There was never any moral doubt as to his guilt; further, it has been legally declared. Just what the United States government has to do with the case we fail to see. Its attempt to mix in it is an obvious intrusion and an impertinence and it should be treated as such. California would do well in this matter to imitate the hardihood of a one-time governor of Oregon in reminding the President of the United States, who had ventured to interfere in a matter subject to state authority, to mind his own business.

### The War.

Even the optimism which persists—which indeed has acquired the habit of persisting—in discovering signs of peace in reports from Europe, be they good or bad, will find it difficult to extract comfort from Chancellor von Hertling's statement in obvious reply to the declared war purposes of Premier Lloyd-George and President Wilson. While it may be said of Von Hertling's utterance that it is in better tone and form than is customary in Prussian presentments, it none the less concedes nothing. It is animated by the spirit that has all along ruled the German attitude in the war. However serious financial, social, and other conditions may be, there is no disposition to yield. There is no concession to any of the positive demands of President Wilson. If there be in Germany any disposition even to compromise it is not evidenced in the statement of the chancellor.

Nor is there any immediate ground for hope through the yielding disposition of Austria. To be sure, Austria is frankly desirous of peace. So she has been all along this two years and more. Her premier tells us nothing that we did not know before. But Austria is in no position to make peace independent of and apart from Prussia. True, her government maintains brave pretensions of independence, but as a matter of fact it is under the Prussian heel. State and army are alike bound hand and foot and so definitely guarded as to be helpless in a remorseless servitude. One condition and one alone, namely, that of absolute physical collapse, can make Austria a contributing factor toward peace.

Excepting to an invincible optimism, founded in the wish that is father to the thought, it is plain that the war must go on. And since this is so it would better be understood. It will go on until somebody is whipped to the point of concession, and since it must go on we would better look the situation fairly in the face and make our plans with respect to it. England, we believe, is doing this, and although the strain upon her is a cruel one, she will not yield. It is not in the British character to knock under. Furthermore, British resource, if not fathomless, is vast both in its fixed determination and in its material abilities. It is the fashion to say that France is "bled white," but nobody who knows France accepts this statement as literally true. France has suffered and is suffering, but her ability to suffer and still fight on is a calculable asset. As for the United States, we are still fumbling with the war, but our resources of men and means are enormous and our spirit grows with appreciation of the magnitude of the conflict. We shall fight on and on and on—let no man doubt it.

In every great conflict long sustained there comes a dark hour, a time which disheartens the weak and re-inspires the strong. We are now in this dark hour. There are timid ones who fear and shrink. On the other hand there is a growing comprehension of the necessity to put into the struggle if it shall be neces-

sary the last man and the last dollar. Our resolution will not fail. We shall win this war whether it takes one year or forty. We may have to fight on indefinitely, but Prussianism shall not rule the world.

### The Issue at Washington.

In its broader significance the ruction between President Wilson and Senator Chamberlain defines an issue between pacifism carried into the conduct of the war and a real military policy. Fundamentally Mr. Wilson and Secretary of War Baker are pacifists. Before we got into the war they opposed military preparedness. They resisted the establishment of what military authorities defined as a military policy for the United States on the ground that steps in that direction would constitute "unneutrality." Since we entered the war they have resisted just as vigorously the establishment of a military policy (implying obligatory training) on the ground that since the end of the war probably will bring international disarmament we, if we should commit ourselves to such a policy, would be in no position to urge disarmament at the peace table. They regard our traditional lack of preparedness as an asset for use in the work of making over the world after the war. Secretary Baker in his last annual report, a report in which was reflected the Administration point of view, definitely urged these considerations.

Thus we have in the conduct of the war a distinct reflection of the mind and purpose of men whose thoughts are not of war, but of peace. Manifestly men holding these views, and thus out of sympathy with the military man's view, can not reconcile themselves to courses beyond the imperative needs of the moment. Hoping for peace, they have failed to prepare for a long war. We have called 1,400,000 men to arms and are doing nothing to get or train more. Of the 10,000,000 men authorized in the draft legislation we have called a maximum of 687,000. If we call the remainder we have less than a total of 2,000,000. Yet military men speak in terms of 3,000,000 to 7,000,000 as necessary. It is the old story. In 1861 we called three months' men and prolonged the war unnecessarily. We are today doing what is tantamount to the same thing. Canada, with a total population only about half that of the State of New York, has more men in Europe than we have.

In the Chamberlain incident President Wilson, who for all the developments of the period has not lost his pacifist ideas, has come into the open as champion of *laissez faire*, while Senator Chamberlain is out for greater efficiency in our war activities. He would put into the fight the military spirit—the spirit of fight. He would have the country thrust aside other considerations—all futurities, all side issues—spit on its hands and have at it.

The controversy between the two as thus far developed is not edifying. When Mr. Wilson declared that "Senator Chamberlain's statement as to the present inaction and ineffectiveness of the government is an astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth" he lost his poise and forgot his manners. Likewise he betrayed the fact that Senator Chamberlain had gotten under his hide. And after the fashion of angry men he weakened his case. Exhibitions of irritation and bad temper invariably recoil upon the cause in whose behalf they are put forth. In his reply on the floor of the Senate Mr. Chamberlain discreetly resisted the temptation to give the President a dose of his own medicine. Yet it can not be said that his answer was complete. He slogged about after a hit-or-miss fashion, and though he wasted most of his blows, succeeded in making some of them count. But on the whole his answer was more effective in its appeal to public sentiment than was the President's.



dent's angry denunciation. With his typical luck, Colonel Roosevelt arrived on the scene at just the right moment to assume the real leadership of the Chamberlain side of the controversy and to lift the whole business into a national issue.

The President, we believe, has sufficient power to defeat the immediate Chamberlain proposal for war reform. But the actual battle is yet to come—it will be fought out before the American people, with President Wilson on one side and ex-President Roosevelt on the other. The munitions director bill and the war cabinet bill, if they shall come to a vote soon, will surely fail in Congress. Mr. Wilson will be able to see to that. But evidences multiply that the popular verdict will condemn the *laissez faire* method of conducting the war and ultimately if not immediately support proposals for more energy, more force, more efficiency. Already the Chamberlain incident, taken in conjunction with the Garfield order, has weakened public confidence in the Administration. Industrial America believes that the sudden and drastic fuel order was unnecessary and that, considered in connection with training camp conditions and other things, it reflects a distinct lack of practical capability in the government. An indication to this effect is afforded in the comment of the *New York Times*, a journal distinctly friendly to the Administration, brought forth in connection with the pending controversy. Quoting Senator Chamberlain's remark that "the military establishment of the United States has fallen down \* \* \* because of inefficiency in every bureau, in every department of the government," the *Times* adds:

This is alarming testimony, and it is authoritative. There is corroboration from many sources. Coal shortage is but one item, and a minor one, of the general collapse. Curtailment of industry is but a local application, it will not cure grave constitutional ills. The cause of the breakdown is plain. President Wilson has chosen for the performance of these great tasks inferior and incompetent men who must trust far too much to his constant direction and guidance. They are helpless without him, and as he can not master all the enormous detail of the administrative business, failure and collapse are inevitable.

There is but one remedy; it is in the President's hands. If we are not to fail miserably in the great war work we have undertaken he must replace the incompetents by men equal to their tasks, able to bear and willing to assume responsibility, leaving the President free for his higher duties. We can not win the war with a staff of clerks all the time running to their chief for instructions. The President needs big men about him.

When Mr. Wilson's foremost journalistic friend and promoter thus speaks of the administrative organization there can be no doubt of the ultimate popular verdict. It will be that there is incompetence and inefficiency at the centre of things. A public which demands victory, which will be content with nothing short of victory, will not support a scheme of administration which works out in delays, in wastes, in multitudinous delinquencies. In other words, the public demand is for war conducted in the spirit of war, not in the spirit of pacifism. Sentiment will be precisely what it was sixty or more years ago in the issue between President Lincoln and the pacifist General McClellan.

We can not make war effectively with pacifists in charge of the war machinery. The ideal Secretary of War would be a man in accord with the military point of view, one who in addition to administrative ability would have a liking for, a sympathy with, and an understanding of fighting men. There are many such in and out of the military service; and none other is fit for the job. It should not be understood that the peace obsessions of the President and his immediate assistants are deliberately crippling our efforts at war. They have sought to do as best they could in an unpleasant and a repugnant task. Then there is lack of control of the various war-making arms of the government. We are not getting team work. The President thinks that he is driving the team because he holds the reins. He isn't. He has recognized in the war cabinet bill an intimation that the team is pulling in different directions and that it lacks a guiding and masterful hand. His vanity has been wounded. Hence his vicious lashing-out at Chamberlain.

For several days before the President took his stand in opposition to the legislation proposed by the Senate committee—for a war cabinet and for a director of munitions—it was believed that he would bow to the inevitable. Even one so close to him as his official

secretary, Mr. Tumulty, thought so, evidenced by the fact that those newspaper correspondents who speak the voice of Tumulty took this view of the situation. But it has become evident that the secretary in thus inspiring his journalistic friends was giving his own political judgment and opinion rather than the judgment and opinion of his chief.

Among the respectable journalistic supporters of the President only the *New York World* follows his lead in the new posture of affairs. A more conservative supporter—the *New York Times*, above quoted—has committed itself to the Chamberlain bill. It reproves Mr. Wilson in tempered terms for his attack on Mr. Chamberlain, accepts as truth Chamberlain's strictures upon the misconduct of the war, and warns the President to go slow lest he destroy popular confidence in himself. The leading Washington newspapers, always cautious and always more or less supporting the Administration, have been slow to commit themselves. Yet in the *Post* of 22d inst. we find significant expressions:

Only a few weeks ago Senator Chamberlain was the Administration's friend and champion in Congress, loved and trusted for his loyal support, relied upon not only for his ability as a statesman, but for the diplomatic capacity which enabled him to smooth down opposition and convert opponents into noncombatants, if not into friends. And now he is branded as a "distorter of the truth." What is it that changes a man from a patriot into a "distorter of the truth" overnight? What evil genius can work this devilish metamorphosis in such a short period? The miracle has never been explained.

The people of the United States are exactly like the people of other nations at war. They will not tolerate anything except victory. They are giving their blood and their substance solely for success, for the triumphant survival of the United States over its enemies. All men, from the President's advisers down to the rookie, are on trial. So long as they make good they are approved and will be supported by the people. When they fail to make good they will go down, and no influence can save them. It is admirable in the President to stick by his friends in office, but this loyalty to them can not make them succeed when they have lost the confidence of the people of the United States.

The theory that partisan politics is back of the criticism now being leveled at the Administration is not convincing. With Senator Stone to the fore as its chief exponent that theory is discredited from the start. Yet in fairness it should be said that the Administration had no part as a promoter of that amazing performance. None the less Stone's speech tends by its reactions to the disadvantage of the Administration. Nothing could have more definitely embarrassed it by exposing facts hitherto masked, by inviting further criticism, by causing Republicans in Congress hitherto silent from patriotic motives to tell what they know of inefficiency, maladministration, blundering, and waste. Senator Stone has been the means of putting before the country unpleasant facts. But for this furious outburst the lid might not have come off for weeks ahead. Now it has become evident that we are going through an experience comparable if not identical with that of England in the early period of the war. England had Northcliffe. We have Roosevelt.

#### All's Well with the Navy—and Why.

It is a satisfaction to record that while pretty much everything is amiss with the army, with the shipping plans, and in many other departments of our war service, all is fairly well with the navy. Secretary Daniels, while not the active force in the work of the organization, has had the judgment to keep hands off and to allow expert and capable subordinates to do the job. Then, too, the problems were different and less intricate. While the War Department has been called upon to take in, clothe and equip more than a million men, the navy personnel of 54,000 in time of peace has only been increased by something less than 200,000. Young Franklin Roosevelt has been an active force in this work, but the particularly effective man is Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan, paymaster-general and chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. Many months before the war—for us—Admiral McGowan had charted possible needs, learned where supplies were to be got, prepared to get them; had formulated a system for keeping in touch with the market for all requisites and had been training his force in preparation for expansion. In the summer manoeuvres of 1915-

1916 he made every unit of supplies and accounts go through the motions of supplying a suddenly expanded navy going into war. He went so far in this game as to make wholesalers and manufacturers play, too, requiring them to submit statistics of available supplies and to figure time and price for further supplies. Everything was done save actually to order the goods and call for delivery. So "Sammy" was ready when the war came.

Admiral McGowan's performance last summer in a single item, that of tin, is worthy of record as an illustration. Very early his market sheets—a thorough system of daily charts—told him that tin was getting scarce and that prices were going up. Tin is essential in time of war, but only McGowan seemed interested. Working quietly he found a lot of tin, some of it tin that had been ordered before the war for foreign account. He bought up and commandeered—under legal authority—all there was in sight, none too much, at standard navy prices, which were fair, but did not take account of the war advance. Weeks later the War Department, and the Council of National Defense for the War Department, discovered that the army needed tin and that the market was bare. The War Department was perturbed. Its investigations showed that the navy had grabbed all the tin. Then they went to McGowan. "Sure," he said in effect, "I've got the tin; somebody in the government had to get it, but it isn't my tin; it belongs to Uncle Sam—it's yours just as much as it's mine. Take what you need."

The War Department and the Council of Defense have been trying to get the navy into a scheme for pooling all purchases. McGowan resists. He thinks he can buy better than a council of war or the War Department; he knows his system works well and he declines to go into any untried scheme. He has proved himself efficient while the others have not. Of course in theory the plan of pool purchasing is sounder than that of department purchasing. All purchasing agencies ought to be consolidated, but there is some justification for McGowan's holding out.

Incidentally it is worth saying in California that McGowan's chief assistant, who has done almost as much as his chief in getting the navy into shape, is a young Californian, Christian J. Peoples by name, who has just been advanced through McGowan's suggestion, to the rank of rear-admiral—a deserved promotion.

#### Editorial Notes.

The appointment by Secretary Baker of Mr. Stettinus as director of purchases for the War Department is an attempt to quiet the demand for a director of munitions. It is a good appointment in a sense that Mr. Stettinus is a man of ability and of special experience in the particular work assigned him. None the less this move on the part of the War Department will not quiet the demand for efficiency at the head of the department. There is little use in bringing capable men into service if they must be required to work under incompetence and inexperience. As long as the War Department is under the direction of a mind essentially subject to the obsessions and delusions of pacifism there can be no real efficiency in the war, no matter who may be brought into the department in a subordinate capacity. We have now at the head of the War Department, not an enthusiast for the war, but a man whose ideas, standards, and sympathies are those of peace. The making of war calls for a fighter, not for a pacifist, and we shall be laggard in war so long as this condition obtains.

From Professor E. A. Ross, "eminent sociologist," we have the edifying statement, following a visit to Russia, that he had received from the Bolshevik government replies to certain inquiries "as I would have answered if I were in the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs Trotsky." Precisely so! "Professor Ross, being himself something of a Bolshevik, would of course have answered as a Bolshevik. We know something of Professor Ross in California, whence he departed some fifteen years ago by request of the administration of Stanford University. Ross is a chronic egoist, a chronic agitator, a chronic disturber. When he went to Russia some months ago everybody who knew the man knew precisely what he would find there.

Loyalty to friendship is an admirable and commendable quality in matters properly associated with friend-



ship. But no man, however highly commissioned in respect of public obligations, has a right to subordinate these obligations to considerations of personal friendship. The war is too big a thing to be complicated or embarrassed by any personal consideration whatsoever. There come times—and this is one of the times—when loyalty to friendship when it involves retention of manifestly unfit men in public office is disloyalty to responsibility and duty.

At a meeting held in San Francisco on Monday of this week, representatives of 40,000 Japanese workmen being present, there was set an example which might well be imitated by representatives of American industrialism. There was less talk about rights than about obligations with which rights are obviously involved. The programme included study of methods of increasing farm labor supply and the increase of farm labor efficiency. Incidentally there was set on foot a movement to eliminate gambling among the workers, declared to be a fruitful source of inefficiency. We can easily conceive what it would mean for this country and what it would mean for the efficiency, the dignity, and the moral advantage of American labor if our industrial organizations, including our labor unions, would study their opportunities and duties and undertake elimination of vices instead of organizing aggressive assaults upon associated interests. Some years ago Mr. Roosevelt stirred the wrath of a large section of the country by asserting that we had much to learn from the Japanese. Perhaps, after all, he was right.

The *Argonaut* is in entire accord with the fundamental proposition of Mr. Keeler as set forth in another column, namely, that "every ounce of the energy of the people of the United States must be directed to the winning of the war." We can not, however, accept as corollary to this purpose Mr. Keeler's theory that it is necessary to vastly endow the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America. Boy scouting is no doubt in its way a good thing, but it is essentially play—just play. That we shall promote the war by a national "drive" in aid of the Boy Scouts is, we think, at least questionable. The first and essential purpose of the country should be to win the war. Nothing that does not contribute directly and positively to this end—save and excepting of course our common obligations to charity—is worth a moment's attention at this time. Frankly, the *Argonaut* would let the Boy Scouts wait for peace, along with the restoration of French cities and other worthy though non-essential projects. This is perhaps a good time to say that too many are taking the war as a kind of social diversion rather than as a grim business. There are too many "drives" for social, decorative, and incidental purposes. They tend to divert energy and money from the main issue; likewise they tend to make the business of preparation a lark rather than a stern discipline in duty and hardihood. We shall not get down to business in the war in an effective way until we cease wasting energy and money in diversions inspired by sentimentalism and developed into a fad.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### The Boy Scouts.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Every ounce of energy of the people of the United States must today be directed to the winning of the war. That means organization, supplies, food, and soldiers. But if every activity in the country except these specific war services should simultaneously cease we would lose the war. The country would collapse through internal inefficiency, as Russia has so dramatically shown. There are many social and economic activities which are by-products of war work, and as such are vitally essential to the final outcome.

Among these one of the first is the efficient training of our boys to public service. Not only in the actual results in definite war service, but in guaranteeing the efficiency of our future manhood, is this work essential today.

Mr. H. D. Cross, national field scout commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America on the Pacific Coast, has recently made a tour of the entire Coast cities, and he finds that the problem of increased juvenile delinquency is already causing the school and court authorities great concern. He has received statements that juvenile delinquency has increased during the past eight months from 25 to 60 per cent. In England, Germany, and France the increase in juvenile delinquency during the period of the war has occasioned general alarm.

The Boy Scouts of America, enrolling as it does three hundred thousand boys, strikes at the roots of juvenile delinquency. The Scout oath and law, the influence of the Scout Masters, and of the boys upon one another is ceaselessly operating to make the boys vigilant and prepared to serve their families, the public, and the state. They are trained physically and given practical experience in camp life. They learn first aid, signaling, woodcraft, and many other things necessary for the soldier. They are doing Coast guard duty in England

and on the Atlantic coast of America. During the last Liberty Loan campaign they sold over one hundred million dollars' worth of bonds. They are working on the sale of War Savings Stamps, and President Wilson has personally requested the Boy Scouts to aid the campaign for educating the people on the issues of the war.

In response to this request the Boy Scouts during the past week have left copies of the President's Flag Day address in nearly every household in the cities of America.

General Pershing called on December 3d from somewhere in France to W. S. Cowing, Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, as follows: "The Boy Scouts movement has my unqualified approval. Honest and faithful service in the Boy Scouts develops those manly qualities that fit our boys for the more serious duties of citizens and soldiers."

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in addressing a troop of Boy Scouts, said: "I believe in this movement with all my heart. The democracy of our government must be based fundamentally on the kind of spirit you show—the service that you so willingly give. No man is entitled to a privilege if he does not perform a duty. You can't, any of you, enjoy the privileges of a Boy Scout if you stay out and don't do any of the work."

The Boy Scouts' organization of San Francisco will commence next Tuesday a three days' campaign to raise fifty thousand dollars for the needs of their work during the next three years. They have increased in the past year from one hundred and ninety to seventeen hundred members, and the present force of executives is unable to handle the work.

CHARLES M. KEELER.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The speech of the German chancellor and the conditions under which it was delivered are indicative to some extent of the mental chaos now prevailing throughout the German Empire. The speech had been announced for three previous occasions, and its delivery had been three times postponed. At last it comes without any warning at all, or at least without any warning that reached the outside world. We are still without a verbatim report and therefore without the means to judge its general contour, but it seems to have been free from the hectorings with which Von Bethmann-Hollweg was wont to embellish his discourses, and from those expressions of the true Prussian spirit that can neither understand the minds of other peoples nor be understood by them. Von Hertling addressed himself seriatim to the clauses of the President's peace speech, and however vague and unsatisfactory his references may have been, at least we may recognize a definite departure from the reticences that have hitherto veiled the intentions or hopes of the German government.

The delays in the delivery of the speech are undoubtedly a reflection of the oscillations of the pendulum of German public opinion, or at least of that part of German public opinion that can make itself felt. Von Hertling delayed the delivery of his speech because he had not received his final instructions, or because it was not certain that his instructions were actually the final ones, and that the struggle against the Pan-Germans had been decided, at least momentarily, in their favor. The evidences of that struggle are unmistakable. It is equally unmistakable that the struggle was a close one. Scheidemann, the leader of the loyal Socialists, had warmly applauded and promoted the peace negotiations with Russia. He believed that Germany would conduct them with sincerity, and he saw in a basis of no annexations and no indemnities the prelude to a general agreement. When the trick played upon the Bolsheviks became apparent he was as disgusted as were the Bolsheviks themselves, and he said so. He denounced the German representatives for going to Brest-Litovsk with renunciation on their lips and territorial theft in their hearts. At once he ceased to be loyalist and became once more a Socialist, and he must then have had the whole Socialist party of the empire behind him, since Liebknecht himself is in prison. It need not be said that the struggle between the Socialists and the Pan-Germans was not for the control of the Reichstag, but for the ear of the emperor. Indeed it is said that the first instructions to the Brest-Litovsk embassy were actually to conclude a Russian peace on a basis of no annexations and no indemnities, and that the sudden and shocking change of front was due to the emperor, who had succumbed meantime to the pressure of the militarists. At the moment of writing we hear of passionate speeches by Scheidemann, and of his threat that the government will be "hurled from power" unless a peace with Russia be concluded by some honest understanding. Evidently the internal councils of Germany have been marked by violent discords and fluctuations, and the chancellor's speech was postponed until its terms could be dictated by the successful faction. The Pan-Germans have won the day, but only against a formidable opposition, and by a narrow margin. Germany no longer speaks with a united voice, and this may usefully be remembered when considering the terms of the chancellor's speech. It is not the voice of Germany, but the voice of a German majority, and perhaps of a narrow one. And there is no immortality about majorities.

The speech itself is, of course, of the most evasive kind. It contains practically nothing that is definite or tangible. That the Allies are pledged to the support of a common cause even where immediate self-interest seems to be in no way involved has not yet penetrated the Prussian mind, which would naturally be inhospitable to any ideas save those of gross and material selfishness. The chancellor evidently believes that he can deal with each nation separately, and that its friends will remain indifferent so long as their own immediate aims are unaffected. Even Scheidemann says, "If one clear word is spoken regarding Belgium, England's war-mongering will end." His assertion that "an honorable complete reinstatement of Belgium is our duty" is a creditable one, although somewhat belated. Why did not Scheidemann

say that a year ago, indeed three years ago? Would he say it now if Germany were suddenly to win a great victory on the western front? Of course he would not. But Scheidemann is only expressing a national mental incapacity if he supposes, as he evidently does, that the restoration of Belgium, by itself, would have the least effect upon the war aims of England or of the Entente in general, or that the attention of the Allies could thus be diverted from *Mittel Europa*, from the Balkans, and from Serbia. Any peace discussion conducted by Germany on the basis of a conviction that America, for example, does not actually mean what she says she means in the fourteen clauses of her programme is doomed to failure. It would be far more hopeful if the chancellor were to assume that America means exactly what those clauses express, and were then to proceed to deny as many of them as she thought proper. Here at least would be a basis of common comprehension. But to pigeon-hole those proposals one after the other as suited to discussion only between the nations directly involved is no more than an expression of incredulity that America actually intends to champion any other cause than that of her own pocket, and that her solemn resolve to secure justice for Serbia, Roumania, and the peoples of Asia Minor is anything more than a politic hypocrisy. Germany, or at least the militarists of Germany, have evidently yet to learn the alphabet of the Allied war language as set forth in general terms in the speeches of President Wilson and Lloyd-George. That alphabet is mutual loyalty among the Allies, and a mutual resolve to sustain one another even where no immediate or material self-interest is in sight. It is an idea that does not easily penetrate the German mind, but none the less it belongs to the essential preliminaries.

While there are many hopeful features in the chancellor's speech—as, for example, his suggestion of a reply from the Entente Powers—it certainly contains nothing to justify the slightest relaxation of war preparations. The speech was obviously inspired by the war party and, as has been said, we may derive some satisfaction from the obvious existence of a war party as opposed to a peace party, and a very strong peace party. None the less a war party feels no political responsibilities. Its universe, past, present, and future, contains nothing but war. The ruins of Germany's trade, the fast-spreading wave of internal chaos, have no appeal for the soldier, whose heaven and hell are comprised in victory and defeat upon the field of war. The soldier in the saddle knows no restraints, and since the soldier is certainly in the German saddle—although he may not stay there for long—we may expect that he will strike some heavy blows before he can be unhorsed.

I am still unable to see any reason for anticipating a German attack on the western front other than those sporadic assaults that are features of war everywhere. Germany will certainly bring no offensive without some reasonable prospect that it will be successful, and even those who are most certain that she intends to attempt something big in Flanders or France are unable to advance any justification for expecting that Germany would meet a better fortune than she has met hitherto. We are continually reminded that she is moving "vast" hordes of men from her Russian lines. But when these reports are examined they are usually found to relate to troop transfers that are by no means vast, and that could have no real influence upon measures of the kind foreshadowed. The situation in Russia becomes more serious for Germany day by day. She has not a single man more than she needs there for the waging even of a passive war. Poland, Lithuania, and Courland must be occupied by an army large enough to be security against uprisings. If Russia should actually reënter the war even in the purely guerrilla way threatened by Trotsky, Germany would have far too few men to wage it. Nor need we attach much importance to a possible liberation of the Teuton prisoners now in Russia. There were originally some two million of these prisoners, but we are rather too prone to picture them as being suddenly liberated and hastening westward or southward to rejoin their commands. For whatever there may have been two years ago, there are certainly not two million Teuton prisoners now in Russia, nor anything approaching that number. Most of them were Austrian Slavs who voluntarily surrendered because their sympathies were with the Russians and not with the Austrians. Certainly they would not willingly return to the Austrian armies. Indeed it would be almost impossible to compel them to do so. Then again the wastage of these prisoners must have been enormous. The conditions of Russian internment camps are not exactly of the kind that tend to longevity, to put it mildly. The Turks are said to be particularly kind to their prisoners, but the official reports show that they are now holding only about 2300 British prisoners, although they took 8000 at Kut el Amara alone. If the wastage here has been so heavy, what must it have been in Russia, where conditions have probably been much worse? When we allow for the wastage, and also for the fact that most of these prisoners in Russia are Slavs, we need not be very apprehensive of the result of their liberation.

The expectation of a German offensive in the west receives some support from Lloyd-George's appeal for another half-million men. But there is no reason to suppose that these men are needed for any other purpose than to replace casualties. The winter is supposed to be a season of quiescence on the western front, and as a matter of fact no great battles have been fought. But the minor operations that receive no more than a line or two of notice in the official bulletins seem just about as costly in human life as the larger engagements. For the week ending January 14th the British casualties were



about 25,000, and yet there had been no fighting other than raids and bombardments. Five months of this kind of fighting alone would consume the half-million men for whom the British premier has asked. This sporadic activity up and down the line is evidently of a much more substantial nature than the laconic bulletins would disclose, but we may note the fact that the advantage has been always with the Allies. Even the German bulletins claim nothing. The French have made a distinct success in the Vosges. The British have achieved their aims in nearly every case. And in Italy the Allied forces both in the Trentino and on the Piave have achieved actual victories, although small ones. If the German lines have been so strengthened from the east, at least we may say that the reinforcements have not yet been effective. If Germany has moved one hundred thousand men from east to west she has certainly done no more than this, and that she should be able to do so much is quite a remarkable feat in transportation. Here in America we are thousands of miles from the fighting front, and we have only just begun to throw our real weight into the struggle. None the less we have something like a railroad paralysis already. What must be the condition of the German railroads after the strain of practically four years of war, and with a shortage of oils, metal, and men? If Lloyd-George had believed that Germany was about to make an unprecedented effort he would have asked for more than the half-million men that would do no more than repair the wastage of five months at the present rate of loss. Evidently he believes that the British army, restored to its strength of a few months ago, will be large enough for all emergencies, that it can hold the field against any effort made against it, and until the American force shall be able to put its shoulder to the wheel.

I have already suggested that if Germany should strike at all she will probably follow her usual course, and direct her blows at the weakest rather than at the strongest point. The weakest of all points is probably Macedonia, and we may earnestly hope that the Allied army here has not been allowed to rust, and that its danger has not been overlooked. Next in importance comes Asia Minor, and the British armies to the northwest of Bagdad and to the north of Jerusalem. We may almost regard the Macedonia and Asia Minor fields as identical, since the Saloniki army is doing a very real work in protecting the communications of the British armies in the south. We may remember that this particular field of war is of vastly more importance to Germany than it is of interest to us in America. Germany is thinking more intently of Asia Minor and the Bagdad Railroad than she is of Belgium. Her western holdings are no more than cards to be played away in trade. *Mittel Europa* stretches from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and if a curtailment of the western end of that mighty belt of power has become inevitable, she does not intend that it shall be curtailed at both ends. It is at least suggestive that Von Falkenhayn should have been placed in command in Asia Minor. So eminent a commander would certainly not have been given an honorary task. Germany can carry her men to Macedonia with considerable ease, and she can employ them usefully when she gets them there, far more usefully than in hurling them against western fortifications that she might conceivably bend, but that she knows she can not break. In an attack on the Saloniki army she would have the more or less veiled aid of the king's party in Greece, that is to say the adherents of Constantine, and these may be more numerous than we suppose. Venizelos himself is said to be surprised at their strength. Their influence at the rear of the Saloniki army might easily be paralyzing. It is to be hoped that one more blunder is not now to be added to the list of Balkan fiascos, and that measures to resist a Teuton offensive here will not be too late.

Of the domestic situation in Austria we know practically nothing, except that there have been extensive strikes and a popular demand for peace. Our suspicion of German diplomacy need not lead us so far as to believe that these stories have been invented in order to create a sense of false satisfaction among the Allies. They come through too many channels for that, and they are too well authenticated. Nor need we at once surrender to the theory that these disorders have actually been fomented, or at least tolerated, by the government, which sees in them an excuse for breaking away from the controlling tyrannies of Germany, but this latter theory is much more probable than the former. Revolution in Austria is exactly what one would expect from a country where imperial patriotism is almost unknown, and where so many nationalities have such good reasons to hope for Austrian defeat. The situation in Austria must at least be the cause of grave concern to Germany, not only for the continued endurance of the alliance, but for the supply of munitions for which Austrian factories have made themselves responsible.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 30, 1918.

The first barbarians to settle permanently in the Balkan Peninsula coming from the northeast were the Bulgars, a Finnish people whose home was the middle Volga districts. The Slavs are said to have begun to pour into this region as early as the third century, but they were not established until after the Bulgarian invasion.

Lloyd-George is credited with having found the right word with which to refer to the fighters in the air. "Every flight is a romance, every fight is an epic," he said. "They are the knighthood of this war without fear and without reproach."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Hertling is the second imperial German chancellor of the Roman Catholic faith, Prince Hohenlohe having been the other. He is an accomplished Italian scholar, and boasts of his familiarity with the English classics. He has written a book on "John Locke and the Cambridge School."

Jujiro Sakata, the new Japanese minister in Madrid, is a distinguished diplomatist of great reputation in his own country. He is a man of great culture, who has occupied various important diplomatic posts in Europe, and speaks several languages to perfection. It was noted that on the occasion of his presentation at the Spanish court he spoke in English when addressing King Alfonso.

W. Cameron Forbes, who is the new president of the Navy League of the United States and was formerly governor-general of the Philippines, is a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Since he returned from the Islands he has given attention to finance on a large scale; and one of his chief tasks has been straightening out tangles in one of the great investment schemes of American and European capitalists which had been operative in Brazil for a time, with untoward results.

Guy Eastman Tripp, who has been made head of the production division of the ordnance department of the United States Army, is chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and is known as one of the great executives of the industrial world. He has served on important state commissions in New York, is a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and has wide ranging connections in the United States and Europe with large manufacturing and financial enterprises.

The Honorable John Douglas Hazen, K. C., chief justice of New Brunswick, who has been appointed chairman of the arbitration board which Canada has named to sit jointly with a similar body from the United States and pass upon three fisheries disputes still disturbing relations between the two nations, has a wide reputation throughout the Dominion as a political leader, administrator, and lawyer. His choice for this post naturally has followed from his acquaintance with the problems involved gained while he was minister of marine and fisheries and of naval affairs in the Dominion cabinet.

Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois is one of the quietest men, if not the quietest, in Congress. He believes in action, not talk. When McKinley first went to Washington, however, he did have a talk in his bosom which he wanted to get rid of. So one day he arose in the House and clamored for recognition. As he was somewhat under five feet high it was difficult for the Speaker to see him. Finally the latter fixed his eye on the Illinoisan and shouted out: "If the gentleman from Illinois would only stand up it would be easier for the chair to recognize him." "I am standing up," retorted McKinley. He never tried it again.

Part, at least, of the gifts of Jascha Heifetz, the Russian violinist who has been the musical sensation of the current season, may be explained by heredity, for his father was in his own way a child prodigy upon the violin. Ruben Heifetz began to play at the age of four on a toy fiddle strung with threads, later teaching himself upon a genuine instrument. At the age of twelve he was already earning his living as violinist in various cafés-chantant, and at sixteen he had advanced to membership in symphony orchestras, playing in Riga, Lodz, and Warsaw. Somewhat later he settled in Vilna, marrying a young lady of that city. Jascha was their first child.

Nikolai Lenine's father is said to have been a German Jew, and his real name is Zedarbaum. The *London Chronicle*, however, believes Lenine to be the son of a Russian squire named Ulianov. He received the education of a country gentleman, but became interested in the condition of the peasants, and took up socialism as a means of improving it. His brother was executed as a revolutionist in 1887, and he himself has been in prison for a political offense. He is a pacifist, and has written that "the war was made by crowned vampires, capitalists, and middle-class people." His aim is general peace, and he has quarreled with all who dared differ from his opinions.

Apropos of Rudyard Kipling's fifty-second birthday on December 30th last, his former editorial superior, E. Ray Robinson, observed: "There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention, namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the inkpot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning I

had to shout to him to 'stand off'; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send a penful of ink—he always had a full pen in his hand—flying over me."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The True Beauty.

He that loves a rosy cheek  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires:—  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

—Thomas Carew.

### Bonnie O'Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon  
How can ye bloom sae fair!  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love;  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvie staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me. —Robert Burns.

### The Outlaw.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily:

"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall's banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."

"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum."

"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die;  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,—  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now."

### CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."

—Sir Walter Scott.

In the event of land nationalization in Russia there is no lack of the material to go round. An equal division all round will give about thirty-three acres to each inhabitant, while if Asiatic Russia were considered by itself the allowance would be as much as 180 acres. The same process applied to the United Kingdom (including Ireland) would yield only about one and a half acres apiece; and to the whole British Empire twenty acres apiece.



## "ADVENTURES" IN AMERICAN CITIES.

### Julian Street Once More Takes His Walks Ahroad.

It is a far cry, unfortunately, from the wit or humor of ephemeral periodical writing to the wit or humor that will stand up under the test of the less ephemeral print of a bound volume. "Unfortunately," because it has spoiled an otherwise quite readable and preservable volume—Julian Street's "American Adventures."

Or is it that Mr. Street's "funniness" is really funny to readers in the part of the United States where Mr. Street has his largest audiences?

For instance, Julian relates in this book his visit to Baltimore, a city concerning which he had, previously, "but two definite impressions: the first was of a tunnel, filled with coal gas, through which trains pass beneath the city; the second was that when a southbound train left Baltimore the time had come to think of cleaning up, preparatory to reaching Washington."

The city, when he gets into it, entices him through one after another of its various brick-lined streets until he winds up among some of the sellers of antiques, whereupon he pauses to offer the following:

What curious differences there are between the customs of one trade and those of another. Compare, for instance, the dealer in old furniture with the dealer in old automobiles. The latter, far from pronouncing a machine of which he wishes to dispose "a genuine antique," will assure you—and not always with a strict regard for truth—that it is "practically as good as new." Or compare the seller of antiques with the horse dealer. Can you imagine the latter's taking you up to some venerable quadruped—let alone a three-year-old—and discoursing upon its merits in some such manner as the following:

"This is the oldest and most historic horse that has ever come into my possession. Just look at it, sir! The farmer of whom I bought it assured me that it was brought over by his ancestors in the *Mayflower*. The place where I found it was used as Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, and it is known that Washington himself frequently sat on this very horse. It was a favorite of his. For he was a large man and he liked a big, comfortable, deep-seated horse, well braced underneath, and having strong arms, so that he could tilt it hack comfortably against the wall, with its front legs off the floor, and—"

However, a writer who has had most of his training in the superficial school of modern journalism must be forgiven much, and so must it be with Julian Street. For, apart from ever-recurring bits of inanity of the above kind, he does succeed in carrying one quite cheerfully and enjoyably through the cities of the South, and the journey is, on the whole, worth while. The present and the past of these cities are rather gracefully interwoven, some old romances, old personalities, and old legends revived, and the atmospheres of the respective communities successfully differentiated.

Baltimore's red brick houses, traditional and picturesque, are blended in with the Baltimore that followed the fire of 1904. Here, for example, is an impression of the red brick:

The color of red brick is not confined to the centre of the city, but spreads to the suburbs, fashionable and unfashionable. At one margin of the town I was shown solid blocks of pleasant red-brick houses which, I was told, were occupied by workmen and their families, and were to be had at a rental of from ten to twenty dollars a month. For though Baltimore has a lower East Side which, like the lower East Side of New York, encompasses the Ghetto and Italian quarter, she has not tenements in the New York sense; one sees no tall, cheap flat houses draped with fire escapes and built to make herding places for the poor. Many of the houses in this section are instead the former homes of fashionables who have moved to other quarters of the city—handsome old homesteads with here and there a lovely, though hattered, doorway sadly reminiscent of an earlier elegance. So, also, red brick permeates the prosperous suburbs, such as Roland Park and Guilford, where, in a sweetly rolling country which lends itself to the arrangement of graceful winding roads and softly contoured plantings, stand quantities of pleasing homes, lately built, many of them colonial houses of red brick. Indeed, it struck us that the only parts of Baltimore in which red brick was not the dominant note were the downtown business section and Mount Vernon Place.

A picture of the reconstruction follows, after the writer has paused to observe that Baltimore, like all other American cities which have experienced a great disaster, lacked the courage to "go the limit" and really construct. Mr. Street remarks:

And then the upbuilding of the city—not only of the acres and acres comprising the burned section, in which streets were widened and skyscrapers arose where firetraps had been—but outside the fire zone, where sewers were put down and pavements laid. Nor was the change merely physical. With the old buildings, the old spirit of *laissez faire* went up in smoke, and in the embers a municipal conscience was born. Almost as though by the light of the flames which engulfed it the city began to see itself as it had never seen itself before: to take account of stock, to plan broadly for the future.

Every one in Baltimore is proud of the Fallway, but particularly so are the city engineers who carried the work through. While in Baltimore I had the pleasure of meeting one of these gentlemen, and I can assure you that no young head of a family was ever more delighted with his new cottage in a suburb, his wife, his children, his garden, and his collie puppy, than was this engineer with his boulevard sewer. Like a lover, he carried pictures of it in his pocket, and like a lover he would assure you that it was "not like other sewers." Nor could he speak of it without beginning to wish to take you out to see it—not merely for a motor ride along the top of it, either. No, his hospitality did not stop there. When he invited you to a sewer he invited you *in*. And if you went in with him, no one could make you come out until you wanted to.

A welcome willingness to pause for the observance of little things is one of the author's characteristics, as for example:

In the Baltimore telephone book I chanced to notice under the letter "F" the entry:

Fisher, Frank, of J.

Upon inquiry I learned that the significance of this was that, there being more than one gentleman of the name of Frank Fisher in the city, this Mr. Frank Fisher added "of J" to his name (meaning "son of John") for purposes of differentiation. I was informed further than this custom is not uncommon in Baltimore, in cases where a name is duplicated, and I was shown another example: that of Mr. John Fyfe Symington of S.

Throughout his journey Mr. Street, apparently, was under very excellent social pilotage. At any rate he was inducted into many of the most typical and exclusive homes and "mansions" of the South, and was enabled to create pen reflections of the interior, as well as the exterior, spirit of this side of Southern life.

This is exemplified by his description of the famous mansion of the Carrolls of Carrollton, in the vicinity of Baltimore. He observes:

Viewed in one light Doughoregan Manor is a monument, in another it is a treasure house of ancient portraits and furniture and silver, but above all it is a home. The beautifully proportioned dining-room, the wide hall which passes through the house from the front portico to another overlooking the terraces and gardens at the back, the old shadowy library with its tree-calf bindings, the sunny breakfast-room, the spacious bedchambers with their four-posters and their cheerful chintzes, the big bright shiny pantries and kitchens, all have that pleasant, easy air which comes of being lived in, and which is never attained in a "show place" which is merely a "show place" and nothing more. No dining-table at which great personages have dined in the past has the charm of one the use of which has been steadily continued; no old chair hut is better for being sat in; no ancient Sheffield tea service but gains immeasurably in charm from being used for tea today; no old Venetian mirror but what is lovelier for reflecting the beauties of the present as it reflected those of the past; no little old-time crib but what is better for a modern baby in it. It is pleasant, therefore, to report that, like all other things the house contains, the crib at Doughoregan Manor was being used when we were there, for in it rested the baby son of the house; by name Charles, and of his line the ninth. Further, it may be observed that from his youthful parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bancroft Carroll, present master and mistress of the place, Master Charles seemed to have inherited certain amiable traits. Indeed, in some respects, he outdoes his parents. For example, where the father and mother were cordial, the son chewed ruminatively upon his fingers and fastened upon my companion a gaze not merely interested, but expressive of enraptured astonishment. Likewise, though his parents received us kindly, they did not crow and gurgled with delight; and though, on our departure, they said that we might come again, they neither waved their hands nor yet blew bubbles.

A tale of the South without its proper ghost story would be no tale of that section at all, and so Mr. Street accommodates the reader with a rather circumstantial observation made by himself in the old Hampton mansion of Annapolis. It is interesting enough to bear full quotation:

After tea, when fading twilight had deepened the shadows in the house, we went up the stairway, past the landing with its window containing the armorial bearings of the family in stained glass, and, achieving the upper hall, crossed to a great bedchamber, the principal guest room, and paused just inside the door.

I do not think that I had definitely thought of ghost stories before, and I know that ghosts had not been spoken of, but as I looked into this room, and reflected on the long series of persons who had occupied it, and on where they were now, and on all the stories that the room must have heard, there entered my mind thoughts of the supernatural.

Having taken a step or two into the room, I was a little in advance of my three friends, and as these fancies came strongly to me, I spoke over my shoulder to one of them, who was at my right and a little behind me, saying, half playfully:

"There ought to be ghosts in a room like this."

Hardly had I spoken when without a sound, and swinging very slowly, the door of the large piece of furniture before me gently opened. My first idea was that the thing must be a closet, built against the wall, with a door at the back opening on a passageway, or into the next room, and that the little girl whom we had met downstairs had opened it from the other side and was coming in.

I fully expected to see her enter. But she did not enter, for, as I learned presently, she was in the nursery at the time.

After waiting for an instant to see who was coming, I began to realize that there was no one coming; that no one had opened the door; that, like an actor picking up a cue, the door had begun to swing immediately upon my saying the word "ghosts."

The appropriateness of the coincidence was striking. I turned quickly to my friends, who were in conversation behind me, and asked:

"Speaking of ghosts—did you see that door open?"

It is my recollection that none of them had seen it. Certainly not more than one of them had, for I remember my feeling of disappointment that any one present should have missed so strange a circumstance. Some one may have asked what I had seen; at all events I was full of the idea, and, indicating the open door, I began to tell what I had seen, when—exactly as though the thing were done deliberately to circumstantiate my story—with the slow, steady movement of a heavy door pushed by a feeble hand, the other portal of the huge cabinet swung open.

This time all four of us were looking.

Presently, as we moved across the wide hall to go downstairs again, Bryan came from one of the other chambers, whither, I think, he had carried the young lady's supper on a tray.

"Are there supposed to be any ghosts in this house?" I asked him.

Bryan showed his white teeth in the semi-darkness. Whether he believed in ghosts or not, evidently he did not fear them.

"Yes, sir," he said. "We're supposed to have a ghost here."

"Where?"

"In that room over there," he answered, indicating the bedroom from which we had come.

We listened attentively to Bryan while he told how the daughter of Governor Swan had come to attend a hall at Hampton, and how she had died in the four-post bed in that old shadowy guest room, and of how, since then, she had been seen from time to time.

"They's several people say they saw her," he finished. "She comes out and combs her hair in front of the mirror."

However, as we drove back to Baltimore that evening, we repeatedly assured one another that we did not believe in ghosts.

At Fredericksburg the writer visits one of the old Virginia mansions, the Fitzhugh House, and offers, apropos of that visit, this little personal touch:

I shall always remember the delightful experience of awakening in that room, so vast, dignified, and beautiful, and of lying there a little drowsy, and thinking of those who had been there before me. This was the room occupied by George and Martha Washington when they stopped for a few days at Chatham on their wedding journey; this was the room occupied by Madison, by Monroe, by Washington Irving, and by Robert E. Lee when he visited Chatham and courted Mary Custis, who became his wife. And, most wonderful of all to me, this was the room occupied by Lincoln when he came to Fredericksburg to review the army, while Chatham was Union headquarters, and the embattled Lee had headquarters in the old house known as Brompton, still standing on Marye's Heights back of the river and the town. It is said that Lee during the siege of Fredericksburg never turned his guns on Chatham, because of his sentiment for the place. As I lay there in the morning I wondered if Lee had been aware, at the time, that Lincoln was under the roof of Chatham, and whether Lincoln knew, when he slept in "my" room, that Washington and Lee had both been there before him.

Virginia's fox hunts, picturesque remnants of ancient days, are witnessed and described by Mr. Street, with the interjection of a short skit to illustrate the hold that the sport still has upon the people of that section. The skit is given as related to Mr. Street:

A man from the Department of Agriculture came down into our section to look over the farms and give advice to farmers. He went to see one farmer in my county and found that he had absolutely nothing growing, and that his livestock consisted of three hunters and thirty-two couples of hounds. The agricultural expert was scandalized. He told the farmer he ought to begin at once to raise hogs. "You can feed them what you feed the dogs," he said, "and have good meat for your family aside from what you sell."

After hearing the visitor out, the farmer looked off across the country and spat ruminatively.

"I aint never seen no hawg that could catch a fox," he said, and with that turned and went into the barn, evidently regarding the matter as closed.

As was to be expected, Mr. Street found very little in the South to recall the bitterness of the Civil War. He observes:

Even from old Confederate soldiers I heard no expressions of violent feeling. They spoke gently, handsomely, and often humorously of the war, but never harshly. Real hate, I think, remains chiefly in one quarter: in the hearts of some old ladies, the wives and widows of Confederate soldiers—for there are but few mothers of the soldiers left.

More than once, when my companion and I were received in Southern homes with a cordiality that precluded any thought of sectional feeling, we were nevertheless warned by members of the younger generation—and their eyes would twinkle as they said it—to "look out for mother; she's unreconstructed." And you may be sure that when we were so warned we did "look out." It was well to do so! For though the mother might be a frail old lady, past seventy, with the face of an angel and the normal demeanor of a saint, we could see her bridle, as we were presented to her, over the thought that here were two Yankees in her home—Yankees!—we could see the light come flashing up into her eyes as they encountered ours, and could feel beneath the veil of her austere civility the dagger points of an eternal enmity. By dint of self-control on her part, and the utmost effort upon ours to be tactful, the presentation ceremony was got over with, and after some formal speeches, resembling those which, one fancies, may be exchanged by opposing generals under a flag of truce, we would be rescued from her, removed from the room, before her forbearance should be strained, by our presence, to the point of breaking. A baleful look would follow us as we withdrew, and we would retire with a better understanding of the flaming spirit which, through that long, bloody conflict against overwhelming odds in wealth, supplies, and men, sustained the South, and which at last enabled it to accept defeat as nobly as it had accepted earlier victories. . . . How one loves a gentle old lady who can hate like that!

Throughout the South, Mr. Street declares, there prevails a tendency to make sport of North Carolina, very much, perhaps, as in the West there has prevailed a habit of jibing at Missouri, or Kansas, or Arkansas. And Mr. Street evidently is impressed with the spirit of this jesting, for he gives but meagre material regarding the state and most of what he does give is taken up with Josephus Daniels and a character called "Latta," who operates a "university" for negroes.

Concerning North Carolina's impression of Daniels, who owns a paper at Raleigh, Mr. Street quotes a "gentleman who was far from an unqualified admirer":

"He is the old type of Methodist," he said. "He is the kind of man who believes that the whale swallowed Jonah. He has the same concept of religion that he had as a child. I differ with his policies, his mental methods, but I don't think anybody here doubts that he is trying, not only to do the moral thing himself, but to force others to adopt, as rules for public conduct, the exact code in which he personally believes, and which he certainly follows. His mental processes are often crude, yet he has much native shrewdness and the ability to grasp situations as they arise."

Memphis, another city which "reconstructed" after disaster, "passionate Palm Beach," and various other cities are visited and portrayed, and usually Mr. Street succeeds in catching the atmosphere and also in peopling it with really believable entities. He closes his journey at New Orleans with a happy blending of voodooism, Mardi Gras, and modern commerce.

Barring the often atrocious attempts at humor, the volume is worth the time spent on its perusal. Perhaps when the author has made enough adventures into the interior of his own country, New Yorkitis will fade from his composition and the good humor which obviously forms no inconsiderable part of his personality will have a chance to shake off its outer husk.

AMERICAN ADVENTURES. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company; \$3.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

The bank clearings for the week ended Saturday, January 26th, as reported by the San Francisco Clearing House Association, aggregated \$87,264,001.40, as compared with a total of \$79,308,983.70 in the corresponding week in 1917. The total of Saturday's clearings was \$12,411,935.31.

The weekly statement of the Federal Re-

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serve Bank of San Francisco shows total resources of \$169,116,000, as compared with \$172,579,000 in the preceding week. The total reserves, of which \$101,276,000 are actual gold, now amount to \$101,704,000, or 67.90 per cent. on the bank's net deposit and note liability. Notes in actual circulation now amount to \$67,482,000.

Frank C. Mortimer has come back from

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New York. He left San Francisco early in December as Pacific Coast representative of the National City Bank of New York, and he has just returned for a brief farewell visit as assistant cashier of the most powerful banking institution in the Western Hemisphere. He will serve at the head office of the National City under Frank A. Vanderlip, one of the most progressive bankers in the United States.

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COMMERCIAL PAPER  
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Mr. Mortimer will be succeeded here by Stephen E. Albeck, assistant vice-president of the National City, who has grown up in the service of the bank. Albeck will arrive early in February and Mr. Mortimer will leave for the East immediately thereafter. Under Vice-President Thomas A. Reynolds, Mortimer will take charge of the Pacific district business of the National City, having as an associate Robert Forgan of the well-known Chicago banking family of that name.

Mr. Mortimer began his banking career with the Bank of California, later going to the Mission Bank as cashier and then to the First National of Berkeley, where he served as cashier for ten years. He was with the National City for a year as Coast representative before being called East to he offered a position in the head office.

McDonnell & Co. are now located in their new offices on the ground floor of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange Building on Montgomery Street. The new offices are among the finest and best equipped in the city for the transaction of business in their line.

On the same day Congress passed without roll-call a bill to appropriate a hundred million dollars to carry out the farm loan plan, it promptly side-tracked a bill to loan the railroads the same amount. We cite this as illustrative of the attitude of the government toward the railroads for the last twenty-five years. It is not the war which has produced the present transportation crisis, but railroad regulation and railroad haiting, particularly during the past decade.

There are some who are now saying that if the government aids the railroads it should own them. If that is a valid inference from government aid, it could be argued with even greater force that the government, which aids the farmer, should own the farms. It is a case of the production of the necessities of life compared with their transportation. But, high as are the necessities of life, we have never known a farmer or a farmers' organization to argue that the solution of the food problem is to turn the farms over to the government.

We regard the government ownership of farms as no more absurd than the government ownership of railroads. Farmers have never been the object of government regulation or attack, but to help along the nation's basic industry the government is loaning money to farmers at a comparatively low rate and for long periods. The railroads are in their present state because of government attack, and it is only right that the government should get beneath them during the critical period of the war. This seems to be the sensible conclusion of President Wilson. Let Congress bear that fact in mind.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury contains this statement:

"The first Liberty Loan was sold and paid for between January 15th and August 31, 1917, and it is interesting to note that the reports of the national banks show that between the calls for reports from these banks of May 1, 1917, and September 11, 1917, embracing the period in which the first Liberty Loan was taken up and paid for, the national banks of the country, instead of being drained of their resources through these vast collections by the government, actually showed an increase of \$154,000,000 in the sum total of their deposits for that period. The payments for the second Liberty Loan were made with the same ease that marked the settlements of the first."

To the effective machinery afforded by the Federal Reserve Banks is attributed the execution of these tremendous and unprecedented financial operations without a tremor of financial disturbance.

The total deposits on November 20, 1917, of the 7650 national banks amounted to \$14,798,000,000, an increase over November 17, 1916, of \$2,309,000,000, and an increase over September 11, 1917, of \$1,564,000,000. The total resources of these banks on November 20th were \$18,533,000,000.

In the course of the investigation of the railway situation by the Senate and House Committees on Interstate Commerce in connection with the government control bill, a compilation prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics was filed with the committees showing how the proposed guarantee of revenues to the railroad companies would result. According to this, the revenue of roads comprising 86 per cent. of the country's mileage, based upon their average operating net earnings for the three years ending June 30, 1917, would give the companies an aggregate annual return of \$866,214,884, or 5.22 per cent., upon an average investment of \$16,597,545,176. It was, however, pointed out that on June 30, 1917, the investment amounted to \$16,965,258,001, and that on this sum the return proposed in the pending bill would be

5.11 per cent., while on December 31, 1917, when the government took over the roads, the investment was \$17,203,000,000, which would make the return 5.04 per cent. It may be noted that the Interstate Commerce Commission also presented a statement, covering 95.87 per cent. of the railway mileage, which showed that the average return to the roads under the bill would be \$896,259,264 on an investment of \$16,873,832,797, or 5.31 per cent. The railroads' statement showed that the Southern roads led for the period in question, the return on their investment being equivalent to 5.50 per cent., the Eastern roads showing 5.23 per cent., while the Western roads earned only 5.14 per cent.

There is a marked shortage of olive oil in New Zealand, and the outlook is not promising for increased supplies, unless it be from South Australia. Palestine is practically out of the market. South Australian olive oil is now selling at \$5.35 per gallon in four-gallon tins, and it is possible it might later reach \$6.80 to \$7.30 per gallon. The prewar prices for olive oil were \$2.55 to \$3.04 for Italian, and \$3.65 to \$4.25 for Palestine per gallon. (A list of grocers with whom those interested can correspond can be obtained at the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce or its district or cooperative offices by referring to file No. 93,896.)

For the information of American manufacturers and others desirous of selling materials to the Allied governments, it is announced that arrangements were entered into in the latter part of August, 1917, by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, with the governments of Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and Serbia, whereby Messrs. Bernard M. Baruch, Robert S. Lovett, and Robert S. Brookings of the War Industries Board were designated a commission through whom or with whose approval or consent all purchases in the United States of materials and supplies by or on behalf of these governments shall be made.

Under this arrangement these governments communicate their requirements for materials and supplies to this commission through their designated purchasing agents in this country, and the commission then uses its best efforts to obtain offers of the materials and supplies required at the best obtainable prices and terms, of delivery and otherwise, and submits the same to the purchasing agent concerned, it being no part of the commission's duty to prepare and sign contracts, or to supervise their execution, or to determine technical details, or to carry out the inspection of materials, all of which matters are cared for by the governments concerned.

The foreign governments have agreed not to make purchases in the United States otherwise than through or with the consent of the commission. The arrangements provide that nothing expressed or implied, nor anything done or omitted by the commission, shall impose any obligation or liability upon the United States, whether to advance moneys, to establish credits, or otherwise. The purchasing commission in carrying out the terms of this agreement is endeavoring to see first that the wants of the governments associated with the United States in the war are supplied as promptly as possible, and without interfering with the requirements of our own government. This necessarily involves the finding of a source of supply from which articles needed by the Allies can be obtained without prejudice to contracts placed with the United States government for articles of the same kind, and in many cases it has been found necessary to develop new sources of supply—that is, to induce some one who has not been previously making the articles needed to produce them. Manufacturers who are producing or who believe their plants are in a position to produce supplies needed by the Allied governments should make known this fact to the Allied Purchasing Commission, which is now located in the new and temporary structure housing the Council of National Defense at Eighteenth and D Streets, Washington, D. C.

American shoe manufacturers now control the market in Peru and in all probability will continue to do so after the war, according to a report on the subject which has been issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Peru has just emerged from a period of prolonged economic depression and is now reaping the benefit of the era of high prices for metals and food products brought on by the war. Every branch of the agricultural and mining industries has been correspondingly benefited, and in this connection it is interesting to note that in 1915 the value of the agricultural products exported was more than \$43,000,000, or nearly 27 per cent. greater than the value of the mineral products exported. The production of sugar has increased enormously.

The present prosperity will increase Peru's importance as a market for American goods—

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for shoes as well as other products—says Special Agent Herman G. Brock, author of the government's report. It is a market that should receive as careful attention as our own war needs will permit. Our indebtedness for such essential products as copper and sugar should be paid, at least in part, by manufactured goods needed in Peru, and it is the part of wisdom to so conduct our present business as to leave us in an advantageous position when the war is over.

A careful analysis of the hoot and shoe business of Peru is made in the report, which is published under the title, "Market for Boots and Shoes in Peru," Special Agents' Series No. 152. Copies are sold at the nominal price of 15 cents by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and by the district or cooperative offices of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Trade of the United States with South America in the calendar year 1917 is two and one-half times as great as in the year preceding the war. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the imports from South America in 1917 aggregated in round terms \$575,000,000, against \$198,000,000 in the calendar year 1913, and that the exports to South America exceeded \$300,000,000, against \$147,000,000 in 1915 and only \$91,000,000 in 1914, the year in which the war began.

South America's importing power declined sharply immediately following the beginning of the war. Her total imports from all parts of the world in 1913, the year preceding the war, aggregated slightly more than \$1,000,000,000, while in 1914 they were but little more than \$600,000,000 and have shown but very slight increases during the war. The bank's figures show the total imports of South America in 1916 as about \$620,000,000, against over a billion in 1913, and that the total imports of that continent in 1917 approximate \$650,000,000. This indicates that this country is now supplying over 40 per cent. of the imports of South America, against less than 15 per cent. in 1913, the year preceding the war.

The United States is also taking a much larger share of the exports of South America than formerly. In the year immediately preceding the war, 1913, only about 20 per cent. of the exports of that continent came to the United States, while the latest available figures of South American exports for 1917 indicate that we are now receiving fully 40 per cent. of her exports. The total imports from South America in 1917 were, in round terms, \$575,000,000, against \$428,000,000 in 1916, \$322,000,000 in 1915, and \$198,000,000 in 1913, the year preceding the war.

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SUBMARINES AND TORPEDOES.

How the U-Boat Does Its Work.

While the submarine menace is "very real," the individual U-boat commander is nevertheless, in the opinion of Lieutenant-Commander Charles Clifford Gill, United States Navy, confronted with a problem which, granted the use of proper anti-submarine tactics on the part of attacked merchantmen, failure is often inevitable and success is only obtainable through a remarkable combination of skill and good fortune. In a brief text-book which he has written for the students of the officers' training school at Annapolis, "Naval Power in the War," just published by the George H. Doran Company, Lieutenant-Commander Gill has described in unusually vivid fashion the hard succession of difficulties encountered by the submarine's chief officer from the moment when the prospective "target" is sighted.

"To accomplish his object," writes the lieutenant-commander, "the submarine's officer has to make preliminary observation through his periscope, estimate the course, speed, and distance of the enemy, manoeuvre his boat into a favorable position, make the necessary firing adjustments, aim the torpedo, and then launch it.

"Keeping in mind the importance of safeguarding his own ship and also the necessity of economizing in both fuel and torpedoes, he first studies the situation and if he is in a favorable position, ahead of his quarry, he decides to attack. Assuming that the approaching vessel is armed, he submerges before there is likelihood of discovery. He then observes at more or less frequent intervals through his periscope, takes bearings of the approaching target ship, and estimates her course, distance, and speed. His purpose is to avoid discovery and at the same time to manoeuvre into a favorable position for launching at about 1000 yards range so aimed and adjusted as to strike the enemy ship at an angle of incidence to her fore and aft line greater than 30 degrees.

"There are, of course, any number of variations in the methods of making a submarine attack, but as an illustration suppose a U-boat submerged and approaching from the bow bearing at a speed of six knots toward a target ship approaching at twelve knots. With fairly good glasses a periscope can be distinguished with reasonable certainty in comparatively smooth water by an alert lookout at 3000 to 4000 yards.

"As the ship can probably escape by manoeuvring if the periscope be seen before the torpedo is fired, it follows that the critical time for both the attacker and the attacked is during the interval of approach from the range of 4000 yards to the firing range of about 1000 yards. This interval will last approximately from seven to ten minutes, depending upon the angle of approach and how accurately the submarine can be expected to show about one foot of periscope and observe for a period of about thirty seconds. After this four or five successive observations of about one minute, the period of time that the periscope is exposed diminishing gradually to ten or twelve seconds.

"In the meanwhile the submarine will have closed to about 2000 yards and from now on only a few inches of periscope will be exposed, but at more frequent intervals, about every thirty seconds, and the length of time the periscope is shown will decrease from ten to five seconds.

"At about 1000 yards the firing exposure will be made, and this will probably be for about twenty-five seconds in order to assure a well-aimed torpedo.

"The above procedure is not absolute—some submarine commanders show more periscope in attacking, others less—but it may be taken as typical. This means that from the time the submarine can be seen to the time the torpedo is fired about ten minutes elapse, during which there are about fifteen exposures of the periscope for gradually diminishing periods of time, ranging from thirty seconds down to five seconds, except the last exposure, for firing, of about twenty-five seconds."

And in the meantime, according to Lieutenant-Commander Gill, provided the commander of the vessel to be attacked knows his anti-submarine tactics as he should, is properly

equipped to use them, and does use them intelligently, the chances of escape are immeasurably increased.

"If the target ship is fast, steers zigzag courses, keeps a bright lookout, carries guns, and is also attended by escort ships specially equipped for destroying submarines, the chances of a successful attack are considerably lessened."

Perhaps the greatest of these, certainly the one which comes into play first, is the lookout. "An efficient lookout system is essential. A ship can usually avoid attack if the submarine, or even the torpedo, is sighted when still far enough away to permit a change of course before the torpedo can travel the intervening distance. Safety depends upon 'seeing': and an alert lookout, by gaining 200 or 300 yards in sighting a periscope may avert destruction.

"Zigzag tactics make attack difficult. Also a quick manoeuvre the instant a periscope or torpedo is sighted will often save the ship. Glancing hits are often not effective. When the target ship is end on the torpedo, even when correctly aimed to hit, frequently glances off without exploding (bow wave and wake currents assist this deflection), or, if it does explode, fails to do much damage. Alert seamanship is therefore a main reliance.

"The gun is chiefly used to compel the submarine to keep submerged. The presence of a gun is important to embarrass the attack, but to hit a periscope is difficult, and even if a lucky hit is scored no serious damage is done, as spare periscopes are carried by all U-boats."

Yachts, fast tugs, and other comparatively small vessels which can keep the sea and make reasonable speed all have their uses in fighting the submarine, but, according to Lieutenant-Commander Gill, "the seagoing destroyer appears to be the best type of anti-submarine craft so far developed.

"Seaplanes, dirigibles (blimps), and kite balloons make good scouts because of the large areas they can cover. Weather conditions are seldom such that submarines entirely submerged can be seen by aircraft, but this does not make the latter less valuable for detecting periscopes and submarines awash on the surface. Also aircraft mark the spot where a periscope is sighted, and so assist destroyers and patrols in the effective use of their bombs."

Lieutenant-Commander Gill's conclusion is that the U-boat peril, while not foreseen and prepared for by counter-measures during the years of peace, will nevertheless be "successfully met by the navies which are upholding the traditions handed down from Nelson, Suffren, John Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut."

He hints frequently of new equipment and methods which can not be made public. "It is better to let the U-boats find these out at their own cost," he writes. "But as they learn of the increasing number and variety of schemes used to destroy them, they realize that the chances against them have increased. This in itself is a restraint which makes the U-boats more wary and consequently less effective. At best there is not much comfort or security in a long submarine cruise. The prospect of dying like a rat in a trap is not pleasant whether because of accident, shipwreck, or hostile attack. The strain of constant guard against the devices of an alert enemy must tell on even the strongest nerves. Any method or contrivance which increases the anxieties and difficulties of the U-boats is thus helpful in checking their activities and may contribute in unexpected ways to their destruction."

One of the greatest obstacles which the Allied governments have had to face in dealing with the underwater peril is, according to Lieutenant-Commander Gill, the difficulty of compelling the merchant captains to "practice simple anti-submarine tactics, such as steering zigzag courses, calculated to embarrass the submarine in the accomplishment of its purpose.

"It is difficult for seamen who for years have navigated the usual lanes to understand and carry out instructions intended to safeguard them from a foe they can not see: When the tangible proof of the enemy's presence arrives, it is too late. Utmost vigilance is necessary at all times, and to get this requires a strict discipline which does not exist on board the majority of trading ships.

"There are many influences influencing individuals on board ships passing through the war zone to the opinion that getting safely by is largely a matter of luck. There seems to be more or less prevalent a sort of fatalistic attitude of taking a chance against being torpedoed with a resulting laxity in the observance of safeguarding measures. Whatever be the cause of this indifference, there is plenty of evidence that many a ship has played into the hands of the U-boat either by failure to carry out instructions, or by neglect to steer zigzag courses before sighting the submarines, or by stupid seamanship after sighting it."

Remarkably clear and concise reviews of the principal naval engagements of the war,

together with interesting appended chapters written by experts on the comparative strength of the world's navies, the voyage of the *Emden*, and America's part in the development of naval weapons and tactics make up the bulk of Lieutenant-Commander Gill's book.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Cup of Life.

Of all the vintage in the world  
One single cup of wine,  
One cup of life, one cup of death,  
One destiny is mine.

I'd not give up that special cup  
My fates have poured for me,  
For any other in all time,  
Nor all eternity.

For in my time, and in my place  
No foot has stood before.  
My taste of fortune fine or base  
No lips can know of, more.

So might I choose, I would not lose  
For neared draughts divine  
This deep-spiced vintage here and now,  
In mine own place and time.

Mine be the strength to lift it up  
In pride; drink full and free,  
And, standing, drain the mortal cup  
My fates have poured for me.

—Edith Franklin Wyatt.

For Parents of the Slain.

Weep not; they would not have us weep for them;  
Weep not; for they are as the stars that shine;  
Their glory spilt upon the darkened skies  
Can not be dimmed by frailty, yours or mine.

They can not die; shall not the best survive?  
The flower of man, too, has its seed in death;  
And as the Phoenix soars from ashen dust  
Man's spirit from the dead draws living breath.

They live with us as they shall live with men  
Throughout the ages in the times to be,  
Patriots and partners in the great enterprise  
To make and keep their cherished England free;

(Only when foul is fair and fair is foul,  
And honor falls, shall men blot out their light;  
Only when men shall call their courage crime  
Shall England know oblivion and the night.)

They shall not die so men be worthy them;  
And the high motive shining through their deed;  
So men be worthy they shall never die,  
But shall be spirit-warriors at our need.

—Charles Granville, in "Poetry."

A Song for the Men.

The kind men, my brothers, are going away to fight  
On the red fields of Flanders, where bones lieach white.  
On the rough English waters, with their terrible chance,  
In the brave air that blows above the sad land of France.

And the kind men, my brothers, will never, never know  
Of the tears I have shed. With a smile they must go—  
With a rough word spoken, or a brave Yankee jest—  
And night by night I think of them long before I rest.

For they are my brothers, and I am their kin,  
Man of money, man of God, weary man of sin,  
Grocers and lumberjacks, and carriers of the load  
And those who got our food for us by breaking the sod.

Little clerks that spent the day counting with a pen,  
Factory hands, putty-pale, and ruddy Western men  
From the ranches and the ranges, the forests or the sea—  
All have been chivalrous as kinsmen to me.

When I have been weary they have shortened the way,  
They have stood that I might rest at the end of the day  
They have lifted my burdens that my strength might not fail,  
They have told me their wisdom like a quaint old tale.

Oh, how can I honor them, who win a woman's praise,  
The men of my country who are guarding the ways  
To the goals most holy that the clean nations seek?  
Oh, how can I honor them and what can I speak?

The red fields of Flanders and the valleys of France  
And the rough English waters with their terrible chance  
Are claiming my brothers, and bravely they will go  
And the thanks I would offer they will never, never know.

For words are too weak for the weight of my pain.  
Words are too poor—I would praise them in vain—  
For the dear land they love, and for the cause they glorify,  
The kind men, my brothers, are going away—to die!

—Marguerite Wilkinson, in *New York Times*.



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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### Bottled Up in Belgium.

Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice tells us that he left New York on Sunday, January 7th, for a minimum service of six months with the American Commission for Relief in Belgium. He was the last delegate to reach the occupied country, and fate had decreed that he should not finish his six months. But he did good work, and perhaps the best part of it is his portrayal of German methods. For example, he explains the origin of the pictures of German soldiers feeding the Belgian people, pictures that have done their full share of the German propaganda:

It was a public building of some kind, a school, I think, that had been taken over by the occupying military authorities. Three sides of the open space were lined by soldiers. German officers descended the step, walked across the picture, turned, walked back again, and reascended the steps. Then more German officers, then some Bulgarian officers who had just arrived in Brussels, then more Germans. In the middle of the scene was a little line of ragged Belgian men, women, and children. They had been gathered from the near-by streets. They seemed much frightened. Appeared a dozen under officers and privates carrying loaves of bread. These they thrust into the hands of the people in the line, while in a corner the clicking camera recorded the touching scene, to be shown in Germany and Austria and in neutral countries throughout the world, of "Kind-Hearted Prussians Feeding the Belgian Populace." That was what the camera showed.

The bread belonged, of course, to the Relief Commission. Its agents had been thrust aside and their bread taken from them. "On this occasion," they were told, "our soldiers will perform your task. You can leave the loaves and go home."

The German officers could not understand why America did not seize Canada. It would be so easy. One old woman with a broomstick, replied the author, was sufficient defense for the Canadian frontier. Then the German officers thought that he was either deep or an utter fool.

We get a somewhat new view of German opinion. The news of the Russian revolution was received with gloom. Said one of the officers, "The first thing you know we will be seeing that kind of thing in Berlin." The Germans were immensely impressed with Nivelle's victory at Verdun. They thought it was the battle of the war, although due partly to luck.

We can not have too many narratives of this kind. History will be written from them.

BOTTLED UP IN BELGIUM. By Arthur B. Maurice. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.

#### Water Babies

There are two books for children so supremely good as to stand alone and unrivaled. The first is "Water Babies," and the second is "Alice in Wonderland." Why is it that they have no imitators? Can it be that the modern child actually prefers the soppy nonsense offered to it in such enormous quantities?

The J. B. Lippincott Company has rendered a service to childhood by its present beautiful

edition of "The Water Babies." It is printed in hold type and liberally illustrated in colors by Maria L. Kirk. Fortunate indeed is the child who possesses it.

THE WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35.

#### Universal Training.

There are minds that find something alluring in the vision of a nation in which every individual has been trained, indexed, classified, numbered, and tagged, in which every woman is certificated for maternity and no child can be born without a license. And yet nearly all the supremely great men of the world have been untrained, have in fact been the last men whom we ourselves would have chosen for their task.

Mr. William H. Allen would have us all trained for citizenship, and of course he would make it compulsory. He thinks there would be no trouble about the compulsion in view of our present war achievements. If we can compel a man to be trained with the rifle, why not with the vote. If we can force the citizen to learn to march, why not also to have a baby in the most efficient way.

It is possible that in our unbalanced idealism we may try to do something of the sort. There is no tyranny of which liberty is not capable, but the attempt will none the less fail. Organization and efficiency are already sadly overworked fetishes. The mechanism of the modern state is now far too complex, and we are already within measurable distance of a revulsion to a saner conception which will confine its duties within the narrowest limits. Mr. Allen may regard the inspector with his note-book as the finest work of God. Personally we are disposed to regard him, and his attendant sprite, the policeman, as the most hateful product of civilization and a portent of its destruction. The world is now at war against a state organization that has engulfed individualism. We should do well to steer ourselves away from its imitation. The supreme need of the average American after the war will be to be let alone, to forget government and to be forgotten by government so far as national defense shall permit.

UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE. By William H. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### Complete Infantry Guide.

It is easy to believe that this volume is complete, seeing that it contains over two thousand pages. It is an actual reprint of all the material contained in the twenty-five government books pertaining to infantry. It enables the infantry private or officer for the first time to obtain all this information in one, complete volume. It has the additional merit of being completely indexed. The material contained is as follows: Field Service Regulations, complete; Infantry Drill Regulations, complete; Manual of the Bayonet, complete; Manual of Interior Guard Duty, complete; Instruction for the Care and Repair of Small Arms and Ordnance Equipment, complete; Regulations for Field Manoeuvres, complete; Personal Hygiene and First Aid, selected; Manual of Physical Training, selected; Small Arms Firing Manual, complete; United States Rifle, Model 1903, complete; Uniform Regulations, U. S. Army, complete; Unit Accountability Equipment Manual, complete; Signal Book, selected; Army Ration Issue and Conversion Tables, complete; Engineer Field Manual, Parts I, II, III, V and VI; Manual of Courts-Martial, complete; General Orders, Circulars, and Bulletins of the War Department, selected; Army Regulations, complete to Changes 55, April 15, 1917; Rules of Land Warfare, complete, except text of treaties in appendix; Instructions for Assembling the Infantry Equipment, complete; Automatic Pistol, complete; Regulations for Field Firing, complete; Machine Gun Drill Regulations, complete; Tables of Organization; Model Remarks for Muster Rolls.

THE COMPLETE U. S. INFANTRY GUIDE. Arranged by Major James K. Parsons, U. S. Infantry. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$6.

#### Religious Training.

This volume by three well-known writers on religion and ethics is intended to indicate the many ways in which virtue may be taught to children. There is a careful discrimination between dogmatic religion and ethics, and an insistence upon conduct as the results of belief and the test of its validity.

Unfortunately the work is damaged by occasional references to an antiquated theology. Thus we find, "What must I do to be saved?" is the unconscious question that looks out of the eyes of youth into the faces of those who should be wise in the school of experience. Saved from what? There is no such question in the eyes of youth until it has been planted there by a gospel of fear of which we have had far too much.

Again, speaking of duties to animals, we are told: "Whether we can properly speak of 'duties' to beings that are not persons is questionable. If duties are based upon moral claims, and moral claims belong to personal

beings, then moral claims and duties are correlative, and, unless the animal is a person, we can hardly say that it has a moral claim upon us, or that we owe a duty to it." Even with the palliatives suggested by the author this remains a repellent and unethical doctrine. How does he know that animals are not "persons"? What is a "person"? What does he know, what can he know, about the consciousness of animals, or their status in the scheme of things?

RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN THE SCHOOL AND HOME. By E. Hershey Smith, George Hodges, and Henry Hallam Tweedy. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### America Among the Nations.

It is unusual among American writers on politics to find one who views our conduct and our policies from the standpoint of a "realist." We are too prone to give forth platitudes about our altruistic aims as a nation and to disclaim any imperialistic intent in our conduct toward our neighbors and the world at large. But Mr. H. H. Powers, in "American Among the Nations," has ruthlessly disturbed our self-complacency.

Without conscious intent, or at least without a deliberate purpose on the part of our people, we have branched out into world affairs on a large scale and our annexations of territory are greater than those of nations which we are taught to regard as aggressive and predatory. Furthermore we have not been consistent in our aggression. Here we alleged contiguity, there strategic interest or necessity, and sometimes the welfare of backward peoples. We may save our own conscience with the excuses given and continue to announce our high and disinterested purpose, but how must other nations look upon it? Certainly Latin America awaits with anxiety our further moves and considers as hypocritical our pious declarations of altruism.

All of the great problems of policy that confront us are discussed from the standpoint of an international observer free from cant, and the result is refreshing. This is particularly true of his treatment of Pan-Americanism. A careful reading of Mr. Powers' book would prove a much-needed tonic to our journalists who, in discussing our foreign relationships, are so accustomed to cloak their opinions with a mantle of alleged "Americanism" that prevents us from seeing things as they really are and as they appear to the world at large.

J. L.

AMERICA AMONG THE NATIONS. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### Public Speaking.

This is a publication in one volume of Professor Mosher's "The Essentials of Extempore Speaking" and "The Essentials of Effective Gesture." The author tells the would-be orator much that he ought to know and helps him to avoid the many pitfalls on his path. Too much training induces artificiality, but Professor Mosher's advice is usually on the safe side. No one could fail to profit from it.

EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING. By Joseph A. Mosher, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### Briefer Reviews.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 3 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., has issued its "Year Book for 1917, No. 6." Perhaps one may be excused for looking on this publication with a somewhat languid interest.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "A Book of Prayer for Use in the Churches of Jesus Christ," compiled by a Presbyter (\$1.25). We are told that obsolete beliefs and doctrines have not been included. The volume is finely bound in limp leather.

"Adam Bede," edited with an introduction by Laura J. Wylie, has been included in the Modern Students' Library, now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons (75 cents). This library should not be overlooked by book lovers in search of choice literature in a most attractive form.

"Amateur and Educational Dramatics," by Evelyn Hilliard, Theodora McCormick, and Kate Ogley (The Macmillan Company; \$1), is a popular treatise on the practical and technical points of the production of plays. Children's plays, the teaching of reading by means of dramatics, the dramatizing of well-known classics, the body as an instrument in dramatics, and the study of dramatics as a help in earning a livelihood are among the main topics presented.

"Earliest Man," by Frederick William Hugh Migeod, F. R. A. I., etc. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50), is an attempt to trace the physical and sociological evolution of man from the earliest ages. It is written with fascinating clearness, but the lay reader may think that it contains an undue allowance of assumption and guesswork. For example, what right have we to suppose that man's ascent since "the

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dawn" has been continuous? At the present moment we find peoples who are at their dawn and others who are at their twilight. Archaeology justifies us in believing that the same disparity existed ages ago, and civilization and savagery may always have existed side by side.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mary Dillon, the author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis," whose new novel, "Comrades," is announced by the Century Company, is one of the group of writers, including Alice Heggan Rice, Cale Young Rice, and Fanny Caldwell Macaulay, who have made St. Louis one of the literary capitals of the country. A Pennsylvanian by birth, she was a small girl in the Civil War, living in one of the border towns, and she says that the love of romance was created in her by the great events of those days.

"In powers of endurance, in ingenuity and intelligence in adapting themselves to their surroundings, in using to advantage every one of the all too few possibilities of their land, the Eskimos are, in my opinion, unequaled by any other known aboriginal race," says Rear-Admiral Peary in his new book, "The Secrets of Polar Travel." "A party of Eskimos, sent out to hunt, to scout, or to establish a depot, needs only to be told what they are going out for. It is not necessary to go into every detail of how to do it, or to caution them in regard to all the minutiae of field work and its dangers. All these things they know, and when they have started the leader may dismiss them from his mind. They will return in good condition."

The King of Italy has conferred the decoration of the Order of Saints Maurigio and Lazzaro upon Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, author of "The Life of Cavour," "The Life and Letters of John Hay," and many other distinguished works. A further honor has just come to Mr. Thayer inasmuch as he has just been elected president of the American Historical Association for 1918.

Major Ian Hay Beith, author of "All in It" and "The First Hundred Thousand," who has been lecturing in the East and through the Southern States, is coming to the Pacific Coast to continue his work. Mrs. Beith, who is in this country for the first time, will accompany the major.

Harry Butters, the young California boy who was killed fighting on the Somme and whose letters were collected and edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and recently published by the John Lane Company, was the great-grandson of Samuel Woodworth of Scituate, Massachusetts, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," a song dear to every American heart.

The champion aviator now is a Canadian. Major Bishop of the British Royal Flying Corps holds the record for successful air fighting. In 110 airplane battles he has brought down forty-seven German planes. Major Bishop has recorded his thrilling experiences in the air in a book, which the George H. Doran Company has in preparation for publication some time this spring.

"Do not use enemy language! 'Adieu' is French; say instead 'Auf ein Rechtzeitiges-frohes baldiges Wiedersehen.'" This, an "Exchanged Officer" tells us, is one of the notices posted in German hospitals. His book, "Wounded and a Prisoner of War," just published by the George H. Doran Company, is one of the most engaging as well as one of the most scathing of war narratives. First Patient No. 7, Hôpital Civil, Cambray, then a prisoner at Würzburg, and from Würzburg exchanged to England, this officer writes of his experiences with high literary merit and studious moderation.

The number of students enrolled in German classes at the University of Wisconsin has decreased 42.9 per cent. this year and the number studying French has increased 14.2 per cent., according to a report recently prepared by Dean E. A. Birge of the college of letters and science. The number of teachers in the two departments shows a proportionate change.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Japanese Art Symbols.

This is a handbook of Japanese art motives and contains copious extracts from well-known writers. The author has apparently no acquaintance with the languages of Japan or China and so risks much in assuming conversancy with the classic art terms of those countries. The book, in fact, abounds in error traceable to that cause. Mistakes both in substance and in form fairly bristle throughout the pages and deprive the volume of any serious claim to be considered a safe guide or authority on matters of Oriental art. The book contains much on Buddhist subjects; gardens, flower arrangement, and tea ceremony are perfunctorily touched upon, and a chapter on crests is interesting, but quite fragmentary. The author begins with "The Plants (*sic*) of the Four Seasons." In art language plants (*uyeki*) are never enumerated—only flowers, grasses, and trees. "The seven plants (*sic*) of autumn" are next given. This is not a category known to art. "The seven autumn grasses" is the classic term, and the only possible rendering of *aki no nana kusa*. On page 4 *shi kunshi* is said to mean the four gentlemen or four princes. This is erroneous. The term *kunshi* was first used by Confucius to indicate the superman or paragon, and subsequently To En Mei and other literary celebrities conferred that title upon the chrysanthemum, the plum blossom, the orchid, and the bamboo, which were thus constituted the group called, in art language, "the Four Paragons." Our author is again in great error in stating that the pine tree forms one of this classic group. No greater impeachment of the art traditions of a thousand years or more was ever ventured. Such heresy if mentioned to an Oriental artist would drive him distracted.

On page 9 we are told that the bamboo and tiger symbolize safety! That a tiger in any combination should suggest safety is a novel idea. The author declares the art term appropriate to such a painting is *Take no Toro*. But that means "a bamboo lantern." *Take ni* *Tora* is doubtless what was intended, as that is the classic term for a painting of a tiger and bamboo. On page 12 the plum tree is said to be one of the three friends of winter. We question that, since the plum blossoms symbolize spring, both in Chinese and Japanese art. On page 14 the pith and point of the dainty story of the red-blossomed plum tree are completely lost by the author's unfortunate rendering of the words *o shuku bai* to mean "the plum home," instead of "the plum tree dwelling of the nightingale."

Such are the pitfalls awaiting the venturesome writer on Japanese art motives who is not at home in the niceties of Japanese art terms. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. On page 9 the author tells us the sparrow on the bamboo sings *chu, chu*, the Japanese (*sic*) word for loyalty. That is a mistake. Strictly speaking the word is Chinese. On the other hand, on page 15, we are instructed that *takara* is the Chinese word for treasure. Another unpardonable mistake, for the word is pure Japanese, dating back to Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor. On page 163 the seven gods of good luck, *Shichi fuku jin*, are mistakenly styled *shi ki fuku jin*, which means the luck gods of the four seasons, an unknown term in art. On page 115 these divinities are called the seven household gods, an erroneous translation of the word *fuku*, which means lucky and does not mean household.

On page 51 the familiar term *oni harai*, casting out devils, is changed to *oni yarai*, which is meaningless. On the last page of the introduction Benkei, the famous historical character, is referred to as Benkai, while the powerful Buddhist sect, Shingon, is given on page 174 as Shignon. Mikatsuki mayuge, a poetic expression comparing a lady's eyebrows

to the arch of the new moon, is given on page 215 as *mikatsuki mansiye*, which is meaningless. Our author seems to have been to a feast of reason and carried away the crumbs.

The tea plant is put in capitals on page 33 as *cha no ri*. What that means is a puzzle. Possibly *cha no ki* was intended. *Shime Nawa*, the Shinto symbol, is stated in several places (pages 22, 121) to signify a straw rope. On the contrary it is the term used for a rope with tufts of three, five, and seven straws inserted at regular intervals.

On page 200 *Go Hei*, the symbol of purity, we are told means the August Presence of the Deity. The words mean August presents, the Chinese character for Hei indicating the kind of offering, namely, woven material. *Mokugyo*, our author says, means fish. *Gyo* means fish, but *Mokugyo* signifies a wooden fish. On page 70 we find *kuradai* for *kuradai*. On page 167, *soku suki* for *soku seki*. On page 45, *susumi*, which means progress, for *tsutsumi*, a hand drum. Other blunders in the way of gibberish are manifold, e. g., on page 194, *soku ryo dana*. On page 188, *tabarai no kagami*, etc.

The author appears to assume that any distortions of art terms will pass unchallenged. In concluding our criticism of this book we are compelled to add that paragraphs have been appropriated bodily from a volume of accepted authority, "On the Laws of Japanese Painting," but our author has omitted to make any acknowledgments. Such practice is considered a violation of literary proprieties.

JAPANESE ART SYMBOLS. By M. R. Allen. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## New Books Received.

MARY REGAN. By Leroy Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.  
A novel.

LETTERS OF A CANADIAN STRETCHER-BEARER. By R. A. L. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.  
Stories of personal experience.

THE NEW WARFARE. By G. Blanchon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.  
An exposition of war forces.

HAND TO HAND FIGHTING. By A. E. Marriott. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.  
A system of personal defense.

CAMPAIGNS AND INTERVALS. By Jean Giraudoux. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.  
Experiences during campaigns on the western front and at the Dardanelles.

NAVAL POWER IN THE WAR. By Charles Clifford Gill. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.  
A record of the naval grand tactics of the war.

THE HOMELY DIARY OF A DIPLOMAT IN THE EAST, 1897-1899. By Thomas Skelton Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.  
With a foreword by Sara Yorke Stevenson, Sc. D., Litt. D. Illustrated.

TRACKLESS REGIONS. By G. O. Warren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.25.  
A volume of verse.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.  
A novel.

EZRA POUND. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.  
His metric and poetry.

THE WILLY-NICKY CORRESPONDENCE. By Herman Bernstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.  
Being the secret and intimate telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Tsar.

WHAT IS FAIR. By William G. Raymond, C. E., LL. D. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.  
A study of some problems of public utility regulation.

THE BROWN BRETHREN. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.  
A war story.

NORMAN PRINCE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.  
A memoir.

Canon Parfit of Jerusalem, who described himself as "Vicar of Mesopotamia and Rural Dean of the Garden of Eden," told a few Eastern tales in London the other day. He said that when he first saw his "charge" the scenery did not impress him. The people were poverty-stricken and begged for "bak-sheesh," the children were "brilliantly clad in olive oil and the sweetest of smiles." A soldier, writing home, said the heat was so intense that the population were feeding their fowls on ice-cream to prevent them from laying hard-boiled eggs. Another, referring to scorpions and mosquitoes, said: "Everything in the garden's lovely (I don't think). It wouldn't take a flaming sword to drive me out of it." At Bagdad, the pontoon bridge having been washed away, the Sultan determined he would build a new one, so he set about raising the money. The people were whipped and blackmailed into parting with \$200,000. The bridge cost \$20,000; the tax-gatherer pocketed the rest.

In the Forth bridge there is a horizontal pull of 10,000 tons on the chief spans and a weight of 100,000 tons on their bases. Half a dozen British ironclads might be hung upon them without causing any undue strain.

## THE CZAR IN SIBERIA.

## He Lives a Commonplace Sort of Existence.

From the windows of his flat at Tobolsk, Nicholas Romanoff, ex-Czar of the country, can look out on the sheds in which legions of the best Russians were in turn lodged like animals, while waiting to be forwarded to their living death in the Siberian mines.

One of the 200,000 men and women whom the Czar sent to Siberia has recorded that he would rather spend twenty years in any other part of Siberia than one in Tobolsk.

And the melancholy of the Siberian town has gripped the former Czar (says Rubino Bishkoff in the Toronto *Sunday World*).

From a household expenditure of royal size he has now been reduced to \$1000 a year. From having twenty palaces at his command he has been cut down to a fourteen-room flat.

In this very dreary provincial town of 45,000 inhabitants he and his family are naturally the chief objects of interest. His daughters are free to come and go as they please, and from them the townspeople have learned about life in the Romanoff household. The officers guarding him also mingle freely with the principal townspeople.

Tobolsk is credited with having the worst climate in Siberia. It lies in the midst of an endless swamp, and has been called the "City of the Dead."

The house is a red brick building, with a sloping green roof. It is not in the aristocratic quarter of the city, which lies on higher ground on the further side of the River Tobol. The lower floor of the house is occupied by a company of soldiers and their officers, selected on account of their loyalty to the cause of revolution.

Nicholas and the former Czarina are allowed a room each, two rooms are put aside for the four daughters, and one for Alexis, the former heir apparent. There is a dining-room, a kitchen, a general living-room, and the rest of the flat is given over to the servants. The government allows the Romanoffs four servants—a butler and three women.

The Romanoff flat at Tobolsk has no bathroom, no running water, hot or cold, no steam heat, no gas or electric light. Luxurious baths were a distinctive feature of the Czar's favorite palaces. The apartment is heated by the stoves, and the wood for heating is carried upstairs daily. The climate of Tobolsk is extremely cold during nine months of the year. The water for the household is pumped up from a well and is carried into the house in buckets.

There is no garden about the house—only a small yard, which has been shut off from prying eyes by a high fence. This offers no attraction to the Czar as a place of exercise, although he is fond of gardening. There is a balcony on the house facing east, and here the Czar and Czarina obtain their only fresh air on ordinary days. The windows of the Czar's private room look out on those of an old cobbler across the street.

Nicholas and his wife are thus kept really prisoners within their flat. They are only allowed out for the purpose of attending service in the Cathedral of the Annunciation or the monastery or going to the public baths. They attend divine service twice every Sunday and on religious anniversaries of importance. They attend the public baths once a week.

Whenever they go out they are followed by four officers of the guard and others are within call. The entire guard consists of 400 soldiers of proved revolutionary sympathies. They watch the dethroned family night and day, working in four watches, 100 men being always on duty at a time.

## AUSTRIAN CRUELITIES TO WOMEN.

(The following letter was written by F. Sefton Delmer from Berne, Switzerland, to a correspondent in America.)

Through the courtesy of the British consul at Berne, I today had a talk with some women who have recently come to Switzerland from the Austrian internment camp at Katzenan, near Lina. Several British among them, born in Trieste.

I spoke to them separately. Their accounts correspond in all essential points. For the sake of conciseness I will summarize by letting one speak for all.

"After many hardships," said my informant, "our unhappy company, some 5000 in all—men, women, and children—huddled together in cattle trucks with hardly standing room, reached Kaztergom, in Hungary. We had to sleep three nights in an open field in the wind and cold, for no provision had been made for shelter. Some of us had enamel washing basins, and we sat in them all night to keep off the wet ground. A Captain Gurney and two other Englishmen nobly gave up their overcoats to children.

"On the fourth day tents were given to us, but many of the people died, especially from

dysentery. Then we were all put into cattle trucks again by this cruel and stupid government and sent far away to Wielandsthal.

"Never shall I forget that journey of five days' misery across Austria—crowded together without food or drink and without sleep, some of the children screaming and many of the people sick, no exit at the stopping places from the locked wagons, no lavatories of any kind, and no mercy from anybody. Even the lewd women among us were ashamed.

"In Wielandsthal the group that I belonged to was confined day and night in a disused and damp wine-cellar. We had straw to sleep on, but there were eighty of us in that room 20 feet by 25 feet. When we had for bodily necessities to go out into the open field a soldier accompanied us and stood by our side. We had to sleep sitting on the straw, one propped against the other, and all night the children kept crying.

"Some of the people wept in their dreams, some snored loudly, some prayed, some cursed in languages we were thankful not to understand, and the lewd women sang and shouted. And at the terrible sights of the depraved children had to look on.

"We were next transferred to Rosendorf and confined in old buildings on a little island in the river. Many of the people were ill and listless, and soldiers used the butts of their rifles to make them understand. The hero of our prison was a Serbian doctor, Milan Stockovitch, who devoted himself night and day to tending the sick. We had no water to wash with, and had slept always in our clothes. What wonder that the straw was crawling with lice and that we scratched ourselves all night. We women cut off our hair, but it did not help much.

"This lasted two months, and then the straw was burned and the place was washed with lysol. We got fresh clothes, and Dr. Stockovitch inspected everybody. In the depth of the winter of 1916 we women—350 in all—were removed, I am thankful to say, to a dilapidated old castle at Karolstein. The rooms were full of snow at first, but soon the roof was repaired. Finally we were put together with men again at the great camp at Katzenau in specially erected wooden barracks, with a separate barracks for women. Here at present there are 8000, chiefly Russians, Italians, and Serbians, and also some English. The Italians come from the Trentino and are starving and dying. The English barracks is damp and unhealthy and the wood full of bugs. Many of the inmates are ill and the doctors are no better than butchers.

"The barracks are built of green wood full of wide cracks through the heat of the sun. As they have no coal, many will die this winter unless something is done. Seven hundred have tuberculosis and are getting worse. The commandant, Baron Ritter, is an inhumane tyrant, and complaints from prisoners are not permitted by the censor."

Recent writers have called attention to the fact that December last was the sixty-seventh anniversary of the installation of the first bathtub in the White House at Washington. There was no stationary bathtub, with the necessary attachments, in the White House when President Millard Fillmore took up his residence there in 1850 on the death of Zachary Taylor. Although a man born under the poorest circumstances, and entirely self-educated, he seemed to have become accustomed to the niceties of life by the time that he reached Washington, and before he had been very long in the White House he insisted upon being furnished with the same means of performing his ablutions that he had enjoyed while comptroller of the State of New York, and afterwards as Vice-President. It was not until six months after his installation at the White House that the bathroom, the bathtub, and the plumbing arrangements were completed, the event being noted with due regard to its importance by the Washington newspapers, with the result that the provincial and rural press took up the matter and fiercely assailed President Fillmore for his luxurious habits, and for his departure from the democratic simplicity of his predecessors in office. Today there are plenty of bathrooms and bathtubs in the White House. Even the servants' quarters are provided therewith.

The deficiency of sugar in the Turin district of Italy has created an incentive for studying the question of substitutes, and the Italian government has caused to be manufactured a type of loaf sugar combined with saccharin. The question of obtaining sweetening substances from plants and fruits has naturally been studied by scientists, and a new product called "honey of grapes" has been produced by a special process and patented apparatus by Professor Monti. By means of this process a grape sugar resembling honey is secured through evaporation. It has a great advantage over other sugar substances in that it contains no water, and therefore does not change in quality even if kept for a long period.

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## SHAKESPEARE AT THE COLUMBIA.

There is an awful, a desolate, a heart-sickening slump in the theatrical business of New York. Plays and productions are dying daily, or rather nightly. So we learn from the New York journals. And if this is true of New York, the ramparted citadel of the show business, what must we think and fear as to how it stands, or may stand, in the rapidly approaching future, in other communities—our own, for instance?

I confess that I went to the opening night of the Shakespeare season at the Columbia with considerable apprehension. Shakespeare; nobody seems to be thinking of him nowadays. Yet Mr. Kellard in a curtain speech he made on Monday night, referring to the superstition that Shakespearean drama does not pay, declared himself so well satisfied with the success of this tour, which extended to Canada and the states and territories of the Northwest, and of which he is now on the home stretch, that he and Shakespeare would remain permanently in the field together. And the size and aspect of the auditorium-filling audience seemed to hear him out in his convictions. Mr. Kellard, who apparently is his own producer, shows, however, excellent common sense in a number of details which are contributory to his success. He is well aware that an appreciable part of the theatre-going public always can be relied on to turn out for Shakespearean drama. And of course he is equally aware that this not inconsiderable fraction of the theatre-going public does not include the frivolous or wealthy group of amusement seekers. Therefore he is not obliged to extend his substance on realistic scenic detail or costly costumes. Nor will he reach his special public by engaging high-priced players and, as a consequence, raising the price of seats. So he has a company made up largely of young nobodies. But these young nobodies have been well tutored in giving the Shakespearean verse; perhaps by Mr. Kellard himself, who reads his lines most beautifully. As to the costumes, they conform to the traditions, being harmonious in color and design, but constructed of cheap materials. I sat close enough to the stage to get out of the realm of illusion, and I found them entirely satisfactory. So with the scenery, which is all on painted drops, and gave us quite adequately the illusion of the vaulted passages, arched doorways, and tapestried rooms of state of an ancient stone castle.

Mr. Kellard was handicapped on the opening night by a hideous cold. He is neither young, nor beautiful, nor graceful. He has the countenance of a literary lawyer, and, for a man who has been so long before the public, shows a surprising lack of grace both in hearing and gait. Nor is he able to endow his Hamlet with princely charm. There is also a certain lack of mobility of expression to his features. Yet, despite all these handicaps, he presented a Hamlet in keeping with the best traditions. He is not an inspired actor, but he has dignity and authority. His reading of the Shakespearean verse is, as I have said, particularly beautiful, and although his voice was partly clouded by a cold, its intonations were full of melodious charm. When, however, he raises it in fiery apostrophe, his spirit does not seem to attain to proportionate heights. He is almost too calm a player, and fails to quicken our pulses by a single heat. It is the ear he charms and the understanding, for he does not give a single phrase without making it musical and its meaning clear. Yet he so vitalized the character that he made good the claim that he presents Shakespearean characters as simply and normally human. In spite of the youth of the major part of his company, not a single lonely little rant lifted up its head; no, not one, the whole evening through. The audience was enjoying its Shakespeare, even when the young tyros in the company—or some of them, at any rate—held the stage centre. They are lucky, these young things, to have a whack at Shakespeare under a master before they are forced to settle down to the deadly dullness of long runs in purely superficial drama of the American stage. How they must love it, wearing the sock and buskin, letting out their fine young voices in the noble imagery of the Shakespearean verse,

and horrifying an Old World aspect for their twentieth-century features from plumed cap and flowing locks. Why, there was a young actor there—Charles Norman in the rôle of Horatio—who looked like an own brother to Dante; due, I suppose, to a particular kind of nose, a particular kind of wig, and Shakespearean costume. Parker Fennelly as Laertes was quite a picture, although he was not quite up to the rest in the reading of his lines. I rather imagine that the pretty boy was too conscious of his fatal beauty and his Tellegen profile.

Margaret Bulkeley, who played the rôle of Ophelia, is extremely young; I don't believe she is a minute over seventeen. She struck me as a malleable, adaptable, intelligent young creature who has a feeling for poetry and a sense of rhythm. She has been carefully trained, and though her Ophelia was too immature in feeling to give adequate expression to the touching pathos of the gentle maiden, uprooted like a tender flower in the storm of contending destinies, yet we accepted her, in spite of her limitations, as a creditable part of that soher but genuine realization of Shakespearean drama which Mr. Kellard is giving us.

The more experienced players in the company, among them Miss Georgiana Wilson as the queen and Messrs. Henderson, Hubbell, and Smiley as Claudius, the Ghost, and Polonius, were valuable aids to Mr. Kellard in the scenes in which they figured. Mr. Henderson's reading of his lines in a fine, sonorous voice was particularly enjoyable, and Miss Wilson's Gertrude was better than the frequently rigid, traditional papier maché queen, in that she bestowed on Claudius' royal partner a womanly grace and graciousness of manner that made her, by just so much, less of a walking statue and more of a woman.

That, in fact, seemed to be the keynote of the performance; a spirit of devotion to the beauty and grandeur of the poetry, mingled with the perception that all these nobles and royalties whose emotions were being interpreted for them are as simple, normal, and human as ourselves.

## THE AMERICAN TENOR.

Henri La Bonté looks, as a man with such a name should, as if he were of Gallic origin. The young tenor has also something of a Gallic temperament, if we may judge from that charmingly rendered encore sung in French, in which, sitting at the piano, he smilingly faced his audience and, by invoking that mysterious histrionic magic which we on the outside can recognize without understanding its processes, transformed himself into quite another being; the gallant Parisian habitué of some Bohemian interior, pouring forth tender provocations into the ear of an attentive charmer.

He is something of a charmer himself, this merry, smiling youth, with his fine musical gift, his marked dramatic instinct, the bubble of his temperament, and his young, fresh, virile tenor with its fruit-like sweetness, its flexibility, its rich and varied expressiveness, and its floods of reserve power. McCormack will have to look to his laurels, for this young figure of musical versatility, unless we are very much mistaken, is going to capture the public and make a big name.

For Mr. La Bonté has other gifts beside his youth and his fine voice: magnetism, temperament, originality, the modern spirit, and a marked gift for interpretation, partly due to his fresh and abounding sympathies.

And he knows what kind of a programme to get up; one that, in its earlier phases, captures and disarms the conservatives, while in the second part the wily youth, having won the indulgence of his auditors with selections from Handel, Schubert, and Schumann, and with an aria from "La Bohème," springs upon them the unconventional lyrics of such modern and thoroughly American composers as F. T. Burleigh, Landon Ronald, A. Walter Kramer, and Charles Wakefield Cadman, interpreting the works of these progressives in art with such a thrill of youth and sympathy and such a graphic power to enter into the emotions of the composer as only the horn artist can feel.

There was an agreeable absence of conventionality to the programme that fitted into the individuality of the singer, so that when, with a sunny smile and a delightful brogue, he sang "A Bit o' Heaven" for an encore, we accepted it with keen pleasure; as a wail and a stray, it is true, but which won its welcome by its special winsomeness.

Now, can any one imagine a greater diversity of style and class than lies between this popular song and Vereline's "Repentir" in its exquisite musical setting? Yet, with his almost infallible instinct for sympathetic interpretation, Mr. La Bonté sang this latter number as if he were both composer and poet; sang it in most musical French, etching the Vereline picture with its contrasting calm and storm deeply into our consciousness.

The two operatic arias he sang with Italian

fervor, his voice evincing that ability to soar and to thrill the receptivities into emotional response which is indispensable to the operatic singer.

A curiously interesting feature of the programme was the group of "Negro Spirituals," songs expressive of the intense, primitive faith of the African slave; a faith which the young tenor was able to convey quite wonderfully both in inspired look and fervent tone. The longing in the simple word "home" when he sang the line, "Swing low, sweet chariot, g'wine to carry 'me home," recalled the home longing in Gogorza's voice when, in "Requiescat," he sang of "the hunter home from the hill."

Altogether, we are called upon to chronicle the advent into the concert field of a newcomer who is bound to make himself heard and appreciated; one who has freshness of feeling, freshness of spirit, freshness of voice; one who is also something of what James Huneker calls "an anarchy in art," and is not afraid to charge upon and topple over dusty old gods of concert conventionalities whose overthrow will please that part of the American public that prefers the majority of songs on the concert programmes to be sung in its own language.

## ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

Last week we had a particularly entertaining programme at this increasingly popular little playhouse. Two comedies and a romantic drama kept us in high good humor. "The Harvest," by T. W. Hanshaw, was extremely interesting, although very plainly inspired by Pinero's "His House in Order"; the faithless wife, the child, the letters from her lover, the hiding-place, the lover's firmly established position as family friend, the devotion to his child, the belief by all in the child's legitimacy, the death of the false one, all figured in the Pinero play. The romantic part played by the fine, soldierly figure of the husband is a Miss Braddon touch that Pinero did not permit, the husband in "His House in Order" being rather a prig, and very much under the domination of a determined sister-in-law. In fact, things were so uncomfortable in "His House in Order" that we quite forgave wife number one for getting even with destiny; and, besides, her transgression fitted in extremely well with the needs of wife number two, besides giving a lasting black eye to the insolent pretensions of the 'in-laws. The French companion is a bit of stage stereotype belonging to the epoch when histrionic adventuresses were by all the laws of stage convention obliged to be French. Queer, is it not, and rather satisfactory, too, to realize the passing of such established errors as that scheming and dark and devious ways are a characteristic of the French. In the new future the two halves of the world are, we hope and believe, going to understand each other better than ever before. And so it is probable that with the vanishing of the comedy drunkard will pass away the stage Irishman and the stage Frenchwoman.

In "The Dear Departed" by Stanley Houghton, we are permitted a satirical view of the calculating quickness with which a cold-hearted and selfish daughter on the supposed death of her father begins, metaphorically speaking, a fitting of the family feet to the dead man's shoes. The play is both written and acted in realistic style, there being just a slight touch of comedy exaggeration to the character of the Slater husband, in which rôle Mr. Morrison demonstrated his usefulness. This late comer, however, seems more of a character actor than a leading man or a juvenile. He does not fit into youthful or romantic parts, and if the twenty-week season were not drawing so near to its close we would feel the departure of Mr. Howard to be a decided impairment of the personnel of the company.

"The Marriage Lease," by Hohart Lee, dated 1928, foresees a future in which marriage contracts are dissolved by the legally expressed desire of the contractors. Its principal feature is the character of the husband, a fresh, breezy, slangy, rather argumentative, or at least expository sort of an individual, briskly and breezily impersonated by Mr. Maitland. Miss Sullivan made but a brief appearance in the play, during which she represented very prettily a young wife at the epochal moment when she has a secret of absorbing mutual interest to whisper in her husband's ear. This moment, of course, the audience enjoyed extremely, as also the up-to-date and slangy discourse of the husband, who was advancing many arguments in proof of his contention that a childless marriage is no marriage at all. Whether or not childlessness is to be regarded as a reproach a decade hence was not made quite clear, but the author succeeded in handling his subject humorously and without offense. I suppose that in mixing up a possible legacy and approaching fatherhood as motives to prevent the husband from serving the legal notice the author may have wished to indicate what

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manner of man would he developed in unions of the kind. At any rate, he makes him out to be a brisk, cheerful, common-sensical individual who likes his wife very much, but hasn't the faintest conception of what constitutes real affection or genuine devotion.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The shortage of fodder in Holland is affecting the health of livestock because of substitutions—in some cases fatally. Recently reports have been frequent of the death of stall-fed animals attributed to spoiled or otherwise unwholesome food. In many such cases the animals have been freely given acorns, chestnuts, and beechnuts, unshelled and uncooked. All of these nuts, it is said, in their natural state have poisonous elements, especially in the shells. It is said that horses have died within twenty-four hours after eating raw and unshelled beechnuts in considerable quantities, the stomach and intestines being fatally disordered. Experts advise that nuts be fed to stock in limited quantities, not more than a kilo (twenty-two pounds) at the utmost per day, and that only after they have been shelled and boiled, care being taken to throw away the boiling water. It is remarkable, however, that nuts can be fed more freely to pigs than to other animals, and that besides they are very fattening.

One of the biggest artificial lights in the world is the 50,000,000 candle-power light installed at the Falls of Niagara. When this gigantic installation was made it was claimed to be the nearest approach to real sunshine ever devised by man. But recently some statisticians have amused themselves by computing how little this "nearest approach" really means. They estimate that to equal the sunshine it would require just 31,500,000, 000,000,000,000 lights as large as that at Niagara.

Young Author—How can I make money with the pen? Friend—Start in raising pigs.—Town Topics.



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COLUMBIA THEATRE, next Friday aft., at 3  
MARGARET NAMARA, Soloist.  
Cesar Franck Symph.; Oberhoffer, "Romantic" Overture; Sibelius, "Valse Triste" and "Finlandia"; Rimsky-Korsakow, "Caprice Espagnol," etc.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE, Sunday morning, Feb. 10, at 10:45—Special Programme.

WERREN RATH, Soloist.  
Tschalkowsky, "Manfred" Symph. (first time here); "Magic Flute"; Mozart; Berlioz, "Rakoczy" March, etc.  
Tickets—Columbia: \$2, \$1.50 \$1; Tivoli: \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 50c, at usual offices.

## OAKLAND CONCERTS

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE  
Saturday Aft., Feb. 9—Tschalkowsky Fifth Symph.; "Mignon" Overture, "Caprice Espagnol"; Rimsky-Korsakow; Dobnanyi, "Romance"; Cello Concerto, Van Gens. VAN VLIET, Soloist. Tickets 50c to \$1.50, at usual offices.

Saturday Eve, Feb. 9—Artist's Concert, Music Teachers' Series. Special Programme.



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Florent Schmitt's "Rhapsodie Viennoise" will be repeated on the afternoon of February 3d, when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will give its ninth regular Sunday symphony concert at the Cort.

Schmitt is a brilliant French composer who has, in the "Rhapsodie Viennoise," taken a charming Viennese waltz and elaborated it in most extraordinary fashion for the modern orchestra. The composition was originally written as a piano, four hands, piece.

A work of unusual interest is that of Albert's arrangement of a Prelude and Fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach. Between these movements Albert has introduced a Choral of his own composition, which is also worked into the Fugue, the latter originally composed by Bach for the organ.

Debussy's popular "Afternoon of a Faun," based on the symbolic poem, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," by Stephane Mallarme; the Symphony in E flat major, by Mozart, one of three most famous symphonies by that composer, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be the remaining offerings.

A Wagner-Tschaikowsky programme will be offered at the ninth "Pop" concert, to be given Sunday afternoon, February 10th, at the Cort. San Francisco music lovers have

shown genuine enthusiasm over the works of these masters when interpreted by Hertz, and the theatre will undoubtedly be jammed for the occasion.

These will be the Wagner offerings: Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin"; "Kling-sor's Magic Garden and the Flower Maidens," from "Parsifal"; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Götterdämmerung"; Prelude and Love Death, from "Tristan and Isolde"; "Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla," from "Das Rheingold." The Tschaikowsky part of the programme will be devoted to the following: "Nutmacker Suite"; Theme and Variations from Suite No. 4; overture, "The Year 1812."

Concert-goers are urged to secure tickets well in advance, for the demand will unquestionably be enormous.

## Yvette Guilbert in Three Different Programmes.

France's great artist, Yvette Guilbert, will give three entirely different programmes of song and recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, next Wednesday night, and Saturday afternoon next, February 9th.

Mme. Guilbert's programmes are of extraordinary interest. Each of the three are skillfully composed, and contain works of particular interest and charm. Tomorrow she will present her great new character of "Pierrot," the different interpretations of which comprise an allegorical review of France's appeal for a better understanding in the world. The legend of the miracle of St. Bertha, the armless servant, given arms to assist in the birth of Christ, and the ballad of the wicked rich will also be given, as well as a number of her most popular song successes, including "Ah, Ah, Ah, mariez vous," "La voila la Rosée," "Le Lien Serré," etc. On Wednesday night the programme includes "Chansons des Mes débuts," "Le Chat noir et Montmartre," given with an introduction in English by Mme. Guilbert, Chansons types de Montmartre, Chansons types de Paris Nocturne, Chansons types du Quartier Latin, and among the songs that will be rendered are "Le Jeune Homme triste," "La Soularde," "A La Vilette," "La Pierreuse," "L'Apache," "Les quatre z' étudiants," "L'Hotel No. 3," "T'en Souviens-tu?" "L'Idiot," and "La Glu." On Saturday she will devote her programmed works to numbers concerning the army and navy of France, including the period before Joan of Arc, periods of Francis First, Henry Fourth, Louis XIV and Louis XVI, and Napoleon I, concluding with "La Marseillaise."

Emily Gresser, the beautiful young violinist who was assisting artist to Mme. Guilbert last season, will again appear on all the programmes, filling in charmingly the time that Mme. Guilbert is utilizing in the changing of her costumes. Maurice Eisner, the talented accompanist, will preside at the piano. Tickets for the Guilbert recitals are on sale at the usual ticket offices. The events are under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer.

## Final Week of John E. Kellard.

In announcing the repertory for the second and final week of the engagement at the Columbia Theatre of John E. Kellard, who has gained so prominent a place in the esteem of San Francisco theatre-goers by his artistic and scholarly interpretation of Hamlet, Shylock, and Macbeth during the present week, particular attention is called to his performance of "Othello," which has been considered to be most striking. Like all of Mr. Kellard's interpretations it is dominated by the brain rather than brawn, as it displays the varying moods of the noble, heart-beaten soldier who, being himself incapable of deceit, is easily made its victim. "Othello," which will be presented on Monday night, will be followed on Tuesday by "The Bells." The order of the plays for the second week will be "Othello" on Monday night, "The Bells" on Tuesday night, "Othello" at the Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice" on Wednesday night, "Macbeth" on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee, "Hamlet" on Friday night, and "The Bells," preceded by the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," on Saturday night.

The Boston English Grand Opera Company in a varied repertory will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening a two weeks' engagement on Monday night, February 11th.

## Harry Lauder at the Cort.

Harry Lauder comes to the Cort Theatre for an engagement limited to six night and five matinee performances, beginning Monday night, February 4th. It is announced as Lauder's final visit to San Francisco.

Lauder will sing new and old songs as only he can sing them. Among the new ones is an American patriotic song, written especially for him, and sung by him for the first time for President Wilson four weeks ago in Washington. It is called "Marching with the

President North, East, South, and West." It abounds in that patriotic fervor which Lauder knows so well how to interpret. It is unlikely that Cort audiences will let him go from the stage until he has given such songs as "She's Ma Daisy" and "I Love a Lassie," songs which first made for Lauder's popularity.

Lauder appears at the head of a great vaudeville aggregation, the finest that his manager, William Morris, has ever marshaled. The company includes the Arnaut Brothers, famous musical clowns from the New York Hippodrome; Cleo Gascoyne, a diminutive prima donna with a wonderful voice; the Five Kitamuras, Japanese wonder-workers; Adelaide Bell and Arnold Grazer, dancers, and Francis Renault, extraordinary impersonator of feminine rôles.

The great film masterpiece, Theda Bara in "Cleopatra," comes to the Cort for the week beginning Sunday, February 10th.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

There will be seven entirely new acts and only one holdover in next week's Orpheum bill.

Emma Carus has starred in so many musical successes that it would require an extraordinary memory to enumerate them. More recently, however, she has been identified with "The Broadway Honeymoon" and "Up and Down Broadway." She is one of the few genuine comedienne who can at will compel laughter and is always a delight to both eye and ear. Miss Carus is assisted by Larry Comer, who has been styled the "Beau Brummel of Songland."

"Love Thy Neighbor (Altruism)" is the title of the most recent Washington Square Players' success. Its author is Benjamin Glazer, and like most good plays its story is simple. It is that society is kinder to animals than to human beings. The rescue of a child is a matter of the underworld, the rescue of milady's pet dog is a matter of social distinction. All the characters in the cast are types. There is the beggar, the townsman, the artist, the child, the waiter, a workman, and various other people from different conditions of life.

Stan Stanley will present one of the funniest acts in vaudeville. Mr. Stanley is a real comedian.

Ben Bernie and Phil Baker are musicians, one being a violinist and the other an accordionist. They specialize in ragtime.

Adelaide Boothby, whose forte is novelty songs and travesty, is a charming and versatile girl. She sings well and is an arch and vivacious comedienne. Her songs are written for her by Charles Everdean, who not only accompanies her at the piano, but also exhibits his skill as a soloist on that instrument.

Isabelle D'Armond, the favorite singing ingénue, assisted by Darrell, will present "The Demi-Tasse Revue," written for her by Addison Burkhart.

Selma Braatz, the renowned lady juggler, will give an attractive, novel, and remarkable performance.

The only holdover on this great new bill will be the Marx Brothers and their company in the musical comedy, "Home Again."

## Henri La Bonté.

Henri La Bonté, who until last Sunday was a stranger in our midst, will be heard in song recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, February 5th, at 8:30 sharp. In order that every music lover, no matter how slim his purse, will have an opportunity of hearing Mr. La Bonté's recital Frank W. Healy, under whose management he is appearing in the West, has made a most economical scale of prices. There are 500 seats at 50 cents each and a like number at \$1 and \$1.50. There will be no \$2 seats. That Mr. La Bonté's singing will give pleasure to the greatest number possible he has arranged a programme that can not fail to please every one in attendance. There will be operatic and oratorio arias and the most melodious and humorous English and Irish songs. There are no negro spirituals programmed, but they will be given as encores. Willem Spoor, the Holland pianist, will be Mr. La Bonté's assisting artist and Gyula Ormay will be his accompanist. As a tenor of virile force and bold vocal style, of subtle intelligence and magnetic temperament, and as a singer for the multitude and musicians alike Henri La Bonté has few equals.

## The St. Francis Little Theatre.

George Sterling, noted California poet, has written a one-act play especially for the St. Francis Little Theatre, and it will have its initial presentations on Tuesday evening, February 5th, and on the Wednesday afternoon immediately following in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, under the direction of Arthur Maitland.

Sterling's play is called "The Dryad," and it is a light fantasy dealing with the endeavors



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of the nymph of the woods to learn the things of the world from a very worldly and thoroughly mortal married man. The poet has invested his conceit with exquisite drollery and delicious humor. Sterling's touch is light and exuberant, and the little play should attract many of his admirers. Miss Ruth Hammond will bring her charm to the rôle of the dryad. Albert Morrison will play opposite.

The offerings for the forthcoming performances will further include "The Poor Fool" and "The Rider of Dreams." "The Poor Fool" is a psychological study by Herman Bahr, author of "The Concert," "The Master," and "Josephine," the latter of which is Arnold Daly's present starring vehicle. "The Poor Fool" was given with considerable success by the Washington Square Players.

"The Rider of Dreams," the final offering, is a dramatic oddity, in that it deals entirely with negro characters. Ridely Torrence, the author, shows a keen knowledge of the various types of Southern dorkies, the dreamers and the overly-pompous, the credulous and the merely lazy. Arthur Maitland will have an admirable rôle, and Hélène Sullivan, Charles Yule, and others will be appropriately cast.

Theodore Karle, a real American tenor, will be introduced to San Francisco music lovers by Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer in two song recitals at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, and Friday afternoon, March 8th. Manager Oppenheimer takes special pride in presenting this artist, for he has assurances that he is one of the finest products of the American school of music, and one in whom San Francisco music lovers will take splendid delight.

Frieda Hempel has started on her trans-continental tour, which will bring her to San Francisco for the first time on the 10th of March. Miss Hempel has occupied the position of leading coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company for several seasons past.

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Prices—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and lodge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort concert day only.

Next—Sun., Feb. 10th, 8th "Pop" concert; Wagner-Tschaikowsky programme.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We are somewhat inclined to believe that if we were an emperor or a king or something of that sort we should find it hard to lead the life of rigid propriety, one might say of Puritanic virtue, that is now our lot by compulsion as well as by choice. Take, for example, the case of the young Emperor of Austria, who has already been immortalized by some attention in this column. It has been considered necessary in Austrian court circles to wean the emperor away from the influence of his young wife, Zita, who is supposed to have opinions of her own and therefore to be a sort of high explosive. To this end some twenty or thirty archduchesses have brought the battery of their charms to bear upon the young monarch with a view to his seduction from the paths of virtue. Now just think of that. Momentarily inclined to censure the indiscretions of royalty, we are yet moved to toleration by a realization of the situation. Personally we have never been pursued by an archduchess. We have never been pursued by any one except a collector. But in the humility of our heart we can well believe that the pursuit would be a short one. We should glance timidly over our shoulder to make sure that the right archduchess was in the lead—they vary somewhat—and then we should surrender. At least so it seems to us now. It may be that a long tradition of virtue would come to our aid, but we have our doubts. We should like to be put to the test, a really hard one.

These weighty reflections are induced by the news that Katharina Schratz has died in Vienna in extreme poverty. There was a time when Kathi Schratz was an actress, young and beautiful. It was the Empress Elizabeth herself who directed the attention of Francis Joseph to a loveliness rare even in Austria. That was a distinct error of policy upon her part. The wise wife will never disparage another woman to her husband, but neither will she advertise her. What may be politely described as a relationship began at once between the emperor and the actress, and it continued until Franz Joseph died. There was no concealment about it. The lady had a house near the palace, and she breakfasted with the emperor every morning. None the less he had some sense of public opinion. On one occasion the court bulletin said: "The perfectly innocent character of the relations between the monarch and the actress are known to every one here who has the slightest acquaintance with Austro-Hungarian court life." It may be so. We do not understand such things, but the lady's daughter was said to have a good right to the regal hearing that distinguished her subsequent stage career.

And thereby hangs another curious story. Francis Joseph always had a keen eye for feminine loveliness, and it is said that in his later years he was fascinated by the appearance of a young beauty who made her appearance on a provincial stage. He secured an introduction and a little supper followed. What might have followed the little supper goodness only knows, but it is said that the emperor complimented the actress upon her playing and she in turn explained that her gift was inherited, her mother being Kathi Schratz. Thereupon the emperor withdrew hurriedly from the abyss that yawned beneath his feet and henceforth his attentions in this particular direction were of a legitimately paternal kind.

And so Kathi Schratz is dead, and in poverty. Put not thy trust in kings. She may have reflected somewhat on this injunction as she looked back over her life, which was

not all of pleasure. For she became a power behind the throne. Statesmen courted her for her influence over the emperor and it was through her intercession that Francis Joseph gave an interview to Francis Kossuth, the son of the Hungarian patriot. R. I. P.

As a warning to the public to beware of published stories that men at the army training camps are unhappy, lonesome, without food, and dejected, the War Department has made public a letter from Postmaster Wolfe at Chillicothe, Ohio, dealing with a specific case.

"Last week," wrote Postmaster Wolfe, "a syndicate set of newspapers published the story about ——— (soldier's name deleted). He was lonesome and had never received a piece of mail since being in camp. His picture went with the article and it made good reading."

"In yesterday's mail alone he received 1200 letters, nineteen special delivery letters and parcels, and fifty-four ordinary parcels. It happens he can neither read nor write. Mr. Gregg made an examination, and he found nineteen soldiers sitting about him helping him read the mail, and they had lots of fun at the expense of sentimental woe, but got all the money and stamps enclosed."

"An interesting feature is that ——— was not accepted by the army, but refused to leave. Other newspaper articles along the same line will simply swamp the camp offices."

Postmaster Wolfe wrote that tons of food was wasted at the camp during the Thanksgiving period due to food shipments sent in by friends and relatives. His office handled an average of 2000 bags of mail a day for three days.

"Under no circumstances was the food needed," the letter says, "and of course tons of it went to waste. The public is warned not to send too much food."

The powers that be have decreed that men's clothes are to be made without "collars, pockets, helts, yokes, and plaits." If any attempt is made to carry this order into effect we shall become Bolsheviki on the spot, and even declare a separate peace. We will give up the helts, yokes, and plaits, not being aware that we had any, but collars and pockets are dearer to us than honor itself, more precious to us than virtue, and we will cling to them while the breath of life remains.

An Eastern newspaper, eager to do its bit to make the world safe for democracy, expresses its willingness to renounce the three buttons that appear on the coat sleeve. It believes that life may be sustained without these buttons, and it asks what they are for, anyway. And why do we have buttons just above the tails of the Prince Albert? Let them go, too, if their sacrifice will help forward the great cause of democracy. It shall not be said that we men failed to do our bit upon the altar of patriotism. But not collars and pockets. As it is we have only eighteen pockets, and yearn for more. By the way, the buttons on the sleeve are said to have originated in an effort to dissuade the owner from wiping his nose on it. There are many among us who have now learned to use the pocket handkerchief and the buttons have outlived their usefulness. Let them go.

Suppose we discontinue our efforts to instruct General Pershing in the art of caring for the welfare of American soldiers and deciding on their proper diet. That way wars are lost and nations ruined. But if interference is to be the order of the day, let it at least be thorough. Let us appoint a committee of maiden aunts of both sexes to accompany the American army in the field, to see that it drinks nothing but cold tea at the proper hygienic intervals, that it washes its face in appropriate germicides, and says its little prayers before it gets into its little beds. But in the absence of thoroughness let us keep our hands off altogether. If General Pershing thinks that the soldier should drink vodka, or saki, or coal oil, then let these liquids be supplied without cavil or delay.

The recent floods in North China have wrought damage to the extent of over \$1,000,000,000. Streams have turned into rivers two miles wide and in some places 100 feet deep, while a densely-populated area of over 20,000 square miles has become an immense lake reaching to a depth of twenty feet to thirty feet. These inundations, it is feared, will render Tientsin ice-bound and uninhabitable during the winter months, and it is doubtful whether the authorities will succeed in draining it off until the end of 1919. The Celestial Kingdom has been the scene of some of the most terrible floods on record. In 1801 the Yellow River overflowed and destroyed nearly 2000 villages and towns and 5,000,000 people. Two years later there were great inundations in Mongolia, caused by typhoons, resulting in a death-roll of 6000.

## GERMAN DIARIES.

When those who prepared the field-service rules of the German army advised each soldier to keep a diary they overlooked the possibility of these human documents falling into the hands of the enemy, thereby convicting them, as if by their own lips, of the atrocities that have followed in the wake of the invading Hun.

The United States government is in possession of many of these diaries, taken from German prisoners, and they have been published in a pamphlet in which the war practices of the Germans are set forth. Here are some extracts, printed in the Chicago Tribune, which reveal the varying sentiments of the writers as they compiled the record of each day's horrors:

A horrible bath of blood. The whole village burned, the French thrown into the blazing houses, civilians with the rest.—*From the diary of Private Hassemmer of the Eighth Army Corps.*

In the night of August 18-19 the village of Saint-Maurice was punished for having fired on German soldiers by being burned to the ground by German troops (two regiments, the Twelfth Landwehr and the Seventeenth). The village was surrounded, men posted about a yard from one another, so that no one could get out. Then the Uhlans set fire to it, house by house. Neither man, woman, nor child could escape. . . . Any one who ventured to come out was shot down. All the inhabitants left in the village were burned with the houses.—*From the diary of Private Karl Scheufele of the Third Bavarian Regiment of Landwehr Infantry.*

At 10 o'clock in the evening the first battalion of the One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth marched down the steep incline into the burning village to the north of Dinant—a terrific spectacle of ghastly beauty. At the entrance to the village lay about fifty dead civilians, shot for having fired upon our troops from ambush. In the course of the night many others were also shot, so that we counted over two hundred. Women and children, lamp in hand, were forced to look on at the horrible scene. We ate our rice later in the midst of the corpses, for we had had nothing since morning. When we searched the houses we found plenty of wine and spirit, but no eatables. Captain Hamann was drunk. (This last phrase in shorthand).—*From the diary of Private Philipp of the One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth Regiment of Infantry, Twelfth Army Corps.*

August 23d, Sunday (between Birnal and Dinant, village of Disson). At 11 o'clock the order comes to advance after the artillery had thoroughly prepared the ground ahead. The Pioneers and Infantry regiment, One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth, were marching in front of us. Near a small village the latter was fired on by the inhabitants. About 220 inhabitants were shot and the village was burned. Artillery is continuously shooting. The village lies in a large ravine. Just now, 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the crossing of the Maas begins near Dinant. . . . All villages, châteaux, and houses are burned down during this night. It was a beautiful sight to see the fires all around us in the distance.—*From the diary of Matern, Fourth Company, Eleventh Jäger Battalion, Marburg.*

But here are three entries that show the hearts of the writers to have been still free from the taint of blood-lust:

At 5 o'clock we were ordered by the officer in command of the regiment to shoot all the male inhabitants of Nomény, because the population was foolishly attempting to stay the advance of the German troops by force of arms. We broke into the houses and seized all who resisted, in order to execute them according to martial law.

The houses which had not been already destroyed by the French artillery and our own were set on fire by us, so that nearly the whole town was reduced to ashes. It is a terrible sight when helpless women and children, utterly destitute, are herded together and driven into France.—*From the diary of Private Fischer, Eighth Bavarian Regiment of Infantry, Thirty-Third Reserve Division.*

The inhabitants have fled in the village. It was horrible. There was clotted blood on all the heads, and what faces one saw, terrible to behold. The dead, sixty in all, were at once buried. Among them were many old women, some old men, awful to see; three children had clasped each other and died thus.—*From the diary of Lance-Corporal Paul Spielmann of the Ersatz, First Brigade of Infantry of the Guard.*

In the night the inhabitants of Liège became mutinous. Forty prisoners were shot and fifteen houses demolished; ten soldiers shot. The sights here make you cry.

The following extract from the diary of an officer calmly records the sacking of a convent and the murder of the inmates. Mark how munitions were conserved:

Our men came back and said that at the point where the valley joined the Meuse we could not get on any farther as the villagers were shooting at us from every house. We shot the whole lot—sixteen of them. They were drawn up in three ranks—the same shot did for three at a time. . . . The men had already shown their brutal instincts. The sight of the bodies of all the inhabitants who had been shot was indescribable. Every house in the whole village was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men

were shot as well as the women and children who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows, and we burned it afterward.

Bombardier Wetzel is an emotionless Hun, if one may judge from these impassive entries in his diary:

August 8—First fight and set fire to several villages.

August 9—Returned to old quarters, where we searched all the houses and shot the mayor and shot one man down from the chimney-pot, and then again set fire to the village.

October 11—We had no fight, but we caught about twenty men and shot them.

It has been suggested by a Vancouver (British Columbia) newspaper that Mrs. Ralph Smith, the first woman candidate for the legislature of British Columbia, should be accorded election by acclamation. Her election by an overwhelming majority, even if it shall be contested, is generally conceded. Mrs. Smith is appealing to a constituency that was formerly her husband's.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Little Lydia had been given a ring as a birthday present, but, much to her disappointment, no one of the guests at dinner noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I'm so warm in my new ring!"

A story about General Pershing is circulating in Paris. The general, it is said, had ordered a car at a certain time, but it was late. General Pershing, a very punctual man, said, "You are three minutes late." The woman driver replied, "And you, my general, are three years late, so it would be well to jump into the car all quick."

"Stonewall" Jackson was said to be not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

A schoolgirl was required to write an essay of 250 words about a motor-car. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought a motor-car. He was riding in the country when it busted up a hill. I think this is about twenty words. The other 230 are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

A seafaring young man had written to his mother that he was bringing home to her a number of presents, among them a striped Japanese kimono. The mother showed the letter to a friend. "A striped Japanese kimono!" the visitor exclaimed, when she came to that passage. "How nice!" "Nice!" answered the perplexed old lady. "You may think so, but will you kindly tell me what I am to do with such a thing? I suppose I can keep it tied up in the back yard, but what on earth I am to feed it on goodness only knows."

To a hospital for wounded soldiers the Queen of England recently sent an exceptionally beautiful bouquet that had been presented to her. The inmates received the gift with much pleasure, says an English periodical, and to show their appreciation of her majesty's kindness and to prove that the flowers had arrived safely, they commissioned one of their number to stand at the hospital gate the following morning when the queen passed. The result was a tremendous surprise. Queen Mary, seated in her car, saw

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the soldier standing at the gate, bouquet in hand, and, assuming that he wished to present it to her, she had the car stopped. As the soldier exhibited the bouquet the queen took it in her hand, remarked upon its beauty, calmly appropriated it, and gave word for the car to go on. The soldier stared in amazement. Then, recovering his speech, he said: "Well, she's pinched 'em!"

Count von Moltke used to tell a story about William I's general of the same name on the subject of the plain speaking of English diplomats. Said the former Von Moltke: "English diplomatists are always deceiving us Germans. They have a most reprehensible habit of speaking the truth. This puts us off our guard, as we do not look for truth from an ambassador, whereas our German diplomatists are honest enough never to say what they mean. Thus we are always forewarned and endeavor to find out what they really do mean. This is a much better system."

A large dredging machine with its continuous chain of buckets was at work at the Liverpool landing stage, clearing a space in the River Mersey to allow the great Atlantic liners to come alongside for landing of cargo and passengers. A countryman tripper was watching the numerous buckets and machinery with wide open mouth. Several times his friends urged him to "Coom," but he might have been alone for what little notice he took of them. His wife took his arm and said, "Coom, Alf; we'll miss t' train." "Na," said Alf; "A'm goin' to see the last bucket up."

Proverbal inability of the British to understand American speech was illustrated anew at Newport Harbor recently. Secretary Baker was on an inspection tour. In going from one camp to another he had to cross a stretch of water. A British cruiser was nearby and the commander, in an inquisitive mood, signaled to an American war vessel asking who was in the boat flying an official flag. "The Secretary of War," was the response. "Thank you," said the Britisher. "Don't mention it," said the American. Then the British wiggled once more. "You may trust us. The matter will be kept secret," is what he said.

"The average individual," said a Scotland Yard official, "can't give a detective simple, plain, straightforward information. Questioned by a detective, he becomes involved and difficult as the office boy. A detective asked an office boy if it was Mr. Jones or his partner who reached the office first as a rule. 'Well,' said the boy, turning very red, 'Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier; till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, though of late he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before. But I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later.'"

A city clerk was sitting at his desk when a woman asked permission to use his phone. Upon leaving she placed a nickel before him. "There is no charge," said the clerk. "Oh, but you must take it," said the woman. "I'd rather not," said the clerk very seriously. "You see, if I accept this money it becomes the property of the city. I must then make a report of it to the auditor; he must report it to the treasurer, who will take the money. Then there will be other lengthy reports about it; and, in all, the acceptance of this nickel will entail about ten dollars' worth of work. Do me a favor and take it back." "You are very kind," said the woman. "Not at all," replied the clerk. "I'm only lazy."

The stranger on a walking tour came across an "old, old man a-sitting on a gate" and began to ask questions. "You are a farmer, I suppose?" "No, not now. I used to be, but I gave it up." "Well, you don't seem to be very busy. You have plenty of time on your hands, haven't you?" "Lots of it." "Ever do any work?" "Once I did." "What do you do now, if I may ask?" "Don't do nothing. Haint done nothing for nearly ten years." "So. Why, you're in luck! If I did nothing for half that length of time I should be in the poorhouse." The old man's face beamed with a glad surprise, and then, as one who knows his rare good fortune and values it at its just worth, he cried delightedly: "That's where I be!"

A story is being told about a little incident which happened at Camp Custer lately. General Penn was passing directly in front of a recruit whose education had not so far progressed that he considered it a breach of military regulations to sit unconcernedly on an empty box and pull at a cigarette while an officer was passing by. It is a well-known fact that the general is a "real man," and as usual he did not "hawl out" the recruit. The general went a few paces ahead and then returned to where the recruit was sitting and in a tone of friendly interest inquired: "My

boy, do you know you are supposed to stand at attention and salute officers who pass by?" The boy replied that he did, but hadn't noticed any officers. "Well," said General Penn, "I am nothing but a mere general, my boy, but one of these days some second lieutenant is going to come along here and reprimand you severely for your lack of observation."

The recruit was having his first turn on sentry duty. "Now, remember your salutes," the corporal warned him. "If you see a lieutenant wearing one star, slope arms. For a captain with three stars, slope arms also. The major has a crown on his cap and you present arms. For the colonel, who has stars and a crown, you present arms, and then turn out the guard." When he was left alone the recruit went over the orders again and again. Suddenly his musing was interrupted by the approach of an officer. This was a general, and the recruit did not know what to do for him. "And what might you be?" he asked bluntly, unable to recognize the badge of the officer's rank. "I'm the general," replied the officer, affably. "Sure now, and are ye?" exclaimed the recruit in consternation. "Then ye'll want something big. How'd it do if I gave ye a hayonet exercise?"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## That Future Money.

On the money we'll make some day  
When things get to coming our way  
We'll buy a big car,  
And we'll travel afar  
And be supercilious and gay.

On the money we'll some day make,  
When it's grown to a sizable stake,  
For every old flivver  
We've dodged with a shiver  
We'll make some pedestrian quake.

On the money we'll make some time  
We'll journey to many a clime.  
We'll stick up the nose  
At our old-time foes  
Who snubbed when we hadn't a dime.

—Town Topics.

## Pro and Con of Tobacco.

AS IT IS REGARDED BY THE MAN IN THE TRENCHES.

Humming it here in the dugout,  
Sucking me black duddeen,  
I'd like to say in a general way  
There's nothing like nickyteen, me boys,  
Be it pipes or snipes or cigars;  
So be sure that a bloke has plenty to smoke  
If you want him to fight your wars.

When I've eaten my fill and my belt is snug,  
I begin to think of my baccy plug,  
I whittle a fill in my horny palm,  
And the bowl of me old clay pipe I cram.  
I trim the edge, I tamp it down,  
I nurse a light with an anxious frown;  
I begin to draw, and my cheeks tuck in,  
And all my face is a blissful grin;  
And up in a cloud the good smoke goes,  
And the good pipe glimmers and fades and glows;  
In its throat it chuckles a cheery song,  
For I like it hot and I like it strong,  
O, it's good as grub when your feeling bollow,  
But the best of the meal's the smoke to follow.  
—Robert W. Service, in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

## AS SOME PEOPLE VIEW IT AT HOME.

O, I am like young Robert Reed,  
Who spurned with scorn the filthy weed.  
I also utter piercing whoops  
'Gainst sending cigarettes to 'troops,  
Though homesick some poor lad may be,  
He'll get no cigarettes from me;  
But I will send him all the facts  
About the weed in tiresome tracts.  
I am as pure and meek and mild  
As skipping lamb or prattling child;  
In fact, so good that I've not done  
One single thing to fight the Hun.  
But, mercy! how I fight the weed,  
For I'm a saint that's gone to seed!  
—Kansas City Star.

Bacon—You say he has changed very much in his feelings toward her since they were married. Egbert—Oh, very much, indeed. Bacon—How so? Egbert—Why, he used to call her a turtle dove. Bacon—Yes, I remember. Egbert—He doesn't any more. Bacon—Why not? Egbert—He's discovered that a turtle shuts up sometimes and that a dove never fights.—Dallas News.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Constance Hart, and Major Delos Emmons, U. S. A. Major Emmons was stationed in San Francisco for several months, but was recently ordered to Washington. No date has been set for the wedding of Miss Hart and Major Emmons.

Captain Arthur Owens, U. S. N., and Mrs. Owens have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emilie Eleanor Owens, and Mr. Chandler Barnard of Philadelphia. Captain Owens was stationed at Mare Island for several years, but left last year for the Atlantic coast. Mr. Barnard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Barnard of Bryn Mawr. The marriage of Miss Owens and Mr. Barnard will be solemnized in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Merle Morehouse of Spokane, Washington, to Mr. Frank Perry Hooper of this city. Miss Morehouse is the daughter of the late Charles A. Morehouse and Mrs. Margaret Morehouse of Spokane County and a sister of Mrs. James G. Boyd of that place. Mr. Hooper is the son of Mr. John A. Hooper.

A recent war-time wedding was that of Lieutenant E. H. Lynch of the Three Hundred and Forty-Seventh Field Artillery and Miss Gwendolyn Allen of Berkeley. The wedding took place at the home of a life-long friend, Mrs. E. Martin, of 1790 Fell Street, San Francisco. The decorations of the home were strictly military. The bride's attendant was her sister, Mrs. Thomas E. Campbell. Mr. Floyd Allen, the brother of the bride, was best man. Lieutenant Lynch has returned to the training camp near Tacoma, while his bride is visiting a sister at Phoenix, Arizona.

The marriage of Miss Marie Porter and Lieutenant Spencer Davis was solemnized December 27th at the home of the bride in Topeka, Kansas. Mrs. Davis is the daughter of Mrs. M. C. Porter of Topeka. Lieutenant Davis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis of Ross and the brother of Mrs. Arthur Ford. Lieutenant Davis is stationed on the Atlantic coast and his bride is residing in Frederickburg, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home on Larkin Street, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Miss Flora Miller was hostess at a dinner last week at her apartments at Stanford Court in honor of Miss Cornelia Kemper. Among those at the affair were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Van Dyke Johns, Mr. Robert Knox, Mr. Edward Fox, Lieutenant Hale Saffley, and Lieutenant George Young.

Miss Mary Elena Macondray gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Alejandra Macondray. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray chaperoned the group, which included Miss Macondray, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Laura Kaime, Mr. Alvah Kaime, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. George Kaime, and Mr. Harris Carigan.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering entertained a group of friends at a knitting tea last Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Franklin Kales gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Tyson, in Alameda. The affair was in compliment to Miss Edith Rucker and the guests included Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Maxwell Milton, Mrs. Edward Corbet, Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. Leopold Heehner, Mrs. Harry Weibe, Mrs. Richard Heimann, and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton gave a supper-dance Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Josiah Howell, and Mr. Rennie Pierre Schwerin.

Lieutenant Raymond Armsby was host at a luncheon recently in San Diego in compliment to Mrs. Hunter Liggett. The guests included Brigadier-General Leroy Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, Major William Devereux and Mrs. Devereux, Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey, Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott, Lieutenant E. A. Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy, Mrs. Austin Sands, Miss Helen Sands, Miss Susan Mullally, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Rear-Admiral William Fullam, U. S. N., Colonel Thornwell Mullally, U. S. A., Mr. W. B. Devereux, and Mr. George Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden gave a supper party Saturday evening in honor of Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus

Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home on Lyon Street. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, and Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a dinner Saturday evening at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Alejandra Macondray. The guests included Miss Flora Miller, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Ralston Page, and Lieutenant Brooke Sawyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Horace Clifton gave a tea Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Bradford Holmes.

Mrs. Frederick Kroll entertained at tea Thursday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Charles Kaetzle and Miss Ethel Jack. Among those hidden to meet the honored guest were Mrs. Guy Edie, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mrs. Allen Chickering, Mrs. Charles Butters, and Miss Grace Buckley.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Miss Marion Baker, Mr. Alfred Holmes, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Mrs. Virginia Ford entertained at tea Friday afternoon at her apartments at the Bellevue Hotel, her guests including Mrs. E. W. Crellin, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, Mrs. M. C. Porter, and Mrs. Frank Pixley.

Mrs. James Otis was hostess at a tea last Thursday afternoon at her home on Broadway, complimenting Miss Alejandra Macondray. Mrs. James Otis, Sr., and Mrs. Oliver Wyman assisted Mrs. Otis in receiving the guests, among whom were Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Macondray Moore, Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Mrs. Hansom Grubb, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Laura Kaime, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Rosamond Codman, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Genevieve Leonard, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Louise Reding, Miss Cara Coleman, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Emily Pope, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Rnth Codman, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Alice Claire Smith, and Miss Helen Jones.

Miss Winifred Braden entertained at dinner Friday evening at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Miss Edith Rucker and Mr. Warren Spieker. Miss Cornelia Kemper gave a dinner Friday evening at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Miss Flora Miller and Miss Janet Knox. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. H. L. Kemper, Miss Helen Lynch, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Edward Fox, Mr. Van Dyke Johns, Mr. Robert Miller, and Mr. Clark Crocker.

Mrs. Georges de Latour entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Wednesday, her guests including Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Randolph Spreckels, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Celia O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., entertained at dinner Monday evening for Mrs. Paul Fagan. Those asked to meet the guest of honor included Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Miss Cornelia Kemper, Miss Elena Eyre, Mr. Hugh Treat, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Van Dyke Johns, and Lieutenant Arthur Towne.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel, when her guests included Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Elena Eyre, Captain Robert McDonald, Lieutenant Clinton Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, and Captain G. H. Oldsmith.

Professor John MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald gave a dinner last Thursday evening at Cloyne Court, Berkeley, their guests including President Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler, Professor Plehn and Mrs. Plehn, Professor N. L. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Harvey, Professor Hatfield and Mrs. Hatfield, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pierce, Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, Miss Lucy Stephens, Father O'Neill, and Dr. Erlich.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son at their home near Oxnard.

American paper money was at a small premium above gold in Portugal before the war. Now it is quoted considerably cheaper than the yellow metal or draft, the difference on exchange basis representing about the cost of freight and insurance on packages of bills. Practically all gold and silver money, including Portuguese, has disappeared from circulation in Lisbon. Formerly American currency was bought and sold by banks and exchange shops in large quantities.

The membership of the Austrian trade unions has been reduced nearly 60 per cent. by the effects of the war, according to data found in a recent issue of the *Gewerkschaft*, the official organ of the Austrian Trade Union Commission.

Tina Turner, the famous Russian pianist, will give but one recital on her coming visit to this city, and that will take place right after her appearances as soloist with the San Francisco orchestra.

### Lemare Recitals.

The popularity of the Lemare organ recitals at the Exposition Auditorium is increasing by leaps and bounds and everything points to an audience that will tax the seating capacity of the big building this Sunday. Mr. Lemare has prepared a particularly attractive programme for the occasion, but one reason for the large attendance will be from the fact that Harry Lauder will make an address on the war at the conclusion of the recital. Admission to the Lauder talk will be free, but all those who have seats for the recital will be permitted to retain them and listen to the address of the Scotch comedian in comfort. In other words, those who go early will avoid the rush.

A number of great interest will be Liszt's Fugue on the name B. A. C. H., the H being represented on the musical scale by flat. The complete programme follows:

Fugue on the name, B. A. C. H. .... Liszt  
"In Springtime" ..... Hollins  
Largo from "New World" Symphony ..... Dvorak  
"Te Spring" ..... Grieg  
"Valse Lente" ..... Delibes  
Improvisation ..... Liszt  
Fantasia on the tune, "Hanover" ..... Lemare

The recital will begin, as usual, at 3 o'clock sharp, and the regular evening recital will take place next Thursday at 8:15.

### Open Houses.

The first open house of the third series was held last Saturday evening at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's on Broadway. This week the open house will be at Mrs. Marcus Koshland's, 3800 Washington Street. These affairs are for all the officers, regular and reserve, of the army, navy, and marines from all stations anywhere around the Bay or even as far afield as Fremont. Each hostess will be assisted by Mrs. Arthur Murray, representing the army, Mrs. Robert Russell for the navy, and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, chairman. There will, besides, be a number of other hostesses present and a permanent committee of young girls, most of them daughters of hostesses or previously on the hospitality division. The following dates are arranged: February 2d, Mrs. Koshland, 3800 Washington Street; February 9th, Mrs. Baumgartner, 2910 Vallejo Street; February 16th, Mrs. Pängst, Fairmont Hotel; February 23d, Mrs. Justin McGrath, 3340 Clay Street.

### Lieutenant Britton.

In the list of promotions announced as earned by young men of the Officers' Reserve Corps in training at Camp Lewis, Washington, appears the name of Emmett N. Britton, who has been promoted from the rank of second lieutenant to that of first lieutenant in the Three Hundred and Sixty-Third Regiment of Infantry. Lieutenant Britton is the youngest son of John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. When the United States entered the great war he was among the first to volunteer for active service and was enrolled in the R. O. T. C. at the Presidio in San Francisco. He graduated from that course with the grade of second lieutenant and in August last was sent to Camp Lewis, where he is located at the present time.

### Regeneration.

A reception and dance will be held at the Fairmont Hotel Wednesday evening, February 6th, at 8:30 o'clock, on the occasion of the unveiling of "Regeneration," a statue by Signor G. B. Portanova. Supper will be served at 10 o'clock, \$1 per cover. Reservations should be made through the Fairmont office. Dancing until 1 o'clock.

A striking parallel to the heroism and fearlessness of the Russian women's "Command of Death" is to be found in the story of the women of Paraguay during the Five Years' War, when Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay all made war on the little republic. In this terrible struggle, after practically all the men had been killed and regiments had been formed of boys ranging from twelve to fifteen years old, even the women were enlisted and struggled with despairing strength under a heartless ruler and general until the country, which had boasted a population of 1,337,000 at the outbreak of hostilities, had only 220,000 inhabitants, 106,000 of whom were women. When peace was declared these women became the merchants and the farmers of the land, reestablishing the commercial life of Paraguay.

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**PERSONAL.****Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker left Monday for Santa Barbara, where they will reside for several months.

Mr. J. W. Byrne has returned from a visit of several weeks to New York.

Rear-Admiral William Whiting and Mrs. Whiting have taken a house in Berkeley, after an absence of several months in San Diego.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, returned Saturday to San Francisco, after a sojourn of several weeks in Southern California.

Lieutenant Clinton Jones has returned to Arizona, after a brief furlough which he passed in San Francisco with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. William Irwin and Mrs. Templeton Crocker returned last week to California, after a visit of several weeks in New York. Mrs. Crocker will return to the Eastern coast in the near future, as Mr. Crocker will be stationed in New York for several months.

Mrs. Samuel Morse has taken the Hyde house in Santa Barbara, where she will reside for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin are passing the winter at their home in Montecito, as has been their custom for many years.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins, who left San Francisco a few weeks ago, has arrived in England, where he will remain for a brief period.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton spent the weekend in Burlingame at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden.

Miss Marion Zelle, who has been living with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, will pass the remainder of the winter season at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Merrill Dow has been spending several days in Oakland from her home in the southern part of the state.

Miss Mary Alice Moon, who has been visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins, has returned to her home in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett is visiting in San Diego as the guest of Miss Susan Mullally.

Miss Edith Bull has arrived in France, where she is engaged in Red Cross work.

Major Norris Davis has been passing a few days at his home in San Mateo en route to Oklahoma from San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling have taken apartments at the Ritz-Carlton in New York, where they will be established for several months.

Mr. Robert Miller has completed his school course in the East and has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tohin have been spending a few days recently with Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Corryell have closed their home in Menlo Park and will pass the remainder of the winter in town.

Miss Elva De Pue has returned to her ranch in Yolo County, after a visit of a few days at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Ethelbert Shores has arrived from her home in Salt Lake City and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doe.

Lieutenant John Tallant, who is with the Engineer Corps of the army, has been ordered for duty in Washington.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Helen St. Goar have returned to their home on California Street, after a visit of several weeks in San Diego.

Mrs. James Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, are expected to reach San Francisco in a few days, after having passed the early winter season in New York and Philadelphia.

Captain Leigh Sypher and Mrs. Sypher have gone to San Antonio, Texas, where the former has been ordered for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy have returned to San Francisco, after a sojourn of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher have left for a visit of several weeks in New York and Washington.

Mrs. Laurance Scott is staying at the Hotel Coronado for a few weeks so as to be near Captain Scott, who is stationed at Camp Kearny.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark are spending a few days at the Hotel Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Holmes have been spending several days in San Francisco as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., will leave on Monday for Boston, where Mr. Brown has been called to Harvard College to lecture on architecture. As Mr. and Mrs. Brown are still in mourning the numerous affairs that have been given were necessarily informal. They are still at the Fairmont Hotel for a few days, having given up their home on Russian Hill.

A small electric furnace has been installed and operation begun on the volatilization of tin from scrap at the northwest experiment station of the United States Bureau of Mines at Seattle, Washington. An extensive series of experiments will be carried out there with the idea of saving the tin now wasted in discarded containers and other forms of scraps.

**Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra Coming.**

The annual transcontinental midwinter tour of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra will bring that organization, consisting of eighty-five of the world's finest orchestral players, under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, to San Francisco for three concerts, which will be given at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday and Friday afternoons, and at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10th, and to Oakland for two events on Saturday afternoon and night next (February 9th). As a special feature of the events two of the finest vocal artists now before the public have been engaged as soloists. On Thursday afternoon and Sunday morning Reinald Werrenrath, the famous American baritone, will appear, and on Friday afternoon the beautiful coloratura soprano, Margaret Namara, will be featured. Werrenrath is the possessor of one of the most beautiful baritone voices ever heard here, and is gifted with an art of singing that will at once appeal to every one who has the good fortune to hear him. Namara is a California girl whose successes throughout the East have been nothing short of sensational. On Thursday afternoon Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor, the fourth overture to Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead," and Chadwick's "My Jubilee" overture will be played and Werrenrath will sing the "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade" and Chadwick's ballad, "Loebinvar." On Friday the Cesar Franck D minor Symphony, Oberhoffer's newest overture called "Romantique," the Sibelius "Valse Triste" from "Kuolema" and his tone poem, "Finlandia," and the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice Espagnol" are the orchestral numbers, while Namara will sing the "Ah, fors e lui" aria from "Traviata," Mozart's "Batti" from "Don Giovanni," and "Voi che sapete" from "Marriage of Figaro." A special programme will be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10th, starting at 10:45 a. m., when Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" Symphony will be played for the first time in this city. Other orchestral numbers for Sunday's concert are the overture to the "Magic Flute," Mozart, and the "Rakoczy" march of Berlioz. Reinald Werrenrath, the baritone, will again be soloist, rendering his interpretation of the Prologue from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and the two Mozart arias from the "Marriage of Figaro."

The Oakland concerts will find Cornelius Van Vliet, famous Dutch 'cellist, as afternoon soloist, and Richard Czerwonky, violinist, as evening soloist. The afternoon programme includes Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, Dohnany's "Romanza," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice Espagnol," and the overture to "Mignon." Van Vliet will play the Van Goens concerto for 'cello and orchestra, rendered for the first time here. The evening Oakland concert is under the auspices of the Oakland Teachers' Association and one of their regular artists' series. The Dvorak "New World" Symphony and other fine works will be played. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be played as the opening number of all the concerts.

Tickets for these events are now on sale at the usual ticket offices. Selby C. Oppenheimer is managing the San Francisco and Oakland concerts.

Ice that formed in the winters of the '60s and '70s is being uncovered by coal companies at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, in running the culm banks of the region through the breakers to meet the demand for anthracite created by the war.



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**What Zimbalist Will Play.**

San Francisco will have the pleasure of hearing the Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, in two recitals at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of February 17th and 24th. His last appearances in San Francisco were made as special soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and it is three years since he has appeared here in recital. On the Sunday afternoon of February 17th his programmed numbers will include a superb list of compositions, always a feature of a Zimbalist offering, for the dignified young Russian always presents a programme of considerable importance, headed by the Sonata of Cesar Franck, a great work by the famous Belgian composer which Zimbalist has never yet played in this city. Other numbers are the Romance of Beethoven, the Paganini violin Concerto, D'Ambrosia's Serenade, "Berceuse" and "Humoresque," by Tor Aulin, and "Playa" and "Zapateado," by Sarasate. At the second concert the artist will play Lalo's "Symphony Espagnole," Bach's "Prelude and Fugue" (unaccompanied), Tchaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's "Russian Dance," Cesar Cui's beautiful "Oriental," Hubay's "Zephyr," and the Wieniawski "Carneval Russe." Samuel Chotzinoff, who has been assisting artist for Mr. Zimbalist during his entire American career, will again preside at the piano. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer, who is managing the Zimbalist concerts, is now receiving mail orders for the same, which should be addressed to him in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

**War by Bacilli Bombs.**

Some time ago Dr. Georg Friedrich Nicolai, formerly physician to the imperial family of Germany, and professor of physiology in the University of Berlin, was condemned to reduction in military rank, detention in a fortress, and confiscation of his property by way of punishment for the publication of a book on the biology of war.

In it he described the degradation of the German military character caused by the war. In illustration, he stated that a military officer of the highest rank had asked him whether it would be possible to throw behind the enemy's lines bombs containing cholera germs or plague bacilli.

On the professor's reply that such a procedure would be inhuman the officer contemptuously replied: "In this war humanity has no place, and it is lawful for Germany to do everything that may be to her advantage."

Professor Nicolai adds that millions of Germans are of the same way of thinking. A doctor on the general staff asked him whether it would not be possible to inoculate Russians with bacteria, adding: "With such cattle everything is lawful."

"Edward, you disobeyed your grandmother when she told you just now not to jump down those stairs." "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those stairs, boys'; and I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her."—Chicago Herald.

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*Professor*—Does the moon affect the tide?  
*Co-ed*—Nor, sir; merely the untied.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

"Pay as you go!" is mighty good principle, hut de prices has got you goin' so fast you des throw 'em de money an' holler "Keep de change!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

*Mr. Peenbay*—I just saw Boh and Grace. What do you think of those empty reports we've heard? *Mrs. Peenbay*—I guess they

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were only the result of putting their heads  
together.—*Town Topics*.

"Auntie!" "Yes, child?" "What's a dia-  
mond jubilee?" "What a girl starts when  
she gets one."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*Registrar*—What is your chief occupation—  
that is, what do you generally do all day?  
*Applicant*—Hunt for sugar.—*London Opinion*.

*Young Solly (back from France)*—The day  
before I left we made a splendid charge.  
*Anxious Parent*—How much?—*London Opin-  
ion*.

"My son wants to marry your daughter.  
Can she cook a dinner?" "Yes, if your son  
can give her anything to cook it with."—*Bal-  
timore American*.

*Bobby*—And all the animals went into the  
ark 'cept the dog. *Elsie*—Why didn't the  
dog go in, too? *Bobby*—'Cause he had a  
bark of his own.—*Houston Post*.

"Young August lives like a millionaire's  
son, doesn't he?" "Higher than that. He  
lives as high as he imagines a millionaire's  
son would live."—*Buffalo Express*.

"He offered to let me in on the ground  
floor." "Well?" "From the drop the stock  
took after I thought I must have been let in  
on the roof."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What do you do in your spare time?" "In  
my spare time I usually write the letters that  
I should have written when I was loafing on  
the job during business hours."—*Detroit Free  
Press*.

"Reprisals! What's these 'ere reprisals  
they're a-goin' ter use agin the 'Uns?" "Well,  
I don't rightly know; hut yer can take it from  
me, they're 'eaps worse nor bombs."—*Cas-  
sell's Saturday Journal*.

One of the girls in a cooking class was  
asked: "Did you wash that fish before you  
baked it?" "No; what's the use?" was the  
reply. "It has lived in the water all its life."  
—*Everybody's Magazine*.

*Wounded Tommy*—Will you play Mendels-  
sohn's "Spring Song," please? *Distinguished  
Pianist (with a soul above Mendelssohn)*—  
I'm afraid I can't. *Tommy*—It is a bit of a  
teaser, aint it? Ties my sister up in a knot  
whenever she tackles it.—*Punch*.

"Willie, your master's report of your work  
is very bad. Do you know that when Wood-  
row Wilson was your age he was head of the  
school?" "Yes, pa; and when he was your

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UNDER MANAGEMENT  
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

age he was President of the United States."—  
*Pacific Telephone Magazine*.

"I don't know bow many times he kissed  
me." "What! With the thing going on right  
under your nose!"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

The little Irishman was being examined for  
admission to the army. He seemed all right  
in every way except one. The doctor said,  
"You're a little stiff." Quickly the Irish blood  
mounted as the applicant replied, "You're a  
big stiff!"—*Florida Times-Union*.

*The Judge (to the jury, who have retired  
several times without agreeing)*—I under-  
stand that one jurymen prevents your coming  
to a verdict. In my summing up I have

clearly stated the law, and any jurymen who  
obstinately sets his individual opinion against  
the remaining eleven is unfitted for his duties.  
*The Solitary Objector*—Please, m'lud, I'm the  
only man who agrees with you.—*Passing  
Show*.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins,  
"that young man in the bureau of information  
wouldn't answer a single question I asked him  
this morning." "Whaddidgy ask him?" "I  
asked him how long the government will op-  
erate the railroads and whether trains will run  
any faster and fares be any cheaper. All be  
would say was that he didn't know. I he-  
lieve that young man is heing censored."—  
*Washington Star*.





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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Revolt in Germany.

It is a fact attested by unnumbered historical demonstrations that democratic agitation, regarded as a political distemper, is virulently contagious. The French revolution was reflected in movements various in kind and degree throughout Europe. Again, the revolutionary agitation of 1848 was felt to a greater or less degree in every European country. There should be no surprise therefore that the radical upheaval in Russia should spread to the adjacent countries of the Germanic federation.

In view of the sufferings and distresses of the war, the surprise is that the revolt in Germany is not more violent and widespread than it has yet proven to be. The German people, worn with war and in process of disillusion as to its outcome, can as is now plain, only be held to support further military operations by the stern hand of force. It is truly a suggestive situation when thousands must be held to onerous labors by such means as have within the week been employed by the imperial government. When masses of men must choose between returning to their work or being shot to death, they naturally yield. None the less the spirit of revolt is abroad in the Germanic world. An ill-supplied, an ill-nourished, and a disillusioned people

may and no doubt will go on for a time in an enforced "loyalty"; but a time must come either through the enforcements of courage or despair when there will be a general and an unconquerable rising against a rule which has brought intolerable hardships upon the people.

The military organization of Germany is not confined to its military system, but extends to the industrial conditions of the country and even to its domestic life. The Germans are trained to a species of military obedience and held to it by military authority. The country is under the absolute domination of military force, as all may see in the events of the past week. Unquestionably it will go on for awhile—the Kaiser and his military aids will be able to see to that—but there must come a time sooner or later when despair will be universal, when resistance to tyranny will inspire revolt so widespread as to include even the army itself. It may take a long time, but it will come.

In the meantime there is distress in the Allied countries, but relatively less grievous in quality and degree. In the contest of sheer endurance upon which the countries now at war appear to be entering the balance must ultimately fall to the side which can bring to the conflict the greater force of man-power, the larger measure of food and materiel, and the larger financial resource.

Napoleon is accredited with the declaration that in war half is prestige. Up to now the advantage of prestige, at least in the military sense, has been with the Germans. It has been particularly strong in the case of the German people, who have been fed with theories of their own invincibility. The strike of last week, ineffective though it appears to be, is a sure indication of declining confidence—a sure sign of the fading out of a spirit which up to now has sustained the German side in the war.

### The Need of the Hour.

No other American has had better opportunities of studying the war in all its phases—probably none so good—than Mr. Isaac F. Marcossin, the well-known writer, of New York. Within the past sixty days he has visited all the Allied fronts, has been the guest of General Pershing, also the guest of General Haig. His observations have been carried on behind the lines and in the trenches. Likewise he has studied the situation at Paris, London, and Washington. Upon his return from Europe last week Mr. Marcossin gave to a Carnegie Hall (New York) audience the result of his observations and reflections. War, he said, has become a business—the most stupendous business in the world. Viewing its operations at close range, you find that it is nothing more or less than a colossal business proposition in terms of men as distinct from commodities. Instead of translating pig-iron into steel girders, it means the transformation of raw human material into finished fighting units. The price of freedom as fought for today on the battlefields of Europe is "nothing more or less than infinite but organized toil knit by discipline, fed by fire, and stoked by an energy that permits no pause and no limitation." The task for America is to "gear up its resources and its patriotism to the titanic task."

Proceeding to the conduct of the war, Mr. Marcossin declared that "you can not wage war any more than you can conduct business with a town meeting." It was not until England purged her war office of politics, cut red tape, and put her great administrative tasks into the hands of business men that "the wheels began to whirl and the German advance was stopped." Our part in the war will not be adequately sustained until we come to an understanding that the business of war calls for business efficiency—an efficiency only to be

found in centralized authority under the hand of men trained in business methods. Mr. Marcossin asked Lord Northcliffe why he did not enter the cabinet. "Because," answered Northcliffe, "I could never do business with twenty-seven men who are always late." It was only when Lloyd-George grasped the lever of the war machine that Britain became a calculable force in the war. He put the politicians out of commission, threw red tape into waste-basket, surrounded himself with practical men of affairs, gave the conduct of specialized work to specialists. It was then that England got out of the dumps and in dead earnest began to fight. It was "only when this same Lloyd-George set up a ministry of munitions that there was an adequate shell output and that the British guns which had stood impotent before the German advance replied, not shell for shell, but five shells for one. We need in our war administration at Washington," said Mr. Marcossin, "a man of the type of Sir Eric Geddes, who has risen from section hand on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to be a prop of empire."

Defining the immediate obligation of America, Mr. Marcossin said:

The big, solemn fact that confronts America at this moment is that unless we put big business men into authority at Washington—and, what is equally important, leave them alone—we will fail in our obligations to our allies, who look to us to deliver the knockout blow. There has been too much press-agenting of our war policies. Deeds, not words, count in war. The tremendous hot-air campaign about the expansion of our air programme has only made the Germans work the harder and build up the mightiest aviation fleet she has ever had. We must know the truth and by that truth—whatever the cost—we shall rise to victory.

You can not attack a problem like fuel—and coal in this war is life—with academic theories of curtailment and distribution. Those three vast agencies of war—fuel, food, and finance—must be dominated by practical men. In the way we wage war we will find the formula for the colossal readjustments of peace. If our conduct of the war is swift, businesslike, and efficient we will be able to turn to reconstruction with courage and action.

Linked up with this urgent need of a business administration of the war are two kindred facts. There are two words that have no place in the shifting vocabulary of this war. One is prophecy; the other is optimism. No man who has had any contact with the war will ever presume to prophesy, because the hope of today is the ruin of tomorrow.

Nothing could be more dangerous—nothing more fatal—Mr. Marcossin declared, than to believe that everything is all right when in fact everything is all wrong. "Germany is not beaten nor on the road to defeat. She is in better strategic position today than a year ago. The position of the Allies was never more precarious." Yet "we complicate our own efforts by keeping business brains out of the business of war and by failing to realize that it is as important to mobilize civilian forces as it is fighting forces." We are, too, paltering with a stupendous menace in our tenderness with the subtle German propaganda in our midst. "We are fighting two German enemies—one in the open on the field of battle; the other working in secret at our threshold, often in our very households. It would help mightily if we were to shoot a few German spies. It would do more good than a year of agitation and protest."

These observations at first hand and from an authoritative source give an unpleasant emphasis to the glib evasions and bald incongruities of Secretary Baker's statement last week before the Senate Military Committee. The Secretary, it is true, was in better mood than on the occasion of his former appearance. He had dropped his attitude of smug satisfaction and cocky complacency. Still there was that in his statement taken as a whole which sustained the truth of Senator Chamberlain's charge that he did not and could not know the facts. Nor was there anything to



forestall the subsequent impressive arraignment of Senator Hitchcock that "blunders almost beyond belief have occurred in the War Department"; that the "ship-building situation is a farce and almost a crime"; that the "transportation system is a gigantic wreck"; that the "methods employed have brought confusion of authority, red tape, circumlocution, and incapacity"; that Secretary Baker's statements "are exaggerations of the wildest sort"; that the "President does not know the real situation because, like a king surrounded by a court, he hears only one side."

This arraignment of an administrative inefficiency that has all but paralyzed war operations stands unanswered in the face of Secretary Baker's carefully staged explanation. At the very moment when Mr. Baker was boasting that Germany was completely in the dark as to the number of American troops in Europe, the fact was brought out in the trial of one Otto Kafka at New York that through cables sent by his company (the Vulcan Steel Products Company of New York) via Spain and Denmark, Germany had been kept thoroughly advised regarding our troop movements. When Mr. Baker declared positively that no shoddy was going into army uniforms, although it was going into army overcoats and blankets, a senator read to him the testimony of a quartermaster officer introducing a contract for scores of thousands of uniforms with shoddy as a specified content. Replying to Senator Chamberlain's charge of failure at the point of a definite military plan or policy, Mr. Baker affected to believe that this was a criticism to the effect that we are not planning a whole European war and limited his discussion to that narrow conception. Showing that in some respects we have done good work, he shied around other and essential points. How much of an army are we going to put into the European war? What is the total possible need in men and material? How are we going to unify the present scattered and diverted governmental forces in this country so as to produce results? When are we going to measure the possible needs of men and material and adopt a comprehensive programme to get them at stated times and places? These questions were not answered by the Secretary—they are still unanswered. The truth is that there is no war policy and no war programme—apparently no administrative conception that they are needed.

Secret testimony before the Military Committee, just now published, reveals that after a decision had been reached upon sound military advice to train our troops at home before sending them abroad and thus to avoid crippling the sea transportation system, suddenly—almost overnight—this plan was reversed and troops of whom sixty per cent. were recruits were dispatched to May and June and this reversal of policy, it now appears, was made without advance notice to the supply departments of the army. Sixty days ago the head of the supply department insistently asked for information as to when the next draft was to be called and what its number, so that he might plan in advance for supplies. Not yet has he got the information. The decision rests with the Administration, and it does not make it. In truth the quartermaster's department has been unable to get the simplest necessary information as to the dates of troop movements and places of embarkation, although presumably that department is in charge of such operations. "Military secrecy" has intervened. All decisions on great questions are delayed. When made, always without warning, it is apparently the expectation of those who make them that supplies may be created and assembled simply by signing an order. Characteristically, the written word is regarded as the complete act—all that is necessary.

In his statement Secretary Baker announced with gusto that the men in sixteen National Guard camps and sixteen National Army camps are ready to go to France as soon as ships can be obtained for their transport. Aside from the detail that three of our seventeen National Guard divisions are already in France, leaving only fourteen instead of sixteen here, the statement is contradicted by a huge mass of evidence from the several camps. Actual figures gathered by Senator Chamberlain from responsible officers of the camps show a shortage in various classes of equipment ranging from five to ninety per cent. Mr. Baker's explanation is that the supplies are "on the way." But "on

the way" means nothing in these days of demoralized transportation. "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." Mr. Baker's testimony goes to show that we are on our way; but he has nothing to offer indicating where we are going or upon plan we are building.

Mr. Baker would have the country believe that he is instantly responsive to suggestions; that he has all the machinery of the War Department under his hand and can operate it in any direction upon the instant. No doubt he honestly thinks so. But the truth is that he is remote and apart from the things actually done. He is not accessible. Every senator and representative knows that. He is so occupied with petty detail and with travel—for he is abroad making speeches much of the time—that he never gets a comprehensive view of the situation. Complaints, information, advice come to him of course. When he refers a particular thing to a subordinate he thinks he has acted on it and disposed of it. On down the line the reference moves until it reaches what a staff officer has defined as "the division of F and F"—F and F standing for "file and forget." "Half the orders we get," this same staff officer recently remarked in confidential conversation, "are contradictory; hence elaborately stuffed pigeon-holes under the F and F classification." The War Department, again according to the officer quoted, has only two mascots, "the bull and the buck. It is forever throwing the one and passing the other."

The whole administrative organization reflects an unpleasant fact hitherto defined in these columns. It is the fact that we are carrying the ideals, the standards, the hopes of a rock-ribbed pacifism into the conduct of the war. We are undertaking to make war, not with men of fighting spirit, but with men of pacific ideas—men who in conducting our war activities lie, not merely under the limitations of inexperience in business affairs, but under the restraints of reluctance in uncongenial duties. Mr. Marcossin, whose observations and reflections are above quoted, has the situation dead to rights. Above all things we need a war cabinet made up primarily of business men and incidentally of men who in addition to administrative ability are in accord with the military point of view, men who have a liking for, an understanding of, and a sympathy with fighting men.

#### The Case of General Leonard Wood.

Mr. Lloyd-George's query with respect to General Wood, antedating the recent appearance of that officer on "inspection service" in France, has freshly called attention to a matter long quietly but widely discussed throughout the country. Concurrently with our entrance into the war General Wood, then the ranking officer of the army, was given a relatively minor assignment in one of the Southern districts. General Pershing, General Wood's junior, was sent to France and very shortly thereafter given senior rank. On the face of things there would seem to have been a calculated policy of side-tracking Wood; and the common opinion has been that this policy was inspired by considerations personal or political or both.

Naturally the matter has been more or less connected in the public mind with the circumstances under which General Wood entered the army and through which he was promoted to its highest rank. Wood, an army medical officer, was, through the influence of Mr. Roosevelt prior to his presidency, made colonel of the Rough Riders, an organization of which Mr. Roosevelt was the lieutenant-colonel. Later, and still under the Roosevelt influence, he was pitchforked into the regular army, thus making a way for Roosevelt to take the colonelship of the Rough Riders. Under Roosevelt's presidency, Wood was carried forward over the heads of a long roster of "academy men" to the position he occupied at our entrance into the war, namely, the senior major-generalship. Although demonstrably a man of fine capability, the circumstances of his appointment and promotions have always been resented by the army as a whole and by a large section of the public. It has never been forgotten that he attained high rank, not through the regular order or through special service, but through the friendship and favor of Mr. Roosevelt.

A further circumstance in connection with General Wood's status is the fact that he has been suggested on various occasions by Mr. Roosevelt for the presi-

dency. When it was demonstrated to Mr. Roosevelt in 1916 that he (Roosevelt) could not attain the Republican nomination for the presidency, he directly urged upon dominant members of the national convention the naming of General Wood; and since that time, still under Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion and through his influence, he has more or less been held in view as a presidential possibility. These facts have possibly been in the mind of Mr. Wilson and may have had some influence leading to the side-tracking of General Wood in a military sense.

Yet there is another side to the matter. It is questionable, seriously so, if General Wood is physically qualified for field service. Within recent years he has undergone two serious surgical operations, involving the opening up of his skull and removal of a bony growth from the inner surface, also the removal of a growth from his brain. Nor is this all. Some five years or more ago, subsequent to the operations above described, he was thrown from his horse while attending military manoeuvres near Paris. It is said that recovery from this accident has never been complete; that in walking he has by a system of artificial supports literally to lift along one of his legs. That neither the surgery nor the fall have hurt his mentality is abundantly evident. No man in the army and very few out of it have dealt more definitely or ably with the military problems before the country in recent times than has General Wood. He is an able writer and a brilliant speaker; and among military men in private talk he is not infrequently stigmatized as an adroit politician. Be all this as it may, General Wood is obviously a very capable man, in an intellectual sense at least, the obvious superior of any man in our military service.

The Administration ought to make use of General Wood. If he is, as seems more than possible, disqualified for field service then he should be employed in other work suitable to his rank and his capacity. Let it be admitted that he came into the army and gained his promotions through personal favor. Yet it remains that he is in the army and a member of its higher rank, and that by his demonstrated powers and high repute at home and abroad is qualified for work of a more vital sort than the drilling of recruits.

#### Editorial Notes.

Nothing serious will come in reprisal on the score of our refusal of the demand of the Russian Bolsheviks in the matter of Berkman and Goldman. The demand was pure bluff and it has been treated as it deserved to be. Minister Francis and his staff have no doubt suffered annoyance, but not a hair of their heads will be harmed.

In the character of Carter Pitkin Pomeroy, dead at the age of fifty-nine, there was harmoniously combined all that goes into the making of a supremely fine man. He held and sustained the highest ideals in conjunction with high standards and worthy practice in all the relations of life. Perhaps no man of this community in this era has illustrated a broader intelligence or a more definite culture. None among us could be named as more worthy of respect. Of Mr. Pomeroy it may be said that he was in all ways a true man—a gentleman—without fear and without reproach. There is no measuring the loss to his family and friends, or to the community, of such a man as Carter Pomeroy. It is irreparable.

The national capital is getting a pretty effective object lesson in respect of the beauties of the coal shortage. The local fuel administrator, locally described as "of the Garfield type," has both angered and amused the city by his inconsistencies and stupidities. For example, on Friday of last week he issued an order requiring the churches of Washington to close on Sunday—himself in the meantime taking the train for Florida to get warm. An interesting sidelight upon the anti-church order is the concurrent fact that theatres and moving-picture shows were permitted to remain open. Further, it so happens that the law and District regulations specifically prohibit Sunday amusements. Thus, while the churches were closed by the fuel director, the theatres and picture shows, although prohibited by law, were in full operation.

It is an interesting fact of long standing that in the



District of Columbia, seat of national government, laws that interfere with the comfort or pleasure of the community, including a large percentage of officials—the Administration, senators, congressmen, bureau chiefs, and the like—are winked at or absolutely disregarded. In recent years there has been no restriction upon movie shows, although under the ban of the law, while the big Keith vaudeville house has been permitted to give its two shows on Sunday as upon other days by labeling them "sacred concerts." Barring the fact that the entertainment opens with an anthem, everything goes as usual. Now the fuel administration while shutting up the churches practically repeals all restrictive regulations. Even the usually spineless Washington *Star* is so titillated in its funny bone that it prints a cartoon in which a conventional clergyman turns away from his church door in grief to encounter spielers inviting him to witness the dancing of an extremely short-skirted Mademoiselle X and attend upon the grotesque performances of a stage Sambo and Chloe.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Partisanship In War Administration.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 2, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your recent editorial, "The Issue at Washington," with your accustomed directness of thought and lucidity of statement you sum up our major present trouble in the sentence "we can not make war effectively with pacifists in charge of the war machinery."

That covers it all, but under that cover lies trouble which it is to be feared is like "the light that lies in woman's eyes, and lies and lies and lies."

Part of this trouble arises because a potent, reciprocal, but unacknowledged (on the part of the Administration) obligation binds the Administration and the people. The obligation resting on the people is to give without stint and without niggardliness all that may be necessary in men and in money to win this war. This obligation to date has been fully met by the representatives of the people sitting in Congress in Washington. The obligation resting on the Administration is to conduct this war as efficiently and economically as circumstance will permit and to prosecute it to a successful close in as short order as possible.

Has the Administration fully met this obligation? The boiling over of the political pot in Washington seems to emphatically answer no, for it reveals a state of affairs in army preparations that the best friend of the War Department could not describe as efficient.

Good has come out of the Chamberlain controversy, for despite his denial of the senatorial charge, Secretary Baker has tried to advance the War Department spark by appointing Mr. Stettinius director of purchases for the War Department, and in other directions more or less effective attempts to speed up are being made.

Is it the part of efficiency to make this a partisan war? To date the war is a Democratic war. Under the circumstances it is perfectly right that, if all else is equal, a Democrat should be given place and preference, but, if all else isn't equal, should the mere fact that the would-be appointee is a Democrat or a denizen of "the twilight zone," as Cabot Lodge has described men without party affiliations, be an all-sufficient qualification for preference over proven efficiency?

If the best man to be found for a responsible job happens to be a Republican, should that fact exclude him or are the best interests of the country in this, its greatest crisis, best served by so excluding him?

In judging men for jobs, especially these present highly specialized governmental jobs, should not the first considerations be his qualifications and fitness, and not as to whether he is political he Republican, Democrat, or Siamese twin?

Stone interjects partisanship for the first time into senatorial debate, and partisanship of the most virulent and violent pot-house stripe at that, and so far there has been no official rebuke from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Yet not so long since for action or rather inaction in the Senate no more inimical to the country's interest than was Stone's recent intemperate speech he was stigmatized and set aside as one of "the little group of willful men."

All is seemingly not as well as it might be in Washington. No one has any desire to hamper the Administration in its efforts to prosecute a successful war, the Republicans least of all, as the recorded votes of the accredited representatives of that party in Washington abundantly prove. Intelligent and justified criticism is not, however, obstructive, nor does it make for delay in preparation. The Republicans and an ever-increasing number of Democrats feel that playing official position is not a sufficient answer to such criticism.

They further feel that proven inefficiency or even downright dereliction in duty calls for more drastic action than kicking the offender upstairs or in attempting to camouflage him over with honeyed words of unmerited and indiscriminate praise.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

### Anent Secretary Baker's Statement.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 6, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: There is that in Secretary Baker's statement to the Senate Military Committee which recalls an old story of Tom Reed of Maine, long Speaker of the House of Representatives. "How do you manage," asked a friend of Reed, "to endure the tedious debates of the House?" "Oh, I have a way of doing it," replied the Speaker. "There's a good deal that's a bore, but after all there's some variety. Now when Smith talks for hours and hours as he did Monday, he says nothing and I just sit here and cat-nap. When Brown talks, as he did all day yesterday, there is the possibility that he may say something, and expectation helps to while away the weary hours. But there are more serious cases. When Jones talks as he is doing today, there is a certain interest in a species of utterance which actually subtracts from the sum of human knowledge." W. J. B.

### An Appeal.

Writing from Paris to the editor of the *Argonaut*, Lieutenant Alexander Fewell, eye specialist in the American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 1, says:

A great many men need glasses and other treatment, and I am the only eye man in the American forces about here

that I know of. In this connection I want to make a suggestion. There is no fund provided for the furnishing of glasses either to our own or to the French soldiers. This means that they have to pay for the glasses themselves, and many of the poor fellows who are wounded are not able to do so. I want to try and start a little fund here for the purpose of helping those who I know deserve it. I wonder if it would be possible for you to raise something for this fund. Any donation would be very acceptable and would be used to the best advantage impartially for both French and American soldiers. I know everybody is trying to do all they can, but the eyes of the men are such an important factor and deserve all possible attention. If you should send a fund it could be put in the hands of Major Hutchinson, American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1, to be used for the eye department, or sent directly to me. I am anxious to build up a good work here, and need some outside help to do it.

Here is a need at once serious and urgent. It is one that should appeal to universal sympathy. The *Argonaut* will gladly make a modest contribution and it hopes others may be moved to do likewise. Money in aid of Dr. Fewell's work may be sent direct. Or the *Argonaut* will be glad to receive and forward funds to him.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The military event of the week is the Italian success between Asiago and the Brenta Valley. It is a success of considerable importance, not only because it gives to the Italians a new position dominating the valley, but also because it demonstrates the present superiority of the Italian forces. The Austrians are reported to have lost in the first attack over 2000 prisoners, 100 machine guns, and six large cannon, but subsequent bulletins speak of much heavier losses than these, while the cost to the Italians was unusually light. The Austrians are said to have been taken completely by surprise, and to have believed that no infantry attack would follow the bombardment in territory of so difficult a nature. When the history of the war comes to be written it will be found that the chief enemy of the Austrian armies was a supine laxity that never believed in the possibility of events until they had disastrously happened.

It is to be remembered that the struggle on this east and west line in the mountains bordering the north Italian plains is for the command of the Brenta Valley. There is no other road from the north by which the Venetian plains can be invaded. The mountain wall to the east and west of the Brenta River is so precipitous as to preclude the contested advance of an army except by the river route. Towering above this mountainous area are various lofty peaks such as Mount Tomba, Mount Grappa, and Mount Asolone, to the east of the Brenta River, and so long as these peaks are in the possession of the Italians there can be no Teuton advance down the valley in the face of the artillery fire that would be directed against it. Mount Tomba was taken by the Teutons, but it was retaken by the Allied forces some weeks ago. All attacks upon Mount Grappa have been fruitless, but Mount Asolone fell to the Teuton assault in the middle of December. Mount di Val Bella and Col del Rosso are to the west of the Brenta River, and to the east of Asiago, and it is these two heights that have just been wrested from the Austrians. Being in the immediate vicinity of the Brenta Valley, which is therefore directly under their guns, the Italian success is an important one, since it interposes a fresh barrier between the mountains and the plains. The Austrians have brought many counter attacks, but all have been repulsed, and apparently with extraordinarily heavy losses. It is evident enough that the Italian army has fully recovered its morale—and it is only a small number of inferior troops that were ever affected—and that the Italian field now occupies a high status in the Allied councils.

The strike in Germany can hardly be described as a military event, although it need hardly be said that it has a high military importance. Necessarily we are somewhat in the dark as to its dimensions and gravity, although all neutral reports are in agreement that it was political rather than economic, and that it was the cause of extraordinary concern to the authorities. It included a million or more workers, and a large part of industrial Germany was involved. At the moment of writing we read that martial law has been declared in Berlin and Hamburg, and that the strikers have been ordered to return to their work under penalty of death. That the German government can easily suppress almost anything in the nature of riots or demonstrations goes without saying so long as it has an unlimited supply of loyal troops at its command, but it can not suppress nor counteract a widespread disaffection that may show itself fatally in a hundred intangible ways. Germany has hoisted in season and out of season of her national "will to conquer," and although we may smile at her bombast we may none the less recognize that a national unity of resolve is an almost impregnable factor in warfare. It is not the success or failure of the strike into which we need inquire. It is the fact that there should be a strike at all, and that the wall of German solidarity should thus be breached. The German authorities may be able to prevent or to postpone the volcanic outbreak, but they can not prevent the sullen heaving of the social fabric that must be rendered all the more dangerous by attempted suppression. Revolutions, said Emerson, never move backward, and although it may be too soon to speak of revolution in Germany, it is not too soon to recognize its premonitions. Insurrection is foreign to the German character, which lacks the intelligence of initiative. That there should be so sudden a departure from the instinct to obey is a portent that will not disappear, no matter how heavy the heel of martial law.

It need hardly be said that it is the contagion of Russia

that has produced the successive outbreaks in Austria and Germany. The three colossal tyrannies, or Russia, Austria, and Germany, have been bound together in a community of slavery, and they are likely to be united in the maelstrom of revolution. It was natural that illiterate, idealistic, and passionate Russia should lead the way, and perhaps she may yet be saved by her early start from those depths of chaos into which an intensification of her war miseries might have hurled her. At this distance from Oriental Europe we may easily fail to realize the power of the revolutionary contagion that must have crossed the Russian frontiers into Austria and Germany. In Austria there are thirty-six millions of Slavs, who are blood brothers with the Russian people, and whose undying hatred has been earned by Austrian misgovernment in the past, and now by cruelties and tortures that probably put those of Belgium and France into the shade. To suppose that insurrectionary efforts in Austria have failed is to show ourselves ignorant of the situation. They have not failed. Austria has done no more than screw down the safety valve, and so postpone and also intensify the explosion. That Austria is aware of her plight is shown by her almost pathetic overtures for peace, and by her obvious efforts to loosen the bond with Germany that is drawing her down to Germany's doom. Just as it was natural that Russia should come first in the revolutionary wave, so it is equally natural that Germany should come last, unled by imagination and idealism, and under the inertia of her materialism. None the less Germany can not now escape from the triumvirate of barbarism to which she belongs. Just as she followed Russia into the Holy Alliance, and knitted herself with Austria in the Dual Alliance, so she must now follow Russia and Austria into the maelstrom that was then created. She chose her associates from among the criminal misgovernments of the world, and she deliberately threw in Turkey as a makeweight. She can not now escape from the nemesis of all misgovernment.

It is curious to note how Germany and Austria have invited the invasion of their territories by revolutionary forces. Once more they have shown their incapacity to foresee and to measure. It was Germany who facilitated the passage to Russia of Trotzky and Lenine, under the conviction that Russia in flames might fall an easy prey to Teutonic greed. But Germany seems to have forgotten that she herself was inflammable, and that incendiary fires are apt to prove ungovernable. Certainly the honors of victory must be accorded to Trotzky so far as the Brest-Litovsk negotiations are concerned. Germany is obviously sick of them, and not a little frightened. She can make war against armies, but not against passive resistance, nor against ideas. She has deliberately brought herself into contact with the infection of revolutionary theories, supposing herself to be immune, and she discovers to her consternation that she is not immune. Encouraging her troops to fraternize with the Russians in order to persuade them of the beauties of a German peace, she finds to her horror that the Russians are persuading the Germans of the beauties of the social revolution. She has introduced the wooden horse behind her own fortifications, and she can not get rid of it. It is easy to sneer at Trotzky and the Bolsheviks, and to wave them upon one side as German agents. But there is no reason to believe that they are German agents, at least that they are intentionally so. It was not the Bolsheviks that began the Russian revolution. It was the Duma and Kerensky, and they might still be in command of it if they had known how to do something more practical than pass resolutions and order investigations. The Bolsheviks secured control because they could act as well as talk, but there is no reason to suppose that the Bolsheviks have any other aim than to promote the social revolution by any means that come to their hands. Trotzky claims to have produced the revolutionary movement in Austria, and although it may have been inevitable in any case it seems extremely likely that he hastened it. Doubtless he will claim to have inspired the German strike, and to some extent we must allow the claim. That Russia should have been able to smite down her government and destroy her military autocracy overnight, and almost without the firing of a shot, must certainly have been an impressive object lesson to the people of Austria and Germany. The personalities concerned may have been no more than flies on the wheel, but at least the fly is entitled to claim that he was actually on the wheel.

The strike may have no instant or marked bearing on the conduct of the war, unless the disaffection has extended itself to the army. On this point we need not be too hopeful, nor on the other hand need we be too incredulous. Precedents count for nothing in the present situation. It is the unexpected that continually happens. We have been told by various eminent authorities such as Mr. Gerard, who knows as much as can be known, although that is not very much, that there can be no revolution in Germany, and that the loyalty of the troops is unshakable. But there had already been a grave insurrection of the naval men at Kiel, and the German government admitted it in the Reichstag. There seems to have been a small revolt among the eastern troops of which we had various independent reports, and now we hear of more trouble among the submarine crews on the ground that their first voyage is usually also their last, which may well be so, seeing that over ten U-boats a week are being destroyed. Reports from the strike districts tell us that in some places the troops refused to fire upon the rioters, and finally we have the undeniable fact of the strike itself, and of its political foundations. Evidently it is impossible to predict what the German people will do in the future on the strength of what they have done in the past. The steadfastness of the army, such as it is, may be due not so much to the abstract principle of loyalty as to an ignorance of actual conditions.



deed this would seem to be so, if we may judge from the extraordinary care of the authorities to hide the situation from the army. A private letter from an eye-witness, received a month ago, speaks of the efforts of French officers on the Aisne to persuade a number of captured German officers that an American army was on its way. The German officers were much amused. They said that no ship could possibly cross the Atlantic, and when some American soldiers were actually pointed out to them they were still more amused. The supposed Americans, they said, were English soldiers dressed in American uniforms supplied for the purpose. Germans taken prisoner in Flanders are incredulous when told that they will be interned in England. They believe that the Channel has been closed by submarines, and that the English army is "in the air." Germany at the present moment seems to be feverishly reassuring herself upon the strength of false statistics that the submarine war is, after all, a success, and that the end of British shipping is in sight. The Prussian finance minister, speaking on January 19th in the Diet, said that as the American army could neither swim nor fly it would be impossible for it to reach France. Franz Mehring asked him why America should be unable to send an army, seeing that Canada had done so and was sustaining her army, and Canadians were not better swimmers nor flyers than Americans. The minister thereupon admitted that he was not in a position to prove his statement as to the American army, "but was still convinced that it could not come over." Of course the minister was convinced of nothing of the sort, but he was anxious to hide the truth. And now we read that some English aviators have been sentenced to ten years in prison for throwing down information circulars behind the German lines. Aviators have thrown down circulars since the beginning of the war, and German aviators have been particularly active in this sort of work. Germany has evidently a new fear of information, and perhaps she has good cause after her Russian experience. There are a hundred indications that the German army has been sustained on almost incredible fables of victory. But the internal situation in Germany can not be wholly hidden from the army, and we may make a grave mistake if we suppose that the army can remain indifferent to it, or that it can be deceived indefinitely as to the military situation.

Whether the German strike will serve to precipitate a great military effort, or to deter from it, remains to be seen. Much depends upon the balancing of parties in Germany, and it is now quite evident that the peace party led by the united Socialists under Scheidemann is a strong one, and has even had its moments of temporary victory. On the whole it seems probable that Germany will be spurred to some new and desperate effort to win a victory that shall serve as a basis for a new peace plea. The Pan-Germans and the militarists are now in the saddle, and naturally they have no sense of political responsibility. But their tenure can not be a very strong one. It was the oscillations of evenly balanced parties that led to the delay in the delivery of Von Hertling's speech, which thus became a partisan and not a national utterance. The military party would be disposed to put their "fortune to the touch and win or lose it all," but there must be a constant and restraining drag upon them from such men as Albert Ballin, who know that Germany must continue to live and to trade after the war is over. Germany has always made peace overtures after a victory. Indeed some of her so-called triumphs have been won for no other reason than to furnish a basis for peace overtures. She has a touching reliance upon the map, although it is to be noticed that it is always a restricted map, and that it never includes her own colonies, which have enormous undeveloped values. There is still a general expectation that Germany will begin a great offensive in the west, although we are without any substantial reason for such a belief. Stories of vast troop transfers from east to west have partially given place to other stories that Germany is granting leave of absence to small groups of eastern soldiers, who then go back to Germany and are sent westward to France and Flanders. We are told also of troop trains passing constantly through Belgium, of other troop trains going southward, and we are even invited to consider the probability of an invasion of Switzerland for the double purpose of a rear attack upon Italy and France. But we have been hearing these stories for two years. They seem to indicate nothing more than the movements necessarily incidental to the support of a great army. Certainly there is no reason why the Allies should fear a western offensive. They have never been stronger than they are now, nor so strong. Germany can not strike harder than she struck at Calais and at Verdun. Indeed she can not strike so hard. Driblets of men from the eastern front would not help her in the least, except to repair the vacancies of the eternal casualty lists. If she should attempt so tremendous a venture as this it will be proof, not of her confidence, but of her desperation. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 6, 1918.

It has been found that the age of a fish may be read from its scales. These increase in size by annular growth, two rings being formed each year. The "otoliths," or ear stones, which lie in two sacs on either side of the base of the cranial cavity, afford another means of determination. Like the scales, the otoliths increase by two rings annually. Each spring a white ring is formed, and each autumn a black one. Thus the number of either black or white rings in an otolith gives the age of the fish in years.

In 1913 Great Britain produced 1,788,977 tons of steam shipping, about 62 per cent. of the world output.

## IN GERMAN HANDS.

### A Wounded French Soldier Poet's Journal of Experiences in German Hospital Camps.

When Ernest Daudet some years before the war befriended a young French poet and found him a position in a publishing house he could not have guessed that in a short time his protégé would lie grievously wounded before St. Mihiel, and after months of frightful suffering in German hospitals would return to France to write one of the most remarkable personal narratives of the war. Yet this is what Charles Hennebois has done. His experiences are narrated in the form of a diary kept apparently from day to day during his enforced sojourn in the land of the Hun. Paragraphs written from memory after his return are marked with an asterisk and the reader is given to understand that the remainder were jotted down on the spot. How he was able to keep up this task without exciting the suspicions of his captors and how he was able to get his manuscript out of the enemy's country is not explained in detail, but of the authenticity of his stirring narrative there can be no reasonable doubt.

Hennebois was one of the first to volunteer when war broke out and took part as a private in the operations near Verdun. He did not see much of the conflict, however, for on October 12th he was badly wounded in an attack and lay in No Man's Land for four days before he was finally picked up and brought to a dressing station:

I was lying on the edge of a field of lucerne, somewhat hidden by the tall grass, and in the pale morning light, through the mists that were rising from the ground, I saw three German patrols moving over the ground. Some of the wounded called out to them, begging for water. The Germans finished them off with the butt-ends of their rifles or their bayonets, and then robbed them. I saw this done a few yards from where I was. A group of seven or eight men were lying there, struck down by cross-fire from the machine-guns. Some of them were still alive, and spoke imploringly to the Germans. They were butchered as I say, robbed, and thrown in a heap.

I gathered from the cries that reached me from other parts of the field, from the laughter, followed by dull blows and the subsequent silence, that other hapless creatures were sharing the same fate. I will not describe the anguish I endured. I thought my last hour was at hand, and if I lifted up my soul to God it was less to ask Him to save me—for I had so little hope for myself at that moment—than to implore Him to soften and heal the grief of those dear to me. I prepared for death.

Footsteps approached above me on the left. A minute before I had determined to die bravely, denouncing those who were outraging humanity by such deeds as cowards and murderers. Something stronger than myself made me close my eyes. I stiffened my body and lay motionless. The Germans thought I was dead. One of them turned me over with a violent kick, and greedy, brutal hands began to strip me of my possessions.

Another patrol passed later and caught him unawares. This time, however, a soldier, who turned out to be a Bavarian student, listened to his plea and spared him, promising to send the stretcher-bearers after him. Three days elapsed, however, before he was rescued and taken to the hospital. Here all was heartlessness and cruelty, on the part of the nurses no less than the doctors and orderlies. His leg was amputated, although at his next hospital a more humane surgeon pronounced it to have been unnecessary.

His hospital days were, to be sure, full of suffering, but they had many compensations. While the brutal Germans were trying to break the spirit of the indomitable Frenchman and his companions in captivity he had a rare opportunity to study his captors and note the reaction upon them of each phase of the conflict.

A German pastor visits him, not for spiritual comfort, as might be expected, but to convince him of the righteousness of Germany's cause and the certainty of her victory. He explains all the causes of the war, German fashion, and then ventures into the future:

"The victory of Germany will mean eternal peace. No one will draw the sword after that. From our extended frontiers we shall dictate our orders to London and Paris. And the nations will work; they will live in peace. We shall give them the necessary calm and repose. We shall watch over them."

I remark quietly that things may perhaps turn out differently. In that case, a German defeat. . . . His arms raised heavenward with an imploring gesture, his eyes wide with stupefaction, the Pfarrer replies:

"That could not dare to be possible."

Then he begins to laugh. He protests that I don't mean what I say. I, being a soldier, must be well aware that we are lost. "Continued resistance is pure madness. German strength is supreme."

There is a God, of course; but the Pfarrer does not speak of Him. He is indifferent to the fact that I am mutilated, lying on a bed of pain. The consolations of faith are not essential. The main thing is to convince me of German strength and German genius.

But I have my revenge. He knew nothing of the Marne, of the brilliant victory of our troops, of the thousands of Prussians who are sleeping on the plain. Not to be behind-hand, I say sixty thousand, and among them several thousand of the Prussian Guard who fell in the marshes of Saint-Gond. My man is startled. I set forth the heavy retreat of their troops after this battle, their present immobility, the complete failure of their sudden attack. I speak of time, of the interventions that may be expected, of Italy bestirring herself. The Pfarrer no longer laughs.

The mental processes of the German are something past finding out; he has a philosophy and psychology all his own. With him what is sauce for the goose is

not necessarily sauce for the gander. So Hennebois found it in his talks. Here is one that throws light upon the Teuton line of reasoning:

A long talk with the doctor attached to the hospital. He is a man of forty, strongly built and intelligent-looking. His thick hair is turning gray at the temples. The inevitable scar adorns his right cheek, and he is a strong partisan of dueling. I will not set down all the arguments he brought forward. We discussed the war, and they were *pro domo*. But the refrain was invariable: Germany is sure to conquer. Then this sincere (?) expression of regret:

"Why, oh! why did you dream of the *revanche*? Why did you not accept the hand we held out to you in friendship after 1870?"

These conquerors are artless folk. I instanced Jena. "Why did you not take the course you recommend for France on that occasion?"

He shakes his imperious head. "The case was different. We were not amalgamated. The German-speaking peoples had perforce to realize their magnificent national unity."

"And they did it in blood."

He checked me with a scornful glance. "Force, you see, is the eternal lever. You don't think so, but this is beside the question. We shall soon see which will conquer, French Right or German Might. Rights are only words. Might dominates, destroys, and replaces them. They cry out at first, then they hold their peace . . . as you will do."

Here indeed is the whole accursed German doctrine in a nutshell. Volumes could not have expressed more clearly the idea that permeates intellectual Germany, or did in the earlier days of the war. Perhaps it is becoming somewhat modified as the war goes on and the expected triumph tends to recede into the distance. Another angle of the mental strabismus of the Hun was displayed when Italy came into the war. The doctor talked bitterly of Italian treachery and then went on to explain Austria's plan of campaign:

"They will have an important army, one-third German. We are sending soldiers to them, but these soldiers are volunteers. They will wear the Austrian uniform. Our army will take the offensive. In a few weeks we shall be at Venice."

"Venice! Great Heaven!" A mischievous demon spurs me on, and I can not refrain from saying: "Well, of course, after Louvain, Venice! When shall you destroy it?"

He is quite unconscious of my irony. "There is a very important arsenal at Venice. It is a fortified town."

He seems quite serious. I long to bite him.

What makes the German so difficult to understand is that he takes himself so seriously. He never sees the inconsistency that is glaringly apparent to any one else. In no way does he show this more than in his religious views. For him there is a special God, the "good old German God," and he has therefore a special dispensation to do what he likes in the name of God. If some one else did the same thing it would be shameful. How he harmonizes this with the doctrine that might makes right it is difficult to see. Of this curious aberration, which is a form of fanaticism, no better illustration could be adduced than one of the prayers written by them. The author came across a little volume entitled, "Prayers for the Use of French Soldiers." Presumably it was prepared for the purposes of propaganda, but the writers believed what they wrote. Here is one of the prayers:

Eternal God, Almighty Father, Thou hast brought us into captivity to make us search our hearts and seek Thy face. Lord, we have denied Thee, and Thou hast rejected and chastised us. We acknowledge that we have deserved Thy just wrath, and we implore Thee to pardon us, to open the eyes of our poor French nation, and bring it back to Thee, as of old Thou broughtest back the children of Israel in spite of their transgressions. Amen.

After many weary months of captivity, the author gradually recovers his strength. Then come rumors of arrangements for the exchange of the wounded who are incapacitated for further military service. Finally the order comes, but to his intense disappointment an exception is made in his case and he is not permitted to go. More months of heart-breaking captivity, and finally his turn comes. At last, after dreadful uncertainties, they reach the Swiss frontier, and thenceforward there is one continuous ovation, and the months of suffering are forgotten, swallowed up in the joy that defies expression. And then they cross the French line:

Suddenly, close beside me, a grave voice, that of the hospital orderly, pronounces these words:

"Gentlemen, we have crossed the frontier. You are in France."

Then, strange to say—for we had thought to cry aloud, greeting France, intoxicated by the first contact with her soil—we are all silent, and tears, tears that spring from a very remote source, the best, the purest, and the highest of our being, roll down our emaciated cheeks, as we clasp each other's hands very tenderly.

Now Bellegarde—I dare not lean out to look on the platform. The train comes in slowly. Hardly has it stopped when music breaks out, vibrates, swells, and brings us to our feet. Our legs tremble under us. Oh! the intense emotion of that "Marseillaise" on this bright July morning! We want to shout, but our throats contract, and we stand trembling and shaken by sobs in our invaded corridor. But all along the train the voices of the wounded beat out the immortal rhythm. A tempest of passion vibrates in the words and reverberates in the glorious strophes.

At last the home-coming, pathetic and joyous, and all the time the thought of his country, devotion to France. Noble and touching is the description of that meeting and the thoughts that race through his mind. We talk much in America of love of country and shout patriotic sentiments with noisy fervor; to every American the experience of this splendid French soldier should be a lesson and an inspiration in the highest and purest devotion to one's native land.

IN GERMAN HANDS. By Charles Hennebois. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.



## ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP NEVADA.

From "The Flamingo's Nest," a Recently Published Novel with a Hawaiian Setting.

The Royal Palm liner *Nevada*, westward bound from San Francisco to Honolulu and Japan, plunged through the waves at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, a modern hotel driven by steam across the blue spaces of the Pacific. The day was dazzlingly bright—a brilliant tropical morning. In the dancing light the steamship made a spirited picture, with its twin red funnels and high straight stem and a string of gaudy signal-flags fluttering indigo and white and yellow. The sun flashed fire from the brass ports studding the liner's black sides. Along the boat-deck white canvas awnings were stretched where passengers lounged in lazy deck-chairs that trembled to the vibration from the drive of the triple turbines. The throb of the engines, the rumble of the propellers, the rhythmic rise and fall of the long steel hull as it rode the seas, all spoke of speed and progress, which were hurrying them on toward the trade-winds and tropical color of the Hawaiian Islands.

Already the ship had come more than two thousand miles from the mainland.

For an hour Hawaii had been in sight. In plain view lay an island where the waves were streaming toward a shore fringed with the vivid green of palm groves and the ragged outlines of volcanic rocks.

Among those who were looking toward the land no one stared more intently than Kenneth Crane. He rose from his chair and crossed the deck to the ship's rail, where he looked landward with eager interest and a thrill of gratification, as his eye followed the slopes of jungle-clad hills to where their summits lifted, darkened by the shadows of clouds. He regarded the hills as the scene of his coming work, for within their valleys and beyond their slopes he should have to find the solution of the problem he had come to solve.

Crane was in a happy frame of mind. And it seemed as though he had sufficient reason. When a man has been commissioned to go to the very corner of the world where he has always wanted to go, and when his business entails the carrying out of just such an adventurous programme as he should have loved to plan if left to his own devices, he ought to feel satisfied with fate.

His lungs expanded as he looked across the sun-spangled waves to the homes and hotels along the shore beneath the palms. The trade-winds were blowing out of his system the last lingering traces of San Francisco fog. While he watched the play of light and shade and cloud and color, with the sunlight glittering over all, he felt himself carried away on a wave of appreciation.

What a glorious thing it is to be healthy and young and full of vitality, with a definite place in the world and a definite work to do—when the place and the work are altogether to one's taste! Crane felt as though every one was his friend that morning, and when some one came to his side and began to speak to him, he turned to the speaker with his happiest smile—the more readily since the person was a young lady and good looking.

The girl looked up brightly, as she leaned on the deck-rail. Her lips seemed to have a habit of parting in a dazzling way on the smallest provocation. Wearing a flamingo-pink jacket and linen skirt and white cape-collar and belt, with her blond hair arranged in a very high and fluffy fashion, she made a picture he liked to admire. But she brought his mind back to the landscape.

"It looks like a dream of the tropics, doesn't it?" she was saying.

"Doesn't it, though, Miss Burl! 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

"You're quite severe on the Honolulu people."

"Oh, I didn't mean to be; but if I were at liberty to tell you the business that brings me here, you might be pessimistic, too; that is, pessimistic about some of them, the thundering spiders!"

"What strenuous insects! But I suppose they average up pretty much as people do everywhere."

"I suppose so. We legal men see too much of the seamy side of things. I happen to be on the track of a bunch of bloodsuckers, but I mean to reform them. After I've effected their reformation, I'll be more optimistic over humanity. And this morning I meant to forget all about business, and devote myself to sight-seeing. It's my introduction to the tropics. Isn't it like landing in a new planet?"

It did seem a good deal like arriving in a strange planet, there was so much that was novel in sight. The ultramarine of the sea was spangled with flying-fish that glittered like silver as they flashed from the crests of the low waves. From the shore rose the brown sides of a burned-out volcanic crater, lifting their huge circle abruptly from the water. The crater formed a headland, around which all vessels arriving from the mainland must come. It was known as Diamond Head.

Around Diamond Head the steamship *Nevada* steered on the last stretch of its voyage to Hawaii. Swinging a quarter of a circle, the vessel shaped a straight course for the harbor of Honolulu, now lying in plain sight about four miles away. Harbor and city were betrayed by the tall masts of ships and the

heavy funnels of ocean steamers. As the *Nevada* raced along parallel to the beach at Waikiki, the passengers crowded to the starboard rail, for they had come into full view of one of the loveliest tropical pictures the world offers.

Color! Color and sunlight! Blue waves, and surf, and palm-waved shore; green glitter of wide rice-lands; alluring slopes of tree-covered hills, all glowing beneath a sky which arched in turquoise-blue, crowned by a dazzling sun. Crane watched the picture with the rest, lingering over every feature. His gaze followed the long waves as they rolled landward.

The smoking surf was rumbling thunderously over a reef to reach the curving shore, up which the water glided, tamed to softness. Along the dazzling strip of beach tall, slender palms were waving, the shimmering green of their branches contrasting vividly with the coral sand. Brown bungalows peeped out from between their trunks. Beyond the palms the rice-fields lay, two miles of vivid green. And farther off, across the level land, there loomed the dark green of high hills, their contours broken by deep, romantic valleys and culminating in a line of peaks where lay a long white roll of trade-wind clouds. With an indigo-blue sky as a background for the picture, and a glorious golden sun gilding every feature, all who saw it felt that their rosier ideas of the tropics were being realized.

But natural scenery is as uninteresting to many as it is attractive to others. Crane and Miss Burl, still leaning on the rail side by side, had forgotten everything else in the fascination of the landscape, when they were interrupted by some one who had come to Crane's side and was saying,

"What the — do all these fools see to look at?"

Crane turned quickly. It was a lean, dark-haired young man who had approached and was speaking. Miss Burl colored and walked away. Crane spoke up warmly.

"If you can't appreciate the scenery yourself, sir," he said, "that is no reason why you should insult those who can."

"Scenery! Scenery!" the other answered, and it would be impossible to suggest the sneering contempt in his tone. "I see nothing but rocks and dirt, piled up, with some brush to cover them."

Crane remembered the fellow, now. His name was Carding, and he was returning to his home in Honolulu, after having spent the last four years on the mainland in pursuit of an education. It occurred to Crane that culture must have had no place in Carding's college course.

"He may have had a technical training along some line or other," he thought. "If so, that was all."

And Crane leaned back against the rail and studied him for a moment.

"Probably his principal occupation in college was sowing a sackful of wild oats and reaping a crop of bad habits. But, if he doesn't look out, he'll get into trouble," and Crane grinned as he watched the comedy which was coming.

Carding was moving slowly and haughtily along the deck, ignoring every one. A dozen of the crew were bringing a hawser which would be needed later in making the steamer fast to its pier. The men rushed aft with the heavy rope. It struck Carding's feet. He sputtered and staggered for a moment, then lost his balance and fell forward on his nose.

"Pride goes before a fall," thought Crane, and he turned away. But a moment later the two were required to stand in line side by side, for now the steamer was nearing the harbor and the passengers were being lined up for the quarantine inspection. Carding, in spite of his misadventure, appeared to be in a better frame of mind than he had been a few minutes before. His sour features were twisted into an attempt at a smile, as he inquired whether Crane "had any friends in the Islands?"

Crane had half started to say that he carried "a letter of introduction to a lieutenant at Fort Ruger," when he thought better of it, and answered:

"No—no friends. I'll have to herd at hotels with the rest of the tourists."

Half an hour later the *Nevada* was at its dock, the gang-plank had been run out, and the passengers were going ashore.

There was a crowd at the pier, below the gangway, and it was a picturesque crowd; men in white linen suits, women in white linen dresses, curio-sellers with models of native canoes, barefooted boys calling the *Advertiser*, Hawaiian flower-sellers, their hats and shoulders radiant with wreaths. Some of the ladies in white linen dresses also wore wreaths—"leis" they called them. And from the crowd came a medley of cries and requests.

"Hotel! Hotel, sir?"

"Nice canoe, mister. Made it myself."

"Excursion to the Pali. Start right away."

"Hawaiian flowers. Best in Honolulu."

Crane paid no attention to any of these distractions. As he stood beneath the long shed of the pier, he looked around him as though in search of something or some one.

"And now to find the lieutenant," he thought. "They told me they'd have him here to meet me—and I guess that is my man."

The lieutenant was not a difficult man to identify, for his height was six feet, four. He carried his uniform well; his dark blue tunic, his gilded shoulder-straps, and his high military cap became him. The deep visor of his cap descended until it almost met a heavy red mustache. But as Crane peered up beneath the visor he caught the gleam of a pair of eye-glasses, and behind them he saw a pair of good-humored blue eyes.

"Is this Lieutenant Sherrill?" Crane inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"I have a letter introducing me," and he extended his letter of introduction.

"Oh, you're Mr. Crane. Very glad to meet you, sir," and the lieutenant shook hands with a hearty grip. "I have a machine outside the dock. If you'll let me take you to the Crossroads Club I can offer you some lunch, and we can talk later."

"I'm with you," and Crane and the lieutenant left the pier together.

"And I think you'll find my talk interesting," Crane added in a lower tone. "We are planning to give the officers of the X Sugar Company the surprise of their lives."

THE FLAMINGO'S NEST. A Honolulu story. Published by R. Sprague, Berkeley, Cal. 369 pages. \$1.35.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Oscar T. Crosby, financial member of the American mission, who is in charge of the financial division of the Interallied War Council, finds his excellent French a great aid in performing his duties, especially in Paris. Mr. Crosby learned book French at West Point and afterward married a Créole lady. He not only speaks French, but speaks with the flourishes and graces of a native.

Helen P. McCormick, assistant county district attorney at New York, who formerly was a factory inspector, is slender and girlish in appearance, with dark brown hair piled high, and earnest, intelligent blue eyes whose expression is searching, yet kindly. She has in addition to her other qualifications a delightful sense of humor, and since sense of humor is in its essence merely sense of proportion, it is a valuable asset for her in her work. She is in every way feminine.

Lloyd-George is always trying to escape from an official routine and finds refreshment in simple things. He goes to a "movie" shows when he gets a chance, and several times in Paris he slipped off to a little restaurant in a side street and had luncheon alone. Generally, he has the best of health, although once or twice he has caught cold, and a cold in the English climate is no trifling matter. The prime minister is said to look as sound as a dollar, and there is not the slightest trace of nervous impairment in his physical appearance.

Admiral Benson did most of the speaking in public for the American mission to the Interallied War Conference at Paris, and is said to have done it mightily well. He was very active throughout the whole stay in Europe, and collected much information that will be useful in the conduct of the war. Admiral Benson is a Georgian, from Macon; he now calls Charleston, South Carolina, home. Inasmuch, however, as Mrs. Benson belongs to a prominent family at Pikesville, Maryland (the Wysees), the Green Spring Valley can claim him, and it is not improbable that when wars are over and naval duty finished the Bensons will live in that garden spot of America.

Lord Montagu, who was rescued from the torpedoed ship *Persia* in the Mediterranean and is now in India as mechanical warfare expert for the government of India, is one of the pioneer motorists in England. He is also one of the foremost experts of aerial warfare in the British army, and a member of the House of Lords. He is a most democratic type of man, and fond of introducing newly-made acquaintances to his varied activities as shopkeeper, legislator, and landed proprietor. For he keeps a shop in Pall Mall, London, where he sells motor-car literature and edits the *Car*, and he has a magnificent estate in the New Forest at Beaulieu, which, by the way, is pronounced Bewly. Here his study is the huge refectory of the former abbey.

M. Clémenceau, the French premier, in his capacity of minister of war, takes no matter in hand of less than first-rate importance—and then he deals with it himself. He has established a rule that nothing shall take more than three days to settle. It is not a reform, it is a revolution, is the remark of those who have experienced the circumlocutions, delays, and red tape of officialdom. "No longer is the head of a department to ask for written reports from his subordinates on insignificant questions, when a few minutes' conversation would settle the whole question. No longer is pen to be put to paper and stacks of documents collected, when a simple telephone call would suffice." As final proof that the order bears *la griffe du Tigre*, the Tiger's own mark, it may be added that the departments are to be subject to supervision when least expected, and that disregard for the three days' rule will result in severe penalties for the persons concerned.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ended Saturday, February 2d, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reported bank clearings amounting to \$93,947,667.98, as compared with a total of \$90,923,340.10 in the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's total was \$14,630,598.97.

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cisco reports its total reserves at \$90,398,000, or 62.46 per cent. of net deposit and reserve banknote liability. The total earning assets of the bank now amount to \$58,594,000, as compared with only \$13,422,000 on February 1, 1917. The bank's resources are now \$160,844,000. The amount due members' reserve account is \$67,687,000.

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reports a good call for the offering of \$275,000 Reclamation District No. 1600, Yolo County, 6 per cent. serial bonds put out by the firm. The bonds are dated January 1, 1918, and mature serially from 1928 to 1937. They are being offered at prices, according to maturity, to yield investors 5.75 per cent.

In its February financial letter the Anglo

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and London Paris National Bank of San Francisco discusses the silver situation as follows:

"There are persistent rumors that the government will buy the silver produced in this country in 1918 at \$1 per ounce. There are also rumors less sustained that the government will retire the silver certificates and sell a large part of its silver. Naturally the price of silver fluctuates.

"There are large trade balances in favor of the Orient which can be paid in silver, thereby conserving our gold. Our own and the British government acting in concert desire to control the situation, but apparently are undecided how to go about it. The rapid increase of the Federal Reserve note circulation makes this a favorable time to retire the silver certificates if that is desired.

"In this country the largest silver producers are the copper mines and it is uncertain to what extent silver mining would be stimulated by any particular price and also to what extent it is desirable to divert labor and materials to silver mining. The price of silver will be for the present determined by the policy adopted by the two governments and until that is settled fluctuations may be expected, as one rumor or another gets more credence. For the present the market is weak, with a declining tendency."

The official statement of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks for the year 1917, received in San Francisco February 2d, shows combined net income of \$11,202,993, or at the rate of 18.9 per cent. on an average aggregate capital for the year of \$59,260,000. This compares with net earnings of \$2,750,999, or at the rate of 4.99 per cent., for the year 1916 on an estimated yearly average paid-in capital of \$55,170,000.

Gross earnings in 1917 amounted to \$15,838,859 against gross earnings of \$4,955,343 in 1916. In both gross and net for the year the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco stands seventh in the list, with returns of \$854,755 and \$547,044 respectively.

Under the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act earnings of the reserve banks after providing 6 per cent. cumulative dividend on the capital stock must be divided between the United States as a franchise tax and the banks' surplus fund until the latter amounts to 40 per cent. of the paid-in capital stock. After that the whole amount of surplus earnings must go to the United States.

In a statement prepared in the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York the total cost of the European war to December 31, 1917, has been placed at \$121,750,000,000. Several weeks ago this bank had issued a pamphlet entitled "The Cost of the War." For the *Journal of Commerce* the writer of the pamphlet made a revision, bringing the data down to the end of the year 1917. In this revision the expenditures for 1917 were figured at \$1,000,000,000 a week. For the United States the daily cost had become \$40,360,000. The burden for the individual was found to be greatest in Great Britain.

The writer of the article remarks that when one endeavors to compute for all nations the total cost of the war, "measuring in dollars the full economic destruction as well as the simple military expenditure," he finds he has undertaken an impossible task, since much of the loss is incalculable. In fact, the blow delivered to civilization "has no money measure." In the first place, the loss through the killing and maiming of men "can not rightly be stated in dollar values," while, as for an estimate of the destruction of railways, ships, factories, and all other elements of production and value, that would be impossible, since different authorities "have arrived at widely varying amounts in the calculations they have made." Confining himself to strictly military expenditures, which can be calculated in money measure, the writer presents the above table and gives an approximation of the daily war costs as they were incurred from the day of the war's beginning, August 1, 1914, to December 31, 1917:

	Daily Average.	Total
1914 .....	\$ 52,700,000	\$ 7,900,000,000
1915 .....	71,800,000	26,200,000,000
1916 .....	97,700,000	35,650,000,000
1917 .....	142,000,000	52,000,000,000
Total .....		\$97,000,000 \$121,750,000,000

As to future costs, the writer says the increases will be determined "by the length of time over which hostilities are prolonged and by whatever extension of battle-lines may occur." The financing of battles must keep up with their cost, so that basically, the war "resolves itself more and more into an economic contest." While costs "continue to grow, embattled nations go on borrowing to pay those costs, and the figures of debt rise steadily beyond those which formerly were familiar." Further, as to the future, the writer says:

"An attempt to gage the direct cost of the war on an assumption that hostilities will continue to its fourth anniversary, August 1, 1918, doubtless will be received by the reader

as worth making. Such an attempt yields a series of huge figures, all of which contribute to make up a total of more than \$150,000,000,000. Should the war progress to August 1, 1918, its direct military cost to the nations will be as follows, basing estimates on the present daily rate of expenditure, which is augmented over the past by active entrance of the United States into the war:

	Daily Average.	Total Military Cost.
Three years .....	\$ 90,000,000	\$97,450,000,000
One year .....	159,000,000	58,150,000,000
Total, 4 years .....	\$107,000,000	\$155,600,000,000

Robert E. McDonnell, a member of the firm of McDonnell & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, accompanied by Mrs. McDonnell, making his first trip to the Pacific Coast, is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. McDonnell said that it was his opinion that carefully selected stocks purchased at the present level would provide the investor with a very comfortable return in dividends for many years to come, with a fairly constant opportunity to market them at higher prices.

Though a member of the brokerage house, McDonnell is by profession a lawyer. The recent circular issued by his firm commenting on the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Towne vs. Eisner case represented his work. This case, it will be recalled, held that stock dividends were not taxable as income, provided they represented earnings accumulated by the corporation prior to March 1, 1913. McDonnell said Saturday that one of the principal legal firms of New York City had advised McDonnell & Co. that the Supreme Court would probably extend this decision to cover all stock dividends. This view of the matter has been held by McDonnell from the start.

The bond investment business is picking up in the East, according to Richard Girvin of the firm of Girvin & Miller, who recently returned, after an absence of three weeks, most of which time he spent in New York. "Peace talk is heard everywhere in New York," Mr. Girvin said, "and there is much conjecture as to whether it will be brought about by a military decision or a socialistic upheaval in Europe. In fact there seems to be no definite idea as to how peace will come, but bond dealers seem to be of the opinion that it will be a great help to the investment business."

Discussing the investment situation, Mr. Girvin said: "Bond dealers report a fair business in progress, with offerings of short-term securities, of course, meeting with the best response from the public. They have realized that there is bound to be a market for refunding issues, and they are going after business in a way that shows that the situation is not dominated by pessimism altogether."

McDonnell & Co., in pursuance of their usual policy of giving customers every facility for trading, have become identified with the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. The firm decided to become a member of the coffee and sugar board because of the recent increased activity in the coffee market.

Following the announcement which was made a few days ago by the Equitable Trust Company of New York of the Equitable cooperative plan for banks and dealers in bonds, the company reports that arrangements have been concluded with 180 banks and bond dealers in leading cities in the following states: Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin. In announcing the plan the Equitable Trust Company pointed out that the giving of this cooperative service would operate so as to greatly reduce overhead charges for many dealers and banks throughout the country and at the same time would materially broaden the investment markets.

"More than ever the automobile is taking over the place of the suburban train," says W. F. Culbertson, president of the Pierce-Arrow Pacific Sales Company, Incorporated. "This is one of the developments of the present railroad congestion. Many have noted how much freight-carrying is being diverted to motor trucks. The other development has been less pronounced, but it is steadily progressing. It is generally known that railroads all over the United States are radically rearranging their schedules and dropping a large number of trains. These changes in schedules affect not only the long-distance trains, but equally those which connect suburban towns with the cities. Through this action railroad companies are finding it possible to effect a

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great saving in operating costs, and also to have available for the use of the War Department a largely increased rolling stock. Much of the railroad business between suburbs and big cities has not been profitable to the railroads. In some instances it has been conducted at a loss for the convenience of the community. Railroads have, therefore, cheerfully withdrawn these trains. The result has been a large measure of inconvenience for those who have picked their suburban residence on the basis of especially good train service. With the trains reduced in number and the schedules changed the business man has either to radically alter his life or else use his automobile between his home and his office. The latter has been the choice in many cases. With his automobile the suburban resident can get to his office at his regular hour, and is immune from the need of rising earlier to catch the train, or catch a train which would land him at his office an hour earlier than heretofore. By means of his automobile he will be able to get home for his regular dinner hour and arrive in time for the couple of hours on the golf links that constitute one of the special attractions of the suburban home. Many reasonably wealthy persons live in the country the year round. The summer homes were in most cases established with regard to railroad facilities, but the withdrawal of trains does not mean the sacrificing of these homes—it merely affects the means of transportation. There is no reason to suppose that this condition of limited railway passenger service will continue for an extended period. The selling connections of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company have called to our attention an increasing number of instances where Pierce-Arrow cars have lately been applied to this use. Some of these runs are remarkable for their length. We know of many cases where owners run fifty miles from their homes to business and fifty miles back every day. In some cases the distance is as much as one hundred miles both ways. Naturally this kind of travel is much greater in the milder months than in winter. The ability of the automobile to afford this kind of transportation relief is another instance of the permanent place it has taken as an essential to our daily life."

Richard E. Mulcahy, resident partner of E. F. Hutton & Co., returned recently from a four months' trip through the Eastern money centres. He spent much of the time in New York, studying the financial situation, and he discussed the outlook as follows:

"My observations during the last four months in New York and elsewhere in the East has made me very hopeful for the future. The strong conditions in the stock and bond market is the taking up and paying in full for large quantities of securities. The purchasers are people living west of Chicago. These securities are going into the agricultural districts. They will not return to the market again—they represent conservative investment. The immense profits made in all agricultural products has changed the entire West from borrowers to investors. Every indication points to one of the greatest bull security markets ever known when conditions become normal again. It is true vast sums of money are being spent, but one must not forget that it does not go out of the country. Farm products and manufactured goods will continue high for several years. A country which can produce within itself twenty billions of dollars annually has a foundation which can not fail."

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**ALBERT BALLIN ON GERMANY.**

The Great Shipping Magnate Talks About the War and Its Results.

(Herr Ballin, friend of the Kaiser and leading figure in the German shipping world, is convinced that Germany faces disaster, according to an "intercepted letter," which the London Daily Chronicle quotes as having been written by Ballin to Privy Councillor Dr. Ratheman of Berlin. The letter as published by the Daily Chronicle is as follows.)

HAMBURG, December 4, 1917.

TO HERR PRIVY COUNCILLOR, DR. RATHMAN, BERLIN—My Dear Herr Geheimrat: You honor me in asking me to express an opinion regarding the probable course of our economic policy after the war. But I can not do this in any satisfactory or sufficient way within the brief compass of a letter. All I can do is to jot down a few thoughts that strike me as being applicable to the present serious situation. I must say at once that neither in this city nor in any other part of the country do I find a definite or well-conceived plan of action for the reestablishment of after war economic relations, nothing advocated which can be adopted without grave misgiving as to its feasibility. Most of what we read in the newspapers as to our preparedness for embarking on brisk trade and manufactures as soon as peace has been concluded is, I fear, written with the manifest intention of beating down our people, who are notoriously ignorant of our actual economic conditions and all that threatens them.

Take, for example, the branch of commerce with which I am supposed to be familiar—shipping. What sorry lies have been disbed up to our people on this subject! One reads of the resounding bannister strokes of riveters as they work at the creation of new leviathans for our overseas commerce. Hamburg, Bremerhaven, Danzig, Stettin are supposed to be buzzing with shipbuilding. Not long ago one journal asserted that nearly 400,000 tons were almost ready for launching! And there is hardly a vestige of truth in any of these statements. Our yards are only working for the navy, and as for other ships, we have not the material or accommodation, and, above all, we have not the necessary labor, skilled and unskilled.

Believe me when I say that our mercantile marine is in a perilous condition. The bill to reestablish and strengthen it which is now before the Reichstag, even if passed, in its entirety, will show no results for at least five years, and it is in these five years that our fate will be most adversely influenced. What will not our great maritime competitors make of these five years—Great Britain, the States, Japan? What will not neutrals make of them—neutrals who have enormously added to their reserve capital—Norway, Denmark, Hol-

land? I almost despair when I think how different it all might have been. You and I, dear Herr Privy Councillor, were never advocates of this fatal policy of unrestricted submarine warfare. You will remember how I went to Berlin to seek to stay the hand of the authorities. I begged them to reflect, and they told me the country insisted on it. This was not true. I pointed out how it would inevitably draw the United States into the conflict. They pooh-poohed me, smiled at the States and scorned her threat. Do they smile now? Let me tell you that in my opinion the entry of the United States into this struggle may spell absolute disaster for us.

Our people have little or no knowledge of the American character. You and I have made a most careful study of it. What stuff our publicists and journalists write about their Mammon worship, their greed, their envy of other nations, their lack of discipline—oh, that blessed word discipline! You and I know that the Americans are probably the most idealistic nation on the earth's surface. We know that they would not have entered the lists of our foes had they any doubt as to the justice of their cause. Nonsense to say that they have been influenced by Britain. We are mad not to see where we are, and whither we are driving. In antagonizing the United States we have done a disastrous thing, a thing which will throw its cold shadow on our economic life for a generation.

But if I am concerned about our relations with the United States, I am still more anxious about our relations with Britain. I realize as never before that all the increase in our wealth, all the success which attended our enterprises in the years before the war, was owing to our intercourse with the British Empire. Her home ports, her dominions and colonies were freely opened to our shippers and traders. Sometimes I wondered at this generosity, and even called it folly. Is it to be imagined for a moment that those old relations will return?

I am not to be supposed, dear Herr Geheimrat, as saying one word in favor of Britain's policy in this war. I believe that she entered it from base motives. Not for a moment do I believe in her humanitarianism, her alleged desire to liberate or protect small nationalities. Britain is a greedy and unscrupulous power, as all her past history proves, but now I am only dealing with the fact that by our conduct of this war, by the insensate folly of our Pan-Germans and our unspeakable press, we have turned her inborn dislike of us into a loathing so cold, and fierce, and lasting, as sometimes to make me tremble for the whole future of our economic existence.

Consider what we are risking. We look forward to resuming our sea trade. We build our proudest expectations on this. How are we to resume it in face of an Anglo-Saxondom which loathes and must loathe our presence among them? Do our fools of Chauvinists realize that we have hardly a port at which our ships can call and where a friendly welcome will be extended to them? Dover, Falmouth, and Southampton, Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria, Aden, the Persian Gulf, Bombay and Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong—what are they? Great British arsenals, naval bases, coaling stations, repairing docks, in which we dare not show our faces if Britain so wills. It is the same around the African continent, the same in the West Indies and in the Pacific. We have not a coaling station of our own, not a place where we can effect repairs. Yet in face of this—a most deadly serious state of affairs—we go on piling offense on offense.

But we must beat England, you say, no matter what the consequences. I agree. All I say is that whether we beat her or she beats us, the consequences will be the same—disaster to our overseas trade if Britain so wills it. We may, in the event of victory, impose all sorts of conditions securing us most-favored-nation treatment, securing us free entry into British ports everywhere. No sane man believes that these conditions will help us.

And just one point more, and it is perhaps quite as serious. With a hostile British Empire, galled and fretted with our military success, raging at its losses, hopelessly alienated, how are we to procure the raw material which this empire alone can supply? You have studied this question, and I am sure of your agreement. You do not believe in the silly assertion that after the war these British markets for raw material will be open to us. Where are we to procure our supplies of jute if not from India? If we are driven from Africa, where are we to seek our full supplies of rubber, palm kernels, and copra?

What a prospect! Within the British Empire are produced countless articles on which we have hitherto relied, and which will be indispensable to the future if we are to swim and not to sink. Wool from South Africa and Australia, spelter, wulfram, nickel, cobalt, and endless more. That great empire is

self-contained, and we are not. And all the military victories, and all the wild will-o'-the-wisps about "Hamburg to Bagdad" will not help us.

I remain, my dear Geheimrat, etc.,  
ALBERT BALLIN.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

L'Aveugle.

Tapping, tapping with his stick,  
Down the pavement—click, click, click;  
Treading, treading—gingerly,  
He so young, so fair to see;  
God above! What irony!

The sun shone bright on winding Aisne,  
On dewy copse and ripening grain;  
While lyric swallows dipped and rose,  
Then dropping swiftly circled close  
Above the silent, waiting line  
Carolling nature's countersign:  
Beauty, beauty—blest are we  
With eyes to see and worship thee!

Singing, singing he would run  
Down the world to meet the sun,  
Leaping, leaping, buoyantly—  
Oh, the world is fair to see,  
God in heaven! What ecstasy!

Across the fields a cloud unfurled  
Rolls mist-like from the nether world;  
A noisome shroud by genii spun  
Billowing onward hides the sun.  
Above the silent, waiting line  
What eerie monsters shriek and whine!  
"En garde enfants!—the gas—the gas,  
En garde, Françaises; they shall not pass!"

Groping, groping in the black  
Chaos of fierce attack,  
Writhing, writhing piteously,  
God or fiend, why must there be,  
Out of hell, such misery?

Hushed voices whisper faintly where  
Grave Paris gleams in the silver air.  
A ragged band comes marching by,  
Unkempt, ill-shod—incredibly  
Battered and broken, weary-sore,  
Spent veterans of a valiant corps.  
As on they drag, with shuffling feet  
His stick taps, taps, in rhythmic beat.

Marching, marching, keeping time,  
On he steps with faith sublime.  
Marching, marching, fearlessly,  
Holy Father! Can it be  
Those lips smile triumphantly?

Lo, from those sightless sockets he  
Counts rank on rank of soldiery,  
With pike and staff and glinting lance;  
Immortal hosts of dauntless France  
Great Condé, Charlemagne, Martel,  
Brave Saint Louis, dear Saint Michel—  
Then, waving joyously afar,  
The milk-white plume of proud Navarre;  
And over all—Oh, promised aye!  
Floats high the pennant of Jeanne d'Arc.

Tapping, tapping with his stick,  
Down the pavement quick, quick, quick,  
Treading, treading, valiantly,  
Oh! to see what his eyes see,  
This, Oh, God! were Victory.  
—P. O'T., in Reddy's Mirror.

**For the Men at the Front.**

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand  
Dominion holds on sea and land,  
In Peace and War Thy Will we see  
Shaping the larger liberty.  
Nations may rise and nations fall,  
Thy Changeless Purpose rule them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,  
Be Thou a sure defense and shield!  
Console and succour those who fall,  
And help and hearten each and all!  
O, hear a people's prayers for those  
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,  
In weariness and agony—  
Great Healer, to their beds of pain  
Come, touch, and make them whole again!  
O, hear a people's prayers, and bless  
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come  
We pray Thy tender welcome home,  
The toil, the bitterness, all past,  
We trust them to Thy Love at last.  
O, hear a people's prayers for all  
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home,  
O, come! In tenderest pity, come!  
To anxious souls who wait in fear,  
Be Thou most wonderfully near!  
And hear a people's prayers, for faith  
To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,  
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—  
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,  
And guard them from disease and death.  
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send  
Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end!  
—From "All's Well," by John Oxenham. Published by the George H. Doran Company.

New York, it is declared, has more than fifty German teachers in the elementary schools. In the high schools, where the study of the language is much more extensive, there are 163 teachers of German, and some 17,000 pupils taking the course.



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Assets.....\$53,314,948.04  
Deposits.....60,079,197.54  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,235,750.50  
Employees' Pension Fund.....272.91 + 25  
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##### Alsace-Lorraine.

This is precisely the volume for which we have been looking. Alsace-Lorraine is likely to be the one almost impassable barrier to peace, the one problem that defies parley and negotiation. What is the value of Germany's claim? On what does it rest, and how did it originate? On the other hand, what are the equities of the French demand, and what would be the verdict of the people of the provinces?

These and a dozen other questions are answered by Professor Hazen. He gives us a full equipment of information. Alsace-Lorraine have never belonged to Germany. They were parts of the Holy Roman Empire. But so also were Belgium and Austria. They fiercely resented the annexation of 1871, and thousands of their people emigrated rather than submit to German rule, and thousands more have followed the first exodus. Germany has persistently colonized the provinces for forty years, and has been doing so with added vigor since the war began. A referendum taken at the present time would include all these German new-comers, but it would exclude all the Frenchmen thus dispossessed of their homes. That the German language is prevalent is true enough, but surely there could be no weaker claim to occupation than this. If community of language is to justify aggression then America would have the right to claim Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and Spain would have the right to claim Mexico and Argentina.

Alsace and Lorraine are world questions. If rapine is permissible anywhere, it is permissible everywhere. The deputies of Alsace and Lorraine spoke prophetically in 1871 when they said:

Europe can not permit or ratify the abandonment of Alsace and Lorraine. The civilized nations, as guardians of justice and national rights, can not remain indifferent to the fate of their neighbors, under pain of becoming, in their turn, victims of the outrages which they have tolerated. Modern Europe can not allow a people to be seized like a herd of cattle; she can not continue deaf to the repeated protests of threatened nationalities; she owes it to her instinct of self-preservation to forbid such abuses of power. She knows, too, that the unity of France is now, as in the past, a guaranty of the general order of the world, a barrier against the spirit of conquest and invasion. Peace concluded at the price of a cession of territory could have nothing but a costly truce, and not a final peace.

America can not afford to overlook Alsace-Lorraine. If peace should come without justice it will be no more than another truce.

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

##### Calvary Alley.

"Calvary Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice, adds another to the long list of nice books for nice people. The stage is set in proper conformation to the stereotyped formula for melodrama. There is the necessary contrast between the rich respectables and the pauper disreputables. The heroine emerges from the slums, hovers mothlike about the glamour of the stage and its accompanying evils without singeing her pretty wings, refuses to marry the handsome, spoiled son of wealthy parents, and at the 405th page agrees to wait for her childhood lover, who nobly sacrificed himself to marry a working girl who was to hear the illegitimate child of the aforementioned wealthy, spoiled son. The book ends at the 413th page with the hero and heroine pledging themselves to loyal separation until the seduced working girl wife respectfully dies in the insane asylum. It may be a "grand" sentiment, but it is not life.

The story is entertaining and harmless. There are some hits in the fore part of the book—glimpses of life as it is lived in the sordid byways of Calvary Alley—that have a

rare value and a startling truth, but these are utterly lost as the story proceeds and is swallowed up in the mould of stereotyped form.

CALVARY ALLEY. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: Century Company; \$1.35 net.

##### The Wages of Honor.

Katharine Holland Brown has mastered the difficult art of embellishing human interest with an attractive intricacy of idealism, homely pathos, romantic grotesques, comic naturalism, lovable absurdities, and far-fetched loveliness. And all of it makes interesting reading. Her latest hook, "The Wages of Honor," a collection of short stories, is no exception to the rule. The stories cover a wide range of plot, character, and locality. They are diverse and entertaining to an unusual degree. Many of her brain children are real people and the others are so interesting that we can easily wish them into life. The love interest is healthy and normal and there are times when we suspect the author of striving for a high ideal. Her husbands and wives believe in loyalty to each other and in equal service. Her young people unhesitatingly renounce wealth and position for love held with honor. That, too, is as it should be, but as it is not.

THE WAGES OF HONOR. By Katharine Holland Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

##### The High Call.

The author is rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York, and his volume consists of sermons on the war delivered before his congregation. Certainly he speaks with no uncertain voice. Seldom have direct issues been expressed with such energy and persuasiveness nor with a greater certainty that the conscience of the world has been unhesitating in its verdict. Of the causes of the war the author says:

Few realize the tragedy of Serbia. When the story is fully told all will know how little blame may be given to her for the outbreak of the strife; that the thinly-veiled hypocrisy which we have recently experienced made Serbia the scapegoat for the great war. Two days after Austria's ultimatum to Serbia a Berlin paper bravely declared that the "war fury, unrestrained by Austrian imperialism, is setting out to bring death and destruction to the whole of Europe." It utterly condemned the provocation of Austria, and insisted that its demands were "more brutal than have ever been imposed upon an independent state in the world's history, and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war." Four days later, on July 29, 1914, this same courageous paper denounced the refusal of the German Foreign Office to accept England's proposal to mediate, and declared that such a refusal placed upon the German government "the most awful responsibility before its own people, before the foreign nations, and before the forum of the world's history." Serbia was a pretext, as all realize now, but Serbia has been forced to know a depth of bitter misery too deep for words.

This is well stated, as indeed is everything in the volume.

THE HIGH CALL. By Ernest M. Stires. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

##### The Old Huntsman.

Siegfried Sassoon is a new poet so far as America is concerned, but in England he has already won laurels. He should win them here also unless we are too closely wedded to the free verse that is no more than an eccentricity, and to the maudlin and introspective sentiment that is almost a disease. Mr. Sassoon's present inspiration comes mainly from the war, and it gives him a certain ferocity of speech that manages none the less to be musical. For example:

I'd been on duty from two till four.  
I went and stared at the dug-out door.  
Down in the frost I heard them snore.  
"Stand to!" Somebody grunted and swore.  
Dawn was misty; the skies were still;  
Larks were singing, discordant, shrill;  
They seemed happy; but I felt ill.

Deep in water I splashed my way  
Up the trench to our bogged front line.  
Rain had fallen the whole damned night.  
O Jesus, send me a wound today,  
And I'll believe in your bread and wine,  
And get my bloody old sins washed white!

Mr. Sassoon sometimes strikes a softer note, but it is never a weak one. His verse is always virile, muscular, and tense, verse that one can bite on.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

##### Comrades.

Mary Dillon gives us a war story and she distributes it evenly over a wide stage. Her hero is a young Englishman called Hatfield, who finds himself in Leipzig in the year 1913 with a vague idea of studying for the diplomatic service. In Leipzig he meets the usual cosmopolitan crowd, French, Polish, English, and American, and here, too, he meets Beatrice of Kentucky and her aunt, who plays the rôle of chaperon, and does it well.

Then international events begin to happen. Hatfield's French chum turns out to be a

spy and needs help to escape from Germany. The German secret service comes on the scene and makes things lively. We hear the marching of men and the thousand sounds that precede war. Finally comes the voyage on the *Lusitania*, and then we find that Hatfield has become an earl and Beatrice receives a hundred thousand pounds as a dot, which seems to be an admirable combination.

The story is well told with the single exception that Hatfield is a sissy.

COMRADES. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company.

##### Briefer Reviews.

"Billie Boy and I," by Will P. Snyder (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1), is described as child verse for adult readers. The temptation to publish this book should have been resisted.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a new edition, rewritten and with many additions, of "The Sounds of Spoken English," by Walter Ripman, with specimen passages, in phonetic transcriptions, annotated, and with a glossary and index. Price, 90 cents.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a volume of "American Patriotic Prose and Verse," selected and edited by Ruth Davis Stevens and David Harrison Stevens, Ph. D. The volume contains about 150 selections, well chosen and well printed. Price, \$1.25.

"How to Get What You Want," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25), is described as an "inspirational" hook. It is an inspiration—to cupidity, greed, and selfishness, and this in spite of the little conventional pieties with which its pages are interlarded.

The first of a series to be known as Heroes and Leaders in American History and to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons (75 cents) is devoted to "Abraham Lincoln," and the author is Willur F. Gordy. The author has done his work, by no means an easy one, with exceptional ability. Price, 75 cents.

"On the Bridge," by Helen A. Ballard (George H. Doran Company; \$1.25), is described as "an entirely original conception for the daily reading of Scripture. Each month's selection deals with a particular topic, and the Scripture selections are specially and intimately related to the theme for the month." Price, \$1.25.

The latest addition to the True Stories of Great Americans Series in course of issue by the Macmillan Company is devoted to "Sam Houston," by George S. Bryan. Houston, says the author, has been grouped with Carson and Custer, Boone and Crockett. But he deserves a distinctive treatment as an outstanding figure in an important phase of American history. Mr. Bryan is to be congratulated on a successful piece of portraiture. Price, 50 cents.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published "Food: What to Buy: How to Cook It: How to Eat It," by Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D. It is otherwise described as "the simple story of feeding the family, based on the Diet Squad Experiment in cooperation with the New York City police department and the department of nutrition, Teachers' College, Columbia University." We are beginning to believe that we are hearing a great deal too much about food, and especially about such absurdities as diet squads.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Henri Barbusse, author of "Under Fire," the French war book which E. P. Dutton & Co. have published in the United States in an English translation, has had much experience as a man of letters. His father was French and his mother English, but he seems to be, himself, wholly French in his viewpoints, literary methods, and instinctive feeling for literary art. Before going to the front in the French army at the beginning of the war he had been on the editorial staff of such important papers as the *Petit Parisien*, the *Grande Revue*, the *Matin*, and the *Journal*, and had been literary manager of the "Librairie Hachette."

An English Red Cross nurse, Sister Martin-Nicholson, invalidated home after two years of service in hospitals near the battle front, has written a hook about her "Experiences on Three Fronts," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published. She served in Belgium, Russia, and France and nursed the soldiers of six nationalities—French, English, Belgian, German, Austrian, and Russian—and in her final chapter she makes an interesting comparison of the behavior and character of them all under the nurse's hands. Of the Germans she says: "In the German courtesy does not exist. Occasionally he can be polite, but for nothing this will vanish, leaving one high and dry on the dumping ground of jeers and gibes. . . . Cleanliness in the Germans—ouff! Will any who has tended them ever forget the sickly stench of their bodies?—an odor that will cling to the hands for hours,

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in spite of vigorous washing, and which is best described as the putrid smell of rotting magnolias. Good humor! I have not found it in any one German case in hospital. The German's machine-made endurance will bring him through untold trials and tribulations to the hospital gate; once inside it will explode violently, and God help those who have to attend to his needs! Though let me emphatically state, and I think I shall be upheld by any one who has, unfortunately, been forced to administer to their needs, that the German officers are ten thousand times worse in all things than their men."

Vernon Kellogg, whose book, "Headquarters Nights," has gone into a second edition one month after its publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is now a member of the Federal Food Commission. He was Mr. Hoover's right-hand man on the Committee for Relief in Belgium, and while striving to ease the suffering of the stricken Belgians gained that intimate knowledge of the German military system which he reveals so strikingly in "Headquarters Nights." Since following his chief into the Federal service he has been writing on food conservation here in America—and writing with authority, for he knows food and he knows the Kaiserism that American housewives are fighting.

Speaking of the atrocities in German camps, Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas, author of "Captured" (George H. Doran Company), the account of his experiences in the hands of the Huns, declares that an American audience could not appreciate all the Canadian and English privates have to go through to avoid doing work for the German government which they believe they should not be forced to do. They are tied up to posts, are suspended in the air, and suffer other such hardship, the author declaring that if he told all that happened to them he would not be believed.

Close to \$3,000,000 a year is being earned by 5000 women working for the Pennsylvania Railroad lines east of Pittsburgh, who came at the call of the company to fill the places of men leaving for the army and other jobs brought about by war conditions.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The New Era in Canada.

We are by no means sure that those who would attempt to forecast the future of the world have material enough for their predictions. It may be that the chapter of the unforeseen will be the longest and the most pregnant chapter of all, and that the end of the war may be the prelude of other events even more stupendous.

\* None the less it is well that we should dream dreams. They may come true. And so we have a volume on the future of Canada by sixteen authors, a volume of marked interest to Americans, seeing that the problems of Canada are to a large extent also our own. First comes an essay by Stephen Leacock on "Democracy and Social Progress." Dr. Leacock thinks that democracy will have to be reformed and inspired by a new sort of public opinion. Democracy, he says, is under grave suspicion. It begins to appear as a mere change of masters. Its machinery is an engine of corruption. It has no traditions and it knows no honor. It had abolished the wooden king and the stupid governor, and it had enthroned the new tyrannies of money, politics, and interests. The soldiers who have looked at realities will change all that when they come home. It would be hardly fair to say that Dr. Leacock's essay is the best of them all, but it is likely to prove the most interesting.

Some other notable contributions are "The Foundations of the New Era," by Sir Clifford Sefton; "National Ideals in Industry," by G. Frank Beer; "Women and the Nation," by Marjory McMurchy; "Public Opinion and Political Life," by Peter McArthur, M. A., and "Our Future in the Empire," two essays by A. J. Glazebrook and John W. Daffoe. The volume as a whole is a notable one and should not be allowed to pass unobserved.

THE NEW ERA IN CANADA. Edited by J. O. Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75.

The Neapolitan Lovers.

There are many stories by Dumas that have not yet been translated into English, but it is surprising that this one should have been withheld from us. Here we find Dumas almost at his best in the romantic rendering of a page of history that we would not willingly forget. When Nelson returned to Naples after the battle of the Nile he was visited by Ferdinand IV of Sicily and the queen, who was sister of Marie Antoinette. Three months later Nelson secretly embarked the king and queen, their family and courtiers, on three barges and transported them to the *Vanguard*. In 1860 Dumas received permission from Garibaldi to examine the secret archives of Naples, and there he found the clue to the flight of the royal family and the story of the baseness, cruelty, and folly of the king and queen. This is the story that he sets forth in "The Neapolitan Lovers," and he does it with an energetic imagination that gives its accustomed distinction to his work. The story is well known in France, but almost unknown elsewhere, and the translator, Mr. R. S. Garnett, and the publishers are to be congratulated on its present successful production.

THE NEAPOLITAN LOVERS. By Alexandre Dumas. New York: Brentano's; \$1.40.

Religious Education.

Professor George Albert Coe of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, writes this substantial volume in order to outline a scheme of religious education for which he believes that a general demand is imminent. It is the sort of education, he says, "that faces and understands, the great madness that is abroad, and not only understands, but also knows the resources of human nature and of religion." But is there any religious organization that is prepared to impart such an education as this? If so, why was it not imparted before the war began? Why should we believe in a sudden access of capacity to organizations and systems that have already given such signal proof of incapacity? It may be that the world is about to demand from the churches a leadership in socialized religion, but we do not think it probable.

None the less the author's conception of the religious essential, if it were shared by

the churches at large, would go a long way toward amelioration and reform. Love, he says, should be the inclusive law and the only test of effort, and the religious curriculum should be founded upon it. If his compact and well-reasoned volume should help to this end it will not have been written in vain.

A SOCIAL THEORY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By George Albert Coe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

The Labour-Saving House.

Now that we have a slowly dawning recognition that a woman's chief function in life is not to waste time there should be a welcome for this admirable book by Mrs. C. S. Peel. The nuisance of servants can be avoided, says Mrs. Peel, by not having any servants, and it will often be found that a servant causes more wear and tear than she saves.

But Mrs. Peel is not a preacher of impossible ideals. With servants or without servants, there are still a hundred ways in which labor and money may be saved. The wife need not be a slave. Organization brings liberation, and Mrs. Peel tells us how to organize in easy, practical, and common-sense ways. And she does it without enthusing or gushing.

THE LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. New York: John Lane Company.

New Books Received.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF NURSING. By A. Millicent Ashdown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

With numerous illustrations and diagrams.

THOMAS WOOLNER, R. A. By Amy Woolner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

His life and letters.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DOWNS. By Watson and Rees. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A detective story.

THE LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. New York: John Lane Company.

Domestic economy.

THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.

An essay on democracy.

THE WONDER OF WAR IN THE AIR. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.35.

The life of the aviator.

AT THE SERBIAN GATE IN MACEDONIA. By E. P. Stebbing. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The story of a transport officer of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES. By J. Beattie Crozier, LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

A volume of essays.

A YEAR IN RUSSIA. By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Revised and cheaper edition.

THE NEW BUSINESS OF FARMING. By Julian D. Dimock. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.

A condensed handbook on the business side of farming.

THE WHITE MORNING. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.

A prophetic novel.

TO ARMS. By Marcelle Tinayre. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Hours of mobilization in France.

THE MARTYRS.

(Major Georges Duhamel is a professional physician and a well-known French man of letters. He has served with the army from the beginning of the war, and he now relates some of his experiences in a volume entitled "Vie des Martyrs," which has been translated by H. Isabelle Williams and of which the following are some extracts.)

Were modesty banished from the rest of the earth it would doubtless be found hidden in Mouchon's heart.

I can still see him being brought in on his stretcher covered with gravel, his soldier's cape heavy with mud and his fine frank face of a well-bred child.

"Have to excuse me," he says to me, "you can't keep very clean."

"Have you got vermin?" asked the orderly undressing him.

Mouchon blushes and is embarrassed: "Oh, if I have any they wouldn't belong to me, that's sure—"

He has no lice, but his leg is broken "on account of a bomb."

They cut open his breeches and I prepared to have his foot covering removed. Mouchon puts out a hand and suggests timidly:

"You might leave my shoes on."

"Why, old chap, we can't dress your leg without taking off your shoes."

Then, Mouchon, red with emotion:

"But if they take off my shoes . . . it will smell."

I have often thought of that answer. Believe me, Mouchon, I have not yet met the prince worthy to remove your shoes and wash your humble feet.

From his belly there comes forth a bundle of bloody dressings and the odor of rotten

intestine. With great precaution the doctor seizes the dressings with his forceps and draws them carefully out. A sunbeam illuminates the whole thing; the frail shack trembles with the cannon's roar.

"I am a well-known dealer in china," mumbles the patient. "You are from Paris, well, so am I. Save me and you'll have something: I will give you a fine piece of china."

Little by little the dressings are drawn out, the forceps shine and the sunbeam seems to tremble, so heavy is the cannonade, as tremble also floor, walls, slight roof, the earth round about and the very universe dull with fatigue.

Suddenly, coming out of space, a yawling moan begins, increases, cleaves the air above the frail shack and the shell explodes a few feet away with the sound of a cracked object breaking.

The thin walls seem to sway beneath the burst of air. The doctor moves his head slightly, merely to see, as it were, where the thing may have fallen.

Then the china dealer, noticing the motion, says in a peaceful voice:

"Don't you pay any attention to those what-you-may-call-'ems . . . they aint dangerous. You just save me and I'll give you a fine piece of china or of earthenware, just as you please."

The cause of the trouble is not so much the crushed leg as that slight wound in the arm which has let so much good blood escape. His lips are livid, hardly distinguishable from the rest of his face, the pupils of his eyes are dark, immense, and from his face there shines forth a soul undaunted that will not yield till the last moment. He takes in, almost disapprovingly the ruin of his own body and watching the surgeons busily scrubbing their hands, he speaks in a meditative voice:

"You will tell my wife that my last thought was for her and my children."

Ob, it was no roundabout question, for without hesitation the man yielded his face to the ether masque.

The echo of his solemn words still resounded in the room.

"You will tell my wife . . ."

There is no attempt to dupe this manly soul with weak consolation—mere words. The white blouse turns around. The surgeon shows moist eyes behind his glasses and with deep feeling answers:

"We will not fail to, my friend."

The patient's eyelids tremble—like the motion of a handkerchief on a steamer that is putting out to sea—then, breathing in the ether, he sinks into shadowy sleep.

It was his last, and we did not fail to keep our promise.

Mchay nearly died, but he is not dead. Therefore no harm done.

The ball perforated the helmet, but barely touched the bone. The brain is all right. So much the better!

Taking just time to wake up, gag a few times in memory of the chloroform, and Mehay looked with eager eyes at everything that was going on around him.

Three days after the operation, Mehay got up. As far as that was concerned it was simply useless to forbid it: he would have disobeyed for the first time in his life. Tak-

ing his clothes away from him was not to be thought of, the brave keep their boots on!

So, Mehay got up and his illness was quite done with.

Every morning Mehay got out of bed before daylight and seized a broom. With neatness and dispatch he made the room as clean as his conscience. He forgot no corner and he knew how to reach softly under the beds without waking his sleeping comrades and without worrying the sufferers. Between times he passes the wash basin or the "pistolet," and he is as gentle as a woman in helping dress Vossaert, whose limbs are stiff and painful.

At 8 o'clock the room is very clean, and as they are about to begin the dressings Mehay appears suddenly in a white apron. He watches my hands attentively as they come and go, and he is always at the right place to offer the sponge to the extended forceps, to pour alcohol or draw up a bandage, for he learned at once how to bandage very cleverly.

He does not say a word, he watches. The bit of his forehead visible above the bandage is furrowed with concentration and it bears the blue marks by which one recognizes the miner. Sometimes it is his turn to have a dressing. But the moment his turn is over, he stands there, his apron over his stomach, and silently hastens his activity.

At 11 o'clock Mehay disappears. Has he gone for an airing? Here he is again with a big tray loaded with bowls. He makes the round.

At evening he brings the thermometer and helps the orderlies so well that he leaves them little to do.

All the while beneath their dressings the bones of his skull are knitting and the red flesh starting to grow. But that calls for no attention. "That can take care of itself." A man can't remain idle. He works and trusts to his blood, "which is healthy."

In the evening, when the night-lamp sheds its light through the room and I enter tiptoe to give a last look, I hear a voice spelling laboriously S-P-O-O-L, spool. Mehay is learning to read before going to bed.

John C. Wright in a series of articles in *Detroit Saturday Night* on Indian myths gives the following as the origin of "Medicine Lodge": "At one time heaven and earth were connected with a great vine down which fairies and spiritual beings descended to the earth. Mortals were forbidden by the Great Spirit to ascend this vine, but once a young man became sick and in a delirious state climbed up far out of sight. His aged mother was so sad at thus losing her boy that she started after him, but her added weight broke the vine and both came down in a heap. Then the Great Spirit was very angry with the people. 'Now,' he said, 'sickness and disease will prevail amongst you and instead of living on forever you will die when you grow old. There is only one thing left for you to do. Remember that everything that grows has some value—nothing was made in vain. Therefore you will gather roots and herbs and compound medicines and these will help you when in distress.' Thus was born the Medicine Lodge and all who were initiated into its mysteries were told the above story in great detail, wonderfully embellished."

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## SHAKESPEARE AT THE COLUMBIA.

We rarely have opportunity to see "Othello" acted, and yet, oddly enough, the number of Shakespearean devotees was considerably diminished on Monday night. Still, as Kellard is specializing as an authoritative and scholarly interpreter of Shakespearean rôles, he does well to present the character of the tempestuous Moor in order to round out, as far as may be, the number of characters presented.

Kellard is a better Hamlet and Macbeth than Othello. The contemplative natures of the Dane and the Scot, and their habit of pausing to philosophize when big events menaced, accord better with the Kellard theory of acting, and with the extreme deliberation of the tempo of the Kellard performances. Othello was not one to indulge in speculations and vain reflections. He was a man of impulse who acted first and thought afterward. Beautifully as Mr. Kellard read his lines, there was a measuredness and an almost over-deliberation in the delivery of the magnificently turbulent outbursts of emotion which scarcely accorded with the fiery and choleric nature of the Moor. Yet with what spoken music he rendered such familiar passages as the apostrophe, "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul," or the adjuration to Ophelia concerning the handkerchief. But an actor of Mr. Kellard's scholarly and serene poise could scarcely make us feel the scorching heat of that molten glow of jealousy which consumed the Moor. As some one remarked, the performance seemed something like a fine reading of Shakespeare; and this in spite of the outward evidences with which the actor indicated the storm of Othello's soul; the crouching gait, the tigerish paces to and fro, and the hoarse roars of rage. Still, a player's spirit, however keenly alert, should not remain calm in such a rôle as that of Othello; for a calm player makes a calm audience.

A man is not a hero to his valet, but a star always is something of one to his support. He is, at any rate, a model. Mr. Kellard's company pitch their acting key in the same note of scholastic calm. Young as they are, many of them, and fervent, no doubt, in their devotion to Shakespeare, some of their ego has been eliminated. Team work is the ideal set before them, and individual spontaneity is rather conspicuous by its absence. They are evidently well rehearsed, and know to a dot just what to do and where to stand, and with an almost automatic precision they carry out instructions.

Margaret Bulkeley's Desdemona, however, was the exception. This young actress has vocal charm, sensitive expressiveness, and sympathy; and she conveyed a perception of sweet sincerity in her Desdemona, which in beauty of diction and poetic feeling ranked next to Mr. Kellard's presentation.

For the Iago was not a success. Mr. Henderson being quite unable to paint a superbly Venetian of Iago's kidney. His Iago was rather a merry fellow, with an unreflective twinkle in his eye which never departed. The satanic quality in the rôle quite escaped the actor, who, when he said devilish things, looked frank and merry, and radiated a general sense of good-fellowship. His principal contribution to the rôle was vocal volume, and I failed to see any indication on his uniformly cheerful countenance of the dark schemings in Iago's tortuous soul.

Yet in spite of the literary serenity which brooded over this drama of soul storms do not imagine that the majesty of Shakespeare was not duly conveyed. Mr. Kellard's make-up as the Moor emphasized the poetry of the rôle. This was no blackamoor; that Desdemona had wed, but a dark-skinned warrior of lofty mien, and the actor omits no external manifestations to paint the soul tempest of the jealous Moor.

This may be said, too, of his Macbeth, in which rôle Mr. Kellard appeared both physically and historically to particular advantage. I seem to sense that the carefully presented Lady Macbeth of Georgiana Wilson was Kellard's, instead of hers, but qu'importe, as long as it served. It was, at all events, a conscientious creation, perfectly correct on the surface, very satisfactory in the sleep-walking scene, a much better than the Iago of Mr. Henderson, who, by the way, when, as the

anguished Macduff, he received a round of applause gave vent to his exuberant temperament by bestowing a wide, gratified smile and an airily blown kiss upon the audience. However, unless I am very much mistaken, Mr. Kellard is a good disciplinarian and will convince the cheerful young player of the error of his ways. He seems to have a matter-of-fact, business-like method of dealing with the company. For instance, the leading lady isn't exactly a leading lady, but a utility woman ready to lend a hand in the representation of widely diverse rôles. Margaret Bulkeley has varied leading rôles by being the first witch in "Macbeth," and a gentlewoman in waiting, while the obliging Mr. Smyly was a king in the first act and a doctor in the last. Mr. Kellard promises us a return engagement with a better company and equipment, but his present policy of economy is a safe one, and I rather imagine he would do well to stick to it.

Mr. Kellard promises us for this future tour such non-Shakespearean masterpieces as "Cyrano de Bergerac," but during his present tour he is giving us a rare opportunity to see "The Bells." And I advise any one who wishes to witness a strange and impressive drama of the psychology of conscience to seize the opportunity, "The Bells" having been scheduled for the final performance of Mr. Kellard and his players.

I have not seen Mr. Kellard do a finer piece of purely dramatic acting than in his representation of the conscience-tortured burgomaster. It was most impressive, and held the audience in a state of almost breathless tension as they witnessed the working out of Mathias' strange dream. The last time "The Bells" was seen in San Francisco it was presented by Sir Henry Irving. It was a magnificent production, but such is the intrinsic power of the play that, given as Kellard gives it, on a basis of economy, the imagination was most powerfully affected, and in the intensity of our response no one felt the absence of any contributing factor necessary to deepen the effect of the play.

## CLAY STREET "LITTLE THEATRE."

The interest of a number of local people was especially enlisted during the week's run at the uptown Little Theatre by reason of Colonel Croxton's playlet, "Christmas on the Border," a well-constructed and interesting military drama, the action of which is located on the Mexican border. During its presentation some of the Presidio soldiers lent a hand, a military atmosphere was successfully attained, and the dramatic incident which is the hinge of the play absorbed the interest of the audience with a thoroughness which could not fail to be gratifying both to author and players. The dialogue is good: terse, vigorous, and very happily put when the soldier man expresses himself with comic reverence. There were a good many more than the usual number of "hells" flying around, a humorous touch in the drama which the American public particularly adores; and since the advanced twentieth-century woman now permits herself the use of one occasionally—with discretion—she no longer has a leg to stand on when she takes exception to stage profanity.

"Joint Owners in Spain" is a clever and amusing piece by Alice Brown, the winner of the ten-thousand-dollar prize, who, like Mary Wilkins Freeman, has discovered the fictional and dramatic values inherent in the character of the New England old woman. The pair in the playlet tickled the audience immensely, the novel idea of the two women dividing their shared apartment in an old ladies' home by an imaginary line down the middle so that each was the solitary mistress of her own domain being very amusingly and spiritedly presented by the players.

The sense of contrast was strong in "The Merry Death," which followed immediately after: a harlequinade in which fantasy, satire, gaiety, and pathos by turns dominated the situation. The nationality of the piece, with a touch of the Viennese spirit to its laughing satire, a Parisian lightness to its gaiety, and its underlying suggestion of Slavic melancholy, would have puzzled us if we had not learned from the programme that it was by a Russian—Nicholas Evreinov; for when the Russians are artists they are artists indeed. Dion R. Holm and William S. Rainey were the two chief performers, their impersonations of Pierrot and Harlequin being characterized by a grace and lightness which were both mental and physical, and by that suggestion of a fantastic half-humanity so essential in these harlequinades.

One can not truthfully assert that there was very much artistry in "Ruhly Red," but the author's idea, similar to that of Robert Hichens in "Barbary Sheep," has its theatrical effectiveness. The principal feature of the performance was the resplendent appearance of Rafael Brunetto as the Arabian sheikh; his Oriental dignity and beauty, however, being greatly detracted from by the incongruous and unwise loquaciousness grafted upon the character by the author; more especially as

Mr. Brunetto is evidently unaware that the volume of his fine, sonorous voice is so great that he needs to moderate instead of increasing it for that tiny auditorium. Other players whose work seen Tuesday evening merits special mention in this necessarily brief review are Virginia Sciaroni and Olivia Hall, although every single rôle was presented with conscientiousness and care. The Little Theatre, by the way, has had such good patronage that it added a matinée and an additional week to the run of this programme.

## ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

The playlet of the week with the St. Francis players is Sudermann's "Streaks of Light," which it is my plain duty to declare at once to be highly erotic. However, the piece being by a master craftsman, it is extremely interesting, both psychologically and dramatically, and it was particularly well acted by Miss Hélène Sullivan and Mr. Paul Byron, the latter a new arrival in the company, whose appearance happened to tally particularly well with the general conception of the young count, and whose acting was easy, intelligent, and sincere.

Miss Sullivan, however, was the protagonist and hers was the special triumph. On this occasion the actress played the rôle of the sated mistress of the young count with such a correct perception and revelation of the decadent voluptuousness demanded by the character of Julia that the author's intentions were fully illustrated. Sickly, decadent passion marked by recurring attacks of satiation; this is the keynote of the play. Two worthless perverses wearing each other's passion out. Ugh! but isn't it like Sudermann, who took the dark turning, somehow, and has devoted his great abilities to exploiting the uglinesses of human nature. He appeals to the morbid in us, and like curious street children attracted by a funeral and huzzing round at the bringing forth of the coffin, we are wholly absorbed in the unlovely exudations of slime which make up the emotions of Julia and Pierre. One can say, however, of a piece of this kind that it might possibly serve as a pillar of salt for the unwary; for it paints secret, debased passion and satiation in a wholly revolting light.

"The Grey Overcoat," by Kenneth Goodman, the only piece in which Mr. Maitland made an appearance this week, is a clever bit of detective fiction neatly dramatized, with the requisite surprise for a wind-up, while "Barbara" is an amusing satirization of the well-oiled drama of slickness in which every character and incident falls neatly into place quite irrespective of the possibilities.

All three pieces had the usual effective and interesting representation and handsome and tasteful setting, that of the second piece winning a special round of applause. The audiences, by the way, at the matinées, the only performances charged for by this small aggregation of players, continue steadily to increase in size.

## YVETTE GUILBERT.

French and Americans turned out last Sunday in approximately equal numbers to welcome Yvette Guilbert on her return to San Francisco. And the merely curious who did not understand French and went to remedy their previous omission in allowing a world celebrity to get away unseen had their reward. Mme. Guilbert has evidently been sticking to the study of English, and she now precedes every linked group of songs by a brief exposition in English of their meaning and intent. So the non-comprehender of French is no longer left floundering.

We have heard only one of the numbers of last Sunday's programme during Mme. Guilbert's previous visit. This is "Le Lien Serre," whose popularity, probably, is the reason for its reappearance. This will be remembered by those who saw Mme. Guilbert render it on her previous visit as the faithful and witty repre-

## THE DE VALLY CLASSES IN OPERATIC AND LYRIC ART

BLAKE & AMBER, Management  
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sensation of an old French peasant going through a particularly clever pantomime of sewing viciously on a lace handkerchief while ruminating severely on the ways of husbands, and giving hallyback to the holy state of matrimony.

"Les Pierrots de la Vie," in which the *diseuse* wears the costume of a Pierrot, varying its character according to the moods interpreted, shows Pierrot in several states of mind: cynical, gallant, sad, and tragic.

As before, however, while her auditors enjoyed rare delight during her moments of gaiety or frivolity, Mme. Guilbert made her deepest impression in the religious mysteries which she revives; golden legends which centre around the persons of Christ and the Virgin. Sunday afternoon in "The Three Days of the Virgin Mary" she thrilled her hearers by the wonders of her art. Slipping with ease from one character to another, she peopled the green-curtained stage with diverse beings. And instantaneously and faithfully the imagination followed her. By turns she was Mary, the suffering one; she was Ste. Berthe, the armless servant helpless to serve her in her travail, anon she was gentle St. Joseph looking vainly for shelter for Mary during her accouchement. And we saw the miracle happen, and felt the thrill of it, when the pitying Creator endowed the armless servant with arms, that she might receive the infant divinity and tend the suffering mother in her travail. What a wonderful being, with all these Protean moods and changes! The voice is impaired, but apparently not the temperament, which sparkles and bubbles, or deepens to tragedy, but always draws and charms. The audience, which, by the way, was of large size, was so appreciative of the art of the Frenchwoman that they gave her an ovation at the end of the performance. She was recalled again and again, the cheerful figure in its flowered cotton dress and moh cap being a pleasantly appropriate image to carry away, for it is the costume she wears as the snappy old peasant who is so brisk and efficient in doing up married men and their ways.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Druidical rites and ceremonies marked the opening of the great Welsh festival of the year, the Eisteddfod, which was held recently at Birkenhead. The Gorsedd circle of stones with the tall Logan pillar was set up in the centre of the large park of the city and nearly all the addresses were delivered in Welsh. On account of the war the arch ruled that the great sword should not be unsheathed with the challenge "is it peace?" and a challenging note was blown on the bugle instead. A message received from the Welsh brigade fighting in France was greeted with tumultuous applause. Premier Lloyd-George visited the gathering and made an address in the mother tongue.

Department of Agriculture statisticians claim that the skim milk left after making butter in the United States last year could have been turned into cottage cheese containing 1,024,497,936 pounds of protein, while the total protein in all the beef consumed in the country during 1916 was about 953,000,000 pounds.

## PACIFIC MAUSOLEUM COMPANY

Is erecting a Mausoleum in Evergreen Cemetery on the brow of the hill just north of Havenscourt on the Foothill Boulevard, Oakland.

This will be one of the most solid and scientifically constructed Mausoleums in the world, and will be unrivaled, from an architectural standpoint, on the Pacific Slope.

Particular attention has been given to the family compartments, and several have been designed to meet individual desires and wishes.

The use of tombs for the dead, formerly an almost prohibitive expense, is now within the reach of every one, and thinking people, generally, acknowledge this to be "The More Kindly Way" to dispose of the remains of loved ones.

Evergreen Mausoleum is a massive structure and is being built to endure for centuries. Workmen have been engaged in construction on this building continuously since June, 1917.

The crypts are now being built and we earnestly invite those interested to visit the building and inspect our very thorough method of construction.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## Yvette Guilbert's Last Concert.

This afternoon (Saturday) at the Scottish Rite Auditorium Yvette Guilbert will give her last recital, consisting largely of "The Songs of the Soldiers of France."

In the first numbers Mme. Guilbert will carry us back to the fifteenth century, before Jeanne d'Arc received her revelation. To follow there will be seventeenth-century songs of the army and navy, including the enchanting "Votre Cotillon, Your Petticoat," sung by the sailors, who when far from their womenkind were reminded of the fluttering of their skirts by the flapping of the sails in the wind. Mme. Guilbert will also present songs of the period of the French Revolution, Louis XVth, "Marlborough Off to the War," and the popular "Beside My Blonde," and the last numbers, "Songs of the Time of Napoleon I," include the "Marseillaise."

Emily Gresser will again charm with violin numbers, and Maurice Eisner will preside at the piano.

## Special Minneapolis Concert at Tivoli Sunday.

The special symphony concert by the Minneapolis Orchestra at the Tivoli Opera House tomorrow morning (Sunday) at 10:45 sharp will bring to San Francisco the Tchaikowsky "Manfred" Symphony for the first time. The work was inspired by Lord Byron's poem of the same name, and the music gives wonderful expression to the wanderings of Byron's hero through the Alps, seeking happiness and salvation from earthly woes. Reinhold Werrenrath, the American baritone, will be special soloist, and his contribution to the programme will consist of the Recit. and aria from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and by special request the prologue to "Pagliacci." The Mozart overture to the "Magic Flute" and the Berlioz "Rakoczy" march will also be orchestral offerings.

The Minneapolis players and their director, Emil Oberhoffer, are in Oakland today (Saturday) appearing in programmes at the Auditorium Opera House in that city. This afternoon their numbers consist of the Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony, overture to Thomas' "Mignon," Dohnanyi's "Romanza," and the Rimsky-Korsakow "Caprice Espagnol." Cor-

nelius Van Vliet, the famous Dutch 'cellist, will be soloist, playing the Van Goens Concerto for 'cello and orchestra for the first time here. At night the orchestra will play the Dvorak "New World" Symphony, Chadwick's symphonic sketch, "My Jubilee," the Grieg "Peer Gynt" suite, and the Tchaikowsky "1812" overture. Richard Czerwonky, the eminent violinist, will be soloist, playing the Vieuxtemps "Ballade and Polonaise" for violin and orchestra. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be played at the opening of all concerts.

## Boston English Opera Company.

The Columbia Theatre should be an extremely popular place during the two weeks that the Boston English Opera Company appears there. The engagement opens Monday night, and opera in the language you can understand and at prices within the reach of all will serve to draw crowds. The organization comes direct to this city from its four months' run at Chicago and is to be heard only in San Francisco and Los Angeles, returning East for other engagements. Its cast of principals includes the foremost English singing artists on the American stage, which, together with a chorus of unusual excellence, creates a strong ensemble in all the productions. Among the principals are Joseph F. Sheehan, John W. Warren, Elaine de Sellen, Alice May Carley, Hazel Eden, Florentine St. Clair, Arthur Deane, Francis J. Tyler, and others of like prominence in opera.

"Il Trovatore" has been selected as the opening opera, and it will be repeated on Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights and at the matinee on Saturday. "Martha" will be sung on Tuesday and Friday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. The scale of prices for the evening performances ranges from \$1.50 to 25 cents. The matinee prices range from 25 cents to \$1.

## Theda Bara in Film Sensation.

Theda Bara, greatest of contemporary "vampires," will be seen in the great William Fox ten-reel film sensation, "Cleopatra," at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, February 10th. Daily matinees will be given thereafter.

There are wonderful battle scenes, such as the battle of Philippi, Octavius' army coming over the desert sands on the run to enter Alexandria, and the naval battle at Actium, with the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra's ships, the first sea battle ever recorded, is shown realistically upon the screen. Thousands of people were employed in the production and hundreds of animals.

From all angles "Cleopatra" is regarded as the most massive and elaborate production yet filmed.

## The St. Francis Little Theatre.

Three unusually clever little plays will be offered by the St. Francis Little Theatre for the eighteenth week of its very successful season under the direction of Arthur Maitland. The performances are announced for Thursday afternoon and night, February 14th, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis.

Particular interest attaches to "The Jealous Husband," by Theodore F. Bonnet, editor of *Town Talk*. "The Jealous Husband" in its first moments appears to be a novel handling of the "inevitable triangle" love affair, but it is later disclosed to be nothing more serious than a study of a husband's unwarranted jealousy. Miss Helene Sullivan, Albert Morrison, and Arthur Maitland will form the triangle.

The two other plays for the week are "The Unseen Host" and "You're a Respectable Person, Miss Morrison." The latter, by Dorothy Earle, is a touch of real life, dealing with a stenographer who has known nothing of romance and who is suddenly wooed and won by a man whose protestations of devotion are mainly inspired by pique at being jilted by the girl he really loves. But the "other girl" comes back, and Miss Morrison's sentimental fling is over. The Misses Helene Sullivan, Ruth Hammond, and Charles Yule and Albert Morrison will interpret the roles.

"The Unseen Host" is by Percival Wilde, perhaps the most popular writer of "little theatre" plays in the country. It is now being done at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. The play deals spiritually with the present war, and will afford Arthur Maitland excellent histrionic opportunities.

## Wagner-Tschalkowsky Programme.

A programme devoted entirely to the works of Wagner and Tschalkowsky will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 10th. This will be the eighth concert of the regular "Pop" series.

Music lovers have often had opportunity to exhibit their enthusiasm over the interpretations of the works of these masters given by Alfred Hertz, and the Musical Association properly expects the banner house of the sea-

son next Sunday. The advance sale has been enormous.

Barring the Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde" none of the Wagner numbers programmed has been offered before in San Francisco by Hertz. These will be the remaining Wagner selections: Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin"; Siegfried's Rhine Journey, from "Götterdämmerung" (Humperdinck's arrangement); Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold"; Klingsor's Magic Garden and the Flower Maidens, from "Parsifal."

The works of Tschalkowsky to be played are: The entire "Nutcracker Suite," embracing the Miniature Overture, March, Dance of the "Fee Dragee," Russian Dance, Arabian Dance, Chinese Dance, Dance of the "Mirlitons"; Theme and Variations from Suite No. 3; Overture, "The Year 1812." The national anthem will, of course, be given.

The tenth pair of symphonies, announced for Friday afternoon, February 15th, and Sunday afternoon, February 17th, will have Horace Britt, the violoncellist of the orchestra, as soloist. Britt will play Boellman's Symphonic Variations with the orchestra. The remaining numbers will be: Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony in A major, Saint-Saens' "Dance Macabre," and Brahms' Academic Festival Overture. Beethoven's Sixth Symphony "Pastorale," originally announced for the tenth pair, will be placed on the programme of the eleventh pair of symphonies.

Tina Lerner, the noted pianist, will be soloist of the eleventh pair, scheduled for March 1st and 3d.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum hill for next week can not fail successfully to appeal to all lovers of vaudeville.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre will appear in a skit called "Maybloom," which scored a great hit recently in New York. It is said to afford Mr. Hyams a fine opportunity for the display of his dry humor, and of course Miss McIntyre has not neglected to include her Quaker number in the songs she sings.

Harry Beresford ranks as one of the best American character actors. Mr. Beresford and his company will appear in Winchell Smith and John L. Golden's comedy, "Mind Your Own Business." Winchell Smith, part author of the little play, is also the writer of "Turn to the Right."

Stuart Barnes, one of the most diverting monologists and singing comedians that have ever appeared at the Orpheum, is sure of a cordial welcome.

Ruth Royce, vaudeville's youngest singing comedienne, who a little over a year ago came to the Palace Theatre, New York, practically unknown and scored a hit, will introduce a repertoire of new songs.

Felix Bernard and Eddie Janis, pianist and violinist, call their offering "A Musical Highball." They are not, however, content with confining their efforts to their instruments, for they have interpolated some dancing that greatly enhances the interest of the act.

The Valanova Troupe of Gypsies in a picturesque and appropriate scene will present a musical act entitled "A Night in a Gypsy Camp." There are five men and three women in the company and each is a capable vocalist and dancer.

Apdale's Zoological Circus, in which four bears, eight dogs, three monkeys, and one ant-eater display a surprising amount of skill and intelligence and play musical instruments, dance, ride bicycles, juggle, turn flip-flaps, etc., is the most remarkable animal act in vaudeville.

The remaining acts in this great new vaudeville bill will be Stan Stanley and his relatives and Emma Carus and Larry Comer.

## Frieda Hempel On Way to California.

Frieda Hempel, the foremost soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is now on her way to California, where she will make her first visit next month. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer has arranged to present this artist at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of March 10th and 17th. It is said that Mme. Hempel is the legitimate successor to Mme. Sembrich, and at the Metropolitan she is now assigned to the difficult rôles that have been omitted from the repertoire since the retirement of Mme. Sembrich.

## Zimbalist.

No artist that regularly visits this city to give concerts is more welcome than the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist, who will give two superb recitals in this city on his coming visit. These take place, under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management, at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of February 17th and 24th. The first programme includes the Cesar Franck Sonata, which Zimbalist has never played here. Beethoven's "Romance" and the Paganini Concerto will also be given, as well as D'Ambrosia's "Serenade," the "Berceuse" and "Humoresque" of Tor Aulin, and Sarasate's "Playera" and "Zapa-



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teado." At his second recital Zimbalist will play Lalo's "Symphony Espagnole," the great Bach Prelude and Fugue (for violin alone), and Tschalkowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's "Russian Dance," Cesar Cui's "Oriental," Hubay's "Zephyr," and the Wieniawski "Carneval Russe." As on all previous visits, Samuel Chotzinoff will be the assisting artist to Zimbalist and will preside at the piano.

Mail orders for the Zimbalist concerts should be sent at once to Manager Oppenheimer in care of Sherman, Clay & Co. The regular seat sale will start at the usual offices next Wednesday morning.

## Tina Lerner in One Recital.

Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, will make a transcontinental trip especially to appear as soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra, under Director Hertz, and will prolong her stay long enough to offer one recital programme, which will be given under the direction of Selby C. Oppenheimer at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, March 5th. By special request the programme includes the wonderful Schumann F sharp minor Sonata.

Two European surgeons have recently recommended the use of ordinary soap for the dressing of wounds. Gauze bandages impregnated with a thick, fine-grained suds made from pure white soap are employed.

**SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
ALFRED HERTZ, CONDUCTOR  
8th "POP" CONCERT  
WAGNER-TSCHAIKOWSKY PROGRAMME  
Cort Theatre  
SUNDAY AFT., FEB. 10, at 2:30 Sharp  
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort Theatre concert day only.  
Next—Feb. 15-17, 9th Pair Symphonies; Horace Britt, Soloist.

**ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET**  
Between Stockton and Powell  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
Matinee Every Day  
A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW  
HYAMS and MCINTYRE in "Maybloom"; STUART BARNES, Favorite Singing Comedian; RUTH ROYCE, Vaudeville's Youngest Singing Comedienne; FELIX BERNARD and EDDIE JANIS in "A Musical Highball"; VALANOVA TROUPE OF GYPSIES, Presenting "A Night in a Gypsy Camp"; APDALE'S ZOOLOGICAL CIRCUS; STAN STANLEY, Assisted by His Relatives; EMMA CARUS and Larry Comer; HARRY BERESFORD and Company in "Mind Your Own Business."  
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE** The Leading Playhouse  
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Two Weeks—Beginning Monday, Feb. 11  
**BOSTON ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY**  
In Three Elaborate Productions  
First—Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. nights and Sat. mat., "IL TROVATORE"; Tues. and Fri. nights and Wed. mat., "MARTHA."  
Special scale of prices, \$1.50 to 25c Matinees, \$1 to 25c

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Last time Sat. night—Harry Lauder  
Beginning Sunday Night, Feb. 10  
Matinee Daily Thereafter  
William Fox Presents  
• The Massive Ten-Reel Sensation  
**THEDA BARA**  
As CLEOPATRA  
The Siren of the Nile  
(A Theda Bara Superproduction)  
Nights, 25c to 75c; box and loge seats, \$1  
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**YVETTE GUILBERT**  
FINAL RECITAL  
TODAY (Saturday) at 2:30  
Scottish Rite Auditorium  
"Songs of the Soldiers of France."  
Tickets \$2, \$1.50 \$1, on sale at Hall TODAY.

**Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra**  
EMIL OBERHOFFER, Conductor  
GREAT SPECIAL CONCERT  
TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE  
Tomorrow (Sunday) Morning at 10:45 sharp  
Tchaikowsky, "Manfred" Symphony  
First time here.  
REINHOLD WERRENRATH, Soloist  
Tickets 50c to \$2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase today or at Tivoli Sunday.  
Concerts by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at Auditorium Opera House, Oakland. THIS (Saturday) AFT. and TONIGHT.

**ZIMBALIST**  
Great Russian Violinist  
COLUMBIA THEATRE  
Sunday Afts., Feb. 17 and 24  
TWO SUPERB and IMPORTANT PROGRAMMES  
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, on sale WEDNESDAY at usual offices.  
MAIL ORDERS with funds (tax added) to SELBY C. OPPENHEIMER, Mgr., care Sherman, Clay & Co. Steinway Piano Used.  
Coming: THEO KARLE, American Tenor, TINA LERNER, Russian Pianist.

**St. Francis Little Theatre Club**  
Direction of Mr. Arthur Maitland  
Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis  
Desires to state that the matinees which are given once a week by Mr. Maitland and a company of professional players are open to the public. Three playlets by the world's best authors are given on each programme.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR

Evening performances are for members only. Application for membership can be made to the committee, Room 875, St. Francis Hotel.



## VANITY FAIR.

There is a restaurant in San Francisco—wild horses shall not draw from us its whereabouts—where an admirable and abundant dinner, including wine, is served for 40 cents. There are other restaurants in San Francisco where a dinner of the same general scope, but inferior in quality, costs \$3. There was a time, not so very long ago, when "two-bits" would do the trick for a hungry man whose chief need was for good food and plenty of it. Even 15 cents would build a short but satisfactory bridge between breakfast and dinner. These reflections are forced from us by starvation.

There was a time when our chief ambition was to be the angel of death. We felt that the mortality tables were capable of improvement, not so much in quantity as in kind. Just at present we should like to be the Lord High Food Conservator with a squad of bayonets to enforce our theories.

*Punch* recently printed a picture of a London shopkeeper declining to sell a small parcel of sugar to a poor woman, but gladly accepting the money of a richly dressed customer for five pounds of candy. Why is it that we are implored and commanded to stint ourselves that extra pieces of sugar in our coffee, but that there is no remonstrance against the prodigal consumption of candy? For every individual guilty of "wasting" half an ounce of sugar a day at the table there are thousands of others, chiefly girls, who think nothing of a daily gorge of a pound of candy with calamitous effects upon their health. There is probably more sugar wasted in a single large candy store than in all the homes in the city.

But the most insolent and shameless waste of food is in the expensive restaurants. Why is it that no way has been devised to supply each customer with just the amount of food that he can reasonably expect to eat, and no more? Why is it assumed that all diners have the same food capacity, and that the young girl with the appetite of a canary must be furnished with the same liberality as the old gourmet to whom dinner is a solemn and sacred rite? The portions of food served in these restaurants are disgusting and repulsive in their mass and weight. They are served under the apparent conviction that the diner is a wild boar. If a private hostess were to supply her guests upon such a scale as this she would be considered a savage. Why are not the dishes presented to each customer so that he may supply himself, as is the usual practice in private houses? Why is it left to some tutelary deity in the background, who serves all customers alike without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude? All the unconsumed food—that is to say, more than half—is presumably thrown away, and it is an iniquity crying aloud to heaven. It should be compelled to cease at the point of the bayonet. We should like to hold the bayonet.

Another matter. Why do restaurants refuse to serve one portion to two persons, even though the one portion be large enough to produce a slight feeling of nausea in a healthy hog? The matter is well expressed by "A. E. H.," who writes as follows to the *New York Evening Post*:

There is one practice in the hotels and

restaurants of the "better" class, that is irritating at all times because it wastes money, and inexcusable now because it wastes food. I refer to the prevalent rule that one portion (however abundant or superabundant) will not be served for two persons.

It is in my opinion not necessary to make any law, or issue any regulation on the subject. God knows we have too many laws and regulations now! On the other hand, every one knows how hard it is for any man, unbacked by anything but his own spinal column, to stand up for his rights in the sight of a head waiter. I believe that an announcement from Mr. Hoover deprecating the rule in question would give courage to the guests in sufficient numbers to effect a reform by mere pressure of public opinion. There can, of course, be no objection to a small additional charge—call it "service," "couvert," "bread and butter," or plain "grat"—for each additional guest; but when a food-purveyor makes two people buy, at full prices, more food than they want, and then either throws away the surplus or sells it under false pretenses to his next victim, he is doing what is economically wicked, commercially unethical, and in these days violently unpatriotic!

It is not an announcement from Mr. Hoover that we need. It is nine inches of bayonet inserted into that portion of the head waiter's anatomy intended by nature to be kicked in times of peace and persuasively punctured in times of war.

The Secretary of War wishes it to be understood that there are two kinds of marriages, and that it is only the slacker variety that we must guard against. The draft law, he explains, was not intended as a prohibition of wedlock. At the same time it must not be evaded by those who foolishly suppose that a wife is less dangerous than any other sort of explosive.

But how shall the officials discriminate between the marriage that is mere madness and the other kind that may be described as methodic madness? Would it not be better to exempt all newly married men on the score of mental deficiencies? It would not actually make any difference in the long run. The man who gets married in order to avoid conscription would probably be an eager and willing volunteer by the time the next draft came around.

The duties of the soldier have been discussed in other days, and perhaps nowhere more worthily than by Philip Massinger in "The Unnatural Combat." Lady Allsworth gives to her son his father's dying message:

If e'er my son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school  
Where the principles tending to honor  
Are taught, if truly followed; but for such  
As repair thither, as a place in which  
They do presume they may with license practice  
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety,  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provisions fail, with hunger;  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

This may be commended to some timorous parents who are driven to a fine frenzy of consternation by a rumor of inadequacy in the ice-cream supply at the local camp. It would be interesting to know how many French soldiers have ever tasted ice-cream in the whole course of their lives. It would also be interesting to know how many French newspapers have ever printed a single line in reference to the food of the soldier.

An aged man stood before the bar in Central police station with a dog beside him, shivering and hair bristling from the cold (says a current newspaper). The man said he was "Skipper" Irwin, on his way to Clarion County, where he had relatives. He asked if he could have lodging for himself and the dog, as he had run short of funds. Sergeant O. A. Richards told the man he could stay, but the dog would have to remain outside, because the rules would not permit dogs in the police station. "But," explained the skipper, "Bob, here, and I have been companions for twelve years. I couldn't leave him out in the cold." The sergeant could not break the rules. "It won't hurt the dog," he said. "You can have a good bed and keep warm." The skipper shook his head. "No," he said, "Bob's old. He never gave up anything for me. If he can stand it I can." So he started out. Sergeant Richards, touched by the man's love for his dumb friend, called him back. He provided a warm bed and a supper in the police garage for the dog. A couch in the cell room was given to the skipper. The latter said he had served some years on great lake steamers.

Aunt (severely)—As I glanced into the drawing-room just now I saw the young man's arms around you. Niece—Yes, aunt, I was waiting for you to see us. Young men are so scarce nowadays one can't have too many witnesses.—*Passing Show.*

## GENE FIELD'S UNTOLD JOKE.

A poet's jokes live after him, his poems are buried with him in the grave—might be said of the way Denver keeps the memory of Eugene Field. Not that the city where Field lived and wrote for a newspaper in the days before fame came to him is lacking in appreciation of his verse. But, primarily, it is as a man with a genius for chastening practical jokes that Denver cherishes the name of Field.

At this kind of joking Field was a master, able to lay out a plot broad enough to have the whole city for a background and sometimes with a good part of the city assembled to behold the roaring climax. A practical joke of this type was Field's "Patent Fire Extinguisher," here told, it is believed, for the first time. Fred P. Johnson, publisher of the *Denver Daily Stockman-Record*, who was a reporter in Denver when Field lived there, is the narrator.

"I have forgotten the man's name," said Mr. Johnson, "but he introduced himself to Denver as Colonel Something-or-other, and we shortened it at once to 'The Colonel.' He was a very tall man of inflated dignity, with a long flowing mustache, and from the outset he tempted Denver by wearing a shiny silk hat. His idea of conversation was making a speech; he was full of large, unusual words. He had a patent fire extinguisher for sale, something in a bottle which he threw on the fire and which he said would extinguish the flames. In making the rounds of the newspapers he met Field, who at once became deeply interested in the fire extinguisher proposition. The Colonel spoke proudly the next day of the interest Mr. Field was taking in him. He said he was going to give a public demonstration of the fire extinguisher, and Mr. Field was so impressed with the importance of the exhibition to the future of Denver that he had offered to assist.

"The Colonel had a large supply of his fire extinguishers stored in the basement of the old Windsor Hotel. He needed some one to do the heavy work in getting ready for the demonstration, and naturally turned to his new friend, Field. Gene provided the helper in the person of an old darky named Uncle Sam.

"At length the night of the demonstration arrived. It was held uptown, and a large crowd was present. Field had seen to that. He had kindly given the Colonel a write-up in advance. The Colonel was surely in his element; minute by minute you could see him swell with pride as the crowd increased. There was a pile of dry-goods boxes and empty barrels in the middle of the lot where the show was pitched. Near by stood the faithful attendant, Uncle Sam, with a bunch of the far-famed hand-grenade fire extinguishers. Field was there, too, ominously solemn looking.

"The Colonel started ceremonies by making a speech. In grandiose fashion he told what the fire extinguishers would do. 'But you need not rely on my words,' he wound up, 'nor on the guaranty that accompanies each and every bottle. You are here as citizens of Denver to see for yourselves. Watch me extinguish flames right before your eyes.

"Sam," he said with extreme pomposity, 'put this torch to yon pile of wooden debris.'

"Sam lighted the dry-goods boxes. The flame kindled quickly.

"A few moments later, when the flame was of good size, the Colonel addressed the crowd again.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, 'watch how quickly I extinguish these flames.'

"Then he grasped one of the grenades from the extended hands of Uncle Sam and threw it into the fire. There was a tingling crash of splintering glass and—whoof!—the flames leaped twenty feet into the air. For an instant the Colonel stood stricken with amazement. He grabbed another grenade from Uncle Sam and dashed it into the fire. With a roar as of a small conflagration a sheet of flame sprang higher than before. By this time the crowd was laughing and jeering.

"Wildly the Colonel cast still another grenade into the fire. Worse than before. It looked like it would be necessary to call out the fire department. 'There is some mistake,' cried the Colonel, and snatched a bottle from the darky. He drew out the cork and took a sniff.

"Coal oil!" he shouted. 'I have been betrayed!'

"The Colonel, the bombast all wilted out of him, finally got hold of some genuine bottles, but it was too late to make a dent on that fire. Field, going to the rescue, closed the meeting with a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, something like this:

"Fellow-citizens," he said, 'I am sure some one has taken advantage of my good friend, the Colonel. Evidently some practical joker has surreptitiously placed petroleum in his fire-extinguisher bottles in the place of the genuine liquid. I still have every confidence in the merit of his preparation and take the privilege of announcing that tomorrow night

another demonstration will be given, and I will see myself that no one tampers with the bottles. Come one, come all.'

"You won't lose anything by this," said Field, turning to the Colonel. 'The crowd will be larger than ever tomorrow.'

"Sure enough the crowd was bigger the next night and very much edified, for the Colonel made good with his demonstration, but noticeably disappointed, for Field kept his word and saw that no one tampered with the bottles.' It was characteristic of Field that he aided the Colonel in unloading fire extinguishers on good citizens of Denver. Probably some of those bottles are around here yet."—*New York Times.*

A Canadian writer, descanting upon the nicknames of companies, regiments, and other military units at the front in Europe, says: "The machine gunners and bombers have earned for themselves the laconic but meaningful title of the 'Suicide Club,' while the army ordnance department (which, strangely enough, has a greater antiquity than any branch of the army), are called 'The Sugar-Stick Brigade,' not because of any undue sweetness on their part, but because of the peculiar red and white piping of their braid. The highly important army pay department and corps are tersely designated as the 'Ink Slingers' or the 'Quill Drivers,' and the army service corps, which used to be called the 'Moke-Train,' are now the 'Commos,' while at Camp Borden the initials C. A. S. C. are said to mean 'Come and Shovel Coal.'"

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Three little girls each had received a silver spoon as a Christmas gift. "Mine has 'From Your Papa' on the handle," said Georgia. "Mine says 'To My Loving Daughter,'" chimed in Margaret. "And mine," said Mahel proudly, "says 'Hotel Auditorium.'"

Archbishop Magee of New York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who, after receiving payment, solicitously inquired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest. "No, I have had neither," replied the archbishop; "the waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."

A British leather seller sent his bill to a shoemaker who owed him some money. One day the shoemaker was passing the shop. The man ran out and asked him if he had the bill. Said the shoemaker: "I do all my business in parliamentary style. When I received your bill I gave it the first reading. In another fortnight I will give it the second reading, and very probably throw it out altogether."

A Washington man in motoring through Virginia stopped one day at a toll bridge he had often passed over and found there was a new keeper in charge. "Where's the man who used to act as keeper here?" asked the motorist. "He's dead, sir," was the reply. "Dead? Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?" "Well," said the man, cautiously, "I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man so far as I know."

A couple of tourists driving in the picturesque hills of Santa Barbara decided to take a short cut to the ocean front but were not quite sure of the road. The only human visible being a ragged lad sunning himself in the dust at the side of the road, the driver addressed him. "Say, hoy, how do you reach the ocean from here?" Whereupon the hoy, without hatting an eyelash, gravely responded: "Well, which ocean do you want to go to?"

The judge's five-year-old son John had been naughty when his parents were having company and had been reprovved. That night when his mother went up to hear John say his prayers she suggested that he ask God to teach his parents how to bring him up properly. John was quite penitent and prayed humbly: "Please, God, teach mother how to make me a good boy." He paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully: "And father, too, if you can do anything with him."

Mother was out, and Sister Sue was putting on her best blouse, so six-year-old Bobby had to entertain Sue's young man. As is the way with his kind, he began to ply the unfortunate caller with questions. "Mr. Brown," he began, "what is a popinjay?" "Why—ch—a popinjay is a—ch—vain hird." "Are you a hird, Mr. Brown?" "No, of course not." "Well, that's funny. Mother said you were a popinjay, and father said there was no doubt about you're being a jay, and Sue said there didn't seem much chance of your poppin', and now you say you aren't a hird at all!"

Something was the matter with the stop-signal bell of the Toonerville trolley car, and the conductor had to whistle to the motor-man that trip—one whistle to stop, one whistle to go ahead. At one place the car made a long stop, and some of the passengers began to get uneasy. One sought the rear platform and found the conductor eating a frugal luncheon. "Say, how long are we going to stand here? What are we waitin' for?" asked the passenger. The conductor swal-

lowed hard and was understood to reply: "Looky here, I aint got nothin' but dry crackers for my lunch. An' you'll hafta wait till I get 'em swallered good before I kin whistle."

A Frenchman was waiting at a railroad station in Ireland when a couple of natives sat down beside him. Said one: "Sure, Pat, it's down to Kilmory I've been, and I'm on me way back to Kilpatrick." "Ye don't say so," said the other. "It's meself that's just after being down to Kilkenney, and I stop here a bit before I go to Kilmore." "What assassins!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Would that I were safely hack in France!"

Treasury notes are all right, but they haven't the jingle and glitter of gold coin. This is the opinion of an English railway porter, who has a weekly growl about it on pay day. Recently he received a particularly dirty pound note. This he fingered so gingerly that the pay clerk said, chaffingly: "Frightened at the germs, Tom?" Tom eyed his questioner sadly as he retorted: "Not a bit, sir. No germ could live on a railway porter's money."

A lady crossing from Detroit to Windsor was asked by the customs officer if she had anything dutiable. She assured him that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunks, but at the bottom of the largest one, which to him seemed the most suspicious, were found twelve bottles of whisky. "Madam," said the officer, sarcastically, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Certainly," she replied sweetly. "Those are my husband's night-caps."

The heroism of France has made the French language popular. On this head there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French ambassador. A senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand: "Take—er—eska voo voo—ly—I mean—er—passy-moi sill voo play—er—". M. Jusserand laid his hand on the senator's shoulder and in his excellent English said: "My dear sir, my very dear sir, do, please, stop speaking French. Your accent is so Parisian that, positively, it makes me homesick."

When Colonel House was sent by President Wilson on a mission to Berlin some little time before his country declared war he took with him his wife, who is as witty as she is fair. Even then the feeling in Germany against America was very bitter, and one day at a reception the wife of a Hun official said to her: "Germany will win this war. Then let America look out." "How will Germany win?" said Mrs. House, quite calmly. "With her submarines, with her Zeppelins, and, above all, with perseverance. Perseverance, madam, always in the long run achieves its object." "Not always. I once owned a hen that persevered in sitting on a china egg."

Something akin to a revolution took place recently in the London offices of Lord Northcliffe's *Daily Mail*. It was caused by the use of a word in a headline that lent itself to an unfortunate interpretation. Sir Edward Carson had made a speech savagely attacking Northcliffe. Portions of it were printed in the *Daily Mail* under the amazing headline of "Just Criticism of Lord Northcliffe." The copyreader's explanation was to the effect that he had used the word "just" in the colloquial sense of "merely." The various proofreaders, sub-editors, and editors of high and low degree understood it in the same sense and passed it without comment. The newspaper-reading public, however, put an entirely different interpretation on the word "just," and construed it to indicate that in the eyes of the *Daily Mail* the denunciations of its proprietor by Sir Edward Carson were well deserved. That is how it appealed to the noble lord—or rather it did not appeal to him—and for a couple of days the members of the staff of the *Daily Mail* walked warily.

## When He Volunteers.

The Minister—Trust in God and keep your powder dry.

His Doting Mother—I wonder how long before he'll be a general.

His Militant Father—Bully for him!

His Pacifist Uncle—Dear me! Dear, dear me!

His Proud Aunt—He gets his brave spirit from our side of the family.

His Little Brother—Gee! I wish I could go.

His Little Sister—I wish I had a dress like that uniform.

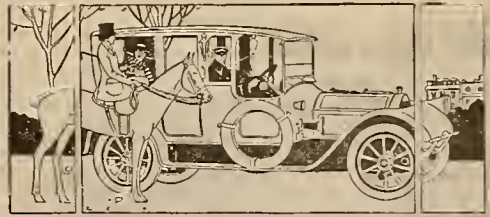
His Chum—I hope he pays me that five bucks before he goes.

His Best Girl—Isn't he grand?

His Girl's Chum—Oh, you must give me a military hutton for my collection.

Their Next-Door Neighbor—I suppose they'll be more stuck up than ever now.

Drill Sergeant—Oh, Gawd!



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## Pass It On.

If you have a leaden dime,

Pass it on.

Do not fuss and waste good time;

Pass it on.

You may feel real mean, it's true,

But in just a week or two

It will come right back to you.

Pass it on.

If you have a cure for grip,

Pass it on.

Do not let your chances slip;

Pass it on.

Never fear that you'll forget

The prescription that's your pet;

'Twill drift back to you, you bet.

Pass it on.

If you have a senseless verse,

Pass it on.

It may help your flattened purse;

Pass it on.

If you'd add to your own bliss,

Such a chance you should not miss,

Just add some stuff like this,

Pass it on. —Boston Globe.

## Dayless Days

We have kept the meatless meat-days

And have lived to tell the tale.

We've accepted wheatless wheat-days

And have never raised a wail.

Now we plan for workless work-days,

And we see the workless works:

All we need, to get the work done,

Is to find the shirkless shirks!

—Christian Science Monitor.

## The Battle Cry of Feed 'Em.

Yes, we'll rally round the farm, boys,

We'll rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

We've got the ships and money

And the best of fighting men,

Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

The onion forever, the beans and the corn,

Down with the tater—it's up the next morn—

While we rally round the plow, boys,

And take up the hoe again,

Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

—Fred Emerson Brooks.

## My Hosiery.

The hours I spent on thee, dear Sock,

Are as a string of pearls to me;

I count them over by the weary clock,

My rosary, my rosary.

First two I knit, then two I purrl,

And 'round the leg I slowly reel;

Now joyful paeans to the beavens I burl,

I've turned the heel.

Oh, knotted ends that scratch and burn,

Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row;

I kiss each blight, and strive at last to learn

To reach the toe, O Lord, to reach the toe.

—Eleanor M. Jencks.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland gave a reception last Saturday evening at their home on Jackson Street in compliment to the army and navy officers stationed at the posts about the Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Koshland were assisted in receiving their guests by their daughter, Miss Margaret Koshland, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Katherine Simon, Miss Coralia Mejia, Miss Marguerite Wolfe, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Jeannette Bertheau, Miss Bessie Greenchaum, and Miss Helen Jones.

Mrs. Berthe Welch entertained a group of friends at luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. H. E. Van Schuyver of Portland. The guests included Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Frank Deering, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at their home on Laguna Street. The guests included Commodore Thomas Wheeler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wheeler, Colonel W. R. Rheem and Mrs. Rheem, Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack, Archbishop Edward Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Bullis of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy of Los Angeles.

A hall was given last evening at the Hotel Oakland for the Free Wool Fund of the Oakland Chapter of the Red Cross. Among the matrons in charge of the affair were Mrs. Horatio Bonestell, Mrs. Challen Parker, Mrs. William White, Mrs. Percy Murdock, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Walton Moore, Mrs. Percy Walker, Mrs. Nelson Howard, Mrs. Leon Clark, Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mrs. Robert Newell, Mrs. Lucie Hayes, and Mrs. Carey Hill.

Mrs. Willis Walker was a luncheon hostess of last Saturday, entertaining a group of friends at the Woman's Athletic Club in compliment to Mrs. Mary Ford. Among the guests were Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. John Lyon, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Peter McBean, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. John Luckenbach, Mrs. Harry Knowles, Mrs. Junius Browne, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. John McGregor, Mrs. Clinton Walker, Mrs. Norman Lang of Victoria, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mrs. Charles Cooper, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Kilgour Tracy of Chicago was the honored guest at a recent tea given by Miss Anne Pentz at her home in San Rafael. Among those asked to meet Mrs. Tracy were Mrs. Eugene Plunkett, Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mrs. Starr Keeler, Mrs. Solomon Vestal, Mrs. Rex Sherer, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. George Martin, Miss Edith Stewart, Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Margaret Foster, and Miss Kate Towle.

Mrs. John Drum gave a luncheon Monday at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Edith Rucker. The guests included Mrs. William Hitchcock, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs.

George Newhall, Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Athol McBean, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. William Rideout gave a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon at her home in Claremont, her guests including Mrs. Warren Harrold, Mrs. Frederick Farnum, Mrs. Jack Van Sicken, Mrs. Carey Hill, Mrs. William Wells, Miss Cleo Posey, Miss Dorothy Taylor, and Miss Irene Farrell.

Mrs. Oliver Wyman gave a luncheon last Thursday, the honored guest having been Mrs. William Watson of Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Raymond Arasby gave a dinner recently at Coronado in honor of Captain R. J. Pinto of the Coldstream Guards, H. M. A. The guests included Major William Devereux and Mrs. Devereux, Captain Laurance Scott and Mrs. Scott, Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey, Lieutenant Robert Erwin and Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Mrs. Charles Snyder, Mrs. Austin Sands, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Cara Coleman, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Major Archibald Johnson, Captain G. J. Geer, Jr., and Major V. E. G. Dashwood.

Mr. Lawrence Gray gave a dinner last Wednesday evening in compliment to Miss Cornelia Kemper. His guests were Mrs. N. F. Wilson, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Kemper, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Mr. Clark Crocker, and Mr. Jerome Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hawley gave a dinner last evening at their home in Oakland, with their guests later attending the hall at the Hotel Oakland for the benefit of the Red Cross Wool Fund.

Mrs. John Wisser entertained at tea recently at the Palace Hotel in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose. Among the guests were Admiral Charles Pond and Mrs. Pond, Admiral Thomas Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge, Colonel William Bowen and Mrs. Bowen, Colonel Lea Fehiger and Mrs. Fehiger, Rev. William Brewer and Mrs. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, Countess del Valle de Salazar, Mrs. Bradford Holmes, Mrs. Frank Holmes, Mrs. William Ashburner, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Miss Margaret Holmes, and Miss Gwladys Bowen.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen gave a dinner last Friday evening in compliment to Lieutenant Hanson Grubb and Mrs. Grubb.

Miss Elena Eyre was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Alejandra Macondray. The guests included Miss Miriam Beaver, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Cecily Cascerly, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Emily Pope, and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a dinner last Monday evening, complimenting Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery.

Mrs. Frederick Kroll gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Washington Street in honor of Mrs. Ernest Maillard. Among the guests were Mrs. Benjamin Upham, Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, Mrs. Wilson Dibblee, Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. Otis Johnson, Miss Ethel Jack, Miss May Sinsheimer, Miss Effie Kroll, Miss Elizabeth Cooper, and Miss Violet Buckley.

The men of the Naval Training Station, Yerba Buena, gave an enjoyable dance at the Palace Hotel Friday evening. The consul-general of the Netherlands, Van Coenen Torchiana, Commander F. Ramonnet and officers of the cruiser *Zeeland*, and Mr. Edward Rainey honored the guests with their presence.

#### Death of Joseph S. Tobin.

Died, at his home in San Francisco, February 5th, Joseph S. Tobin, aged fifty-nine years.

Captain Robert Roos and Mrs. Roos are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

E. F. Hutton, president of E. F. Hutton & Co., one of the strongest and largest stock and bond broker houses of New York, with a number of branches on the Pacific Coast, recently arrived in San Francisco.

Polly—She's a great stickler for social conventions. Dolly—Yes, that girl hates to think of dying, for fear of going to heaven without a chaperon.—*Town Topics.*

### "THE MACNAB."

Twenty-Five Thousand Four Hundred and Ten Pounds Sterling for a Remarkable Painting.

A superb full-length painting of a Highland chieftain realized £25,410 last July at a Christie sale in London. When Sir H. Raeburn, R. A., painted this mighty portrait of "The Macnab" a century ago he succeeded once for all in making a canvas blaze with the unquenchable spirit of the Highlander, epitomizing at a glance the truth of Scott's lines:

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

Resplendent in the uniform of the eighteenth-century national service of the Braedall-hane Fencibles, the twelfth (and last) Laird of Macnab was seen by Raeburn as he grimly knew him to be, and as the proud and indomitable Highlander would always be. And well does the enemy know it today. There is still a kind of Homeric legend in Scotland about The Macnab, and it was in full song shortly after the death of the chieftain, who lies hurried near the grave of Fingal. Sir Thomas Dewar of London and Perth was the lucky buyer of this superb painting.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1819, and has since been on view at various loan exhibitions, notably in Rome in 1911, while reproductions have made it familiar to the general public.—*Extract from the London Times.*

#### Major Ian Hay Beith

Major Ian Hay Beith, more popularly known as Ian Hay, is returning from the western field of war and will deliver his new lecture on the progress of the war on land and sea in San Francisco under the direction of Paul Elder during the latter part of February. It is interesting to note that the net receipts from his lectures, amounting to considerable sums, are contributed by him to the benefit of various war relief movements.

During 1916-17 Major Beith delivered a hundred and seventy-five addresses throughout the United States. For ninety-one of these addresses he received a fee, which enabled him to give the other gratuitously to training camps, workmen's clubs, etc. After paying personal expenses, hire of buildings, royalty on films, and advertising, he was enabled to hand over to various war relief societies, such as the American Red Cross, British Red Cross, and certain British regimental benevolent funds, the sum of \$8667. This sum represents Major Beith's personal contribution, and does not include sums raised by public meetings in aid of various war charities at which he was the speaker or one of the speakers. Major Beith receives no allowance or traveling expenses of any kind from the British government.

#### Tales for Children.

Mrs. Alice G. Whitehead, the Story Lady from Martinez, began a series of afternoons of tales to children last Saturday at Newhgin's, 149 Grant Avenue. Others who will tell stories the coming Saturdays from 2 to 4 are Mrs. Stella G. S. Perry, author of the "Kind Adventure"; Miss Frieda Witt, who conducted a children's hour at Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Eleanor Hitt, librarian of Yolo County Free Library, and Miss M. E. Peppin of San Francisco.

The campus of the University of the Philippines presents a somewhat surprising aspect, for mingled with the usual sights of a college campus, with its football fields, basket-hall grounds, and tennis courts are to be seen potatoes, corn, cabbages, and sundry other garden produce laid out in orderly rows and growing flourishingly. For the college boys here, too, have responded to the call from Washington for intensive cultivation of the soil, and after classes they have donned overalls and broad-brimmed hats, and armed with hoes and rakes, or pushing plows, have sallied forth to do their agricultural "hit." Seeds and cuttings were furnished by the Bureau of Agriculture, and the work has been superintended throughout by a special "food controller," an expert agriculturist appointed by the bureau to give the students advice and instruction in planting and caring for their crops. Some of the boys have fenced off their plots, and in view of the fact that all produce obtained from their efforts is to be their own property and subject to their disposal, a spirit of proprietary pride has been very marked.

Before any Welfare Centre was started in England the infant mortality rate in that country was as high as 145 per 1000. That was more than ten years ago. With the thousand or so centres in existence the rate is now below one hundred. In New Zealand, where infant welfare has been placed on a more perfect basis than anywhere else in the world, the rate has declined from 100 to 50 per 1000.

### Open Houses.

The Open House for Saturday, February 9th, will be Mrs. J. J. Baumgartner's, 2910 Vallejo Street, where all officers, regular and reserve, of both army and navy will be warmly welcomed. Last week's Open House was at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland. There will be an Open House every Saturday evening, with the special endorsement of Washington, till the end of June.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Dudley Knox is visiting her mother, Mrs. Bowman McCalla, at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Porter has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after a visit of several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown left Monday for Boston, where they will remain until the summer.

Miss Jeannette Norris passed the week-end with her grandmother, Mrs. E. F. Norris, at her apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Joseph Redding has returned to San Francisco from a visit of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. William Thomas has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after an extended visit in the East.

Mrs. John Casserly has returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in Eastern cities.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott is visiting in Santo Domingo, where she is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ross Kingsbury.

Miss May Sinsheimer is enjoying a visit of several days in San Luis Obispo, where she formerly resided.

Mrs. Kilgore Tracy of Chicago has recently been the guest of Mrs. Eugene Plunkett at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hawkins are visiting in San Francisco from their ranch at Hollister and are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright.

Mr. Charles Keeney, who is in the quartermaster's corps of the army, has been ordered to the Georgia camps for duty.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and her daughter, Miss Linda Buchanan, have returned to San Francisco from New York, where they were guests of Colonel Lawrence Brown and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Henry Ach returned Thursday from a visit to Camp Lewis.

Mrs. Vincent Whitney and her little daughters are passing a few weeks in San Diego.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett, who has been passing the early winter in San Diego, will arrive in San Francisco within a few days for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Douglas have reopened their home in Menlo Park, after having passed the last two months at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. William Watson of Los Angeles is visiting in Belvedere as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop.

Mr. and Mrs. Power Hutchins, who are at present in New York, are expected to arrive in San Francisco in the near future. Since their marriage three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins have resided for the most part in Petrograd.

Lieutenant Stanhope Nixon and Mrs. Nixon, who have been passing several months in Washington, have returned to their home in New York.

Miss Alice Hanchett is visiting in New York as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Philip Kearney.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson have returned from Hemet, where they were guests of the latter's brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kaufman.

Mrs. Downey Harvey, who has been visiting in New York with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, has taken apartments at the Biltmore Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Mary Phelan has been spending several days at Senator James Phelan's home at Saratoga.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who has been engaged in relief work in Paris, has gone to the south of France and is staying at the Winter Palace Hotel in Nice.

Sir Frank Barnard of British Columbia and Lady Barnard passed a few days last week in San Francisco. During their brief visit here Sir Barnard and Lady Barnard were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Helen Garritt and Miss Cara Coleman have been passing several days in San Diego.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, returned last week from a visit of several weeks in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hellmann, who have been residing in New York, have gone to Chile for a visit of several months.

Mrs. Wyatt Eustis, who has been visiting in Boston for some time, will return to San Francisco within a few days.

Mrs. Charles Wright will arrive in a few days from her home in Santa Barbara and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Margaret Williams has left for the East, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Hechner, who have been passing several weeks in San Francisco with Mrs. Hechner's mother, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., has gone to Boston to take a course in aviation. Mrs. Coleman is residing for the present at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler and their daughter, Miss Jean Wheeler, have returned to their home on Washington Street from a visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Arnold Marcus and Miss Katherine Magee have arrived from Washington and are visiting

Mrs. James Marvin Curtis at her home on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood of Spokane are at the Palace for a brief visit.

Among the late arrivals at the Whitcomb Hotel are Lieutenant P. F. de Bruyn Ternbergen of the Dutch cruiser *Zeeland*; Mr. B. R. McDonner, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kimball, Pittsburg; Mr. Willard P. Lindley, Santa Barbara, and Mr. N. L. Watton.

American Indian mythology says that the prickles on blackberry vines were caused by the hurl of a very wicked warrior who had unjustly tormented a rival and the latter's intended bride. The young man at last left the country with a war party and nothing was heard of him for weeks. Then one day the wicked Indian went to the maiden and told her that her lover was dead; that he had been ambushed and scalped by the Sioux. The story was not true, but the shock was so great that the girl was overcome with grief and finally died as a result. When her lover returned from the war and learned the truth he at once challenged his rival to mortal combat, but was killed and hurled by the side of his sweetheart. Then his friends took revenge by slaying his enemy. The latter was hurried between the other two graves—the reason assigned being that as he had come between the two lovers while they were alive, it was but meet that he should repose between them after death as a continual mark of reproach. His spirit, seeking release from its anguish, strove to arise from the grave, but could only cling to the hrambles about the mounds and its wickedness thus produced the prickles with which they are covered.

Wherever in China the forces of North and South are in conflict the hapless populations experience to the full all the horrors of war, according to a recent number of *Far East*. Judging by the foreign press of China nothing can be said in favor of either side—the troops are mere bandits, looting the towns when not destroying each other. But they are not so far dominated by the lust of blood and loot as not to be deterred from acts that would involve them with foreign nations. An incident occurred at Ichang, on the Upper Yangtse, which shows how far they will go and where they will stop. A piece of British territory was opposite the port in the shape of the steamer *Shasi*. The military "authorities" detained the *Shasi* and demanded the silver on board. The captain refused to hand it over, and the bandits threatened to fire on the boat. The captain thereupon dared them to fire on a British ship and he was allowed to proceed down river, having scored a moral victory, which may or may not have a moral for law-abiding Chinese.

A curious discovery has been made by recruiting officers in some of the Eastern centres of population, to the effect that the youth from the country is not able to hear so well as the city-reared lad. From the Washington records of the Marine Corps recruiting campaign it has been ascertained that only about one in five of the former have the acuteness of hearing possessed by the average city youth—at least only one of the latter, compared with five of the former, has had to be rejected for defective hearing. The deduction of the surgeons and scientists is that the quiet life of the country, free from noises, has a tendency to weaken, through disuse, the responsive nerves in the ear, whereas the continual rattling, jarring, ear-splitting noises of the city tend to sharpen and keep active the sensitiveness of these nerve centres.



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### Theo Karle.

Tenors of the first rank are rare finds, particularly American tenors, not many of whom exist. In Theo Karle all of the elements of Americanism are combined with a vocal equipment of sensational beauty. He will give two recitals at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, and Friday afternoon, March 8th. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is introducing Theo Karle to San Franciscans and feels sure that the artist will at once take his place among the popular favorites of this city. At Karle's first concert the recit. and aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft Her Angels to the Skies," by Handel, the Ponchielli aria from "La Gioconda," a cycle of Indian lyrics by Lohr, Meyerheer's aria "Paradiso," from "L'Africaine," groups containing songs by Harry Spier, Cimara, Mascagni, Campbell-Tipton's "Crying of the Waters," English songs by Salter, Glen, Burleigh, Stickles, and Watts are skillfully arranged, and on his second programme the aria "Care Salve," from Handel's "Atalanta," the aria from Boita's "Mephistopheles," Puccini's "E lucevan le Stelle," from "Tosca," and works by Kramer, Loomis, Salter, Branscombe, Glen, Mallinson, Stickles, and Dix are intermingled with the cycle, "The Divan of Hafiz," by Frank Harling.

Mail orders, at usual rates, with war tax added, should now be directed to the manager at the Sherman, Clay & Co. office.

"He's a stamp collector." "Postage or thrift?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Bids Newsie Good-By.

He was one of those solitary-looking men. According to the eagle device on his shoulders, he was a colonel in the United States Army.

He issued forth from a lunch room on lower Fifteenth Street and a newsboy not over twelve stepped up to him with a paper. He seemed to be one of the kid's steady customers.

The unsmiling face of this man who seemed alone in the world lighted up as he saw the boy.

"Good-by, old top," he said to the youngster, as he took the paper. "I won't see you any more."

"Are you going to the war?" asked the boy, with an anxious note in his voice.

"Yeh; in a day or two now. Good-by, old fellow."

The kid looked at him a minute in silence and said slowly:

"Good-by!" The officer stuck the paper under his arm and turned up Fifteenth Street, with a strange mistiness in his eyes.

One got the idea that there wasn't anybody else that the officer wanted to bid farewell.—*New York Sun*.

Jimmie was going out with his mother and had been sent up stairs to get ready. After a considerable wait the mother called: "Hurry up, Jimmie! We're late now. Have you got your shoes on yet?" "Yes," replied Jimmie, "all but one."



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*He*—I've a notion to propose to you. *She*  
—Please do. I'm trying for a record.—*Buf-  
falo News.*

*The Baby*—Googly - googly - goo - goo. *The  
Mother*—Yes, indeed, dear, that's the public  
library.—*Dallas News.*

"Pardon me, madam—but I can't see for  
that hat." "Well, you've nothing to grumble  
about—I can't see for it myself."—*Cossett's  
Journal.*

*Bess*—So Bob bought a seat on 'Change so  
as to shear the lambs! *June*—Yes—forget-  
ting, poor chap, that they broil lobsters there,  
too!—*Life.*

"Half the world does not know how the  
other half lives"—this, we think, is a large  
overestimate of the number of people who  
mind their own business.—*Boston Transcript.*

*She*—I like the way the men had of talking  
in the days of old when knights were hold.  
*He*—How did they talk? *She*—They had a  
habit of saying, "Ay, marry, will I!"—*Balti-  
more American.*

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the  
middle." "What's that for?" "Why, then  
she has two problems to be excited over—  
how the story will end, and how it will begin."  
—*Houston Post.*

*Vexed Wife*—There is no calamity can be-  
fall a woman that I have not suffered.  
*Amiable Husband*—Wrong, my dear; why, you  
have never been a widow. *Vexed Wife*—I  
said calamity, sir.—*Tit-Bits.*

*She (to fiancé)*—We must be very eco-  
nomical now. Promise me that you will do  
nothing you can't afford. *He*—What! Do  
you want me to break off the engagement?  
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

*Yeast*—Has your neighbor moved out  
West? *Crimsonback*—That's what he's done.  
*Yeast*—And has he paid all his debts? *Crim-  
sonback*—No; he's like the vicinity he's living  
in—only sparsely settled.—*New York Globe.*

*Jones (as he treuds on a tack)*—I wish you  
wouldn't be so careless in throwing tacks  
about, Mary. *Mrs. Jones (placidly)*—Henry,  
you are getting meaner and meaner every day.  
I can buy a whole package of tacks for a  
penny.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

"What were you saying, Homer?" asked a  
mother of her six-year-old son. "I was pray-  
ing God to kill all the Germans; then our men

wouldn't have to fight." "Oh! you must not  
pray to God to kill all those men." "I can't  
help it now, mamma; it will have to go,  
'cause I have already said 'Amen.'"—*Horper's  
Magazine.*

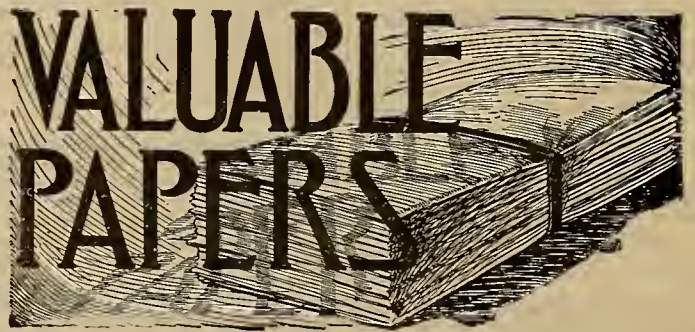
*Election Agent*—That was a good long  
speech our candidate made on the farming  
question, wasn't it? *Former*—Oh, aye, it  
wasn't bad; but a couple o' nights' good rain  
'ud 'a' done a sight more good.—*London Farm  
and Home.*

"I suppose when you were a boy, grandpa,  
people weren't bothered so much about the  
cost of living." "No, my father could go  
out and shoot a wild turkey for Thanks-  
giving." "That was fine." "Still, I remem-

ber he was always kicking about the cost of  
powder and shot."—*Louisville Courier-Jour-  
nal.*

*Lateyer (to handsome female defendant)*—  
Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing  
will prejudice a jury against you like a red  
nose and watery eye.—*Boston Globe.*

"If you were compelled to engage in con-  
versation with one or the other for an hour  
which would you choose, a woman with a  
mission or one who thinks she is misunder-  
stood?" "The woman with a mission."  
"Why?" "She would do most of the talking.  
A woman who thinks she is misunderstood  
usually wants a little confidential advice."—  
*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Governorship.

Under our system the national government looks after pretty much everything that is comprehended in the phrase "affairs of state." Foreign relations, national defense, foreign and domestic commerce—these and other vital interests are withheld from individual state jurisdiction. State government is limited in the main to interests in which business considerations predominate or are directly involved. Thus it is more definitely important that the chief administrator of the state should be a man of business than that he should be a statesman in the ordinary acceptance of that term.

California especially needs in her administrative chair a capable man of business, since under our practice everything depends upon the integrity and judgment of the governor. Our state affairs in their variety are under the hand of commissions. The members of these commissions are appointed by the governor and hold office subject to his will. Likewise, under our practice, all the fiscal operations of the state are under the hand of the governor. Our legislatures have the bad habit of enacting all "money bills," leaving it to the governor to fit the demand to the resource as best he may. It is obvious that the governor should be a judge

of men and a capable administrator of business affairs. Such a man in the governorship is vastly to be preferred to a man of ornamental gifts, however brilliant or impressive.

These considerations need to be held in mind in connection with the pending campaign for the governorship into which half a dozen eager aspirants have now injected themselves, with more a-coming. Let it be borne in mind that no man, whatever his affiliations or his powers or graces, is a proper man for the governorship if he be lacking at the points of sober judgment and practical experience. Especially at this time California can not afford to commit her serious responsibilities and her financial resource to anybody, however brilliant, or however admired in connection with extraneous matters and interests, lacking in essential qualifications for the duties of the executive office.

Furthermore "geography," of which the politicians are forever prating, is a trivial consideration. We are all Californians and it matters not at all that the incumbent of any office, least of all a highly responsible office, should live in one section of the state or another. No man should be thought of in connection with the governorship who is not big enough in mind and character to separate himself from merely local or parochial influences. What is wanted is a man to fit the job, and it matters nothing if his home be in Callexico, Alpine County, Del Norte, Los Angeles, San Francisco, or where not.

In times past California has suffered and suffered grievously through choice of governors upon non-essential considerations. We have had failure after failure due to consideration of military records, of professional records, of spectacular oratory, of reforming enthusiasm, of geography and what not. Our successful governors—there have been none too many—have been men of business qualifications, and it is humiliating to relate that they have come to the executive chair more frequently through accident and indirection than by direct choice.

### The War.

Those who discover the "dawn of peace" in the give-and-take between the chancellories of Austria and Prussia, Premier Lloyd-George, and President Wilson have a keener vision than the Argonaut. Peace may be "in the air," but we find no concrete indications of it in the attitude of anybody who has authority to make peace. Of course everybody wants peace. Austria would yield if she were not bound hand and foot by her Prussian masters. Germany would make peace if she might do it "with victory." England, France, and the United States do not want peace excepting upon terms of justice and permanency. This being the situation there will be no peace until somebody knocks under.

We will not knock under. True, we are doing a good deal of fumbling due to the inherent difficulties of making over our peace establishment into an engine of war. We are making mistakes that we have no right to make in view of the example and the warning of England's earlier career in the war. But we shall muddle through. We have the men, we have the money, we have the food, we have the mechanical organization required for modern warfare. And we are getting the spirit that will shove things along with irresistible force. We shall ultimately—and by ultimately we mean pretty soon—get into the fight with the vigor characteristic of American enterprise.

The anarchistic group which for the moment holds authority at Petrograd has declared peace, but upon terms fatal alike to the integrity and dignity of Russia. The agreement between the Bolsheviks and the Prussian autocrats means nothing less than the absorption by Germany of large areas of Russian territory. Sheer bribery probably had its part in the adjustment. That

the Russian people will accept this ruinous arrangement, that they will remain quiescent while their birthright is bartered away, is by no means an assurance. In Russia there are vast latent resources of patriotic spirit and it would surprise nobody if the peace arrangements of the Bolsheviks would rouse an angry protest involving a counter-revolution. The Russian peace is more than likely to turn out another "scrap of paper."

Germany looks to Russia under this peace arrangement for relief of distresses which are gnawing at the vitals of her people. It is true that in normal times Russia might be a great source of supplies. But these are not normal times in Russia. Industry there is demoralized and production, dependent upon industry, is at low ebb. Even under German reorganization, if that shall be possible, it will be a full year before Russia can contribute effectively to German relief. In the meantime anything may happen—the Argonaut ventures the guess that much will happen contrary to German calculations.

Even if it shall turn out that Russia is definitely out of the fight, there is no reason for discouragement. The balance of man power, of money power, of food power, leaving Russia upon one side, is with the Allies. Their productive powers are active, while Germany's corresponding powers are relatively stagnant. In the long run, and it looks as if the war would go to the long run, the Allied nations will prove the stronger. If there shall be insistence upon peace with victory, the verdict must ultimately fall to the cause of strength and righteousness.

The motive of President Wilson's address to Congress on Monday is obvious. In every paragraph there is betrayed in it the hope of drawing Austria into a separate peace. With all due consideration for the President's larger opportunities of information—which may justify hopes not visible to the less informed—we venture the opinion that nothing will come of this appeal. Of course Austria wants peace and would have sought peace long ago if the determination of peace had been in her own hands. In truth she would never have entered the war if she had been free to accept the more than fair proposals of Serbia. In the war Austria has from first to last been the tool of Prussia. She has been directed and mastered at every point and at every turn. Her internal government is dominated by German agents. Her army, not trusted by Berlin, is literally under the guns of Prussian regiments. Prussia holds Austria by the scruff of her neck and enforces her will in all things. For Austria to break away from Prussia is as impossible as for Wales or Ireland to break away from Britain. There is but one way for Austria to get out of the war and that is by collapse under exhaustion. So long as she has the power of action she will continue to act as Prussia dictates. She may now and again through her official puppets speak in the voice of distress, even of despair, but having come to heel before her master she will do as that master bids. Austria will not get out of the war so long as she has the vital force to stand up in it.

### Mexico's Latest Appeal.

It is an open secret that all is not well or even tolerably well in Mexico. Reaction from barbarities, wastes, and industrial paralysis has assumed the form of famine in many districts. Thousands are starving and dying. A call to the United States is made in the names of humanity and charity.

Concurrently we have evidences of a fairly thorough Germanization of Mexico. Called home by the policy of the Washington government, hundreds and thousands of Americans resident in Mexico were compelled to abandon their affairs. For every American firm that quit business in Mexico a German firm took its place. Today the major part of the business organization of



the country is in German hands. In Mexico City alone there are 248 German business houses, with many more scattered about the country. The business of Mexico being thus largely in German hands, the Carranza government, although lifted into authority by help from Washington, is profoundly responsive to German influence. The Carranza government harbors—even encourages—innumerable German agents who use Mexico as a base for more or less sinister activities against this country.

Again concurrently President Carranza has illustrated his sympathy with Germany and her cause in the war by a cordial and even laudatory telegram of congratulation to Kaiser William upon the recent occasion of his birthday. Whether through sentiment or through calculations of policy, Carranza is an open German sympathizer.

In the name of humanity and charity the United States is asked to aid the stricken Mexicans; and we have it from Washington that the government is considering the despatch to Santa Cruz of large supplies of food to be distributed by an American official commission. This, we are told—although it has not yet been given to the public—has been decided upon and definitely promised.

Query—How is it going to strike the American people who have cheerfully wheatlessed and meatlessed and otherwise denied themselves common indulgences and comforts in support of our Allies in Europe when a considerable part of the fruits of their self-denial shall be diverted to a country which secretly and openly supports Germany and her cause, including her machinations against the United States? What will be the attitude of the American mind when Washington sends to Mexico supplies saved with the idea of aiding the fight against Germany? The *Argonaut* is not a seventh son of a seventh son. It makes no claims to prophecy; yet it thinks it knows that there will go up from the masses of the American people a loud and sustained howl of anger and resentment.

Humanity and charity are truly names to conjure with. The people of the United States are quick in their sympathies and ready with aid for distress. Yet in view of all that has happened in Mexico we suspect that even the most humane and charitable among us would prefer—if prefer be a strong enough word—to relieve the needs of Belgium, of France, of Serbia, of Poland, and of Armenia, letting Mexico wait her turn until these outraged and distressed peoples shall be fed and clothed.

#### Reactions of the War.

Our preparations for war, though in many ways blundering and defective, tend increasingly to demonstrate that underneath the extravagance and self-indulgence of American life there is a basic substratum of sound character, of patriotic spirit, even of the intangible quantity called discipline. Witness the complete submergence in the face of overwhelming public sentiment of that "German element" which according to Prussian calculations was to tie the hands of our government and to prevent, no matter under what provocation of affront and insult, American participation in the war. Witness our acceptance without protest, with even demonstrations of enthusiasm, of the selective draft under which upwards of ten millions of our youth were drawn for military service. Witness our over-subscription of Liberty Bonds. Witness our free-will contributions to the Red Cross and to other organizations looking to the comfort and the guardianship of our forces in and to be in the field. Witness the unprotesting surrender to the government of our transportation system. Witness our acceptance of the Garfield order, unnecessary though it was generally felt to be, and a grievous disturbance of the convenience, the comfort, and the immediate welfare of millions of people. Witness the loyal and uncomplaining obedience universally throughout the land to wheatless, meatless, and other regulations and suggestions calculated to conserve the food resource of the country to the end that it may sustain our allies. Witness the cheerful labors of countless members of our women in domestic and organized industries in support of the war. These achievements—and they are real achievements—could not have been brought about by a people lacking in patriotic spirit, a people without enthusiasm in the maintenance of their conceptions of right, a people lacking in the saving power of self-discipline.

It has long been a philosophic commonplace that the

first and greatest need of the American people is a period of adversity—a period of national stress calling for universal sacrifice. It has come, and we are meeting it in a manner and with a spirit in keeping with our inheritances of tradition and with our boasts of patriotic devotion. That the heart of America is sound, that the spirit of America matches its resource—all this is manifest. Costly as the war is, it is paying its way in its reactions. We are yielding to the necessities of the occasion, not in weakness, but in the strength of cheerful sacrifice.

#### The Barnard Statue.

At a moment when the memory of Lincoln returns with exceptional emphasis to the mind of the nation it may be well to express once more the now general discontent that has been excited by the Barnard statue. It will be remembered that this statue was executed in response to the desire of the British government to include an effigy of Lincoln in its greatest national collection. It was a request that did honor alike to America and to Great Britain. It was the expression of a significant and a vital and a timely sentiment. The statue was to be a gift to a country where statues of Lincoln are almost unknown. It would probably occupy the position assigned to it for so long a time as the British Empire shall endure. It would carry with it the authorization and the approval of the American nation, and it would be so received. Obviously it was the occasion for something that should be even more than a work of art. Intended primarily for a presentment of Lincoln, it becomes also a presentment of Americanism.

The Barnard statue is neither the one nor the other. A portrait, whether it be in marble or upon canvas, must have something more than a physical similitude. Otherwise we need never go beyond the photograph or the mask. The portrait that is also a work of art must express the mind of its subject even more than it does the body. It must be an embodied ideal. It must carry with it a message of the manner of man that it seeks to portray, of his inner realities, of that part of him that remains when everything else is gone.

Mr. Barnard had the wrong ideal when he made this statue, the wrong concept. He has portrayed a rail splitter, and only a rail splitter. This is not the Lincoln of the Gettysburg address, the Lincoln who paced the corridors of the White House in awful loneliness, who accepted a living martyrdom a thousand times worse than the death that eventually came to him. We like to remember that Lincoln was a rail splitter, not because he was only a rail splitter, but because he was so much more than a rail splitter. It was the mighty contrast that we admire. Mr. Barnard has forgotten the contrast. Possibly he had some perverted ideal of democracy that he was trying to express. It would seem so. But the true ideal of democracy is the universal opportunity of nobility, and democracy without nobility is merely common and mean, a dead level of insignificance. Lincoln was the true expression of democracy, not because he was so like his source, but because he was so unlike it, because he rose like a mountain from the plains.

The Barnard statue expresses a character that was not Lincoln's character. It may bear a physical resemblance to Lincoln. It may be "like" him. But that is not what we want, nor is it the task of an artist. Lincoln was humble in the finest sense of the word, and as all great men must be humble, but he was not mean. And this is a mean figure. It suggests a cringe. It smacks of the obsequious. We almost imagine it as bending the knee. It has the attitude of the rail splitter, who is only a rail splitter, in the presence of a magnate. Lincoln was physically ungainly, even awkward, but we know with an absolute certainty, a scientific certainty, that the mind of Lincoln must have given a matchless dignity to his body, a very real beauty. Indeed there is extraordinary testimony to that effect. Lincoln was preëminently a gentleman—"a great gentleman" as Lord Carnwood has truly said—but this is not the figure of a gentleman.

Mr. Barnard has allowed all this to escape him. Indeed he seems to have evaded it, and to have carefully and designedly suppressed the grandeur and the nobility that certainly belonged to the figure that he was portraying. The position of the meekly folded hands is an affront. The feet—one of the most expressive parts of a statue, and the part most usually neglected—are weak and shuffling. Even the shoes have

been carefully uglified and shabbified. Quite evidently Mr. Barnard set forth to express an idea, an idea of his own, but unfortunately it was the wrong idea. It is not the idea that we wish to impart to another nation, nor one to which we wish to give the imprimatur of the American people. The statue ought not to be sent. It does not deserve the immortality that has been designed for it.

#### The Hard Fate of General Cadorna.

Until a few weeks ago General Cadorna was one of the widely-acclaimed heroes of the war. He had carried forward to the very threshold of success an extremely arduous and difficult campaign. Then came the Austro-German movement into Italy with the undoing of the achievements of more than a year. Cadorna's reputation as a soldier, high as it was, was involved in the general smash. Relieved from command at the front, Cadorna was dispatched to Paris as Italy's representative in Allied councils held from time to time in that city. Now news comes that Cadorna has been called home—with no explanation. Henceforth Cadorna will be classed with the failures of the war.

Unquestionably General Cadorna is a capable and valiant soldier. His work in the great northern campaign of 1916-17 sufficiently demonstrates the fact. But in warfare it matters little what a man's earlier record may have been if that record has subsequently suffered eclipse. In war success, and nothing but success, counts. Nobody listens to explanation of a military failure. Failure obscures everything that came before it.

It is all a matter of psychology. In war, said Napoleon, half is prestige. An army hopeful and expectant of success, inspired and stimulated by the prestige of its commander, is worth two armies depressed and hopeless, wanting confidence in its leader. Failure, therefore, is fatal to a military man in high command. No matter what the reason, a commander must succeed or get out. No country can afford to hold at the head of its armies a man associated in the minds of its armies or of its supporting public with anything short of success. It's a hard rule. It works infinite personal hardship in many cases. None the less human nature and soldier nature being what it is, it is a rule to which nations must bow.

#### Editorial Notes.

The *Argonaut* is pleased to acknowledge receipt of a substantial sum in aid of Dr. Alexander Fewell's work in France in response to last week's appeal. Dr. Fewell has found his work as an eye specialist in the Paris hospital embarrassed for lack of money to buy glasses for disabled French soldiers, and has appealed to his friends—and to all friends of humanity—in California for aid in this behalf. Subscriptions received during the week aggregate the substantial sum of \$321.10, which has been duly forwarded to Dr. Fewell. It goes without saying that this help will be gratefully received by Dr. Fewell and that it will be the means of relief to many worthy men who without it would be sadly afflicted. Contributions thus far received are as follows: Fund raised in the town of Los Gatos, \$175; Mrs. L. Hobart Curtis, San Francisco, \$5; Walter S. Jamieson, San Francisco, \$5; Harry Unna, San Francisco, \$20; Mrs. M. A. Haycock, Santa Cruz, \$5; A. Strassburger, San Francisco, \$100; "A Subscriber," Alameda, \$1.10; "Cash," \$10. The *Argonaut* will be glad to receive further subscriptions and to forward the same to Dr. Fewell.

It is profoundly to be hoped that the ship *Lucia*, provided with upwards of 12,000 air-tight compartments, large and small, will fulfill hopes founded in the theory of her invincibility against submarine assault. We shall, however, be more definitely assured when the *Lucia* or other vessels of her type shall have run the gauntlet successfully. Even an unsinkable vessel ought to be conveyed; otherwise assaults upon her may be so vigorous and sustained as to render her a floating shambles. It is not forgotten that Mr. Saunders, who officially vouches for the unsinkableness of the *Lucia*, was similarly positive a year or more ago that a solution of the submarine danger had been found. We shall hope for the best, in the meantime waiting upon results.

It is not possible to evade the hint of political artifice in Director-General McAdoo's order fixing the low rate



of one cent per mile for members of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans, and their families, for their forthcoming annual reunions next year at Portland, Oregon, and Tulsa, Oklahoma. "This may be the last time," says Mr. McAdoo, with tears in his voice, "that many of the soldiers can reunite with their comrades." Good politics—mighty good politics!

Frank Havens of Oakland, dead at the age of sixty-nine, was a man of vision. Where others were blind to all save the humdrum of village life he saw the future that was to be—that in large part is yet to be. And with vision he had qualities that give power to vision—enthusiasm, initiative, self-assurance—these, with gifts of persuasion. True there was in the man more of poetry than of plain prose, more of ardent imagination than of conservative caution. Much that he set on foot went awry. Some ready money—of his own and other people's—went for futures that are tardy in their coming. None the less the East Bay communities today enjoy many adornments, many utilities of daily life, many very real and positive benefits due to the vision, the daring, and the enterprise of Mr. Havens. May he rest well in the shadow of the hills he passionately loved!

There will be many to applaud the action of Mayor Baker and City Treasurer Adams of Portland in disregarding technicalities which might exempt them from payment of Federal taxes upon their official incomes. "I can see no reason," says Mayor Baker, "why public officials should not pay like other citizens." The reason why official salaries are exempted, actually or possibly, is that Congress, which passed the income-tax law, selfishly exercised its authority to exempt its own members on the score of their official salaries. It was a selfish grab, akin in its pettiness to the back-salary scandal of thirty years ago. That famous incident sounded the death knell of many a congressman and this newer and even cheaper steal should have worked out similar results.

The fanciest "bar" in town has long been that of the Richelieu saloon, presided over by ex-Mayor McCarthy's friend, "God's nobleman," Mr. Harry Flannery—he of the slant brow, the bulldog mug, and the protuberant abdomen. True, Mr. Flannery's "place" is representative of extreme rococo ideals rather than of accepted standards of art. But it is highly "artistic" according to the taste of those who like that sort of thing. One "feature" alone of this richly embellished establishment is declared to have cost ten thousand dollars in cold coin. Probably the cost of the decorative *ensemble* was many multiples of this sum. Under the hammer on Monday the whole blooming show was knocked down for \$127. The which may be taken as illustrating the prevailing lack of confidence in the future of the saloon business in California. Saloon "fixtures" these days are in the same case with horse-carriages—they are a drug on the market, since nobody has use for them. An unmistakable handwriting is on the wall of every saloon. Its day is done. It has become an obvious nuisance and in another turn of the wheel it will be an outlaw. Even the "traffic" understands it—as witness a paltry \$127 for all the splendiferousness of the Flannery bar.

According to notes furnished to a London journal by a French officer in the construction of the framework of a Zeppelin from ten to twelve tons of aluminum are employed. The covering of the eighteen balloons enclosed inside the big outer envelope is made of cotton substance, lined with goldbeater's skin, instead of with rubber, and the quantity used is so large that the intestines of 30,000 cattle go to the making of the material for one Zeppelin. Each of the eighteen balloons is fitted with a valve, and separated from those on each side of it by a funnel to carry off the explosive mixture of the hydrogen of the balloons, the oxygen of the air, and the gases given off by the engines. When all five motors are working together—one contained in the forward car, one in each of the two side cars, and two in the rear car—the speed attained is sixty-eight miles per hour, but, as a rule, all the engines are not used at one time, and the normal rate of flight is from fifty to fifty-six miles per hour. The ordinary crew consists of twenty-two men, but during raids only eighteen are carried.

Ten thousand and one persons were killed in the United States in railroad accidents in 1916 and 196,722 were injured. As usual, the greater number were trespassers on railroad property.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Germany began her attack upon Verdun on February 21st under bad weather conditions and without any special need for haste. The British armies were still far from ready, and there was no immediate danger from the French. She timed her offensive for the earliest possible moment in the new year in order that she might have abundant time to bring it to a conclusion before being called upon for defensive activities elsewhere. We are now close to the corresponding date of the present year. There is a general expectation that Germany is about to hurl her masses against the western front in a desperate effort to reach Calais, or Paris, or both. Innumerable correspondents with unavowed and probably nebulous sources of information speak of vast concentrations of German troops in Flanders and France. Germany is supposed to have transferred her eastern armies with very much the ease and speed of a Cook's tour. The arrival of Austrian armies is clearly foreseen by the same correspondents, and these, too, are supposed to have been switched from the mysterious east. Now all these things may be true, although they are highly unlikely, and all the more unlikely from the fact that Germany has said that they are true, and has said it with an extraordinary sound and unanimity. None the less it is an apparent fact that there is so far no kind of concentrated bombardment upon the western front, that the artillery fire is impartially distributed over the various parts of the line, and that the raids are of the usual kind, and apparently without any main objective. The British attack on Cambrai was unheralded by a bombardment, but there were special reasons for this. All other major attacks have been preceded by an artillery preparation of several weeks.

I am strongly of opinion that the Germans plans have been gravely embarrassed by the Brest-Litovsk proceedings, and that Russia "though dead yet speaketh." Perhaps we came nearer to seeing the end of the war two months ago than we yet realize. If Lenin and Trotzky had been German agents, as in our wrath we assumed they were, they would have assented to the disguised cession of the Russian provinces. Germany could then have declared herself to be amply repaid and she could have gracefully receded from all her other demands. There can be little doubt that this is what Germany expected the Bolsheviks would do. She could not conceive of resistance without an army. That was contrary to the rules as she had learned them. Still less could she conceive of an honest idealism. But she found herself confronted with both. Trotzky was not in the least abashed by the German hectorings. He refused to consider a cession of Russian territory, and he bluntly demanded an adherence to the basic terms agreed upon. The Germans were first perplexed, and then they were alarmed. They had opened the door for an invasion of Germany by Bolshevik ideas, and Trotzky held it open. They had even invited an immense audience to listen to those ideas. They had placed the Bolsheviks in the middle of the stage, and centred the limelight on them. Trotzky refused the German demands, and asked the German delegates what they proposed to do about it. And, indeed, what could they do? They could not display the booty to the people at home, for they had no booty. They could not avow themselves to their other enemies as satisfied with what they had gained, for they had gained nothing. To begin a new military campaign against Russia would have been as baffling as grappling with a hailstorm. Neither could they leave the eastern front unoccupied, since this would be to abandon their actual tenure of Poland and Riga. Moreover, the Germans were perfectly well aware that the Bolsheviks were representative of no more than a small faction of the Russian people, and that the intelligent classes were already banding themselves together to overthrow them whenever the opportunity should offer, and with unforeseeable consequences. Germany could not strike at Russia. She was too vast and impalpable and unresisting for that. Even the taking of Petrograd would leave her just where she was before. At the moment of writing comes the news that the Bolsheviks have made some sort of a peace, but nothing is said about the cession of Russian territory. None the less the mischief had been done by the long delay at Brest-Litovsk and Germany was at the beginning of her domestic troubles.

It is as clear as the sun at noonday that the great strike in Austria and the greater strike in Germany were due to disappointment and disgust at the apparent failure of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. It need hardly be said that even a formal peace with the Bolsheviks, with any possible number of cessions, would not have caused the Allies to relax their efforts, nor would it have disposed them to come to terms at the cost of an inarticulate and unrepresented Russia. President Wilson made that clear enough. Russia was not to be allowed to commit a valid suicide. She was to be saved in spite of herself. But of course the German mind was impenetrable by such an idea as that. It could not conceive that the Allies would hesitate to seize a chance to make Russia pay the bill. Moreover, with that almost insane reliance upon moral effects that Germany has always displayed, she believed that an actual peace with Russia, the positive removal of the name of Russia from the war list, would have a dismaying effect upon the western powers. To fathom the German psychology is a hopeless task, and the attempt may well be left unmade, but it is reasonable to believe that Germany confidently expected a general peace to result at once from the Brest-Litovsk conference, or at least that a general peace would be brought within easy vision. And the disappointment among the people was correspondingly intense.

The immediate result was the fusion of all the Socialist bodies.

Philip Scheidemann, who had always been moderate and loyalist, now became something like a "red," and took the place vacated by Liebknecht when he was sent to jail. Scheidemann expressed himself in the strongest language. He said the German representatives had betrayed alike Germany and Russia, and that peace had been made impossible. And then came the strike. It was the expression of a tortured people who had been promised relief only to see it snatched from them. They had confidently believed that a peace without annexations and indemnities would settle their quarrel with Russia, and with all other enemies. Assured of their practical victory "on the basis of the map," they could not conceive why it should not. And they find that the offer upon which they had been buoying their hopes was not even to be made. The peace that had seemed so near immediately receded beyond the horizon, and an unending vista of more war and more privation took its place. To imagine that the strike was engineered by the government itself in order to produce an appearance of weakness is a mere absurdity. As well charge the government with arranging the weather. A strike of such magnitude could be nothing less than a German disaster, and it may be a far greater disaster than we are yet allowed to see. The cleverness of the German government is not of that kind. It usually takes the form of a vicious and childish trickery accompanied with threats and boasts.

Of course the strike was easily suppressed in its externals, but none the less it may have a pronounced bearing on the military situation. The government was evidently frightened. Not only was there a declaration of martial law, or a "state of siege" as the Germans call it, but the authorities began at once to reassure the people by promises of some great impending victory. Hindenburg announced that he would be in Paris in the course of a few weeks. The Junkers blew the customary blasts on the war trumpet, and drew renewed attention to a "Deutschland Über Alles" which at last was on the verge of accomplishment. The governmental claque all through Germany played its part in the effort to overwhelm discontent by expectation. How far they succeeded we have, of course, no means of knowing. The cessation of the strike means nothing except that there were bayonets enough to compel it to cease. But the spirit that produced the strike is not amenable to bayonets. It may be willing—probably it is—to watch the birth and death of one more glowing promise. German credulity may seem to be inexhaustible, but it can not be quite so. We may be fairly sure that the absolute necessity to produce a victory is now pressing heavily on the governmental mind. Germany can not afford to pour oil on the embers of popular discontent by failure. Even a partial victory, the semblance of a victory, the pretense of a victory, might serve. But a failure, a defeat, would now be ruin. Carl Ackerman said that German nerves could not now bear a defeat, or words to that effect. The German at heart is a coward. The cruel are always cowards. The inspiration of loss and suffering is foreign to the German character. With every will in the world to strike and injure, the German commanders will see to it so far as their skill shall suffice that they do not strike in vain. And they are likely to choose the weakest victim in sight.

For these reasons it does not seem likely that Germany will play her card in the west, where her defeat is almost as certain as anything military can be. She may be compelled to follow a western card played by her enemies, for there is certainly no reason to assume that she has the initiative. In other words the Allies are quite likely to strike first and so to force the pace and produce a western battle. We are now gradually recovering from our first tendency to exaggerate the number of German troops in the west, or likely to be sent there. Colonel Repington, formerly of the *London Times*, who has been in the deepest mourning since the beginning of the war, tells us that Germany has piled up 165 divisions, a truly formidable total if the German division now consisted of 20,000 men, which it does not. Germany reduced her division to 14,000 men over a year ago, and she is believed by some to have still further reduced it since then. This would give her an army of 2,310,000 in the west. Probably even this figure is too high. *The Echo de Paris*, usually well informed, gives the German force in the west as 152 divisions of 12,000 men each, or 2,000,000 men in all, with some extras. Germany, says the same authority, has left about a million men on the eastern front, and they will stay there until the Russian outlook is clear. In fact she has not materially changed the relative numbers of her men in east and west, but she has changed their quality. That is to say she has sent her best men to the west or elsewhere, and the inferior ones to the east. She has sent 100,000 men to Italy to help the Austrians, and 30,000 men to Macedonia and Turkey. But, it may be said, what about Austria? Austria has no men to send, and if she did have any to spare she would send them to Italy, where they are evidently badly needed. The French government is responsible for the statement that Austria has seventy-nine divisions in the field. Of these she has forty-five in Italy, thirty-two on the eastern front, and two in the Balkans. It is obvious that Austria has nothing to contribute to the west. She can not hold her own in Italy, where the Allies are conducting a slow but successful offensive. So far as the Allies on the west front are concerned we are somewhat in the dark, but the French, English, Belgians, and Portuguese can not total less than 4,000,000 men. If we place their united strength at 3,000,000, an almost absurdly low figure, we still have a force largely superior to any that Germany can throw against it. And this is precisely the claim definitely made by Lloyd-George and General Maurice. If the Allies can play the first card in the west, and compel a great battle there at two



three points, it will be greatly to their advantage to do so. But Germany is hardly likely to choose the western line, and to throw herself with an inferior force against impregnable fortifications defended by a superior force.

This is the view taken by Lazare Weiller, who writes in the *Paris L'Homme Libre*, and who has won much distinction as a war critic. He says that the war must, of course, be ultimately won or lost in the west, but that the time has not yet come for the final struggle. He says that there is no longer any secret about Germany's intention to bring an offensive in the east, because this is the ground that must be cleared up before anything can be done elsewhere. Germany must get her hands free here as a preliminary to whatever she may intend to do anywhere else. Whatever the ultimate outcome may be so far as the west is concerned, it is of pre-eminent importance to her to be the "man in possession" in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. The whole *Mittel Europa* scheme hangs upon this, and she is certainly not dominant in the Balkans with an Allied army at Saloniki. If she could overrun Greece, the great Balkan corridor would be hers, and her resulting control of the eastern Mediterranean would loosen the hold of the British upon Palestine, Mesopotamia, and the Bagdad Railroad. Germany, we may be sure, is looking to essentials. She has an almost pathetic veneration for the map, or professes to have. And the map is not a satisfactory one so long as her *Mittel Europa* chain is broken, or at least threatened, in the Balkans, so long as the end of the chain at Bagdad and the Persian Gulf is actually in British hands. This, of course, is the main explanation of Germany's unwillingness to say anything definite about Belgium. She does not wish to renounce a card until she knows its precise value for trading purposes. Had she made herself secure in Poland and Lithuania it would have been another matter. If she were safe in the Balkans it would be another matter. But she has been disappointed, at least for the present, in Russia; the Balkan link is so precarious that she can hardly be said to possess it at all; while the terminal links at Bagdad have actually been lost. If she could sweep over Greece it would put a very different complexion on the situation. Belgium would not then be necessary as a trading card, and she need do no more than trade off Belgium in return for a guaranty of repose in the Balkans. If Germany could establish herself unchallenged in the Balkans she would have won the war. The possibility of a victory here, where resistance is at its minimum and where a victory is so entirely feasible, must certainly prove more tempting than an assault upon western lines, where victory is nearly impossible, and where anything short of an absolute triumph would produce nothing except new mountains of dead men. We can only hope that the Saloniki forces will not be caught napping, and that this glittering prize will not be allowed to fall into Teuton hands.

German newspapers are already gloating over the "moral effect" upon America of the loss of the *Tuscania*. It will certainly have a moral effect, but not of the kind that Germany supposes. Once more Germany proclaims her own cowardice by the placid assumption that other nations are equally cowardly. She herself would be plunged into craven terrors by a reverse, and therefore she supposes that America must be equally timorous. Fortunately for Germany, the success of her submarine was a very small one, too small to arouse the full force of American passion. Nor need we suppose that this is the beginning of a new submarine era. It may be so. It may be that the submarines are about to concentrate themselves against American transports. But there is no evidence of it so far. If the *Tuscania* had reached the spot an hour or so earlier, in full daylight, it is probable that the submarine would not have dared to show herself. If she had reached the spot an hour or two later it might have been too dark for an attack. The submarine owed her success to chance, and it is a success, so far as man-power is concerned, no greater than that of three or four well-placed shells on the battlefield. And Germany may now realize, if she has intelligence enough to do so, which she has not, that if it were in any way possible to expedite the transport of American soldiers, to send more of them and to send them quicker, that end would now have been attained by her own torpedo.

SIDNEY CORN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 13, 1918.

Rodin's relations with England were always of the pleasantest. His "Man with the Broken Nose" was seen at the Grosvenor Gallery as early as 1881. Championed by Henley (whose memorial he was afterward to design and carry out for St. Paul's Cathedral), and backed by the *Magazine of Art*, he soon had a following of English enthusiasts. Fortified by the intimacy of such men as Alphonse Legros and Robert Louis Stevenson, the Frenchman grew to love his visits to London. It should be mentioned that a copy in green bronze of the "St. John the Baptist" was purchased by public subscription and presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum, the initiative in this instance being due to the late Lord Grimthorpe. Very soon afterward Rodin became president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers.

A paradox of free Russia is that she has been obliged to suspend the sacred principle of the irremovability of judges. The famous judicial statutes of 1864, part of the reforms of Alexander II, proclaimed that judges, in order to protect their independence, were henceforth irremovable. In practice the despotic government, without actually dismissing impartial judges, made conditions impossible for them and forced them to resign.

## CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH HOSPITALS.

Miss Alice Toklas Writes of the Distribution of American Comfort Bags.

(Miss Alice Toklas, of San Francisco and Berkeley, engaged in Red Cross work in France, has written to her father, Mr. Ferdinand Toklas, an interesting account of the distribution of comfort bags and other Christmas cheer in the hospitals at Nîmes, France. We are permitted to give the following extracts from her letter to readers of the *Argonaut*.)

I don't think anything could have given so much pleasure to the soldiers as the Christmas gifts we distributed. There is a wonderful thing the American women make called the comfort bag—a gayly flowered bag into which they put everything their fancy suggests that a French soldier might enjoy or find useful. The committee sent us seventeen cases of these—enough to give one to each wounded or sick soldier in the hospital at Nîmes. They all came together a week before Christmas and we had to work hard to be ready. Though each bag is supposed to be a complete gift, they had to be gone through and classified according to contents, because it wouldn't do to give those with pipes or tobacco to the tuberculous or pairs of stockings or gloves to the amputated. After going over and sorting we packed them in cases for delivery. We began the day before Christmas at an auxiliary hospital. We had asked to distribute them ourselves, for we know the men liked visits and a few words said to them. We were surprised when we arrived to be told by Soeur Madeline that the director of the hospital would accompany us. We had met before and he had said very nicely how much France had benefited by our entry into the war. But that morning as we went into the first ward followed by an orderly carrying a huge basket of the bags we were surprised to hear him make a little speech to the men, ever so well done, alluding to the old friendship between the two countries and our new aid by sending gifts. Here, he said, was a fresh symbol of an old friendship. The men had evidently been told that we were to visit them that morning, but the gifts were a surprise and they showed it charmingly. Even the tired and feeble smiled and said, "Merci, madame." Before we left the ward they were opening the bags and unwrapping the things in them—writing paper and envelopes, handkerchiefs, games, soap, a bag of chocolates, or some knitted woollens. Each bag had in it a letter or name from the person who sent it. From bed to bed we went and in each ward the director repeated his speech. To us he said he believed in this propaganda for the moral effect it had upon the men, and he is right. On our way back to the ward one of the men in each made us a charming little speech in the name of all.

That afternoon we went to another hospital, repeating there the same procedure. In one of the wards two burly Zouaves had their campaign boots brought out and hung at the foot of their bed to receive the gifts of the American Santa Claus. Then we delivered the bags at the professional school, where the amputated are taught trades. A Mme. Rouellier de Geoffrey, a Belgian, is directress. She reminds me of Lily Schlesinger. She is an opera singer and writes poetry, but is very practical and a wonder at getting the men to enthusiastically carry through her ideas.

The Sunday before Christmas the volunteer nurses gave an after-mass feast to all the men at the military hospital and asked us to distribute there, which we did. In the annex for the sick, who are never spoiled like the wounded are—it doesn't appeal. I suppose, to any one's conception of the romance of a soldier to think of him as sick—they were too sweet, being both surprised and touched. None of the men in any of the hospitals ever have received gifts except from home, and many of them have no homes any more, and others know that their families can not afford to send more than the necessities, so that our arrival was really like Santa Claus. One of the men at the annex for the sick at the Military Hospital said just this to us in a broken way. It's a cheerless place. The volunteer nurses don't work there and the men are left to their own devices to amuse or distract themselves when they are getting better. The hired military nurses are competent and kind enough, but the military hospital is like a "city and county" hospital at home, and you know what that is. The head nurse took us around. She would open the door to each ward and announce: "These kind American ladies have come to bring you Christmas presents made by the ladies of America. You will receive them and say, 'Thank you.'" In spite of the really pathetic side it was killing funny, for her manner was just my idea of the way the French take a trench—a simple action to gain a definite object—done with immense enthusiasm and with the greatest rapidity. For in spite of her harsh manner she was pleased. As for telling a French soldier to say "Thank you" that was too funny, for never were there more grateful or gracious recipients.

Christmas morning we went to the tuberculous hospital—240 beds. 100 Serbians. I shall never forget those gray-eyed Serbians, so soldier-like even in their bed as they sat up and saluted. Few of them will see the end of the war or their homes again. The tuberculous are always the saddest cases, although they themselves are always hopeful. A funny thing happened there. The doctor who accompanied us asked,

when we had made the complete tour: "You have kept a few, haven't you, to be given to the prisoners?" "Prisoners," I asked; "Bosche prisoners?" "Yes," he said. "Give comfort bags with enthusiastic letters from American women to Bosche prisoners?" I asked. "Oh, I think I would," said he with a smile. As he knew of the letters in the bags I think his little idea was more malicious than compassionate.

We went to the hospital for men with malarial fever from Saloniki. They wrote us a charming letter in which they asked us to come to a fête they were arranging for us. We went. In the refectory of the convent, which has been turned into a hospital, they have built a stage with screens very prettily decorated with a scheme cut out of green paper. When we arrived they played "The Star-Spangled Banner," every one rising. It was just like the entrance of an ambassador. Then they gave a delightful musical programme done entirely by themselves.

At another of the auxiliary hospitals they have decorated the walls with flags, wild asparagus, and a berry resembling our madrone. At the eye, ear, nose, and throat Military—our favorite—the men had no other Christmas than the one we brought them. The hind cases were so gentle and patient that it touched our hearts. At still another hospital we had a delightful time. They have forty men at a farm near by and we went out to deliver there. The doctor had a way of handling the men, half military, half teasing, altogether friendly. Once a week he gives them an address on some subject of the war. Upon the occasion of our visit he spoke of the United States. All the men were assembled in the large hall. As the doctor was about to begin, a soldier stepped out and in the prettiest little speech said that the men could not sufficiently express their gratitude for what he was doing for them and presented him a plant with French and Red Cross flags by way of decoration. He then addressed us, asking us to accept the little basket with the flags as a souvenir.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### An Imperial Rescript.

Now this is the tale of the council the German Kaiser decreed,

To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak in their need,

He sent a word to the people, who struggle, and pant, and sweat,

That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks he set.

The lords of their hands assembled; from the east and the west they drew—

Baltimore, Lille and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde and Crewe.

And some were black from the furnace, and some were brown from the soil,

And some were blue from the dye-vat, but all were wearied of toil.

And the young king said: "I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek;

The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak;

With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks the line,

Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of brotherhood—sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed thereby.

And a wall went up from the peoples: "Ay, sign—give rest, for we die."

A hand was stretched to the goose quill, a fist was cramped to scrawl,

When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear through the council hall.

And each one heard her laughing as each one saw her plain—

Sadie, Mimi or Olga, Gretchen or Mary Jane.

And the spirit of man that is in him to the light of the vision woke,

And the men drew back from the paper as a Yankee delegate spoke:

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the telephone,

We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own,

With gas and water connections, and steam heat through to the top,

And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The weak and the lame be blowed!

I've a herth in the sou'west workshops, a home in the Wandsworth road;

And till the 'society has footed my hurvin' bill, I work for the kids and the missus. Pull up! I'll be damned if I will."

And over the German benches the hearded whisper ran:

"Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man."

If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collared der girl deremit,

But if Schmitt hust in de pizness, we collar der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: "Your subcommittee believe

You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lifted the curse of Eve.

But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,

We will work for ourself and woman, forever and ever, amen."

Now this is the tale of the council the German Kaiser held—

The day that they razored the grindstone, the day that the cat was belled,

The day of the figs from thistles, the day of the twisted sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of the lords of their hands.

—Written by Rudyard Kipling in 1890.



## THE FOES OF OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

Colonel Roosevelt Writes a Book About the War and Some Other Things.

When Colonel Roosevelt writes about the war he leaves his readers in no doubt as to his meaning. He deals in no indirections nor subtleties. The man who still asks why we are at war, he says, should look to his own soul; he is neither a patriot nor a true American, nor a lover of mankind. We should regard with contempt the American who gives direct or indirect aid or comfort to Germany either by upholding her, by assailing our allies or by trying to discourage our own people. We are fighting this war for ourselves as well as for others. We are fighting for our homes, our freedom, our self-respect, and our well-being:

In international relations, the Prussianized Germany of today stands for ruthless self-aggrandizement, and contempt for the rights of other nations. She stands for the rule of might over right; of power over justice. If Germany now conquered France and England, we would be the next victim; and if the conquest took place at this moment we would be a helpless victim. France and England have been fighting the battle of this nation as certainly as they have been fighting for themselves. Every consideration of honor, of self-respect, of self-interest, and self-preservation demand that we Americans throw our full force into this war immediately, without reservation, with entire loyalty to our allies, and with the stern and steadfast determination to fight the war through to a victorious finish. Moreover, we should act at once. We have to atone for three years of folly and indecision.

Colonel Roosevelt has no difficulty in identifying the "foes of our own household." The Teutonic powers would not be dangerous if it were not for the inner and domestic forces that sap our energies and weaken our resolution, and among these is the demand that we accept peace without victory:

In the present crisis the most evil of these foes of our own household are the men who wish us to accept peace without victory. In the old days on the Western plains we had a proverb, "Never draw unless you mean to shoot." The braggart, the man who uses words which he does not translate into deeds, is a source of fearful wrong and suffering in any serious crisis. Having gone into this war, we earn dishonor unless we exert our utmost strength and fight the war through, at all costs, to a successful finish; unless we fight until we win the peace of victory. When we went to war there was neither talk nor thought of "making the world safe for democracy"—if war for that purpose was necessary then it had been necessary for the preceding two years and a half. We went to war because for two years the Germans had been murdering our unarmed men, women, and children, and had definitely announced their intention to continue the practice. After we had been at war a few weeks the President announced that our purpose was to make the world safe for democracy. This phrase, uttered by the President when we were already at war, solemnly pledged us to exert our whole strength, and suffer any losses, in a terrible crusade, not for our own benefit, but for the benefit of mankind as a whole. To make such a pledge lightly, or to abandon it when once made, would be infamous. Therefore we must keep it. And, therefore, we must understand what it means.

There is some ambiguity about Mr. Wilson's phrase that we must make the world safe for democracy. We can not compel other nations to change their form of government. Nor can we allow people who are incapable of democracy to become centres of infection. Mr. Wilson himself has interfered with Hayti and San Domingo:

Interpreting his phrase, therefore, by the course of conduct he was at the same time following, we must regard it as a solemn pledge that we will not accept peace without complete victory over Germany and her allies, Austria and Turkey; inasmuch as Germany's mere existence under her present government makes the world unsafe for democracy, and inasmuch as the continued existence of Austria and Turkey in their present form necessarily means the crushing out of democracy and liberty in the nations subject to them. We do not intend that the German, Magyar, and Turk shall be oppressed. We do mean that they shall be forbidden to oppress others. First and foremost we are to make the world safe for ourselves. This is our primary interest. This is our war, America's war. If we do not win it, we shall some day have to reckon with Germany single handed. Therefore, for our own sakes let us strike down Germany—and we can not at this time make any distinction between the German people and the German rulers, and until they separate from their rulers they earn our enmity. Belgium must be restored and indemnified. France should receive back Alsace and Lorraine. England and Japan should keep the colonies they have conquered. Austria and Turkey should be broken up. Poland should be made independent, with Galicia and Posen included, and reaching to the Baltic. The Czechs and their Moravian and Slovak kinsmen should be made into a Greater Bohemia. The Jugo-Slavs should be united in one state. Greater Roumania should take in Roumanian Hungary, and Italy Italian Austria. The Turks should be ousted from Europe; Constantinople can be made a free commonwealth of the Straits, or given to democratic Russia as events may determine. Arabia should be an independent Moslem state; probably Armenia should be independent; provision for the full protection of the Syrians—Christians, Druses, and Mohammedans—should be made. Northern Schleswig should go back to the Danes; and the victorious allies should themselves grant full autonomy to Lithuania and Finland; and, to Ireland, Home Rule within the empire.

We have already done a great deal, but we must not blind our eyes to facts. We have voted vast sums of money. Our naval forces are doing fine work in the suppression of the submarine nuisance. Our army commanders will make effective use of the military forces now at their disposal and soon to be on their way. None the less it does not become us to be vainglorious:

But let us look facts squarely in the face. If Germany were free to use even a tenth of her strength against us all the troops that we have at this moment assembled, at home and abroad, would not hold her a week. During the last

seven months she had effects of our complete failure to prepare during the preceding three years have been appallingly evident. The "difficulty, disorder, and confusion," as Secretary Baker puts it, have been such as in sum to have amounted to absolute inability to produce within these seven months any force that could match even a single German army corps. If we had been pitted single-handed against any one Old World military power of the first rank, whether European or Asiatic, we should have been conquered as completely as Belgium or Roumania, within these seven months—indeed, within the first three months. We owe our ignominious safety, we owe the fact that we are not at this moment cowering under the heel of an alien conqueror, solely to the protection given us by the British fleet and the French and British armies during these months. Except for the safety thus secured us, Pershing and his men, and Sims and his men, and some tens of thousands like them, would have bravely died in hopeless battle; and our remaining millions of men would never even have had a chance to fight for their wives and children.

Colonel Roosevelt has some words of stern condemnation for those presidential utterances that so startled us before America entered the war. He reminds us that on December 7, 1915, the President addressed a message to Congress denouncing the German sabotage that was destroying our industries. The message then went on to reprobate the "men among us" who, "calling themselves Americans, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their paramount sympathy with one or the other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace . . . of the United States. They also preach and practice disloyalty. No laws, I suppose, can reach corruption of the mind and heart; but I should not speak of others without also speaking of these and expressing the even deeper humiliation and scorn which every self-possessed and thoughtfully patriotic American must feel when he thinks of them and of the discredit they are daily bringing upon us." The *Lusitania* had then been sunk. The hideous nature of German outrages had been disclosed. Practically everything that had happened when America entered the war had already happened:

It was under these conditions that the head of our government officially declared that the American citizen who declined "to keep the scales of judgment even" between tortured Belgium and the Germany that wronged and tortured her was guilty of "corruption of the mind and heart," which put him on the same plane of "disloyalty" with the other "citizens of the United States" who were "creatures of anarchy" and "sought to destroy our industries," by dynamite, with murder as an incident. The head of our government officially declared on behalf of the American people that the Americans who, after the murder by Germany of hundreds of innocent American men, women, and children on the *Lusitania* and other boats, expressed passionate sympathy "against" Germany without "regard for the peace of the United States" were causes of "even deeper humiliation and scorn" to "thoughtfully patriotic" persons than were the German spies, intriguers, and murderers themselves. Incidentally, of course, if these Americans who stood for America and Belgium and against Germany in December, 1915, were at that time proper subjects for "scorn and humiliation," and were guilty of "corruption of the mind and heart" and of "disloyalty," then every American who took part in or approved and supported our going to war in April, 1916, was similarly guilty of corruption and disloyalty, and equally a subject for humiliation and scorn. Neither the situation nor the duty of America had changed in the smallest degree during the intervening sixteen months.

Colonel Roosevelt is no less emphatic on the subject of pacifism and preparedness. He tells us of a letter written to him by the mother of eleven children who had brought up her family in the face of the most arduous conditions and who confesses to a changed attitude toward race suicide when she finds that her boys may have to "face the cannon." In the course of his reply he says:

Now, for what you say about preparedness. I am enclosing you a slip of paper containing an account of the destruction that has been wrought in Belgium by the German army. Over 18,000 houses have been destroyed. You will see that in one town 127 out of 130 houses were burned to the ground, and in another 1263 out of 1375. A population twice the size of that of Michigan is now living under conditions where, if the women of a family are maltreated, the father and sons dare not stand up for them against any soldier of the invading army, because they would be shot if they did so. In some towns the officers treat the women and children well. In other towns they permit frightful misconduct toward them. Would you wish your sons to see you and their sisters frightfully maltreated and be afraid in any way even to show resentment against the brutal men guilty of the misconduct? This is exactly what has happened to the population of Belgium—7,000,000 souls—because they had not prepared their strength in advance. Belgium gave no cause of offense to any nation. She was much freer from giving offense than the United States has been. She had not committed a wrong of any kind or sort; but she was rich; she was badly prepared; only a small proportion of her people had been trained to war; and so she was invaded. For eighteen months her people have been living in misery such as you and I can hardly picture to ourselves. The shame, the humiliation and suffering have been well-nigh intolerable. Many hundreds of Belgian women and children, many thousands of them, have been killed. Multitudes of innocent noncombatants have been killed, or their houses burned, and their little all taken from them. Many hundreds of thousands are in the direst want. All are suffering greatly. And this is because her allies (and indeed Belgium herself) were not prepared, as Germany was, and because a big, powerful nation like the United States did not dare to stand up for them.

Mrs. Roosevelt and I have four sons and they are as dear to us as your sons are to you. If we now had war, these four boys would all go. We think it entirely right that they should go if their country needs them. But I do not think it fair that they should be sent to defend the boys who are too soft or too timid "to face the cannon," or the other boys who wish to stay at home to make money while somebody else protects them. If throughout this country all young men like your sons and like mine are trained so that they can defend this country in time of trouble, I do not believe that the trouble will ever come. Preparedness will probably prevent these boys from having "to face the cannon"; but if other nations become convinced that the mothers of this country have raised their boys to be afraid to face the cannon,

then you can be absolutely certain that, sooner or later, these other nations will come over and treat us just as the military powers of the Old World have treated the Chinese. The Chinese were "too proud to fight"; and so they have been kicked. Those of our people who are "too proud to fight" ought to wear pigtails.

Giving direct reasons for America's entry into the war and combating the statement that we are not at war with the German people, Colonel Roosevelt says that until the German people shall separate themselves from the German government we are against the German people. Germany respects nothing but force and she regards good conduct as weakness. The destruction that she has wrought in France has been wanton and without military advantage. The ruin done by the retreating German armies was indescribable and Germany was proud of it:

This brutal devastation did not in the slightest degree check the advance of the French armies. Across the waste they built highways and rebuilt roads. The wells were poisoned; but the armies laid water pipes for their supply. Every farmhouse and peasant's cot was reduced to dust, but the armies carried their own shelter.

The "frightfulness" had no more military purpose or effect than the "frightfulness" which expressed itself in the baby-killing and woman-killing air raids on England; and it was no more excusable than the butcheries and slave drives in Belgium and Poland.

Germany has reintroduced from the dark ages poison gas and liquid fire, so as to kill her enemies with torture. With cynical cruelty she has attacked hospitals and hospital ships, nurses, doctors, surgeons, and wounded patients alike. She has deliberately destroyed undefended villages, and churches and schools. She has murdered in cold blood, in broad day and in the darkness of night, on cold and stormy seas, the noncombatant officers and crews, and the passengers, including women and children, on merchantmen of all flags, repeatedly including our own. She has persecuted, tortured, raped, and abused her victims, and has loaded the wretched survivors with crushing monetary fines.

The nation responsible for such horrors is the foe of humanity. Whoever in the peace discussions proposes to treat that nation as on an equal footing of right with its antagonists is serving the powers of the pit. Peace without victory over such a nation would be a far-reaching wrong to mankind. We should fight this foe to a complete victory, if it takes five years, and ten million men, and even if all our allies make peace.

Colonel Roosevelt has small patience with the conscientious objector. Indeed he seems to think that he is necessarily illogical and probably weak-minded:

The peace people of the directly opposite type include the men who conscientiously object to all participation in any war however brutal the opponents, and however vital triumph may be to us and to mankind. These persons are entitled to precisely the respect we give any other persons whose conscience makes them do what is bad. We have had in this country some conscientious polygamists. We now have some conscientious objectors to taking part in this war. Where both are equally conscientious, the former are, on the whole, not as bad citizens as the latter. Of course, if these conscientious objectors are sincere they decline in private life to oppose violence or brutality or to take advantage of the courage and strength of those who do oppose violence and brutality. If these men are sincere they will refuse to interfere (for moral suasion is not interference) with a white-slaver who runs off with one of their daughters or a black-hander who kidnaps and tortures a little child or a ruffian who slaps the wife or mother of one of them in the face. They are utterly insincere unless they decline to take advantage of police protection from burglary or highway robbery. Of course if such a man is really conscientious he can not profit or allow his family to profit in any way by the safety secured to him and them by others, by soldiers in time of war, by judges and policemen in time of peace; for the receiver is as bad as the thief. I hold that such an attitude is infamous; and it is just as infamous to refuse to serve the country in arms during this war. If a man's conscience bids him so to act, then his conscience is a fit subject for the student of morbid pathology.

But the Hun within our gate is the worst of all. It was a pity that the disloyal senators could not be sent to Germany, where they would doubtless be appreciated, as Vallandigham was sent to the hostile lines by Lincoln. The allies of Berlin are allowed almost a free hand in our midst:

Our government has seemed afraid to grapple with these people. It is permitting thousands of allies of Berlin to sow the seeds of treason and sedition in this country. The I. W. W. boasts its defiance of all law, and many of its members exultingly proclaim that in their war against industry in the United States they are endeavoring to give the government so much to do that it will have no troops to spare for Europe. Every district where the I. W. W. starts rioting should be placed under martial law, and cleaned up by military methods. The German-language papers carry on a consistent campaign in favor of Germany against England. They should be put out of existence for the period of this war. The Hearst papers, more ably edited than the German sheets, play the Kaiser's game in a similar way. When they keep within the law they should at least be made to feel the scorn felt for them by every honest American. Wherever any editor can be shown to be purveying treason in violation of law he should be jailed until the conflict is over. Every disloyal German-born citizen should have his naturalization papers recalled and should be interned during the term of the war. Action of this kind is especially necessary in order to pick out the disloyal but vociferous minority of citizens of German descent from the vast but silent majority of entirely loyal citizens of German descent who otherwise will suffer from a public anger that will condemn all alike. Every disloyal native-born American should be disfranchised and interned.

Colonel Roosevelt writes on some other things than war, but they are not far from the circumference of the war circle nor without a bearing on what may be described as the only event of the day. And that he writes with his usual vigor sufficient evidence has been given.

THE FOES OF OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.



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### BUSINESS NOTES.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reports its clearings for the week ended Saturday, February 9th, at \$87,248,775.02, as compared with the total for the corresponding week last year of \$72,687,470.53. Saturday's clearings were \$16,738,415.43.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports as of February 8, 1918, total resources amounting to \$162,497,000, as compared with total resources in the preceding week of \$160,844,000. The gold reserve as against net deposits and Federal Reserve note liability now stands at 59.52 per cent, and the total gold reserve is now \$86,873,000. The amount due members' reserve account stands at \$69,634,000.

Estimates given by Comptroller Williams in his annual report to Congress place the banking power of the United States at the remarkable total of \$37,529,000,000, which

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represents an increase of over \$14,300,000 since the beginning of the present administration. The country's banking power has increased seven-fold since 1890—a period of a little over a quarter of a century—and it is nearly two and one-half times as great as the banking power of the world, as estimated by Mulhall, in the year mentioned, namely, \$15,558,000,000. The resources of the national banks as given by the comptroller, viz., \$18,553,197,000, are greater by over \$2,000,000,000 than ever before. They exceed the combined resources of all state banks doing a commercial business and of private banks and trust companies by about the same amount and they have increased over \$7,000,000,000 under three years of the Federal Reserve system. The comptroller notes, as indicative of the financial position of the country, that in the past three calendar years the aggregate balance of trade in our favor has exceeded eight billions of dollars; that we have imported about a billion dollars in gold; that we have practically paid off the five billions which we

owed at the outbreak of the war in the shape of American securities, and that we have loaned over two billions in various foreign countries, exclusive of the large advances made by the government to the Allies.

The report of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California for the calendar year 1917 discloses the fact that remarkable gains were registered in every department of the company's business.

The recent improvement in the stock market, which followed the taking over of the railroads by the government, was reflected to some extent in the higher-grade bonds. There was, however, no pronounced upward movement in the bond market; prices halted and reacted somewhat, as was the case with stocks. No sustained rise can be looked for under present conditions and prospects, but the temporary firmness indicated what would happen with the ending of the war or occurrence of some other important favorable event.

The shadow of a fresh Liberty Loan is once more beginning to fall on the situation. Some depression may attend the offering of the new bonds, if these bear a higher interest rate than previous issues, but it will hardly be as serious as heretofore. The effect of government war financing on securities in general has been largely discounted. Business, on whose profits the value of stocks and bonds depends, has measurably adjusted itself to the exigencies of the times. A further drastic decline in bonds is scarcely probable. Only a terrific disaster to the Allied cause could bring that about. A decisive Teutonic defeat should prove a bracer for most prices.

Shrewd bond buyers are disregarding the mere passing influence of events, and studying the intrinsic worth of corporation and municipal issues. Future fluctuations will not greatly disturb them, for never did the better sort of bonds commend themselves more highly than now.

The fixed-value issues—real estate and farm mortgage bonds—still strongly appeal to conservative investors because of their liberal yield and safety, and do not appear to find much competition in the Federal Farm Loan issues.

The stock market has continued responsive in a measure to the peace talk that is in the air. Pools have been making a good deal of this, even though the general public has not as yet been especially responsive.

To say that most stocks will have proved enormous gains at recent prices were real peace to come within a few months is merely to express an appreciation of the fact that earnings per share have been running at the rate of 20 to 50 per cent. per year of actual market prices of many industrials. Indeed, even some of the rails would find a place in this catalogue.

The stock market almost invariably "sees ahead." Often, however, it looks too far ahead, just as it has time and again in the war markets of the last three and a half years.

Wall Street's memory is short at times, but one certainly can hardly forget the blue depths in which the speculative fraternity has found itself on previous occasions following a joyous display of confidence. And in this general peace talk it is queer, indeed, that the stocks that are definitely termed "war shares" have done quite as well as those whose prosperity in a large way has seemed dependent on peaceful conditions.

The Secretary of the Treasury has found it difficult at times to respond to the financial demands of many of our war corporations. Advances have not been too generous from the viewpoint of companies that have been forced to spend millions in increasing plants at times when money for such purposes has been scarce, and which are also facing the definite and huge tax necessities of the near future. Mr. McAdoo has evolved a Federal financing corporation to help out generally in these emergencies. His proposed half-billion-dollar concern would go far, it is believed, toward speeding up the war and proving of definite financial help to the companies whose activities are centered in war work. All this, together with various other activities at Washington, certainly indicate no immediate trend toward peace so far as our Administration can foresee.

We are also approaching the time when a new and larger Liberty Loan will be offering. Presumably springtime conditions will prove vastly more favorable for its flotation than was the case last fall when crop-moving demands were urgent. But each such loan has the effect of dislocating to an extent the investment situation, and the stock market generally takes account of such things.

The quarterly reports of the United States and the Bethlehem Steel Corporations naturally showed marked decreases, but earnings were sufficient to justify retention of dividends at the previous rates and, indeed, were as good as could reasonably have been expected in the circumstances involved in price-

fixing, taxation, fuel, and transportation problems. The McAdoo war financing corporation will be of real help to these institutions among others, and if successfully evolved will form the basis of renewed bullish confidence that, whatever an ordinarily erratic February may bring, and however earnings for this quarter may be further undermined, we will have the usual spring rise in the market. Bearish traders, however, think they have a trump up their sleeves in suggested tax increases and the rumored German "offensives."

The needs of the government for capital have created a difficult situation for all borrowers who must look to the general market for funds, and have made it necessary that steps should be taken to have such cases passed upon by some competent authority. From one standpoint it is desirable to keep the market closed to efforts to raise money for unnecessary undertakings, and on the other hand it is equally important that corporate or private financing which is necessary to maintain the credit or efficiency of vital industries, or to extend or provide for essential public services, shall have proper attention.

The New York *Evening Post* has compiled a list of corporation obligations in sums of \$500,000 and over, which will mature in the year 1918, amounting to \$669,943,772, and divided as follows: Railroads, \$259,775,238; public utilities, \$214,661,080; industrial and miscellaneous, \$195,507,454.

The railroads are in the hands of the government so far as operating policies are concerned, and this would seem to include the determination of expenditures for equipment and extension of facilities. Director-General McAdoo, however, has indicated that he expected the several companies to do their own necessary financing in the public market, and that the strong companies would be able to raise funds on the strength of the government guaranty of earnings. This probably will be true of the companies whose guaranteed earnings are sufficient to meet the requirements. The pending railway bill carries an appropriation of \$500,000,000 from which the President is authorized to "provide terminals, improvements, engines, rolling stock, and other necessary equipment," but he may "also make, or order any carrier to make, any additions or improvements necessary." It is probable that those in good credit will be required to make their own terms in the public market and that the government will help where necessary and the public interest requires.

The Federal Reserve Board has announced a voluntary plan of organization for passing upon capital issues amounting to \$500,000 or over in the case of corporation and \$250,000 or over in the case of states, counties, and municipalities. It has created a Capital Issues Committee, consisting of three members of the board, and an Advisory Committee composed of three investment bankers, and all persons, firms, or corporations contemplating capital issues are invited to communicate voluntarily with the Capital Issues Committee. The latter and the Advisory Committee will undertake to pass only upon whether the object of a proposed undertaking is such as to entitle it to an opportunity upon the market at this time. Although the submission of projects to the Capital Issues Committee is voluntary unless Congress enacts legislation to make it compulsory, it is believed that it would be difficult to interest the public in an enterprise which did not have its approval.

The Capital Issues Committee will organize at each of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks local committees to furnish to it such additional information and recommendations as the board may require in dealing with cases originating in the respective districts.

Ownership of the American railroads, representing an investment of about \$17,000,000,000, lies in the hands of the people, who, however, do not seem to be aware of it, despite the efforts which are being made in various quarters to impress the fact upon the country at large. For years, observes Theodore Moore, financial editor of the New York *Sun*, the vast army of stockholders and bondholders have been asleep to their own interests, and their attitude toward their own property has been one of indiscriminate criticism and punitive legislation. The public eye has seemingly been focused upon the purpose of obtaining the greatest amount of service on a basis of cost which this writer considers to be wholly out of proportion to the service rendered by the carriers.

In recent months, however, there has developed among at least a part of the public something akin to realization of its proprietary interest in the railroads. This has been largely due to the efforts of the Railway Investors' League, organized by John Muir of New York, formerly a railroad man and now a hanker, and to the subsequent and larger efforts of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. According to the records of the latter the capitalization of American railway corporations is divided into the following classes of ownership:

By individuals, who number more than

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1,000,000, and own \$10,000,000,000 in railroad stocks and bonds.

By life-insurance companies with 46,000,000 policies in force, representing a total ownership of \$1,550,000,000.

By savings banks with 10,000,000 depositors, representing \$847,000,000.

By fire and marine insurance companies, casualty and surety companies, representing a total of \$649,000,000.

By benevolent associations, colleges, schools, charitable institutions, and similar organizations, representing an ownership of \$350,000,000.

By banks and trust companies, owning a total of \$865,000,000. The remainder is held in channels not enumerated, mostly abroad.

Recent estimates of financial authorities state that the stock of American railroads is distributed among 626,122 stockholders. Stockholders, of course, are the actual owners, while the bondholders are creditors. Take a few of the prominent roads, and we find that, in round figures, the Santa Fé has 45,000 stockholders; the Pennsylvania 94,000, of whom 46,000 are women; the Milwaukee, 17,000; the Great Northern, 25,000; the B. & O., 27,000; and the Southern Pacific, 33,000. These holdings represent a heavy increase in individual ownership as compared with ten years ago, writes Mr. Moore in *Munsey's*. He adds:

"During recent years there has been persistent absorption of railroad stocks by men and women of modest means. In 1901 many leading railroads were owned by a few hundreds, or at most a few thousands, of investors, while today some hundreds of thousands of men and women of relatively small means are the real owners of our great transportation companies.

"It is the common talk among the misinformed that the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Astors, and other great financial powers, individually and through their banks and trust companies, own the American railroads. As a matter of fact, in comparison with the holdings vested in the people, the interests of the groups named are small. . . . It has been said of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford that its ownership lies in the pockets of Wall Street. Look at the facts in reference to this company. At the close of the fiscal year 1915-1916—there has been little change since then—there were 25,769 stockholders, divided thus:

Men	11,142
Women	10,358
Trustees and guardianship	3,331
Insurance companies and other corporations	938

"The following table shows the respective numbers of large and small holdings:

1 to 10 shares	11,915
11 to 50 "	9,375
51 to 100 "	2,324
101 to 500 "	1,788
501 to 1,000 "	203
Over 1,000 "	164

It will be seen that nearly half of the New Haven stockholders held no more than ten shares. The same thing is said of the New York Central, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and practically all our important railroads.

Wood pulp is being manufactured into cloth in Germany. The pulp is spun into a thread and then woven into a fabric, the warp of which is linen thread. It is said to be durable and to stand washing for five or six times. It is used for clothing of all kinds, but especially for underwear.

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AIRCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

Lieutenant E. M. Roberts Talks About Flying and Relates Experiences.

Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, an American engineer, formerly attached to the Royal Flying Corps of England, explains to a representative of the New York Times that English aeroplane makers are constantly improving their models to meet conditions and that there are almost daily advances awaiting experiment and test.

"The result is that the men at the front report a new German machine in the air—and they are coming along constantly, although we don't always get details of them as we have of the famous Fokkers and the Albatross machines. It is faster than the best of the British, a better climber, more easy to handle, and the Royal Flying Corps men acknowledge themselves at a disadvantage every time they go aloft. The word is sent back to England post-haste, and as quickly relayed to the aircraft industry. So rapidly do the manufacturers respond that it might be said a machine is shot into the air and headed for the home testing grounds almost on receipt of the message. All machines are flown from place to place nowadays. None is transported, boxed and crated. Part of my last duty with the Royal Flying Corps after the medical board had forbidden me to fly at the front was to fly new fighters across the Channel to the boys at the firing line. Sometimes we flew an obsolete machine home, but most often we crossed the Channel by boat, got into a new plane, and started back again.

"These new machines, for which the makers have awaited only the word to send to the testing field, are tried out by experts, retired fighters who take pride in their daring, and seldom it is that one is rejected. So well has the work advanced that quantity production begins at once, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the supremacy of the air has been won back for Britain. And this occurs, not once, but time and again. The perfect machine has not yet been produced, and, although it seems more nearly approached with each machine which is presented, the builders have not yet exhausted their ability to improve."

The rapid changes in design have developed a set of what might be called superpilots, according to the lieutenant, for an aviator who outlasts the average four weeks of life allotted

to a flying fighter at the front has to operate many makes of machine, each one of which has its own peculiarity, and this, he said, would add a new difficulty to the training of American fliers. Training machines customarily land at from thirty to forty miles an hour, and the student aviator learns to judge angles and distances at this rate. Then he gets a fighting machine which lands at ninety miles an hour and can't be landed at any less speed, and the very frequent result is a smashup. Improved responsiveness has been part of the general development, though, so that landing is becoming constantly easier, and consequently more safe.

"It will always be a difficult part of flying, however," said Lieutenant Roberts. "One of the worst accidents I had came after an almost perfect landing when the plane ran into a stump in the field which I had not noticed. The flue flew up into the air and I was pitched out on the back of my neck. Try alighting from a train moving at sixty miles an hour and bringing up on the back of your neck and you'll get the same sensation. Strangely enough I wasn't hurt beyond a bad case of shock and fright. I picked myself up and was feeling for broken bones when a man came racing across the field, grabbed me by the arm and started dragging me toward his home, shouting that he was a doctor. I went along protesting, and I think he'd have operated on me if it hadn't been for his wife. She evidently thought I looked too strong to be dying, for she exclaimed that I was all right and then disappeared to reappear in a moment with a bottle of Scotch. She certainly knew what I needed."

Lieutenant Roberts has volunteered for service in the United States Aviation Corps as an instructor, and is waiting in this city now for a reply to his application. He makes his headquarters at the rooms of the Aeronautical Society of America, 29 West Thirty-Ninth Street, of which he is a member, and on Thursday night is to deliver a public lecture under the auspices of the society in the society meeting room on "Tactics and Other Phases of Military Aviation."

He is a slender, vigorous young man of dark complexion, a pleasing manner, and a ready smile, which is always in evidence when he acknowledges, with engaging frankness, that he never again expects to be as frightened as he was when he met his first Hun in the air.

"I was up about 20,000 feet over the Somme front," said the lieutenant, "and I want to tell you it was cold. I thought I'd freeze, and I said to myself: 'I'll just do a dive and a tail spin through that big cloud below me. Maybe by the time I get out of it the excitement will have warmed me up a bit.' I shot down, spun around and lurched out of the cloud almost against a big German craft. We weren't more than forty feet apart, so close that neither of us could turn to attack the other without the assurance that we'd ram each other and both come down. That wasn't the idea of either of us.

"Talk about being warm! I was hot all over with the surprise and excitement of it, but neither lost his head. As long as we kept on the same level and as close to each other as we were then, we were safe, for our ma-

chine guns were mounted fast to the planes, and you had to turn the whole machine to aim one of them. You can bet we did some pretty fine jockeying to keep close together, and for what seemed like hours we sailed along side by side, seemingly the only things in the sky. We were so close that I could see the wrinkles about the German's mouth, and presently they drew up as he broke into a smile and waved his hand at me. I waved back, thinking to myself: 'All right, old chap; if you don't want to fight, you've got nothing on me.' You see, it was my first experience alone in a fighting plane, and the ground certainly looked miles away, with that big chap grinning over at me.

"But presently, just as I was wondering if we were going to sail on forever, he dived, came up beneath me, and let me have it. His bullets went through my planes, but none of them got a vital spot, and I wasn't touched. I went over on my back, looped behind him, and let him have it with my Lewis gun. I was so close I could see that stream of bullets hit him at the waistline and practically cut his legs off. He pitched over in his seat, the machine hucked and then shot down, and I circled about up above him, watching him crash down toward the earth. I was glad it was he rather than myself; but, gee, home did look good to me when I got back behind our lines."

Three German fliers fell to Roberts' lot before he was ordered away from the front. One he got on his first trip aloft as an observer.

"I saw a speck off in the sky and banged on the side of the carriage until my pilot looked around, and then I signaled to him," said the lieutenant. "He looked and grinned and aimed right for the fellow, his lips forming the word 'Hun,' which I could read. We had been directing artillery fire, and the pilot wirelessly down to keep clear of us, as we were going to engage a Hun. The batteries obeyed, and I suppose the gunners had a fine view of the duel.

"As for me, I'd sooner have been anywhere else. That fellow wasn't the least afraid and came for us just as fast as we went to him. He came shooting, too, and just as I was aiming my gun a bullet from his crashed into a strut alongside my head. Talk about being scared. I was so scared I shut my eyes and ducked, and just by instinct pulled the trigger. When I looked up again there was my Hun dropping earthward. He must have got every bullet out of my Lewis. But it was just plain luck I hit him. Honest, I think he shot himself, scaring me so I couldn't help but pull the trigger."

A Hun is a Hun in the philosophy of Roberts and the men he fought beside, and his duty and that of every other flyer was to kill as many as he could, but there was one man the lieutenant acknowledges he hates to think of. He was the pilot of a German observation airplane which had crossed the British lines, presumably taking photographs and making valuable observations and was just settling home when a British observation machine sighted it and attacked.

"Our fellow shot past the Hun and let him have it. The observer got most of the charge and was fairly shot out of his seat. But the plane and the pilot were uninjured, and were in a fair way of getting away when my pilot started after them with me at the gun behind. In those machines the pilot was practically helpless in a fight. We didn't have guns synchronized to fire through the propeller and the pilot didn't have a thing to defend himself with. Consequently our man was perfectly harmless. All he could do was to keep flying and hope we'd miss him, but we were faster than he was and we came up with him, circled about him and my pilot jockeyed into a perfect position to shoot.

"We were within a stone's throw of each other, flying side by side, so near it seemed as though we could stretch out hands and touch each other, and there was I with a Lewis gun and that chap with nothing. He turned and looked at us, and I could see that his face was a strange, ashy color, not like anything I had ever seen before or have seen since. He knew he was just as good as dead that second. He looked directly at me and my gun and then shut his eyes. I pulled the trigger before he could open them, and down he crashed with his plane. It had to be done. There was no telling what information he was taking out of our lines, but it wasn't a pleasant thing to do."

Roberts was brought down three times from aloft, but each time managed to volplane behind his own lines. The last time down, however, his motor was struck so that it was broken loose from the fuselage and fell back on his knees. He was jammed so that when he struck ground the machine rolled up over him, entangling him in a mass of wood and wires from which he had to be cut. His nose was broken, both eyes were blackened, and his teeth cut through his lower lip. It was then they sent him to England, where he developed chronic bronchial asthma and was honorably discharged from active duty.



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Assets	\$63,314,916.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
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Mary Regan.

We already know Mary Regan, beautiful member of a confidence gang who falls in love with a detective and decides to mend her ways. Now we have another story of Mary Regan, still unwed to her detective and indeed in great danger of slipping back into worldliness, and indeed into something worse.

Mary Regan is a nice girl when not a criminal, but we are rather more interested in the picture of police life in New York and of fast life on Broadway. Is there actually such a hell as this? We have an uneasy suspicion that there is, or was, and that there is likely to be again. We wish that the author had been in a position to give us a picture of Sodom and Gomorrah. But perhaps that would have been too tame.

MARY REGAN. By Leroy Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

#### The Tree of Heaven.

May Sinclair's new novel will inevitably be compared with "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." But why make comparisons which, as we all know, are odorous? Miss Sinclair and Mr. Wells write of England at war from the point of view of the English family. Miss Sinclair writes as a woman and Mr. Wells as a man. To some extent the pictures are unlike, but we need not doubt their photographic accuracy. And they are of equal literary merit.

In Miss Sinclair's family there are three sons and a daughter. They have pronounced and different individualities. The daughter, as is usual, is kept somewhat in the background, but she has no intention to stay there. Her safety valve is suffragism, and she goes to jail in the most approved way. But we can not regard Dorothy as a heroine. The wheels of motive are a little too visible for that. Dorothy is "agin the government," the government of convention and of the best part of her own nature. She rejects her lover because he does not love "freedom," her sort of freedom, and the poor boy goes to war and dies for freedom. Then Dorothy repents. That is the best thing she does, and it leads her to some real work for the war. But Dorothy does not quite win our heart.

Nor, to be candid, does Michael, whom we may look upon as the hero. Michael is a poet, and he avoids his fellow-men. He objects to feel patriotic because others do, to

condemn Germany because others do, and to fight because others do. He seems to want a little cause, and a little quarrel, and a little enemy all to himself. But of course Michael is young and brainy and therefore something of a prig. Presently he sees the light and goes to the war, and he, too, is killed. There are thousands of such boys as he whose follies are thus extinguished in heroism.

Miss Sinclair will probably be told that she has made her characters too distinctive, too clever, too hard. These children may seem older than their years. They have prematurely put away childish things. None the less her characterization is true of the class of English life to which they belong and with the accentuation of war. Taken in its entirety it is a most admirable piece of work, alive with human sympathy and of a literary skill beyond praise.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.

#### Contemporary Literature

Stuart P. Sherman's literary essays can always be depended on for just summaries and keen insight. In this volume he deals with Mark Twain, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, Anatole France, John Synge, Alfred Austin, Henry James, George Meredith, and "Shakespeare, Our Contemporary." Mark Twain, he thinks, will live as the typical American democrat whose laughter is that of an "often-outraged believer in liberty, democracy, and loving kindness." A defect of Wells is to regard all ancient truths as his own discovery after he has once turned his attention to them. He exhorts us to "consecration" and "self-sacrifice" as though he had invented these virtues. He can not understand that the old may also be true. He has a passion for "dynamiting his own rear" and sallying forth with only his "personal luggage."

Theodore Dreiser receives only a few pages. He fails because his only theory of life is that of "animal behavior," and this is not enough to make a picture. We turn with relief from Mr. Dreiser to the morning newspaper.

Arnold Bennett finds favor—of course he does. It is curious how seldom one objects to Arnold Bennett. He supports, says Mr. Sherman, an altogether decent theory of human conduct. His view of life has energy, gusto, pathos, tragedy, and comedy. His characters are potential gods and devils, they fly and fall.

Mr. Sherman's skill does not desert him at all. He explains for us our literary likes and dislikes and we feel ourselves absorbing his eminently wise standards for use in the future.

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

#### Fundamental Questions.

This volume professes to deal with some of the fundamental questions which are involved in the Christian view of God and the world. It deals with suffering, sins, and prayer, with church unity and with a world religion, and it does all this with a tolerant intellectualism that is laudable and ingratiating.

But the book will satisfy those who are already satisfied and no others. It will have no appeal for those who can not reconcile a universe of law with the existence of a divine personality beyond and outside that universe, and who can be moved to set aside that law.

The author's consideration of a world religion leaves much to be desired. Confucianism, Shintoism, and Buddhism can not be waved aside by half a dozen large-type pages. Nor can we readily agree that any religion should be tested by its ability "to form the foundation of the civilization of a modern state." One would suppose that it is for the modern state to conform itself with religion and to be tested thereby; not religion to conform itself to the supposed needs of the modern state. There are now some eighteen nations at war, and they represent all the great divisions of Christianity—Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant. Decidedly it takes some hardihood to recommend Asiatic countries to adopt Christianity as best "adapted to form the foundation of the civilization of a modern state." Asia would be better advised to adhere to the systems that have grown from her own genius and temperament.

FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### Is Civilization a Disease?

Edward Carpenter wrote once on this topic, but on the assumption that civilization was a disease and that a cure must be found. Dr. Coit is more cautious. He asks a question.

None the less civilization implies rivalries and competitions, and therefore the success of one at the cost of another, or rather the health of one and the disease of another. Locomotor ataxia, we say, is a disease, and is caused by a microbe, but it is a disease only from the standpoint of the patient. From the standpoint of the microbe it is prosperity

and good health. So much depends on the point of view. Civilization may be prosperity and good health from the viewpoint of the successful, but what is it from the viewpoint of the unsuccessful?

If civilization is in any way to be regarded as a disease it becomes us to find a remedy, and this must be in the reduction or assuagement of competition, which necessarily implies defeat as well as victory. Here we may leave Dr. Coit to speak for himself with the full assurance that he has something to say that is worth saying.

IS CIVILIZATION A DISEASE? By Stanton Coit. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

#### Nursing.

At a time when the art of nursing is forcing itself somewhat painfully upon our attention there should be a welcome for so substantial and so competent a volume as this, with its 746 pages of clear and concise exposition. It covers the entire range of nursing, with direction how to apply all forms of treatment, the practical knowledge required for examinations, and instructions how to carry out every nursing duty. It contains also an account of the different diseases and of all the commoner operations. Special subjects include the nursing of eyes, ears, nose, and throat, gynecology, midwifery, mental nursing, etc. The illustrations are clear and practical.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF NURSING. By A. Millicent Ashdown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

#### Extricating Obadiah.

Here we have another example of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod humor. Captain Noah Newcomb has retired from active service and is touring in an automobile when he meets with an accident which brings him into contact with his former cabin boy, Obadiah Burgess, who has just inherited a fortune. Obadiah, unused to wealth and its temptations, naturally gets into trouble, and the captain, as naturally, tries to get him out of it, and with success. Those who enjoy Mr. Lincoln will find him here at his best.

EXTRICATING OBADIAH. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

"In Our First Year of War," by President Wilson, will be published by the Harpers this week. The President has been consulted in regard to the plan of publication and the conditions which he requested have been scrupulously observed. "In Our First Year of War" contains all the messages and addresses of the President during the first calendar year of the war. It opens with the second inaugural address, including government operation of railroads and the terms of peace.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is making a brief visit to the Barbadoes.

The recognition of Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue, is nation-wide and the demands upon his time come from every part of the country. Between his pastoral duties and his devotion to public affairs he has found little time to write. Thus the announcement of a book from his pen will be welcomed from the Atlantic to the Pacific by thousands who have heard him speak. "How to Face Life," by Dr. Wise, has just appeared in the Art of Life Series published by B. W. Huebsch.

The eleventh edition has just been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. and the twelfth is in press of "Under Fire," the graphic description in fictional form by Henri Barbusse of the part borne in the war by a squad of French soldiers on active duty at the front for many months.

Oswald Kendall, author of "The Romance of the Martin Connor," is a prisoner of war in Germany.

The world war has brought to no officer greater encomium than to General Smuts for his brilliant work in Africa. Captain Francis Brett Young gives a vivid and fascinating account of the Boer general's campaign in German East Africa in his book, "Marching on Tanga," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. His remark, in the course of his narrative, that "to this general nothing was impossible" gives an indication of the sort of thing the English troops went through before they finally were victorious.

Marcelle Tinayre's "To Arms!" published two weeks ago by E. P. Dutton & Co., has already gone into its second edition. The author, a French woman novelist of note, tells in the book in fictional form the story of how the great war came to a little street in Paris and how the people of that street joined with all Paris and all France in ardent response to the call to arms.

The discussion as to the authorship and authenticity of "Christine" seems likely to be revived in all its intensity. For now comes the reported denial of authorship on the part of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It is stated, on the very best of

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authority, that "Elizabeth's" present publishers have received a letter from her emphatically denying that she wrote the Christine letters, and adding that she is much vexed that it has been generally assumed that she was responsible for them.

Henry Sydnor Harrison is in government service in Washington.

It is peculiarly fitting that a Greek writer, American in ideals and by marriage, should be the first to give American readers the story of German intrigue in Greece. Two years ago Demetra Vaka was a staunch defender of King Constantine against all criticism. Finally, as the war clouds grew darker and the press dispatches, meagre as they were, grew more and more alarming, her faith wavered and she decided to go to Greece. It seemed a wild undertaking, but in the autumn of 1916, accompanied by her husband, Kenneth Brown, she sailed for Greece. She had many intimate interviews with King Constantine and his generals and with Venizelos. Her book is vivid, illuminating, and entertaining, leaving upon the reader the impression of having been indeed, as the title indicates, "In the Heart of German Intrigue." The book will be published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

More than 25 per cent. of the pupils in New York City high schools—17,500 out of 66,000—are studying the German language this year, records of the board of education show. Last year 23,000 were studying German. German is still the most widely-taught foreign language in the curriculum. Latin and French divide honors for second place, with approximately 15,000 students each.

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Photographic History of the Civil War, 10 vols., half leather, \$50.00. \$20.00.

Burton's Arabian Nights, complete unexpurgated edition, 17 vols., \$75.00. \$40.00.

## NEW BOOKS

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The Shakespeare Controversy Again.

Genus, crank; species, Baconian. Such would seem to be the scientific way of classifying a group of more or less fanatical people who devote their waking hours to postulating impossible anacrostics and anagrams in the works of Shakespeare with a view to proving that they were written by Lord Bacon. Unfortunately it is more or less due to the vagaries and absurdities of these cranks that the real question of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays has been shunted aside and the critical analysis turned into unfruitful controversial channels.

For many years Mr. G. G. Greenwood, a prominent English barrister, and now a member of Parliament, has devoted himself to the study of the Shakespearean authorship from a different point of view, and has brought to bear upon the subject a wealth of classical knowledge, critical skill, and painstaking labor. He has published a number of works on the subject, and in his latest volume, "Is There a Shakespeare Problem?" has summed up the results of his investigations and answered two of the most prominent of his critics, J. M. Robertson and the late Andrew Lang.

First of all he is not a Baconian, and with perfect justice he points out that those who seek to confute his theory that the Shakespeare of Stratford did not write the plays miss the mark entirely when they prove that Bacon did not write them. His thesis is that the Will Shakespeare of Stratford could not have written them; indeed that no one man could have written all of them; but that the name under which they appeared covered a multiple authorship, including perhaps one master mind who sought beneath that nom de plume a concealment necessary to one in high position when play-writing was looked down upon, and when the actor-producer was entirely complaisant.

As to Will Shakespeare of Stratford, certain known facts of his meagre biography seem to the writer to preclude the hypothesis of entire authorship, although it is entirely probable that some plays were written by him, or at least rewritten and adapted. These facts are that Shakespeare's parents were illiterate and that his only education was in the Stratford free school up to the age of thirteen; that he then went into his father's shop, either as butcher's boy or wood-seller. At the age of eighteen he seems to have married, with some scandal, a woman eight years older than himself, and five years later left her and his children to seek his fortune in London. Here in 1587 he finds employment as a horse-holder outside a theatre; then as call-boy inside; and finally as an actor whose most ambitious part was the Ghost in "Hamlet."

Now the earliest Shakespeare plays were written in 1592 and 1593, and a whole galaxy of them, as well as the poems and other pieces before 1598. How is it possible then that a slightly educated country boy, speaking the Warwickshire dialect and unused to the manners of society or the cultured thought of the time, could have acquired in the three or four years that he was making a precarious living in menial tasks or acting minor parts in London or in the provinces the equipment to have written the magnificent works that bear his name? These works are so many in number as to have required great literary diligence and activity by a trained man. They mean a knowledge of Latin works that at that time had not been translated into English. They mean a vocabulary of 15,000 words—and Milton employed but 7000. They mean above all things a wide experience in cultivated society, the enjoyment of cultured surroundings, and profound knowledge of various classes. All this was beyond the powers of the hutchin's boy from Warwickshire turned actor, though a quick wit and a talent for "putting plays over" secured him an excellent contemporary position and some rewards.

Why the name "Shakespeare" was used to father the work of several different writers, one at least of them of transcendent genius, and perhaps the composite work of others, Mr. Greenwood does not undertake to say. That Will Shakespeare viewed the use of his name with equanimity he brings evidence to show. As to the identity of the "great unknown" he does not hazard a guess.

In any case Mr. Greenwood has given us

a fascinating book, written with admirable poise, free from the taint of fads and fanaticism, erudite and critical, and he has made out a case that, while it will give the Baconians no special comfort, will place the orthodox upon their mettle. J. L.

IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM? By G. G. Greenwood. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

Idealism.

Perhaps it would be harsh to say that every really metaphysical mind must necessarily sustain the philosopher of idealism. To a large extent it was the philosophy of Plato, and we have the authority of Emerson for saying that the world has done no more than repeat and amplify his utterances. Idealism means that all knowledge is subjective, and that we can know nothing of the universe except through the ideas that it calls forth, in other words that we can do no more than look within ourselves at the ever-moving panorama of mental states. To the idealist this seems to be a self-evident proposition. Certainly it has never been refuted, although the materialist, being usually stupid, will ignore it.

Those who wish for a presentation of idealism in its most attractive form will do well to possess this book by May Sinclair, who is fascinating as a novelist, but still more fascinating as a philosopher. Miss Sinclair easily persuades us that there is nothing so well worthy study as philosophy or that gives us such security against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." In her capable hands it presents itself, not as an amusement, but as a mental career.

A DEFENSE OF IDEALISM. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

William.

The William of Miss Bowen's novel is the Prince of Orange, who led the forces of the Netherlands against the Duke of Alva and Philip of Spain.

It is perhaps well to remind ourselves that there have been other great struggles for human liberty before the present one, and perhaps we may remember with equal advantage to ourselves that liberty has often been attained only to be surrendered again with a tragical willingness. Holland, for example, wrote a glorious page of human freedom, but at the present time she seems somewhat more disposed to sustain the forces of tyranny than to oppose them.

Miss Bowen has chosen an admirable text, and she uses it admirably. There is no writer of the present day who can more felicitously saturate herself with historical atmosphere and render it into accurate and stirring romance.

"WILLIAM, BY THE GRACE OF GOD." By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

McAllister's Grove.

Stories of money-making and "success" may not be quite so popular in the future as they have been in the past, but so long as their vogue continues we may applaud good workmanship. Here we have the story of a girl who buys an orange grove in Florida, only to discover that she has been heartlessly swindled. None the less she makes good by energy and cleverness, and of course there is a heart interest of the usual satisfactory kind. The story is well and sincerely told.

MCALLISTER'S GROVE. By Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40.

Briefer Reviews.

"Higher Living," by Smith Baker, M. D. (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.75), is a ruminative review of the various stages of the normal life with counsel as to their due and proper conduct.

Agnes Porter in "English B" (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1) tries to express in verse some of the phases from childhood to adulthood. Her poetry is vigorous and musical, and distinctly above the average.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "St. Nicholas," by George H. McKnight. The author gives us the legend of St. Nicholas and his rôle in the Christmas celebration and other popular customs. The volume contains twenty-three illustrations from celebrated works of art. Price, \$2.

The Hawaiian Gazette Company, Honolulu, has published the "Ellis Journal of a Trip Through Hawaii in 1823," containing not only an account of the trip, but a remarkable series of observations on the history, traditions, manners, customs, ancient religion, methods of warfare, and language of Hawaii. Mr. Ellis, an English missionary, and several American missionaries were the first white men to make a tour around the Island of Hawaii; the first white men to ascend Hualalai and Mauna Kea; the first to visit the volcano. The descriptions are so accurate that the route traveled by the party can be closely followed today. The book is illustrated with sketches made by the author. Price, \$2.50.

New Books Received.

ITALIAN RHAPSODY. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the author, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Poems of Italy.

A SECOND DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Saml. Pepys. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A humorous chronicle of current events. With sixteen effigies by John Kettelwell.

THE GIRL FROM KELLER'S. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

THE STORY OF THE SCOTS STAGE. By Robb Lawson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The story of the struggle of the Scots to establish the drama in their country.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW. By Netta Syrett. New York: John Lane Company.

Fairy plays.

POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the author, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Enlarged from the first edition.

ANCIENT LAW. By Sir Henry Maine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Issued in Everyman's Library.

J. V. DURIY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. In two volumes. With an introduction by Richard Wilson, D. Litt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Issued in Everyman's Library.

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING. Volume II. By James Ward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Italian painting from the beginning of the

renaissance period, including the works of the principal artists from Cimabue to the Pollaiuoli.

Books for Students of Russian.

The importance of the study of Russian, both for cultural and for commercial purposes, is recognized in England, and publishers have been enterprising in providing grammars and text-books, as well as simple reading matter for beginners. While interest in the study of Russian in this country is only just beginning and the demand for such books will probably be light for some time, it is gratifying to know that they are available, and it is to be hoped that their publication will stimulate interest in this great language and its rich literature. The well-known publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., of London, have taken the lead in getting out an excellent series of such students' handbooks at moderate prices. Among the text-books is a beginner's book, called "First Steps in Russian," and a useful compilation of irregular verbs, entitled "Russian Verbs Made Easy."

Russian is a language remarkably rich in proverbs, and no one can hope to understand ordinary conversation in Russia without some familiarity with this form of expression. To meet this need Dr. Louis Segal has compiled a little volume of "Russian Proverbs and Their English Equivalents." Other texts, annotated and provided with vocabularies are "Moo-Moo and the District Doctor," by Turgenyev, and "Bela," by Lermontov.

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Loans on Real Estate . . . . . \$22,980,649.68	Reserves on Policies . . . . . \$35,344,552.09
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Loans on Approved Collateral . . . . . 2,213,865.53	Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance . . . . . 224,079.66
Loans to Policyholders . . . . . 7,397,904.90	Reserved for Taxes Payable 1918 . . . . . 220,500.00
In no case does amount of Loan exceed the reserve held by the Company.	All Other Liabilities . . . . . 514,661.17
Bonds Owned . . . . . 4,395,639.12	Including \$137,811.97 Re-insurance Fund and \$108,477.91 for Agents' Com-missions in Accident De-partment.
Real Estate Owned . . . . . 1,813,100.73	Total Liabilities . . . . . \$36,798,654.91
Including Home Office Building.	Capital Stock . . . . . \$ 1,000,000.00
Interest Due and Accrued . . . . . 670,029.04	Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders 3,151,786.69
Outstanding and Deferred . . . . .	Surplus Unassigned . . . . . 1,118,341.68
Premiums } Life Department . . . 665,021.34	
} Accident Department 381,582.17	
Net Amount, Reserve charged in Liabilities.	
Cash on Hand . . . . . 1,550,990.77	
Including \$1,329,563.27 of Deposits drawing Interest.	
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS \$42,068,783.28	TOTAL . . . . . \$42,068,783.28

RESULTS FOR 1917—FIFTIETH YEAR

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid for Basis) . . . . .	\$ 27,568,513.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, Dec. 31, 1917. . . . .	185,958,459.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force . . . . .	14,044,841.00
Total Cash Income . . . . .	11,192,849.82
Gain in Cash Income Over 1916 . . . . .	789,658.53
Total Paid Policyholders . . . . .	4,527,607.02
Grand Total Paid Policyholders Since Organi-zation . . . . .	53,222,730.26
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital) . . . . .	4,270,128.37
Gain in Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned) . . . . .	338,103.87
Gain in Admitted Assets . . . . .	3,341,586.66
Gain in Reserves . . . . .	2,791,816.94
Premium Income, Accident Department . . . . .	2,082,031.80

Death Rate, Actual to Expected, 60.29%  
Average Rate of Interest Earned, 6.30%

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THEDA BARA IN "CLEOPATRA."

The men will all be sure to rush to see this picture play of the Egyptian queen. They know their Theda. A fine animal is this handsome young actress of the movies, with her dark, inviting eyes, her lustrous midnight hair, and the voluptuous curves of her form. And what liberal revelations are made! The astute Mr. Fox knew what he was about when he hit upon "Cleopatra," old as it is, for a subject with Theda Bara up his sleeve to serve as Egypt's queen.

I almost blush to say that this was my first view of the famous "vampire woman." Think of it, ye movie fans, that pass long hours in silent adoration before the magically illuminated screen. Yes, it is a wonderful modern magic, but it seems to me that the majority of the film plays are turned out by very mediocre intellects. "Cleopatra" is treated from the purely theatrical point of view, in spite of its historic background, its imposing views of the Roman senators, its graphic depiction of the assassination of Cæsar, its splendid, stirring pictures of great armies sweeping fan-wise over the Egyptian plain, or its fleets of antique galleys burning fiercely, as the tide of movie battles ebbed and flowed.

The play, however, is above all a depiction of Cleopatra, the woman and charmer who bent men like wax to her will. Every effort is made to show the physically resplendent player of the title rôle in an alluring light. Innumerable are the changes of costume; there is in every change of scene a new form of headdress, a changed and more daring design for the breastpieces that always showed more than they concealed; a richer and more sumptuous material for the skirt draperies, which were either mere falls of transparent, jeweled gauze, or front and rear pieces which, at either side, revealed the shape of the splendidly bedizened siren from waist to heel.

The principal pictures that we carried away are of the glowing, alluring queen, reclining luxuriously on couches of rich stuffs, or throwing herself prone into the arms of her several lovers, or tempting them by slow, voluptuous turnings of her triumphantly irresistible charms. Theda is a writhing. She has vampired so much that she is a writhing for life. But writhe she never so writhingly, she is always the movie heroine. It is in her bones now, for they have a school of movie acting that is hard to escape. It never suggests, but smites you hard, right in the middle of your optics.

I recognized our old friend Herschel Mayall in the cast; a man who was predestined for the movies. I think a movie star danced when he was born, and cried, "This is our man." This actor looked quite gorgeously imposing as Ventidius, and Henri de Vries as Octavius looked the martial antique Roman of tradition. Fritz Leiber, with the spare shape and Roman profile, appeared to advantage in the rôle of Cæsar, but Thurston Hall,

in spite of his fine figure, has a sort of mushy femininity of expression.

They always piece out these historical plays to the requisite length by magnifying some nobody like Charmian into fictitious importance, as in the Antony and Cleopatra play. This time it is Pharon, rather poorly played by a youth with a beautiful figure and a Hibernian cast of countenance; an Albert Roscoe, who has only one expression, that of furtive guilt. He was rather tiresome, but all the rest was rich feeding for the eye, provided you have a keen appetite for gorgeous pageantry and the physical revelations of a tempting-Saint-Anthony siren. Not that Cleopatra found any Saint Anthonys around to speak of, Octavius being the only flinty heart that held out against her celebrated seductions.

High School students who study Shakespeare are taking the play in; I wonder what is the most salient impression the dear innocents will take away; although, come to think of it, there is no longer any inconvenient innocence to bother us. The movies have attended to that.

#### "TROVATORE" AT THE COLUMBIA.

"Trovatore," like the Shakespearean drama, has its constant devotees. Quantities of them turned out Monday night to hear "Trovatore" sung by the Boston English Opera Company. Once upon a time I thought it would be perfectly lovely to hear opera sung in English, but I have begun to realize that the more melodious Latin languages are much better adapted to union with a musical score. All we get out of the English is an occasional temporary lift as to what it is all about. Generally one scarcely understands any better than if they sung in an unknown language, for the trained operatic vocalist, unlike the vaudeville singer, will modify vowel sounds to adapt them to the musical note.

They have a company of excellent players at the Columbia, and the sweet, familiar old melodies were greatly enjoyed. "Trovatore" is a fountain of youthful impressions. Oh, the happy, happy days when one used to have a crush on Il Conte di Luna. In those halcyon times one never called him Count de Loonuh, but rolled his sounding Italian name as a sweet morsel under the tongue. Alas, alas! What is life without a crush? One never got a crush on the Manricos, somehow. The Manricos of the past were always short and stout, in spite of their silver high C's, and they had a marked tendency toward cotton tights. In the matter of weight Mr. Sheehan just narrowly escapes. He is tall, a big, fine, dark-haired fellow, but he isn't graceful in Manrico's trappings. Both he and Arthur Deane, the baritone, have fine resounding voices, that of the tenor being so big as to seem at times more pleasing when Manrico sang off stage.

Hazel Aden, who was the Leonora, is a pretty woman with a pretty voice which attains to some brilliance in the coloratura passages. She and Helen June Hall as Inez were a sweet and comely pair to look at, and so, I imagine, is Elaine de Sellem under her make-up. As Azucena she made a decided hit, both vocally and dramatically. Her rich contralto has a wide scope, the lower range displaying deep, splendid, warmly colored tones. The chorus was good, and the scenic equipment more than satisfactory, the costumes new and fresh, and altogether the management is reaching up to our anticipations so successfully that the prospects are bright for a well-attended season of opera.

#### THE ORPHEUM.

They have a regular menagerie this week in Apdæ's Zoological Circus, and although there were several small, curly, snow-white, and thoroughly dejected Hamlets—and with what aversion they regarded their monkey associate—and several meek and lowly bears whose entire demeanor said "Conquered, conquered!" one of them a resigned Smike who, nevertheless, always persistently wanted more, still there was so much bustle on the stage and the poor dogs were allowed to blow off the steam of their nervous irritability into so much loud barking that even those who deeply compassionated the hapless beasts were able to give an occasional faded smile.

There are two playlets this week, one by the authors of "Turn to the Right." It was mildly entertaining, and Mr. Beresford makes a good appearance as the elderly husband-lover, but the enormous size of the \$1400 birthday brooch is some indication of the attitude of the authors toward the public, who are not supposed to possess any powers of divination whatever.

"Maybloom" is well played, especially by John Hyams. I wonder why Leila McIntyre looked so much prettier in her street dress than in the spring-blossom and white-lace May bloom costume. Her songs didn't seem to fit into the general scheme of things, and the play seemed rather over-pervaded with a model in the altogether idea, but it was considerable comfort to feel that at least the model was clothed in innocence as well as

garments. A curious feature in Miss McIntyre's impersonation was that the baby voice was all right with the street costume and all wrong with the supposedly all-conquering May bloom rig.

There was a musical number also, some tall jumping, a humorous monologue, and slathers and slathers of robust vulgarity from Emma Carus. How can the audience stomach it, let alone eating it up with avidity! Ruth Royce has vaudeville talent, but she rather screws her effects in. However, in the doing of it she undoubtedly "gets over."

#### THE MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA.

It is rather surprising that they have the courage to send this organization to San Francisco so soon again, since we are the proud possessors of a local symphony orchestra of such unimpeachable quality. The fact is, however, that the Minneapolis orchestra is backed by good money, and the backers, who are the prominent business men of the Minnesota metropolis, are confident that the city can have no better advertisement, from one point of view, than sending an organization of such quality over the country. People who have acquired the habit of going to the San Francisco symphony concerts have not been easily wooed away, but the more informed appreciators of Mr. Oberholfer's rare qualities as a leader can not be kept away. And part of his fine ability as a leader consists of his enterprise in securing world-renowned musicians to sit under his baton.

Therefore it is not surprising that Mr. Reginald Werrenrath, the vocal soloist, turned out to be a singer of exceptional endowment. Mr. Werrenrath's full, round, velvety baritone is charged with unusual sweetness, and that gift of feeling which can move the listener to tears. Few who heard it will forget the Forsyth song of "the rose of England and the lily of France." One hungered for more of such music, which voiced the war-time ache at our hearts; and yet, when the vocalist sang the ballad of "Lochinvar," with its inspired Chadwick setting, it became immediately a delightful memory to cherish and preserve. There were so many beautiful elements to contribute to our enjoyment: resurrection of youthful enthusiasms, the pleasure of the ballad form, a story sung instead of told, the exquisite felicity of the musical setting, the vividness with which imagination re-conjured the old familiar pictures, and the compelling charm of the singer's delivery. It is a voice of unusual loveliness, with something choice and beautiful in every note, and one that will not be easily forgotten by those who heard its haunting tones.

#### ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

It is plain that the members of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club wish to keep abreast of all the latest doings in the "Little Theatre" movement. This very healthful curiosity was no doubt the mainspring in forming the club, although many would deny to the resultant theatrical organization the right to enroll itself as one of the memberships of the real Little Theatre movement. Such organizations as the East-West Players, a group of intellectuals mainly Jewish, who toil during the day and contribute from their hard-earned wage sums sufficient to keep before the Yiddish people of New York plays of Yiddish life and tradition, such is their task and their pleasure. They do their own acting. So do the Washington Square Players, the Drama League Players, the Hull House Players, and so with many of the Little Theatre organizations in the East and Middle West. In this, our downtown local organization, professionals are engaged and paid for their services. Yet, on the other hand, it must be allowed to be an essential part of the movement, because, while it does not specialize as do so many of the Little Theatres, nor do its members act, it gives the wide range of the average Little Theatre. We get glimpses of the thoughts and tradi-

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tions of other nationalities; we witness plays of poetry, of symbolism, of fantasy, that are barred in the commercial theatres, because the majority do not want them.

It is therefore in accordance with the policy of the St. Francis Little Theatre that last week we saw its players in blackface, giving one of Mr. Ridgely Torrence's one-act plays of negro life and character. Mr. Torrence is a poet, and therefore goes below the depths in depicting human nature. "The Rider of Dreams" shows the intimate family life and character of a group of negroes, and the company did very creditable work in the representation, although it seemed to me that Mr. Yule remained more consistently within the character represented than the other and more important members of the company.

On the whole, however, the piece was not as much enjoyed as usual. People in the audience—the piece was the last on the programme—grew restless, coughed frequently, and reached for their hats; infallible indications.

Mr. Torrence's three plays for negro representation created quite a sensation and much contradictory comment in New York. But while "The Rider of Dreams" and "Granny Maumee"—the third is historical—should prove very interesting to those familiar with the negro character, the interest of a wider public could not be positively counted on.

Another piece of last week which contained elements of special interest was a one-act fantasy by George Sterling, the poet, entitled "The Dryad." The piece shows a dull, henpecked shoe-store clerk, while picnicking in a wood, and temporarily in a solitude which left him out of the range of his wife's sharp eyes and ears, subjected to the innocent beguiling of a youthful dryad—"only nineteen hundred years old," and therefore not quite yet grown up. The wood-sprite stands for poetry and the sharp-voiced wife for prose. The dull clerk, invited by the dryad to be an immortal, wavers for a moment, but the commanding voice of prose and homely habit, and the anchorage of the usual and the safe prevails. Mr. Sterling's poetic feeling showed in the felicitously worded passage descriptive of the dryad's happy and care-free life, but, generally speaking, the sketch lacked certainty of touch. It certainly is a pretty conceit, and there is humor in the contrast between the fresh and innocent dryad and the dull and dejected if almost equally innocent clerk. I do not think, however, that I am squeamish in taking exception to the directness with which the dialogue touched on matters usually veiled, even when most freely alluded to, by a certain adroitness of handling or a finer delicacy of humorous treatment.

The piece was well presented, Ruth Hammond making a most delectable dryad. With her small size, almost childlike yet prettily rounded shape, and fleece of golden hair, she was a wood-sprite to dream of. Always a little too eager and emphatic in her speech, she is never dull or rigid. She needs, however, to cultivate the art of beautiful speech and to eradicate the comparative hardness of her r's. Oh, those eternal r's! How they will crop up! Miss Sullivan allows one to escape occasionally, for they are almost ineradicable; a standing reproach to our American accent. I heard an awful, a terrible, an

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This will be one of the most solid and scientifically constructed Mausoleums in the world, and will be unrivaled, from an architectural standpoint, on the Pacific Slope.

Particular attention has been given to the family compartments, and several have been designed to meet individual desires and wishes.

The use of tombs for the dead, formerly an almost prohibitive expense, is now within the reach of every one, and thinking people, generally, acknowledge this to be "The More Kindly Way" to dispose of the remains of loved ones.

Evergreen Mausoleum is a massive structure and is being built to endure for centuries. Workmen have been engaged in construction on this building continuously since June, 1917.

The crypts are now being built and we earnestly invite those interested to visit the building and inspect our very thorough method of construction.

Automobiles are available, by appointment, any afternoon to those wishing to visit the building.

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car-smiting aggregation of them from the servant maid during Mr. Keller's fine performance of "The Bells" the other night, and I thought how the star, with his cultured, beautiful speech, must suffer, *suffer!*—to hear such dreadful perversions of sound. But Ruth Hammond's faults are not so bad as they might be, and she is so young and malleable, so eager and ambitious and so bright and receptive that she could easily, with proper training, get rid of them.

The third piece, "The Reason"—which reminds me that one should always cast a thought to the title of these one-act plays after the performance is over—is a clever little George Middleton sketch with the sting in its tail. That was an admirable method, and one showing the expertness of the practiced playwright, by which we were enlightened as to "the reason." Just a tap at the door, a low-voiced "Paula!" and we knew all; an intrigue within an intrigue accounted for the wronged husband's complaisance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In Prussia the increase of tuberculosis over 1913 is 77 per cent.; in Bavaria, 40; in Saxony, 66; in Wurtemberg, 40; in Baden, 48; in Hesse, 159; in Alsace-Lorraine, 44, and in other states, 50. In Austria-Hungary the conditions are much worse. The increase of tuberculosis has been 72 per cent. in Prague, 98 in Vienna, and 100 in Budapest. In London the increase has been 17 per cent. In the Allied armies and the territory where Germans have been the increase of tuberculosis is due to exposure. But in the cities of Germany and Austro-Hungary it is due to insufficient food, and this proves to be more extensively fatal than the privations of the battlefield.

There are at present over twenty lead pencil manufacturers in Tokyo alone, and monthly exports reach six million gross. The graphite is found in Japan, but is not of good quality. Before the war Japan made only 400,000 gross a year, and Germans held almost all the trade.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### Tenth Symphony Concert with Britt Soloist.

Horace Britt, the violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist on Sunday afternoon, February 17th, at the Cort Theatre, when the second concert of the tenth regular pair of symphonies will be given under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

Britt will play Boellmann's colorful Variations with the orchestra, a composition which was received with enthusiasm on Friday and which discloses this 'cellist's art in fine fashion.

The numbers of the orchestra alone will include Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture, a work which exhibits Brahms in his most cheerful mood; Saint-Saëns' grotesque and sombre "Dance Macabre," and Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony in A major, "Italian," in four movements, a graceful series of impressions of Italy. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be given Hertz' usual spirited reading.

The ninth "Pop" concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, February 24th. Louis Persinger will be soloist, playing Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow" with the orchestra. The other programmed numbers embrace Liszt's First Hungarian Rhapsodie; two Indian Dances, by Skelton; Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" suite, in four movements, and Tchaikowsky's "March Slav." Apparently Conductor Hertz is determined to make each "Pop" event more attractive than its predecessor.

Tina Lerner, the famous Russian pianiste, will be soloist with the orchestra at the eleventh pair of symphonies, which will be given on March 1st and 3d.

### The Zimbalist Concerts.

Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, will play tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and a week from tomorrow at the Columbia Theatre, offering two of the best programmes of violin music that have been given in this city in many a day. With Samuel Chotzinoff at the piano, the following programme will be played on Sunday:

Sonata ..... Cesar Franck  
Romance ..... Beethoven  
Concerto ..... Paganini  
Serenade ..... D'Ambrosio  
Berceuse and Humoresque ..... Tor Aulin  
Playa and Zapateado ..... Sarasate

At his last concert, a week from tomorrow, the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole" will be played, as well as the Bach Prelude and Fugue, Tchaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's "Russian Dance," Cui's "Orientale," Hubay's "Zephyr," and Wieniawski's "Carnaval Russe." Tickets are on sale at the usual offices or may be purchased at the Columbia Theatre on concert days.

### Boston English Opera Company.

The Boston English Opera Company has scored a real triumph at the Columbia Theatre and the singers are meeting with enthusiasm. John F. Sheehan, John W. Warren, Hazel Eden, Florentine St. Clair, Elaine de Sellem, Alice May Carley, Francis J. Tyler, Arthur Deane, and half a dozen other stars are all excellently well cast. The second and final week of the engagement will open on Monday night, the 18th, with a production of "The Bohemian Girl," one of the strongest drawing cards in the company's repertory. It will be repeated on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings and Wednesday and Sunday matinées. The fine production of "Il Trovatore" is announced for Tuesday and Friday evenings and "Martha" for Wednesday evening.

Among the notable stars coming to the Columbia Theatre in the near future are Otis Skinner in his newest success, "Mister Antonio"; Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," "Caste," and "General John Regan"; May Robson in her new comedy, "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned."

### "Cleopatra" at the Cort.

With the performance of Sunday night, February 17th, "Cleopatra," the sensational William Fox feature picture, with the popular Theda Bara as star, enters upon the final fortnight of its Cort Theatre engagement.

"Cleopatra" is a riot of gorgeousness, color, and splendor, and the most elaborate presentation of early Egyptian and Roman times yet given to the screen. Thousands of persons were employed in the making of the picture.

The pageantry of "Cleopatra" is inspiring, the battle scenes are saturated with realism, and the view of the first naval battle, that of Actium, wherein eighty vessels are burned to the water's edge, is a remarkable accomplishment.

But it is the amorous play of Theda Bara as Cleopatra, arch-vampire, as she in turn ensnares Caesar, Pharon, and Antony that has made this newest of feature pictures so widely discussed.

### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will head the new show at the Orpheum next week with Mr. Cressy's playlet of Western news-

paper life, "The Wyoming Whoop." This season he has shifted the location of his little play to Whoopville, Wyoming, and he becomes a newspaper editor. He is still a Yankee, however, but his contact with the wild and woolly has made him one of the fellows who can shoot from the hip.

Paul Morton and Naomi Glass will present a new and up-to-date version of their satirical vehicle of last season reëntitled 1918-1950. Their offering shows the result of careful study on their part to please.

Al Shayne facetiously styles himself "the Singing Beauty." He can sing, but it is chiefly by his ability as a comedian that he owes his great popularity.

The Ziegler Sisters, Myrtle and Adelaide, will pirouette to the jazz time of the Kentucky Five, their accompanists. They have discovered the rare secret of combining jazz music with odd and strange dancing steps in such a way as to result in a highly pleasing effect.

Scarpioff, the Russian boy tenor, and Varvara, the boy pianist, who will present a delightful musical programme, were among a party of Russian immigrants who landed at Ellis Island four years ago. A theatrical manager chanced upon them, and ascertaining that they had the advantage of musical training and that one of them was an excellent pianist introduced them to vaudeville with great success.

Elida Morris, a character comedienne of ability, who does not depict types but enacts incidents, will present a new series of songs.

Stuart Barnes, the delightful singing comedian, and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre in their successful comedietta, "Maybloom," will be the only holdovers in this splendid bill.

### The St. Francis Little Theatre.

Next week's performances of the St. Francis Little Theatre will be the last but one of the twenty-week season given by the Maitland Players. The forthcoming performances will be given on Tuesday evening, February 19th, and Wednesday afternoon, February 20th, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis.

The outstanding feature of the bill is "Miss Harrington, Thirty-Nine," by Myrtle Glenn Roberts, a well-known local writer. It is a charming idealistic romance and was written especially for the St. Francis Little Theatre. Hélène Sullivan's fine ability will be placed to advantage in the rôle of Miss Harrington, and Arthur Maitland and fascinating Ruth Hammond will play the remaining parts.

The distinguished playwright, Clay M. Greene, will be represented by "Prisoners of War," an adaptation of Guy de Maupassant's story, "Prisoners," brought down to date, and dealing with the brutality of the Germans in the present war.

The concluding play will be "The Bride," that gay farcelet which was such a success when done here by Holbrook Blinn and the Princess players. It was originally produced at the Grand Guignol, Paris, and was translated from the French by William Hurlbut. Miss Sullivan will have the title-rôle and the cast will embrace the Messrs. Maitland, Morrison, Yule, Doud, and Benjamin.

### Tina Lerner's Only Recital.

Tina Lerner will make a transcontinental trip at the end of this month specially to appear with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Alfred Hertz, and Manager Selby Oppenheimer has been able to induce the beautiful Russian pianist to tarry here just long enough to give one recital programme. This will take place at the Scottish Rite Hall on Tuesday night, March 5th, and will reveal one of the most beautiful programmes that the fair pianist has ever given here. She will include the great Schumann F sharp minor Sonata, Mozart's "Pastorale Varies," Chopin's "Tarantella" in A flat major and other Chopin selections, Liszt's "La Legerezza" and "Dance of the Gnomes," and works by Godowsky, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Paul Juon, Mendelssohn, and a host of other famous composers. As Mme. Lerner will positively give but the one recital here this season early mail orders will have the advantage in the selection of best seats. These should be addressed to Manager Oppenheimer in the usual way.

### The Metropolitan's Greatest Soprano.

In the ranks of famous singers at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, acknowledged as the leading one of the world, the list of famous sopranos is beaded by Frieda Hempel. Miss Hempel has been the particular bright star among the women for four years. Her's is no strictly coloratura voice; she accomplished the most astounding things in florid arias like those in "The Magic Flute" and "Lucia," to mention but two of her brilliant operas, but a delighted New York discovered that in "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," and other dramatic works Miss Hempel was magnificent. "Carmen" and "Faust" only served to show Hempel's remarkable versatility, and during the few years she has been in this country new



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Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

wonders have been revealed at every appearance.

Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer will bring Frieda Hempel to San Francisco for the first time, and will present her in recital at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of March 10th and 17th. As this will undoubtedly be one of the most notable engagements of the season the San Francisco manager requests mail orders as far in advance as possible, promising to give personal attention to all requests and to fill same strictly in the order in which they are received.

Statistics for the past three years show a striking increase of rainfall (as compared with the years 1909-12) over the eastern and southern districts of England, which are nearest the battlefields in France and Belgium. In the case of the southeastern corner of England the increase is as much as 26 per cent., while in the localities furthest from the scene of fighting—Lancashire and Cumberland, North Wales, and the west of Scotland—the rainfall is in every case diminished.



## ZIMBALIST

Famous Russian Violinist

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This Sunday (Feb. 17) Aft.,

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Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Theatre.

Steinway Piano used.

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## YVETTE GUILBERT

ONE RECITAL ONLY

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Next Saturday Aft., Feb. 23, at 2:30

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Song Recitals at COLUMBIA THEATRE, on

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TWO SUPERB PROGRAMMES.

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Coming — FRIEDA HEMPEL, Metropolitan's

Leading Soprano.

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Direction of Mr. Arthur Maitland

Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis

Desires to state that the matinees which are

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company of professional players are open to

the public. Three playlets by the world's best

authors are given on each programme.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR

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ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

10th SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Soloist—HORACE BRITT, Violoncellist

Cort Theatre

SUNDAY AFT., Feb. 17, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Symphony No. 4, A major

(Italian), Mendelssohn; "Dance Macabre,"

Saint-Saëns; Symphonic Variations, Boellmann

(Horace Britt); overture, "Academic Festival,"

Brahms.

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats,

\$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except

concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

Next—Sun., Feb. 24, 9th "Pop" Concert.

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WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE in Mr. Cressy's Satire on Newspaper Life, "The Wyoming Whoop"; PAUL MORTON and NAOMI GLASS, Presenting a Musical Satire Entitled "1918-1950"; ZIEGLER SISTERS, Charming Exponents of Grace and Agility, with Their Kentucky Five; AL SHAYNE, the Singing Beauty; SCARPIOFF, Famous Russian Boy Tenor, and VARVARA, Master Boy Pianist; ELIDA MORRIS, the Lyric Lady; STUART BARNES, Singing Comedian; HYAMS and MCINTYRE in "Maybloom."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c; box and loge seats, \$1. Daily mats., 25c and 50c. All seats reserved.

Next—Mar. 4, the N. Y. Winter Garden's "Show of Wonders."



## VANITY FAIR.

If you should have entered the matrimonial state in order to avoid the military state it would be well to cultivate a meek and lowly attitude toward your wife. Do not beat her—at least not to the point of annoyance. If she tells you to wash the dishes, do it without cavil or delay. Wipe them, too. Bring up the coal with promptness and despatch. Be respectful, even reverential. If you fail in any of these respects she may call up the nearest military post and give the show away. Then you are likely to make the acquaintance of the army under most adverse conditions. You will rank neither as a volunteer nor a conscript. Just a slacker.

This is what has been done by a Cleveland lady. She did not specify her spouse's offense, but she wanted to have him sent to the front, as far to the front as possible and even farther. She explained that she did not need him at home. She did not know why any one should need him, but if the army was aching for him would it please send and get him? So be careful. Conciliate. Above all, obey.

What will those dreadful Germans do next? Here they are circulating a report all through America that Kerensky divorced his wife in order to marry an actress. Could anything be more sinister, more diabolical, than this? Of course they know what we think about divorce here in America, and how our sympathies would instantly be estranged from the gay and debonair Kerensky. Doubtless they hoped to get the purity people all worked up over

this thing, and of course that would be the end of Kerensky. But their wicked plottings will fail. The poison has produced the antidote. We know now that Kerensky is a devoted husband and father, and that if sometimes he came home contemporaneously with the milkman it was because his duties kept him all night at the Winter Palace, a thing that might happen to any one, that has actually happened to us upon more than one occasion. The actress, it seems, is Mme. Time, and she, too, is entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. It is well that these slanders should be nailed down. None of us is exempt.

By the way, here is a little hymn perpetrated by the Detroit *Saturday Night* on the occasion of testimony offered by a Michigan man to the effect that he preferred peace in France to life with his wife in America:

Oh, I want to go to Flanders where it's cheery-like and bright,

Where I'll wear a little helmet made o' tin,  
Where I'll watch the German searchlights puttin' punctures in the night.

For I'm tired of the hell I'm livin' in!  
I long for rest an' quiet an' the chatter

Of my pals a-takin' trenches inch by inch.  
Oh, I want the rest and quiet of the battle an' the riot!

Brother, I'm about all in an' that's a cinch!

Oh, I want to cross the briny an' I want to go today—

I am longin' for contentment, so I am.  
Over there I could be happy, here the devil is to pay.

An' I aint a bit o' use to Uncle Sam!  
Ship me anywhere just so it's over yonder

To do my little bit against the Hun,  
Where I'll find a little measure of contentment an' some pleasure,

For I must have rest an' quiet or I'm done!

The Food Controller of Great Britain has forbidden the sale of any "ice pudding, ice-cream, or water ice, or any article in the making of which any ice-cream or water ice or ice pudding has been used." The Food Controller of Great Britain is evidently a man of parts. And what courage! Of all the things that we eat at the present time probably ice-cream and candy are the most indefensible. We should be better without them in the piping times of peace. They should be unknown in war days.

Why are women so sensitive about the size of their feet? Even a big woman prefers to have feet that are disproportionately small. It was a mistake never made by the Greeks, who were the modern pioneers of beauty. The Greek statue always has feet of an appropriate size and there is no hint in Greek literature that the women admired small feet. And indeed the wearing of sandals could hardly have been conducive to small feet.

This weakness on the part of the modern woman compels the shoe salesman to resort to guile, in point of fact to lie, which is bad for his soul. The customer asks for a shoe of a certain size and he assures her that the shoe offered is of that size and no other. As a matter of fact it is larger, but she is unaware of this because she can not interpret the hieroglyphics that are marked on the lining. If she knew what they meant she would not take the shoe.

There are two systems of hieroglyphics that are used, the American and the French, the French system being very complicated. There

are also private codes used by some manufacturers, but the intention of them all is to prevent the customer from knowing that she is not being supplied with the size for which she asked.

London *Truth* says that the imperial wine-cellar underneath the Winter Palace at Petrograd have been sacked, and nothing remains of what was the largest and finest collection in the world of the very best wines of the choicest growths of the most famous years. A great deal has been quietly stolen during the last six months by enterprising patriots, and in the end the soldiers on guard obtained possession of the cellars, and were joined by a huge mob recruited from the dregs of the populace. Tens of thousands of bottles were destroyed, and the floors of the immense cellars were knee-deep in liquor, the end of the orgies being that muddy water from the Neva was pumped into the cellars, after which the mixture of wine and water was pumped back into the river. Thousands of bottles were fired upon to facilitate the destruction. Numbers of the rioters are reported to have been drowned, as they were lying dead drunk on the floors of the cellars in heaps.

The industrial rehabilitation of Mexico seems to be indicated in the agreement which has just been made for the dissolution of the Tehuantepec National Railway Company, and the transfer of its immensely valuable and important property of the Mexican government (says the *New York Independent*). That route (the narrowest part of the American continent) was originally selected by Hernando Cortez, nearly four centuries ago, as one of the three or four available for inter-oceanic transit, and was repeatedly surveyed since his time with that end in view. Captain Eads, the builder of the St. Louis bridge and the Mississippi jetties, planned a ship railroad, which should carry ocean steamers across the isthmus overland. Finally the great British firm of S. Pearson & Son built an ordinary railroad across the isthmus and constructed great harbor works at each end; all of which are now to pass from British to Mexican national ownership. The chief importance of the route is in its nearness to the United States and the consequent saving of distance by it between the two coasts of this country. From New Orleans to San Francisco by way of Tehuantepec is 1800 miles less than by Panama.

A graphic picture is painted by the Petrograd *Dyen* of parliamentary etiquette as practiced by the Bolsheviks. Describing a meeting of the Central Soviet, it writes: "The hall resounds with profane expletives. The chairman, a trusted lieutenant of Trotsky, replies to an attack by a critical member, who makes an unsavory insinuation with regard to Bolshevik policy. Somebody calls Trotsky a 'blackguard.' The Bolsheviks jump up from their seats, cut to the quick by such an act of lese-majesty; they make for the offender and threaten to lynch him. The offender ducks under the chairs, trying to escape. Some take his part, others pounce upon his defenders. The noise of moving chairs and falling articles of furniture is merged in the general hubbub. The air is heavy with angry shouts, piercing whistles, and marketplace expletives. Trotsky leaps to the tribune and urges his followers to further violence. The chairman, after vainly struggling to be heard, at last leaves the chair, abandoning the meeting to a general pandemonium."

An old privilege which was revived with the accession of Judge John F. Hyman as mayor of New York will be the placing of two lamps in front of his residence in Brooklyn, and their maintenance by the municipality as long as he or the immediate members of his family live in the house. The custom dates back to the early days of the Dutch burgomasters. It is supposed to have originated with the lantern bearers who were accustomed to escort the burgomaster home with proper dignity from the historic city tavern or other places of genial entertainment. The lanterns were then left in front of the residence as a warning to any boisterous members of the town not to disturb the rest of the official ruler of the city. The mayor's lamp privilege was never enjoyed by Mayor Mitchel, as he has been an apartment dweller during his incumbency. So far as is known, Mayor Van Wyck was the only mayor entitled to the lamps who refused to accept them, on the ground that they no longer served any useful purpose.

The scene of the promulgation of the new Code of Canon Law by Pope Benedict XV, before the Sacred College, is furnishing the subject of an art tapestry executed by the Pontifical School of the Arazzi. This tapestry is to be of very great dimensions and will cover an entire wall of the Hall of Consistory. The design has been painted on linen and the execution of the tapestry itself will take from five to six years.

## A Cossack Farewell.

It was in the square of Yurievets (on the Volga) that one of those tragic fragments which life casts up like driftwood was flung at our feet. A Cossack's leave-taking of his mate; that was all, a million times repeated in a million different izhas in that one summer. But it was more—symbol of woman's ancient and inarticulate grief.

These shawled and booted women of the north are too burdened with earth's sorrow to weep; they are like dumb cattle in their woe. The soldier himself was openly wiping his eyes on his coarse dusty brown sleeve, while under both arms he clutched absurdly two enormous loaves of black bread. A dingy little child in its mother's arms fluttered uncomprehending hands in the direction of the steamer; but from the Mongol-cheeked, gray-eyed woman there was no sign.

She neither touched her man in farewell, nor offered any of those small caresses by which we seek to mitigate our grief. The sullen silence of the north had laid its finger upon her, but her eyes followed her mate with the wild, unreasoning grief of the forest sprung. She stood still staring, unaware of the baby in her arms, while the steamer moved slowly out into the gray mists. Long after dusk had closed down I could see her face straining in the gloaming like a mask of despair.—*Olive Gilbreath in the Yale Review.*

*Hokus*—I like a girl who is reserved.  
*Pokus*—So do I, if she is reserved for me.—*Life.*

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STORYETTES.

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The rotund gentleman with the perennial smile had to have his daily joke as he meandered into the club. "I have here the most valuable automobile accessory ever invented," he remarked. "What is it?" asked the tall, thin gentleman, who was just wondering what it could be. "A hank book," replied the first speaker with a chuckle.

The fourth Earl of Chesterfield was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words: "My lord, I know you are a judge. Which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind. "I am no judge of paintings."

A deaf old lady of obvious Scotch lineage entered a store to do some shopping. "What's the price of this silk?" she asked of the young shopman. "Seven shillings," was the reply. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed. "I'll give you thirteen." "Only seven shillings, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman. "Oh, seven shillings!" rejoined the lady sharply. "Well, I'll give you five."

Mr. Butterworth, the grocer, was looking over the credit sales slips one day. Suddenly he called to the new clerk: "Did you give George Callahan credit?" "Sure," said the clerk. "I——" "Didn't I tell you to get a report on any and every man asking for credit?" "Why, I did," retorted the clerk. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and, of course, if his credit was that good I knew that you would like to have him open an account here."

Senator Lodge was talking about certain investigating committees. "Some of them," he observed, "remind me of Si Hoskins. Si got a job at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran a mill-owner's dam. There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee. Finding him one morning, I said: 'What are you doing, Si?' 'I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir,' he said. 'They're underminin' the dam.' 'There goes one now,' said I. 'Shoot man! Why don't you shoot?' Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said: 'Do you think I want to lose my job?'"

A politician who is a great walker was out enjoying his favorite recreation, says Vice-President Marshall. After going a few miles he sat down to rest. "Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured farmer driving that way. "Thank you," responded the politician. "I will avail myself of your kind offer." The two rode on in silence for awhile. Presently the farmer asked: "Professional man?" "Yes," answered the politician, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the house. After another long pause the farmer observed: "You aint a lawyer, or you'd be

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talkin'; you aint a doctor, 'cause you aint got a bag, and you aint a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession?" "I am a politician," was the reply. The farmer gave a snort of disgust. "Politics aint no profession; politics is a business," said he.

The late John G. Johnson, the Philadelphia lawyer, was once engaged in a case where a certain cantankerous old woman bore witness for the opposition. Her testimony concluded, the old woman proposed to leave the witness box, but Mr. Johnson said: "Hold on, madam, I've one or two questions to ask you." The old woman did not halt in her departure. "No, ye don't," she said. "None o' yer questions for me. You aint on our side."

Two young ladies on the promenade of a fashionable seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass through a telescope loaned them by an ancient mariner. On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one. "Yes, miss," said the old tar, "that telescope was given me by Lord Nelson." "Mercy, man! Why, Lord Nelson has been dead for more than a hundred years!" "Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite unabashed, "'ow the time do fly!"

The two bluejackets bumped into each other not far from the ladder. One had just come up from the launch. "Hullo, mate," exclaimed No. 1, "I thought you was ashore with the captain, playing golf." "Well, so I was," said No. 2. "It's like this 'ere. 'E gives me 'is sticks to carry, and then takes one and puts a li' white ball on top of a bit o' sand and, my word! He catches that ball a fair swipe. Must 'a' gone miles. Then 'e turns to me and sez, 'Did yer see where that went to?' So I sez, smart like, 'Out o' sight from the moment of himpact, sir.' And 'e sez, 'Go back on board, ye blinkin' fathead.'"

The tired representative of a Yokohama railroad association stretched himself when his train reached St. Louis. He had been sent to the United States to get an insight into efficiency as exemplified on the Atchison, Burlington, and Pennsylvania. He had taken the southern route across the Western plains. It was unfortunate that he had come to study efficiency just when the railroads of the United States were tied up with the worst freight glut in history. His train was fifty-seven hours late at St. Louis, and he was not much impressed with American railway methods. "Get me a time-table so that I can figure out when I will get to New York," said the Japanese expert to the colored porter. "A time-table, mister?" replied the porter. "I's afraid it aint a time-table what you needs. What you wants is a calendar."

An Irishman who was employed in an iron works was advised by his physician to seek some employment where the labor was less severe, on account of an enlargement of the heart. He proceeded, therefore, to set up a small grocery, which was well patronized by his friends. He was not in the habit of diminishing his prospects of financial success by giving the best weight, and one afternoon, when a customer asked for a pound of sugar, he added pinch by pinch until the scale barely turned. "Pat," inquired the customer, looking up innocently at the careful weigher, "what was it the doctor said was ailin' ye?" "Inlargement of the heart," answered Pat with pride. "Well, then," said the customer, "it's time ye were changin' yer docter, Pat; the wan that's tandin' ye now don't understand yer disease, me h'y. Yer heart is gettin' smaller mighty fast, an' it's in great danger ye are."

"The average traveling salesman thinks pretty well of himself as a wit," remarked C. H. Bowen, representative of a San Francisco stationery house recently. "But it took a woman to show us all up. The woman I have in mind runs a dandy little hotel in a small town near Olympia. Six of us got off the boat and went up to the house, and as we registered she asked us the customary question as to our desires regarding a room with or without bath. I happened to be first to the book and in answer to her query I came back with some flip remark about having had my bath the Saturday before. She smiled and passed it off, but when two or three others, catching the spirit of the thing, referred to their annual dip and such, I could see that she wanted to come back, but didn't know just how to do it. I think the last man capped the climax when he said, 'No, thank you, I came clean from Portland,' for when we returned to the hotel that night from our rounds of the merchants we found neat little signs tied to our sources of water supply stating that the season for washing was closed to drummers and would remain so until our next trip. And it stayed closed, too."



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THE MERRY MUSE.

Evolution of the Hip Pocket.

Used to be  
In the virile days  
That we carried  
Our pistols  
In our hip pockets,  
And then that custom  
Went out of vogue  
And we carried our licker  
In our hip pockets.  
I am in favor  
Of abolishing the hip pocket  
Before we begin  
To carry our tating in them.  
—Arkansas Gazette.

Willie's Medicine.

- 10 Hun soldiers standing in a line;  
Sammy took a shot at them,  
Then there were 9.
- 9 Hun soldiers figured on a slate;  
Sammy cut a figure, too,  
Then there were 8.
- 8 Hun soldiers, all lost to heaven;  
Sammy's rifle spoke again,  
Then there were 7.
- 7 Hun soldiers in an awful fix;  
Some one cheered the Stars and Stripes,  
Then there were 6.
- 6 Hun soldiers in a fearful drive;  
Sammy peeped across his sights,  
Then there were 5.
- 5 Hun soldiers feeling very sore;  
Sammy didn't hesitate,  
Then there were 4.
- 4 Hun soldiers tried to climb a tree,  
Sammy saw them do the trick,  
Then there were 3.
- 3 Hun soldiers—what could three Huns do?  
Sammy hazed away again,  
Then there were 2.
- 2 Hun soldiers—Hindenburg was gone!  
Sammy only blew his breath,  
Then there was 1.
- 1 Hun soldier—that one the Kaiser!  
A colored Sammy shouted:  
"Fotch dat razor!"

—James McManis, in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Western settler went to the nearest store and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In a few days, however, he brought it back and demanded the money paid, as the stool was no good at all. The shopkeeper examined it and said it was in perfect order and that it should not be thrown on his hands. "Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful, and I gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It is no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus puts her tub on."

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins of Seattle have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Perkins, and Captain Dean Witter. Captain Witter, who is stationed at Camp Lewis, is the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Witter of Berkeley, and the brother of Mrs. Roy Page, Miss Elizabeth Witter, and Lieutenant Guy Witter. No date has been set for the marriage of Miss Perkins and Captain Witter.

The Mardi Gras Ball was held Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Mrs. Willard Brown, as Columbia, was the queen of the ball and those in her court included Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Daulton Mann, Mrs. John Lawson, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Genevieve Bothin, and Miss Anne Peters.

Mrs. Norris Davis entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Francisco Club, her guests including Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Horace Morgan, Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. Carl Wolff, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

Miss Elena Eyre was a tea hostess of Monday afternoon, entertaining a group of friends at her home on Broadway. The guests included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Alejandra Macondray, Miss Pauline Wheeler, and Miss Marita Rossi.

Mrs. Duval Moore gave a luncheon last Tuesday at the Francisco Club in compliment to Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Jack Martin. Among those asked to meet the guests of honor were Mrs. George Bowles, Baroness Jan Carel Van Eck, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Herbert Gallagher, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. John Hotz, Mrs. Kenneth Moore, Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Mrs. Alan Cline, Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Flora Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Charles Wright, and Mr. G. G. Van Antwerp.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field gave a dinner recently at their home on Washington Street, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Junius Browne, Mrs. Gardiner Bullis, and Mr. George Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Flora Miller. The guests included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Elena Eyre, Lieutenant Hale Saffley, Lieutenant Brooks Sawyer, Mr. Edward Fox, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Donald Clappett, Mr. Lawrence Gray, and Lieutenant George Young.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at luncheon Monday in her apartments at Stanford Court, complimenting Mrs. Willis Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker gave a dinner recently at the Woman's Athletic Club, their guests including Lieutenant-Commander W. P. Gaddis and Mrs. Gaddis, Captain Edward Durrell and

Mrs. Durrell, Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour, and Mrs. Charles Hillhouse.

Mrs. John Gardner entertained at luncheon last Monday at the Town and Country Club, her guests including Mrs. Frank Holmes, Mrs. William Bowen, Mrs. Bradford Holmes, Miss Julia Morrison, Miss Margaret Holmes, Miss Gladys Bowen, and Miss Angela Morrison.

Mrs. Paul Fagan and Miss Jeannette Bertheau entertained at tea Friday afternoon, their guests gathering at the Palace Hotel to meet Miss Edith Rucker. Among those present were Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Frank Birard, Baroness Jan Carel Van Eck, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Veida Dodge, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Florence Bandmann.

Mrs. Clara Darling entertained at tea Friday afternoon at the Francisco Club, complimenting Mrs. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson.

Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at the St. Francis, with her guests later attending the Mardi Gras Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained a number of friends at dinner last Wednesday evening at their apartments at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Neustadter entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening, complimenting Mrs. A. Kosland and Mrs. S. E. Shuman. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reiss, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Heller, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway, with their guests later attending the Mardi Gras Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Frink are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

#### The Zuloaga Paintings.

The most important "one-man exhibition" ever held on the Pacific Coast will soon open in the Palace of Fine Arts, where preparations are now being made for the installation of the great collection of paintings by Ignacio Zuloaga, the celebrated contemporary Spanish painter.

This collection has been exhibited in the leading cities of the East and has created a veritable sensation wherever shown, by reason of its rich, exotic color and extraordinary subject matter. It was organized and brought to America under the auspices of Mrs. Philip M. Lydig and is being shown in San Francisco through the kind offices and guaranty of Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. It comprises forty-two canvases, several of which are so large that they have to be taken off the stretchers and rolled for transportation. Every phase of Zuloaga's artistic activity is represented here—with striking figure pieces, daring nudes, great groups, as well as portraits and landscapes, all colored with his peculiarly distinctive Spanish point of view.

Of this collection John Singer Sargent, the world-renowned American portrait painter, has said: "An exhibition of the works of Ignacio Zuloaga is an event to be proclaimed as one of supreme artistic interest. With Spanish courtesy it is to an American painter that he confides the honor of announcing him to the American public. Little more than a word of welcome to this great artist is needful when one is sure that his genius will receive in this country the recognition that it has conquered in the old world."

Partially to defray the very great cost involved in bringing this collection to San Francisco an admission fee of 25 cents will be charged to the Zuloaga exhibition, which will fill five or six of the largest galleries in the Palace of Fine Arts. It is hoped to have the collection here in time to open Saturday, February 16th, but owing to the unusually congested condition of the railways at present it is not now possible to definitely announce the date of opening.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### In Our Yard.

Moses, Moses, seeing God  
In a bush that burned,  
Moses, Moses, hearing God  
Advising, unconcerned,

I believe you, for myself  
Saw him plain and heard—  
Others saw a myrtle bush  
That held a mocking-bird.  
—William Alexander Percy, in the Bellman.

#### Songs of Victory.

O you who go to fight in France,  
Till German madness cease—  
To fight and bleed and die perchance  
Before the dawn of peace,  
Take courage in the battle's din,  
Know now that you shall win!

I tell you this, O you who fight!  
This war will never end  
Till tyrants' bloody feet in fight  
Shall in the grave descend,  
The wages of their bloody sin.  
Know now that you shall win!

Meantime you will lay low her sons,  
Make sick with bleeding wounds  
This country of belated Huns,  
Ruled by these maddened hounds.  
Tho you shall fall ere peace begin,  
Know now that you shall win!

Know now that you shall win; for see,  
You fight that tyrants die;  
A thousand years that yet shall be  
Now in the balance lie,  
To see if men be slaves or kin.  
Know now that you shall win!  
—Max Ehrmann.

#### As They Leave Us.

Valate ac plaudite  
Bid farewell with pride,  
Show no trace of sorrow;  
Smile into their eyes,  
Though you courage borrow;  
There will be another day,  
And a time  
To pay!

Gallant is their look,  
But their hearts are tender.  
Cry aloud your faith!  
Loyal tribute render!  
For they go—the young, the brave—  
Liberty  
To save!

Tell them not of fear;  
Whisper not of sadness;  
Overbrim today  
With heroic gladness;  
Let your love, remembered, shine  
As a light  
Benign!

Simple is their trust,  
But 'tis deep as ocean;  
Lofty is their hope,  
Selfless their devotion;  
And they go—the young, the brave—  
Liberty  
To save!  
Hark! The bugles call!  
Wave your banners!—cheer them!  
Happy, let them dream  
All that's valiant near them!  
They will know, when far from you,  
That the dream  
Was true!—Florence Earle Coates.

#### Looking Backward.

When this great war is over,  
Shall you have done your part?  
Did you bind up the bleeding wounds  
Or soothe a broken heart?

Did dying men, all torn and scarred,  
Look up thru dimming eyes,  
To see you bend with pitying love,  
To point them to the skies?

Did starving children eat your bread,  
Taken from scanty store,  
With eager hand and loving heart,  
Longing to help them more?

Did weeping mothers feel your touch,  
Their sorrows did you share?  
Or seek their woe to mitigate,  
With tender, helpful care?

Perhaps across the ocean deep  
Your silent message sped,  
Carrying cheer to many a one  
Who on the field had died.

Perhaps thru many days you toiled,  
Seeking to bear a part,  
Of the great burden on our land  
And many a mother's heart.

Whatever part you strove to take  
With loyal heart or hand,  
You fought for Freedom for the world,  
As well as your own land.  
—Margaret C. Herrick.

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#### Ian Hay to Lecture.

Major Ian Hay Beith is back in the United States, after an absence of several months, and will lecture in San Francisco and Oakland next week under the direction of Paul Elder. On Wednesday evening he will lecture at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House, on Thursday evening he will be at the Hotel St. Francis, and on the following Sunday evening, February 24th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. His new lecture is called "The Progress of the War on Land and Sea."

Acting under orders from the British Foreign Office, Major Beith made three trips to France, investigating the various phases of life at the front, particularly in its bearing on the interests of the American troops. He spent considerable time with the American ships at sea, as well as with the British fleet, and he comes to tell in his inimitable way just how our boys over there are getting on. Through the courtesy and cooperation of the Foreign Office he has obtained many new and interesting pictures to illustrate his lectures.

The "moonlight school" movement has reached Arkansas. Between 1200 and 1500 adult illiterates learned to read in those established by the illiteracy commission last fall. Seventy-five schools, or an average of one to each county, were held, and the work accomplished by the voluntary effort of teachers, without cost to the state. No attempt was made to teach more than simple sentences and the elementary processes of arithmetic.

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**SOL N. SHERIDAN**

will talk to BOY SCOUTS Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30 p. m. "Adventures at Manila with Dewey."

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**PERSONAL.****Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer passed the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey have returned to San Diego, after a brief visit with Mrs. Walter Hobart at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. Griffith Henshaw, who has recently been stationed in Texas, has been ordered to Ohio for duty.

Mrs. William Porter has returned to the Fairmont Hotel, after a visit of several months in the East. Mrs. Porter will leave in the near future for Alexandria, Florida, to visit her son, Mr. Hugh Porter.

Mrs. John Johnston has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue, after a visit in Goleta, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop.

Mrs. Harold Chase has taken a house in Burlingame, where she will reside indefinitely. Lieutenant Chase is at present stationed at Camp Fremont.

Miss Galene Kimbale of Salt Lake is visiting Miss Elizabeth George at her home at Mare Island.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding has returned to San Francisco from a visit of several months in New York. Mrs. Redding has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Lieutenant Courtney Ford has sent word to his mother, Mrs. Virginia Ford, of his safe arrival in France. Lieutenant Ford left California last month to join the American forces abroad.

Miss Jeannette Bertheau returned a few days ago to her home on Gough Street from a visit in San Mateo with her cousin, Mrs. Carl Wolff.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin are occupying the Burlingame residence of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman pending the completion of their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich will arrive shortly from the East for a visit of several weeks in California.

Miss Lolita Armour of Chicago will arrive in a few days to pass the late winter season in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman have returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several months in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Ehrman have been visiting in Washington, New York, and Boston.

Mr. Addison Mizner is visiting in Palm Beach, Florida, where he is convalescing from his recent illness.

Mrs. Franklin Kales has returned to her home in British Columbia, after a visit in Alameda with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Tyson.

Mrs. Spencer Eddy is en route to Palm Beach, Florida, to pass the Lenten season. After Easter Mrs. Eddy will go to New York to join Lieutenant-Commander Eddy.

Dr. Oliver Norton and Mrs. Norton of Santa Barbara, who arrived recently from the south, will leave in the near future for Guam.

Mrs. Graeme MacDonald returned Monday to her home in San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bacon, at their home in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Wiel and their little daughter have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will reside for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have returned to San Francisco from a visit to their country home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Junius Browne have gone to Pasadena and San Diego for a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davidson of Chicago sailed Wednesday for Honolulu for a brief sojourn in the Islands. During their visit in San Francisco Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Maude Dunsmuir has gone to New York, where she will remain until the summer. Mrs. Dunsmuir has recently been visiting in Vancouver as the guest of Sir Frank Barnard and Lady Barnard.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto has arrived in New York, where she will visit for several weeks.

Mr. C. O. G. Miller, who is at present in New York, will go to Washington in a few days to remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Deming Wheeler have taken apartments at the Hotel Oakland, where they will remain for some weeks.

Mrs. Daniel Luthrop will pass the winter in San Francisco, having taken apartments at the Clift Hotel.

Miss May Colburn has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after an absence of several weeks in the East. Miss Colburn will return to her San Rafael home in the spring.

Mrs. Leon Roos is in Pasadena, where she is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld.

Mrs. S. E. Shuman and Mrs. A. Kosland are visiting their mother, Mrs. H. Wengenheim, at her home in this city, having recently arrived from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufman have taken apartments at the Richelieu, where they will reside in future.

Mrs. Charles Wright returned Wednesday to her home in Santa Barbara, after a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Joseph Redding is visiting in Santa Barbara, where he is the guest of Mr. and Mrs.

Joseph Schirmer of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer are wintering in the mission town.

Mr. Louis Bradbury arrived a few days ago from Los Angeles and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Algernon Gibson will leave soon for San Pedro, where Mr. Gibson is stationed.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond returned to her home on Broadway last week, after a visit in the southern part of the state.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Whitecomb included Mr. E. M. Handy, formerly state geologist at Washington. Other arrivals are Mr. Julio Rosenthal and family, Guatemala; Mr. D. C. Rhodes and Mr. R. B. Gunn, officials of the Southern California Auto Club, and Mr. John Cain of Salt Lake City.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. H. Lary, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bachelier, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McMillan, Los Angeles; Captain W. A. Brewer and Mrs. Brewer, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. J. Cowing, Sacramento; Mr. Harry Lauder, Scotland; Mr. F. U. Carter and family, San Francisco; Dr. F. Gables, Philadelphia; Mr. D. F. Gamble, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott, Detroit; Mr. T. A. MacKenzie, Honolulu; Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, San Francisco; Mrs. W. J. Simpson, Ross Valley; Mr. and Mrs. E. Reynolds, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. G. Bossen, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McKinney, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Culun and daughter, Spokane; Mrs. W. S. Grunley, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wood, Sacramento.

**Theo Karle, Noted Tenor, in Debut.**

Theo Karle will appear in this city for the first time on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, at the Columbia Theatre. Strangely enough, this artist has never sung in this city before, as he is a Californian and much of his musical training and education was obtained in his home state. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer, who is presenting Karl to local concert lovers, has been watching the meteoric rise of the young American singer for a number of seasons and feels gratified that it becomes his privilege to offer so fine an artist to San Francisco.

Karle will give two song recitals during his visit here, on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, and Friday afternoon, March 8th, at the Columbia. At his first recital the programmed works include such high-class musical numbers as Handel's recit. and aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft Her Angels to the Sky"; the aria "O Paradiso," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine"; Campbell-Tipton's "The Crying of Waters"; the aria "Cielo e mar," from "La Gioconda"; Burleigh's "Little Mother of Mine"; Wait's "The Joy of Man"; a cycle of three Indian songs by Lohr, from his "Garden of Kama," and songs by Harry Spier, Cimara, Mascagni, Salter, Glen, Stickle, etc. On the Friday programme will be noted the "Dai campi, Dai prati" aria from Boito's "Mephistopheles"; the aria "E Lucevan la Stella," from Puccini's "La Tosca"; a song cycle, "The Divan of Hafiz," by W. Frank Harling; Branscombe's "The Morning Wind"; the Handel "Care Selve," from "Atlantia," and a host of other attractive song numbers. William Stickle, the well-known pianist and composer, will preside at the piano for Karle's recitals. Manager Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders for these events, which will be given at usual concert prices. In sending orders enclose check or current funds, and include 10 per cent. of cost of tickets for war tax.

"You say this poem was composed on the spur of the moment?" asked the editor. "Yes, sir," replied the proud author. "It struck me all of a sudden, and I dashed it off." "Permit me to offer you a word of advice." "Certainly." "The next time a poem strikes you, put on a gym suit and run it off."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



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**Guilbert to Return for Recital and Lecture.**

So great has been the success of Mme. Yvette Guilbert in San Francisco on this visit that it has been found absolutely necessary to bring her back here for another recital following her engagements in Southern California. This will take place at Scottish Rite Hall on Saturday afternoon next (February 23d) and an entirely different programme will be rendered by the great French song actress. The programme bears the fascinating title of "The Spirit of France," which will be told through the song medium of madame's repertory. Among the songs of the middle ages are "The Other Day," "Beautiful Doctee," "The Cloistered Nun," and the very clever portrait of a Parisienne, which shows that women of the twelfth century had the same feeling for dress then as now. "The Fable of Scorn of Women," by a thirteenth-century woman hater, and "The Annoyances of the Monk of Montaudon" are two of the most amusing of madame's songs, and others to be heard include "The Girl," "Do Not Believe What They Tell You," "Listen in the Garden," "Man and Woman," and the superb "Prayer of Women," one of Mme. Guilbert's masterpieces of interpretation.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 26th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Mme. Guilbert will deliver a lecture in English on "The Art of Interpreting Songs," in which she will explain "how to sing a song," and give a most valuable treatise on her superb art. The different points of her art will be discussed, and she will analyze, line by line, the fundamental principles of diction, expression, and color in

dramatic art. Because of the educational value of the lecture a uniform price of one dollar will prevail, and all seats will be reserved. As before, Mme. Guilbert will be assisted by Emily Gresser violinist, and Maurice Eisner, pianist. Tickets are now selling for both recital and lecture at the usual offices.

In these days, when newsboys are yelling "special extra" on city streets, it is something of a novelty to wander even in fancy to the Swiss village of Champéry and to listen to the spoken or oral newspaper. Curious enough (says the New York Times) this reversion to primitive ways of giving the news is a Sunday edition. On that day the local villagers, after mass, hear the Town Crier, who, from a balcony overhanging a street, announces the news to those assembled on the village green. First of all he gives the court decisions and the federal and cantonal decrees. All citizens are expected to listen to this spoken newspaper. The Town Crier of Champéry has its spoken advertising department. It gives notice of lost and found articles and quotes the price paid by local establishments for farm products.

Polly—Mrs. Talkatot says she believes only half she hears. Dolly—Yes, but she hears twice as much as anybody else.—*Judge.*

"People should marry their opposites." "Most people are convinced that they did."—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

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Mrs. Post—Dinah, is it raining? Colored Cook—No, ma'am! It has abdicated.—*Town Topics*.

"Did your late uncle remember you when he wrote his will?" "Guess so—he left me out."—*Longhorn*.

"Your husband has been talking to those pretty young girls for almost an hour, and you don't seem to mind it at all." "Not a bit. So long as they are willing to listen to his

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nonsense, I don't have to."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Who gave her away at her wedding?" "Nobody. She simply threw herself away."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Willis—The coal supply in our town is several tons short. Gillis—You're lucky. In our town every ton is short.—*Town Topics*.

Professor—Do you subscribe to the theory of evolution? Mr. Nuritch—I don't think so. Where's it published?—*Boston Transcript*.

Wife—Did you secure a cook? Hub—I have hopes of one. She asked time to look up my standing in Bradstreet.—*Boston Transcript*.

Clerk (in small-town hotel)—Will you have a pitcher of water sent to your room, sir? Colonel Blugross—Water? What for? Aint there any fire escape?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I cya'n't he'p thinkin'," said Charcoal Eph, as he stabbed another sausage, "dat ef mo' folks'd think wid they brains, they'd he mo' haidaches an' a heap less gout."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

First German Official—What makes you think Herr Pumpnickel has been smuggling in food? Second German Official—He weighs only twenty pounds less than he did at the beginning of the war.—*Life*.

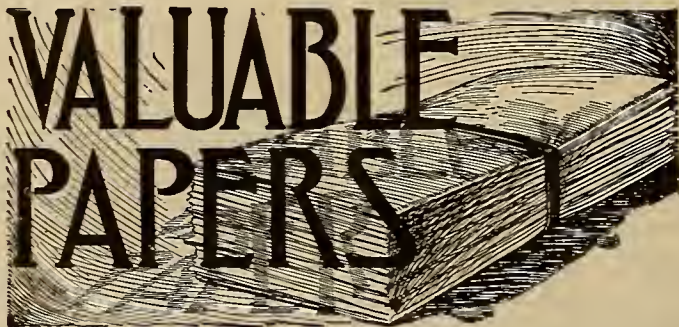
Officer—The best friend I've got—this old revolver of mine. Just as I was getting the worst of a scrap I knocked the heastly Boche on the head with it. She—Oh, how perfectly stunning!—*The Bystander*.

Cyrus—Why have you had your telephone taken out? Iris—I have no use for it. I made a New Year's resolution—if I can't say anything good of a person, I won't say anything about her.—*Town Topics*.

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me just the same? Her Fioncé—Certainly, dear. Why, that's as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I just saw Suhurhus after his being snowed in for a week." "How'd he feel?" "Happy as a lark. He said that he just got a cook out there on the afternoon that the big blow started and she couldn't get back to town, either."—*Buffalo Express*.

Mondy—What foh yo' been goin' to the postoffice so reglar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female? Rastus—Nope; but



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since Ah been readin' in the papah 'bout dese conscience funds Ah kind o' thot Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat minister what married us.—*Houston Post*.

"What's the matter with that automobile?" asked the policeman. "I dunno," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Every time it gets to a street-car track it thinks it has a right to lay off and obstruct traffic, the same as if it was a part of the company's regular rolling stock."—*Washington Star*.

"Boys," said a teacher to her Sunday-school class, "can any of you quote a verse from the Scripture to prove that it is wrong to have two wives?" A bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," encouraged the

teacher. Thomas stood up. "No man can serve two masters," he said proudly.—*Houston Chronicle*.

Fluddub—Young Brownsmith is a steady fellow who never drinks a drop, and yet he seems to have no particular aim in life. Guzzler—What's the use of a fellow having an aim if he is never loaded?—*Town Topics*.

"Even when a young woman rejects you for some other suitor it is not the part of a gentleman to criticize her." "No?" questioned the rejected man. "Positively not. None hut a cad would in any way reflect upon a young lady." "Say, can't I even suggest that I think she has poor taste?"—*Detroit Free Press*.





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## Forty-First Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Straight from the Shoulder.

There is that in the President's telegram to Carpenter Hutchesen which lifts the spirit. It comes straight from the shoulder. Happily lacking are the too-familiar apologetic elegancies: "May I venture to say—"; "I trust I may be permitted—"; "Will you allow me—"; "I am loath to speak—"; "I venture to repeat," etc. There is punch in the phrase: "*Nat anything will be gained by seeing you personally until you have accepted and acted upon your declared principle.*" Still more punchful is the concluding sentence: "*Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?*"

The Argonaut congratulates the President upon this modification of his style—upon the substitution of matter for art. There is that in it which implies that the presidential back is up—that behind the phrase there is resolution with the will, not merely to speak, but to act. The prompt surrender of Mr. Hutchesen and his followers to this straight-from-the-shoulder talk ought to instruct the President that in dealing with obstructionists—our Bolsheviks, whether of labor or of capital—straight talk is better than rhetorical circumlocution. It should further instruct him that there are elements in the country which need to be reminded that they are not stronger than the government and that

they may not defy it with impunity. More strength to the presidential pen—it has at last struck the right pace!

Concurrently with the President's swift knock-out of Carpenter Hutchesen comes a grandiose pronouncement from the Federation of Labor to the effect that "this is labor's war." Verily, it is labor's war in the sense that it is the war of every element and faction in the country—no more, no less. Labor to be sure is a prime necessity in the war; so is capital, so is courage, so is food, so is every other of the varied resources of men and means in the country. It is everybody's war, and no element may shirk its part in it without raising the white flag of dishonor. No element may without arrogance claim the war as its own—assuredly not that element whose shirkings, evasions, and exactions have been the most serious obstruction in our campaign of preparation.

### Shall Congress Abdicate?

Under the Constitution the President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy—in other words he is the supreme military authority. In addition he holds under special act of Congress "war powers" of an extraordinary kind. He controls food, fuel, shipping, and commerce. He "possesses and operates" the railroads. He has been empowered to guard public safety in the matter of espionage, alien property and business, censorship of mails and other communications between the United States and foreign countries. In these great affairs he appoints agents who are directly responsible to himself. He makes "such rules and regulations as he deems necessary." He is empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry out the provisions of the laws giving him the wide authority above described. Furthermore there has been put into the President's hands prodigious sums of money for the carrying on of the various activities committed to his initiative and administration.

Congress has not failed at any point in supporting the President. It has put partisanship to one side. Republicans have vied with Democrats in promoting measures to make free and to strengthen his hands. In truth certain Republicans have gone further than the President's own partisans in sustaining him. It was our own representative, Julius Kahn, who won for Mr. Wilson a measure granting wider powers when the Democratic head of the House Military Committee, an uncompromising pacifist, proved recreant to the common cause. The purposes of Congress are the purposes embodied in the President's own declarations. Congress seeks only to win the war, and we repeat that it has not failed at any point to support and aid the President in the business of winning the war. Whatever have been the defects in our war policy or the activities connected with it, Congress is not to blame. It has done everything that it could possibly do, and it obviously stands ready and eager to sustain further and promote the business in hand.

Yet there has come before Congress with the open sanction of the Administration a proposal to still further augment the powers of the President. A bill introduced by Senator Overman demands for him unrestricted authority to "coördinate and consolidate all governmental activities." It practically asks that Congress shall surrender all save a shadowy power over the public purse—to relieve itself of responsibility for the conduct of the war save the granting of lump sum appropriations to be expended solely in the discretion of the President. It entails surrender by the Senate of its check upon the appointment of higher executive officials. It gives the President authority to take from any existing department its powers and duties and to place them in any new department he may choose to create, at the head of which department he may place a man of his choice without confirmation by

the Senate. In brief, the Overman bill means nothing short of abdication by Congress of its constitutional powers with abandonment of its constitutional responsibilities. It would make the President an absolute dictator, master of all the forces of the country precisely as Kaiser Wilhelm is the master of Germany. Even more, since the Kaiser is bound and limited by his general staff.

Something might be said in favor of this concentration of authorities and powers if Congress had been derelict in relation to the business of war, if it had been an obstruction to military or other forms of activity. Again, something might be said for it if the President under the test of war had exhibited himself as a pre-eminent master of men and forces. But Congress has not been derelict; nor has the President developed supreme merits of judgment or notable powers of action. On the other hand the promptness of Congress in respect of war legislation, its liberality in granting authority to the executive department and in providing money, its putting to one side partisan and personal considerations, is in striking contrast with the course of the executive department as illustrated in delays, confusions, wastes, and a favoritism which has held and continues to hold in high executive posts men notoriously incompetent. Not Congress, but the executive, is responsible for what is amiss in the shipbuilding programme, in the aeroplane programme, in deficiencies of supply of guns, ammunition, even of blankets and clothing for troops in training. The Overman bill is in effect a demand on the part of an obviously delinquent department of the government that there be transferred to it powers which the Constitution has placed upon Congress, which has failed in no single item to perform its full duty in connection with the war. The demand is unreasonable, gratuitous, and in view of all the conditions and circumstances, impertinent. It flies in the face of an essential principle of our government and ignores counsels which have come down to us from the founders of the republic. Washington in his Farewell Address gave to future generations this portentous warning:

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional sphere, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal, against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our own country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be, in any particular, wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change or usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can, at any time, yield.

The Overman bill is condemned not only by the facts that it is unnecessary, that it is impertinent in its demands, that it violates the Constitution, that it flies in the face of Washington's solemn warning, but by the immediate fact that it is a "counter" in defense of an executive organization that has proved itself unequal to the business of conducting the war. Senators Chamberlain and Hitchcock, members of the President's party, have demanded reform in the executive machinery. The Overman bill is an adroit counter



stroke designed to put them on the defensive. We can not think that the President seriously expects Congress to abdicate its powers and responsibilities.

Surely the President has in his constitutional powers and in the special grant of powers made by Congress authority enough for all proper purposes. Surely he must know that Congress wishes, not to restrain, but to aid all proper activities on his part. He ought to know that his immediate need is not for more power, but for a more intelligent exercise of such powers as he now has. He ought to know that better metal is needed in the War Department than a second-rate lawyer who is a confessed pacifist. He ought by now to be informed by the record of failure, confusion, and waste already patent to the country that there is need for stronger men in the multitudinous commissions to which he has committed vital responsibilities and duties. The President is conducting the war as if it were his private enterprise, and he is employing in business of tremendous magnitude men without experience or prestige. There is no need of further authority to reform this condition. He has already more than enough power; what he needs is better men—men of force and experience and established in public confidence.

#### Live Washington Topics.

The "want columns" of the Washington newspapers bear emphatic testimony to the fact that the Capital City is crowded almost to suffocation. Single bedrooms remote from what is known as the "best district" rent all the way from \$25 to \$60 a month. A curious phase afforded by current advertisements are offers of bonuses for information as to where accommodations may be had. Landlords protest that they are not raising rents; that only the sub-lessees do that. Whatever the truth may be, prices of accommodations, already high, are still soaring, a condition which imposes a real hardship upon the salaried class, and especially upon army and navy people who lie under the necessity of maintaining social relationships and "keeping up appearances."

President Wilson is a member of the Presbyterian church and is an occasional attendant upon the services of that church in Washington. Previous to her marriage to the President, Mrs. Wilson was affiliated with St. Thomas' (Episcopal) Church. However, it was the rector of St. Margaret's (Episcopal) Church (Dr. Smith) who officiated at the wedding, and since that event the President and his wife have held a pew in that church modestly marked "The Honorable Woodrow Wilson." Very recently, for reasons unexplained, the Wilsons have given up their pew at St. Margaret's and are occupying the sitting in St. John's (Episcopal) Church which has been reserved for Presidents of the United States since Monroe's day, when the church was built. Gossip has it that this change is due to the fact that Dr. Smith recently in private conversation, which somehow got itself repeated broadly, spoke critically of the Administration's conduct of the war.

There is disposition at Washington to augment the ceremonial attending the appearances at social functions by the President and his immediate entourage. Senator Hitchcock's recent reference to the President—"like a king surrounded by his court"—had a rather striking illustrations last week when the President and Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by sundry Bollings, made their entry at the Dixie ball. "The President's arrival," notes the *Washington Post*, "was heralded by trumpets, the crowd quickly forming an aisle through which the party passed on their way to the presidential box."

Lord Reading, lord chief justice of England, who has just succeeded to the British ambassadorship at Washington, is a Jew and comes of a family with no possible claim to influence. He is described as having "the blackest eyes and hair in Europe," is a notably handsome man, well set up, a constant exerciser and devotee of out-of-door sports. He is reputed to have an extraordinary knowledge of finance, and it was his career as a lawyer that brought him to his present eminence. He is the first lord chief justice of English history to be sent on a foreign mission. Lady Reading is the daughter of a London merchant and before her marriage was Miss Alice Edith Cohen. She is described as "a clever woman, an interesting woman, and a most understanding person." She is reputed to be a con-

stant inspiration and aid to her husband in his professional as well as in his social duties. Accompanying Lord Reading to this country is his only son, Viscount Erleigh, formerly Mr. Gerald Rufus Isaacs. His wife, who is expected to make a figure in the social life at Washington, is the daughter of the Right Honorable Sir Alfred Mond, known in England as the "Nickel King."

The death last week by accident of some half a dozen or more aviators in the several aviation schools is probably the forerunner of scandalous developments. We have a total of approximately 80,000 men in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, a really big organization, and have expended a large proportion of the \$640,000,000 appropriated last year. But it is whispered that while we are thus training men in large numbers we have only an inadequate supply of planes, with no prospect of getting more than twenty per cent. of the number promised for June 1st. It is the old story of the Shipping Board over again—lack of foresight, inefficient management, distribution of contracts by favor instead of by efficiency standards, excessive prices and—a tardy and limited product. In this connection Major-General Squier will probably come in for a major share of the blame, and it is in the cards that he is to be relieved—probably let down easy. Even our present small supply of aeroplanes is declared to be of inferior quality, tragically illustrated by recent accidents.

It is understood that Secretary Baker is slated to go to Europe to represent the United States in the Inter-Allied War Council, in the meantime retaining cabinet rank and leaving Assistant Secretary Crowell as the acting head of the War Department. Crowell comes from Cleveland and is an old and intimate friend of Baker. He is forty-eight years old, a chemist and civil engineer, with a large professional practice in Cleveland. He is not at all of the Baker type, being an aggressive, vigorous, forceful person with the look and manner of a big business man. Upon our entrance into the war he came to Washington as a major of reserves and was placed in charge of the purchasing department of the Panama Canal organization—in other words he was made head of the Canal organization at Washington, a job heretofore held by a major of the Engineer Corps of the regular army. The post is one calling for business thoroughness and Crowell has been eminently successful in it. In November last Crowell succeeded Ingram of Maine as Assistant Secretary, and in that position he has won the approval of the army. He and his wife have the social instinct well developed and in their relatively brief residence in Washington have taken a conspicuous place in the social activities of the official set.

#### A Notable Record.

The party in opposition—the Republican party—has in this war period made a record not matched by any other of the several national factors in the war. It is the only opposition party in any of the many countries, including Germany and Austria, that has not sought partisan advantage by berating the war policy of the party in power. Save in a few and unimportant instances, Republican parliamentary leaders have not been called in council by the responsible head of the government. They have not been honored in the slightest degree with the confidence of the chief executive. Nevertheless they, notably in the case of Julius Kahn, have voluntarily labored for war legislation when members of the President's own party in Congress have proved recreant. At this moment it is within the power of the Republicans in the House of Representatives to overturn the existing Democratic organization and assume control of the machinery of the body. Actually there are now 212 Republicans sitting to 211 Democrats. Not the slightest disposition exists to take advantage of this situation. Restraint, a reasonable degree of sound common sense, and a high patriotism have characterized their conduct in the legislative branch of the government. They have not had opportunity for action in any other branch.

#### Editorial Notes.

Receipts by the *Argonaut* in response to Dr. Fewell's appeal for funds to assist wounded soldiers in France in the purchase of glasses up to February 20th include: Previously reported, \$321.10; from "An *Argonaut* Subscriber in New Mexico," \$10; Martin A. Dreibelbis,

Butte, Montana, \$5; J. J. Shinnors, Los Angeles, \$25; Jesse W. Lillenthal, San Francisco ("Anything recommended by the *Argonaut* must be right"), \$10; Mrs. Hattie S. Walton, Sacramento ("from the sale of personal articles of jewelry"), \$20; Philip Anspacher, San Francisco, \$10; A. C. Baumgartner, San Francisco ("for your French doctor"), \$10; collected in the town of Los Gatos (additional), \$30. Total for the week, \$120; total to date, \$441.10. It should be added that the entire sum contributed in answer to Dr. Fewell's appeal will go under his personal care in promotion of his work among afflicted soldiers in France.

Canada's acceptance of the draft principle, under which maintenance of her fighting forces in Europe is assured, has been brought about by several short cuts to effective action. On the theory that those who don't care to defend the country are not entitled to prevent others from doing so, the "religious" and "conscientious" objectors were not permitted to vote. A considerable element of German-Canadians and Austrian-Canadians opposed to the war on sentimental grounds were likewise disfranchised despite their holding of citizenship papers, under a law which limited the voting privilege to citizen-alien who have lived not less than fifteen years in the province. On the ground that any man who is good enough to fight for Canada is good enough to vote for her, the franchise was extended to Englishmen, Americans, and others enlisted in the Canadian fighting forces. All nurses in war service, and wives, widows, daughters, mothers, and sisters of any man who had served in the army were given the franchise. Thus a single soldier was often able to give the vote to half a dozen or more women. Canada now recognizes only two classes of citizens, those who are fighting for her and those who are against her. All of which is a bit arbitrary, but none the less effective.

The radical thoroughness with which Canada has met a difficult situation is hardly possible of imitation in this country. Yet the war has made it evident that something must be done to reestablish traditional American standards, which have obviously suffered through too-free absorption of alien elements. Our hypenates do not absolutely control the country, but they are a dangerous element in it. Looking to the future integrity of American life, social and political, some way must be found to hold alien elements in subordinate relationship until time shall have remolded them into the American character. We find under test of war that our much vaunted "melting pot" doesn't melt fast enough. Either some better plan must be found for making over aliens into Americans or we must make it more difficult for people native to other countries to gain the rights and privileges of citizenship.

Experience in conveying our ships through waters infested by submarines has developed the fact that the personnel of our merchant marine is not only foreign in character, but largely alien in its sympathies. There are, according to recent investigation, about 5000 Germans sailing under the American flag. Of this number a considerable percentage is ultra-German in its sympathies. This accounts for the fact that discipline on our ships, even those employed in convoy service, is notoriously bad. Before the House Committee on Naval Affairs recently Admiral Palmer gave frank testimony to this effect. In illustration of a very real danger he gave details of two recent incidents:

On this occasion it was necessary to lower the lifeboats while in the war zone and hold "ahandon ship" drill as required by law. It so happened that the vessel entered the war zone on Sunday, and, although the vessel was holding "ahandon ship" drill for the safety of the passengers and crew, it was necessary to pay the crew, while standing by this drill, 40 cents per hour overtime. On several occasions, while passing through the war zone, it was necessary for me to go below, at the request of the corporal of the guard, in order to stop members of the engineers' force from smoking on exposed decks, this being against the law in the war zone. These people in every case were foreigners and could not understand a word of English, and in order for me to make them understand it was necessary for me to forcibly extinguish the cigarettes. All in all, they were the most illiterate and unkempt bunch of human beings it was ever my duty to deal with. The first hour of the watch the speed of the ship was reduced from one-half to a full knot per hour. This is very dangerous in the war zone, speed being the main factor of safety.

These incidents demonstrate the necessity for manning convoys, and especially gun crews, with Ameri-



cans. Yet this can not be done thoroughly because the navy, in spite of its enlarged personnel, is not able to provide the men. In recent weeks only navy men have been put on gun crews, but in large part the general crews of convoying vessels are still largely composed of foreigners, many of them Germans. Safety requires that every man in convoy service should be an American at least in his known sympathies and that he should wear the uniform and be subject to the discipline of our national service.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dr. Alexander Fewell.

SACRAMENTO, February 17, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Who is Dr. Fewell, whose appeal for funds to buy glasses for wounded soldiers has appeared in your columns, and is there any guaranty that money sent will be properly used?

T. M. B.

[Dr. Alexander Fewell is a Philadelphia specialist who has been drawn into the medical corps of the army and is now in France. He was formerly associated with the late Dr. Weir Mitchell. Through his wife, a daughter of Dr. R. A. Urquhart of Los Gatos, Dr. Fewell holds a domestic connection with California, where he has been a frequent visitor. Without reservation the editor of the *Argonaut* vouches for the sincerity and integrity of his appeal.]

Mrs. Allen and Her Work.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 17, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: That an unjust criticism should have been made in the columns of the *Argonaut* for February 2d is the subject of this note of protest. I refer to the column headed "Motives in Japanese Art," by M. R. A. Mrs. Allen is the centre of a circle of devoted friends. Their indignation is herewith expressed. The author's indefatigable research—during years of loving and most intelligent labor—is attacked owing to publishers' American rendering of Japanese pronunciation. As to the bibliography contained in the introduction and final list, could anything further attest Mrs. Allen's thoroughgoing devotion to her subject? She is utterly incapable of taking material from H. P. Bowie's work, to which she gives due credit. I herewith utter the conviction of many protestants.

HELEN MONROE HITCHCOCK.

Income Tax Exemption and Why.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Members of Congress are not exempt from the payment of income tax. The only Federal officers whose salaries are exempt from the payment of that tax are the present President and the judges of the Federal courts who were in office at the time of the enactment of the law. Those salaries are exempted by reason of the fact that the Federal Constitution expressly provides that the compensation of the President shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and that the compensation of the Federal judges shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

The compensation paid by a state to its officials and employees was exempted from the incidence of the Federal income tax, not for political reasons, but because there is no constitutional authority which permits Congress to levy a tax upon the compensation paid by a state or a municipal subdivision thereof to any of its employees.

CHARLES A. STRONG.

The Barnard Statue.

FRESNO, February 18, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I feel I am expressing to you the sentiment of many readers when I thank you for your opposition to the proposed gift to England of the Barnard statue of Lincoln. The reasons for not sending this statue were most clearly and forcefully set forth in your editorial, and the reasons are sufficient to justify hope that means may be found to delay a worthy plan until its worthy execution is made possible.

The American people desire to have the memory of Lincoln honored in the home of English-speaking people, but they do not and can not feel that this would be done by the gift of a statue which entirely fails to give expression to that for which this memory is revered and loved.

The great soul of Lincoln is unrevealed by the Barnard statue. It is as densely material as the metal in which it is wrought. It is not Lincoln. It is "The Man with the Hoe," a dull, insensate caricature of the noble man whose clear vision saw the high lights and pierced the dark depths of human aspiration and human need.

The purpose to send this soulless effigy to England should be defeated.

JOHN W. SHORT.

Washington's Warning.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Before, at the time, and after our break with Germany professional pacifists and pro-German sympathizers (the terms are interchangeable) alike, in their hysterical efforts to deflect our justly aroused resentment from the Hun, constantly bolstered up their other arguments with the quotation of the warning in Washington's farewell address to beware of "the set of primary interests (of Europe) which to us have none or a very remote relation."

The three thousand miles of water within which Secretary Baker assures us he finds some excuse for and safety in our want of preparedness, and which Washington believed gave us a "detached and distant situation," have since the times in which the latter wrote shortened in travel across from weeks to days, and in mind communication, because of the cable, from weeks to seconds. Although this paragraph of the Farewell Address is constantly quoted, another, far more pregnant of meaning and direct in its modern application, has been passed by.

At the instance of the Administration Senator Overman has introduced a bill, now before Congress, which if passed will transfer from Congress to the executive the legislative power to such an extent, as Senator Gallinger remarked, that if it became a law our senators and congressmen might as well pack up and go home, as legislatively, by their own act, they would then have ceased to function.

Had Washington had the Overman bill before him, or had the present conditions and situation in Washington in his mind's eye, he could not have written more appositely than when he said in this self-same Farewell Address that:

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department,

to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal, against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our own country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be, in any particular, wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change or usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can, at any time, yield.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A Free Rendering.

SEATTLE, WASH., February 15, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir:

"Aw, hell," says Lloyd-George, "what's the use o' paying any attention to the bull on those guys in the Central Powers are shooting? Paste 'em on the nose! That's the only dope!"

"But wait a moment," says Woody. "The Austrians say some very nice things. Suppose we commend them for it. That maybe will make the Kaiser irritated at Austria and open a breach between the two."

"Naw. Nothin' to it," retorts Lloyd-George. "You were going to fix the Bolsheviks by handing them that same line o' fancy language. See where it got us. Come on; forget the dictionary and lam hell out of all the Boches. The shots that hit are the shots that count."

A Certain Person seems to believe firmly that language will win the war. Lloyd-George puts his faith in military effectiveness. C. W. ALBRIGHT.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Expectation of a German offensive in the west is not now so keen as it was. The probabilities have had time to assert themselves, and the leading facts of the situation to become clear. A bulletin from Washington tells us that "many of the higher officials are confident that the Germans will not take the initiative on the western front. Officers leaning towards this belief figure that General von Hindenburg will play safe by remaining on the defensive." Other army officers, we are told, express the opinion that Hindenburg's great drive is a bluff, and that he can not afford to risk a battle of such magnitude. An Associated Press report from French headquarters, dated February 15th, speaks of what the Germans might hope to do "should they decide to engage in battle on a large and decisive scale." Evidently a German offensive is by no means taken for granted in France. Indeed there is a decided opinion in France that there will be no such offensive, and that if any offensive is brought it will be by the Allies, and not by the Germans. Now I am far from suggesting that press bulletins should be accepted as sacred revelations, but when they come in numbers and all of the same tenor they are not without significance. Then, too, we have Colonel Repington, who seems to have repented somewhat of his pessimism, or at least to be concerned as to its effects upon the public. He says that some "weak minds" are disposed to interpret the Allied situation as one of inferiority, and that "it is necessary to react against these tendencies, which are not only false, but pernicious." Colonel Repington then goes on to say that the Germans in the west are not now substantially stronger than they were a year ago, and that inasmuch as the Allied armies have often beaten back German forces of twice their strength they can do it again if necessary, providing always that morale and artillery and aircraft are what they should be, and of this we need have no doubt. It is certainly difficult to account for the wave of despondency that swept over the country in obedience to the German threats of an offensive. Evidently we are still disposed to regard the German as a sort of superman, and this in spite of a long series of German reverses that should have settled effectively the question of his military status. Democracy may not be well adapted to the task of military preparation, but it certainly produces an immeasurably better soldier, one to whom adverse odds are an inspiration, and who does not owe his valor to the drill sergeant.

We seem also to have learned that a calculation of military strength on a basis of army divisions is apt to be fallible, unless at the same time we know the size of the division. High French authorities tell us that the German division was formerly 20,000 men, that a year ago it was reduced to 14,000 men, and that it is now only 12,000 men. An Associated Press bulletin from French army headquarters says that the exact total of German army forces in the west is known to a unit, and that it comprises 112 divisions of 12,000 men each in the front line, and sixty-three divisions of immediate reserve. This would produce a total of 2,100,000 men. While there may be some other divisions farther back or on their way, the total would still be less than 2,500,000 men, which would be a force decidedly inferior to that of the Allies. While it would be reckless to say that a German offensive is an impossibility it is at least highly unlikely, and it has been highly unlikely from the beginning. No one can foresee what measures might be dictated by an utter desperation, and therefore by a willingness to risk everything upon a single throw of the dice. But unless Germany has actually reached such a point as this, or unless she is aware of some fatal weakness of the Allied line she is not likely to risk an assault of which the failure would be too obvious for concealment.

We are still without any definite information as to the situation in Russia. Cabled reports say that the Bolsheviks have agreed to sign the peace treaty that at first they refused to sign, but that Germany demands a formal and written acquiescence, and that in the meantime her

armies are advancing into Russia. We are told also that the Russian newspapers are unanimous in demanding resistance, and that efforts are being made to stiffen the remnants of the Russian forces. Trotzky's announcement that Russia is no longer at war was no more than the statement of fact that has been obvious for many months past. Russia is not at war, and she could not make war, however much she might wish to. The order to demobilize her armies meant practically nothing. Private advices show that the Russian army is a chaotic mob, and that it has been making its way to the rear for the last three months, spreading terror throughout the countryside. It is to be doubted if the Bolsheviks could bring it to order even if they should wish to. The army ceased to exist as a military machine from the moment when Kerensky destroyed its discipline by an opera bouffe democracy. Germany is well aware that the Bolsheviks have only the frailest tenure on their power, which will last until the people realize that a hopeless starvation awaits them, and that even a social revolution is not exactly a guaranty of food. She is not likely to place any absurd value upon their treaties. She may persist in her advance, treaty or no treaty. The Bolsheviks may possibly be followed by another wave of still more rabid extremists, but that a conservative reaction is growing up steadily in the background there can be no shadow of doubt, unless all revolutionary precedents are to be falsified. A conservative reaction, stung by the shame of the present situation, must necessarily be anti-German, and it would infallibly react upon Poland and probably also on the Ukraine. Germany's policy is to prevent the reaction, and to perpetuate and intensify a chaos in Russia from which she has everything to gain, and she may think that she can do this in no more effective way than by occupying and controlling the seat of government at Petrograd. But she will undertake a grave risk if she persists in a military advance toward the capital. Germany, of course, can understand no resistance except the resistance of armies. Napoleon labored somewhat under the same incapacity, but he discovered to his cost that the capture of a capital was quite consistent with the destruction of the "victorious" army. The Russian nation could be a terrible foe even without armies. Trotzky's threat was no idle one when he reminded the German representatives that every peasant in Russia had a rifle behind his door. It was not true, but none the less it expressed a truth. The spectacle of a German army on the way to Petrograd might easily arouse the nation to a belated fury, and cause the scales to fall from their eyes, and a guerilla war on such a scale as could be waged in Russia is not a prospect upon which even the most powerful of armies could afford to look with equanimity. It will be remembered also that Trotzky asked the Germans if they intended to take Petrograd, and he added the further suggestive question, "What then?" They would find themselves faced with the responsibility for a vast population maddened by starvation, and doubly maddened by patriotic rage. We may have been a little too quick in assuming that Russia was "out of the war." It may even be true that Russia is today the cause of greater anxieties to Germany than at the time when her disciplined armies were in the field.

We can hardly wonder that the Bolsheviks should hesitate to sign a peace treaty when we realize in what a plight such a treaty would leave Russia. To abandon Courland and the Ukraine would mean that henceforth Russia was debarred from direct ocean trade except through Archangel and Vladivostok, and both of these ports are nearly useless for such a purpose. Russia has already renounced Constantinople, and she is now asked to renounce Odessa and Riga. The loss of Poland would mean that she was henceforth barred from her direct European trade. Russia, in other words, would be pushed back into Asia. Her national status would become almost like that of Persia. That is actually the fate that she faces at the present moment, treaty or no treaty. But we can hardly wonder that the Bolsheviks should hesitate to give to such a tragedy the sanction of their signatures, that they should be unwilling to invoke the certain nemesis that must follow the national recognition of such a crime. The Bolsheviks are, after all, Russians, and not even the social revolution can wholly extinguish patriotism. Nor can the social revolution be expected to flourish in a nation without trade, without ocean facilities, and practically relegated to the status of an Asiatic power. Russia, of course, will not be allowed to destroy herself. Eventually she will be saved from the Germans, and she could greatly hasten that day by awaking from her dreams. But in the meantime the spectacle of Germany advancing into the engulfing bog of an invasion of Russia is not one that would be wholly without its edifying features. Certainly it would not facilitate the activities of the German army on the western front. We may also speculate as to the effect upon the discontented masses of Germany should they learn not only that the longed-for peace with Russia has failed of accomplishment, but that a new war is about to begin. Indeed we already hear stories of a renewal of the strike.

If Austria could be detached from Germany and persuaded into a separate peace it would of course be a diplomatic stroke of the first magnitude. It would mean the collapse of Germany, not only because she would be separated from Bulgaria and Turkey, but also because the Italian armies would be liberated for an attack upon Germany through France. There can be no doubt that Austria is pining for peace, but it is not only the fear of Germany that prevents her from asking for it. Austria dreads dismemberment. She is not at all reassured by vague statements that her dismemberment is not intended, so long as those statements are coupled with the proviso that the national aspirations of her Slav subjects must be considered. For this means dismemberment.



It can not mean anything else. The integrity of the Austrian Empire is incompatible with justice to her Slav nationalities. The terms may be said to be equal and opposite, but Austria knows this well. A general peace treaty that included the integrity of Austria would include also a sentence of death upon her Slav peoples, and therefore it would be an invitation to those peoples to revolt, since they would be enraged beyond control if their immeasurable sufferings should have no other reward than the perpetuation of their bondage. Any such peace treaty would be a mockery. It would indeed be a "scrap of paper," and no more. It would be the signal for instant civil war throughout Austria. It would leave the causes of the great struggle almost exactly where they were at the beginning. And Austria is hardly likely to make a separate peace—except under the most military compulsion—that would do no more than offer her the alternative of dismemberment, or a ferocious revolt animated by inextinguishable hatreds. A mere disavowal of the intention to dismember Austria has therefore no weight whatever. Austria knows that justice to the Slavs can have no other result than dismemberment. And if there is to be no justice to the Slavs, then she has to face a Slav rebellion, and this also must culminate in Slav independence and Austrian dismemberment.

There is, of course, a solution. There is always a solution for such problems, but perhaps this one is hardly likely to commend itself to statesmen who are at heart pacifists, or who must at least conciliate a large pacifist section of public opinion that is not much concerned how the war ends so long as it ends—or seems to. A statesman of independent power would hardly hesitate for a moment. He would know how to tempt Austria from the war, and also how to safeguard her from the evils that are otherwise inevitable. He would suggest to Austria that she abandon her Slav territories, and that they be conjoined with Serbia in a Southern Slav confederation. Such a confederation would be a dam thrown right across *Mittel Europa*, and a permanent wall against German ambitions in the Far East. But it would be possible to erect still another wall, and one of equal strength. Let Austria be compensated for the loss of her Slav territories by the inclusion within her empire of some of the southern German provinces, including Silesia, which Germany stole from Austria long ago. Let Austria, then, wholly German and Magyar, be made stronger at the expense of Germany. This would produce a desirable enmity between Germany and Austria, and at the same time it would make Austria strong enough to hold her own against Germany, which she will certainly not be able to do now whichever way the war goes. We should then have something like an equality of strength between a weakened Germany, a strengthened Austria, and the new Slav confederation. With the loss of her Slav provinces Austria would have lost also her cause of quarrel with Serbia, whom she hated as the leader of the southern Slavs, and therefore the leader and the inspirer of her own Slavs. The Slav confederation alone would be strong enough to hold its place with the moral force of Europe behind it, and it would even be to the interest of Austria to help it to do so. The present bond between Austria and Germany is only a war bond, and a very frail one. The Austrians hate the Germans, and the Germans despise the Austrians. If Austria could see her way to steer clear of the threefold danger of dismemberment, absorption by Germany, and civil war, she would lay down her arms tomorrow. It is because she sees nothing but ruin ahead of her that she continues to fight in the desperate hope that there may be some unforeseen turn to the wheel of military fortune. And she is not likely to be deterred by vague promises that she knows can not be fulfilled except at the cost of an even greater ruin.

There are two apparent difficulties in the way of such a scheme. We have to face the fact that to a certain extent Italy is a claimant—from a certain point of view one may say a rightful claimant—to some of the territories that ought to form a part of the Slav confederation. But this is not an insuperable difficulty, nor one that should be beyond the powers of statesmanship. With her own incomparable record behind her, a record of centuries of effort, Italy would not prove unreasonably obdurate to the demand for Slav autonomy so far as it should prove consistent with the rights of her own nationals. She would not stand in the way of a vast and constructive piece of human liberation. But the second difficulty is perhaps a more formidable one. The threat of even a partial dismemberment, of the loss of provinces, might give a new fury to German resistance. It might somewhat prolong the war. But it would avoid a whole cycle of wars and rebellions that must otherwise inevitably follow. On the other hand the defection of Austria might at once prove fatal to the German war. We may be inclined to think that it would, but it might not. German resistance might be stiffened by the threatened loss of provinces. None the less we have to decide as to the lesser of two evils. Justice to the Slavs—and this ought to be a *sine qua non*—is impossible without the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. The Germans in Austria are one-third of the population, and the Slavs are two-thirds. The Magyars in Hungary are one-third of the population, and the Slavs two-thirds. That is to say Austria and Hungary are governed despotically by minorities, and here despotism means outrage, persecution, torture, and massacre. Unless these Slavs are liberated they will revolt immediately on the conclusion of the "peace," and it would be a revolt of extraordinary ferocity. The only remaining alternative is to liberate the Slavs, and to compensate Austria at the expense of Germany. Such a promise as this would probably be the instant signal of peace with Austria and the collapse of Germany.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1918.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Rhondda, England's food controller, is quoted by a recent interviewer as saying: "I love power and I seek power, but I want to employ what power I possess for the common good."

Mrs. Isaac F. Russell, one of two women members appointed by Mayor Hylan of New York to the board of education, is the wife of Judge Isaac Franklin Russell and the mother of four sons, one of whom won the first Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. For sixteen years Mrs. Russell has been a member of the district school board, and she knows by name every teacher and pupil for miles about her home. She comes of a family of scholars and has written and spoken on matters of education and child training.

Secretary McAdoo usually retires at midnight, and he then turns his affairs over to his subconscious self and goes to sleep. Says the New York *Sun*: "With many men who think deeply the subconscious mind takes over many of the day's problems and gives back the answer at unexpected moments. Mr. McAdoo has found that his mind is up to such tricks, and he places a tablet and pencil beside his bed. He is awakened at night by reports from this busy mind, and he jots down on the pad notes bearing upon the questions."

Rear-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Erskine Wemyss, who recently succeeded Admiral Jellicoe as first British sea lord, was a famous bachelor club man of his day and a familiar figure at the Marlborough and the Naval and Military clubs. He "went in" for motoring quite early in the development of that phase of activity and has long been prominently identified with the Royal Automobile Club. He entered the navy when he was only thirteen years of age, and became a lieutenant ten years later. He waited eleven years more before being promoted to commander, and three years later, in 1901, received his captaincy.

Senator George Chamberlain's simplicity of utterance and manner, his lack of hypocrisy, his lack of pose, all exemplified in his speech the other day, are said by his newspaper biographers to have marked him as a new sort of statesman in the minds of Eastern observers. "He takes their fancy. So it is that they are, as represented by their newspapers, seeking to know more about him. They are finding that, little though he resembles the fighting man, and peaceable as he usually is, he has a capacity for fighting valorously when he thinks the need demands a fight."

Dr. William H. Maxwell, who has been retired from the superintendency of schools of Greater New York on a salary of \$10,000 a year, became superintendent in 1898, when the Greater City was formed. He was allowed this unusual retirement salary because "to him, more than any other man or woman, is due the full measure of credit for relieving the schools of political influence and making possible the appointment of principals and teachers from eligible lists in the order of merit. He has done more. His remarkable genius for administration made possible the centralization and reorganization of the public school system in 1902."

To persons accustomed to frock-coated and high-hatted statesmanship it is said to be something of a shock to enter Secretary of War Baker's office and engage in conversation with the physically little man who sits at the big desk. He is thoroughly American in his informality, and when it comes to smoking he will be the last man to come out in favor of smokeless days as a war savings measure. He is forever at his pipe, and if he is interested in what is being said to him it is not long before he is tipping back in his chair and elevating his feet higher than they ever go in European offices. Or he will sit on the table behind his desk and swing his feet like a schoolboy in recess.

Vilhjalmur Stefannson is a Canadian-born and American-educated Scandinavian who, under the auspices of Harvard University, first carried on explorations in the Arctic region in an archaeological survey of Iceland. Later, for the same university and for Toronto University, he studied the Eskimo of the Mackenzie delta region. In 1908 he began to have official relations with the Canadian government, in the rôle of explorer; and as such from that time to this has done much to open up new territory in British America and report upon its people. He is a highly trained expert, competent to meet the various technical as well as elemental problems that arise while away from the abodes of men.

Leon Trotzky was born in southern Russia, and when only seventeen had already begun to attack the government in the newspapers. At the age of nineteen he was deported to Siberia, where he became acquainted with Lenine. Like him he succeeded in escaping and reached Austria, where he continued to work for the revolutionary cause. In 1905 he was at Petrograd, where he presided over a workmen's congress, but he was obliged to take flight to Germany, where he published a book on the Russian revolution which was extensively read. From Germany he went on to France and at the beginning of the war was editing a newspaper there called the *Nosche Sovs*,

which, being of an extremely pacifist character, brought about his expulsion. Thence he took refuge in Spain, and established himself at San Sebastian, but not feeling very comfortable there, he moved in turn to Bilbao, Barcelona, and Vigo, with the intention of departing from the latter port to America. The police, however, arrested him, and he was transferred to a prison in Madrid. Whilst imprisoned he gave the impression of being a cultivated and intelligent man. He remained in prison four days and was set at liberty on November 13th. He then went immediately to Cadiz, and afterward to Barcelona, from whence he took ship for the United States.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Fairies' Song.

We the fairies blithe and antic,  
Of dimensions oot gigantic,  
Through the moonshine mostly keep us  
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;  
Stolen kisses much completer;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,  
Then's the time for orchard-robbing;  
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling  
Were it not for stealing, stealing.—*Leigh Hunt*.

### Gipsy Trail.

The white moth to the closing vine,  
The bee to the opening clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wide world over,  
Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true—  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you!

Out of the luck of the gorigo camp,  
Out of the grim and the gray,  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
Gipsy, come away!  
Both to the road again, again!  
Out of a clean sea track,  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail,  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the junk sails lift through the homeless drift,  
And the West and the East are one!  
Follow the Romany patteran  
East where the silence broods,  
By a purple wave on an opal beach  
In the hush of the Mahim Woods.

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wold,  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old—  
The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
Light of my tents, be fleet!  
Morning waits at the end of the world—  
And the world is all at our feet!

—*Rudyard Kipling*.

### My Native Land.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he spruog,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott*.

### Confidence in View of Death.

My soul drinks in its future life,  
Like some green forest thrice cut down,  
Whose shoots defy the axmen's strife,  
And skyward spread a greater crown.

While sunshine gilds my aged head,  
And bounteous earth supplies my food,  
The lamps of God their soft light shed,  
And distant worlds are understood.

Say oot my soul is but a clod,  
Resultant of my body's powers;  
She plumes her wings to fly to God,  
And will oot rest outside His bowers.

The winter's snows are on my brow,  
But summer suns more brightly glow  
And violets, lilacs, roses, now  
Seem sweeter than loog years ago.

As I approach my earthly end,  
Much plainer can I hear afar  
Immortal symphonies which blend  
To welcome me from star to star.

The tomb is not an endless night:  
It is a thoroughfare—a way  
That closes in a soft twilight  
And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the love of God, I find  
That I must work as did Voltaire,  
Who loved the world and all mankind!  
But God is love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun;  
Our monuments will later rise,  
To bathe their summits in the sun  
And shine in bright eternal skies.—*Victor Hugo*.



## THE BROWN BRETHREN.

Patrick MacGill Writes a Story of Life at the Front Among the Irishmen.

Patrick MacGill has already so well shown his competence as a war writer that there need be no reluctance to accept his latest book as a reliable picture of conditions on the great battle front in Flanders and France. In this instance he casts his description into the form of a loosely knit narrative. He gives us the story of some half-dozen soldiers moving from trench to billet and from billet to trench, fighting, carousing, love-making, and dying. Most of them are diamonds in the rough; some of them are men of breeding and education; just that mixture of castes that must eventually destroy caste in the countries of Europe.

Perhaps the wierdest part of the story is the sketch of German soldiers who have been left in the British lines after a *mêlée* and who waylay isolated soldiers and murder them in secluded places. Fitzgerald, making his lonely way to his billet, meets a suspicious stranger in a British uniform and is compelled to accept his company:

Again a long silence. There boots crunched angrily on the roadway and ahead the lights of war lit up the horizon. "They're fighting like hell up there," said the man. "There's a big battle on now. Has your regiment been called up?" As he spoke he pulled his rifle forward across his chest and fumbled with the bolt. Fitzgerald stared at him fascinated, his nerves strained to an acute pitch.

"What are you doing with your rifle?" he asked. "Oh, nothing," the stranger answered and slung the weapon over his left shoulder.

Had the man a round in the breech? Fitzgerald wondered. For himself he had not even a cartridge in the magazine. What a fool he had been not to take the precaution of being prepared for emergencies. . . . The stranger came close to his side and his shoulder almost touched Fitzgerald's. The rifleman moved to the left, close to the verge of the road and his hand slipped towards his bandolier.

"It's very dark tonight," he said as his fingers closed on a cartridge.

"Very dark," said the man. "There's no moon," Fitzgerald remarked as he slipped the bolt of his rifle back. Then with due caution he pressed the cartridge into the mouth of the magazine. As far as he could judge the stranger had not noticed the action.

"No, there's no moon," he said in answer to Fitzgerald's remark.

"How far is it to the next village?" asked Fitzgerald and shoved the rounds into the magazine. The cartridge-clip clattered on to the cobbles.

"You've dropped something," said the stranger. "What was it?"

"I've dropped nothing," the Irishman replied. "I must have hit my boot against something."

He glanced at the stranger's face. White and ghostly it looked, with a protruding jaw and a dark moustache that drooped over the lips. As Fitzgerald spoke he pressed the bolt home and now felt a certain confidence enter his being. There was the round snug in the breech of his rifle. One touch of the trigger.

"Did you think I dropped a shilling?" he laughed. "Wish I had one to throw away."

"Many a one would wish the same," said the man gruffly. Then he whistled a tune through his teeth, a contemplative whistle as if he were considering something.

The explosion of a mine between the lines implies a fierce competition for the possession of the crater. On one such occasion a British party seizes upon such a vantage post only to find that it is full of gas and that they are likely to be dominated by a stronger force of Germans:

"Up to the top, boys!" he cried. "Don't stand here arguing like fishwives. Up to the top or you'll be damned unlucky."

Immediately the men were crawling up like ants, but with extreme difficulty. Their heavy boots, their equipments and rifles impeded their movements, each man was a khaki-clad Sisyphus, battling against an incline such as the patient Sisyphus never experienced. The men, grunting and swearing, seemed to be making no headway, the scaling of the crater-side, about sixty feet in depth, was a Herculean task for men strong of wind and limb, for them it was a task of despair.

"We'll never get there," Bubb grunted. Then his eyes sought the top. "Gor! blimey!" he muttered, "there they come."

A man, dressed in German uniform, stood on the rim of the crater, a rifle in his hand, and looked down. As the soldiers watched, he raised his rifle to his shoulder and pointed it at the crush in the bottom of the crater.

The movement was his last. Bowdy Benners arrived at that moment, dressed in full marching order, his rifle in his hand and the bayonet fixed. The "point" was delivered at the shoulder, and Benners' long arms put all the zest of a strong body into the movement. The German came clean over the rim of the crater and rolled down to the bottom, claving at the air with frenzied fingers.

Bowdy lay down at the top, and his rifle became active. Round after round sped across the open towards the foe, who were now coming up in bulk and getting very close to the crater.

"Keep it up, Bowdy!" cried Snogger. "Are they near?" "They're not far away," said Bowdy without looking round. "Devil blow me blind, they'll be here in a second if you don't come up and give me a hand. . . . Ha! They've stopped now, a shell has caught a couple."

"All right, Bowdy, we're here," the sergeant shouted reaching the summit.

There are few aspects of trench war that are left untouched by the author. For example, there is the mysterious malady known as trench fever, from which there is seldom an entire recovery:

The sick boy stood back from the parapet and clapped his hands together in an endeavor to warm himself.

"Gawd, it's cold 'ere," he muttered. "I wish I was in the dug-out 'avin' a kip. 'Twould be so much better than standin' out 'ere. But I wouldn't 'ave it, naw, not at any price. I wouldn't shove my job on to any bloke. Bowdy would do sentry-go for me, good old Bowdy, and so would old Flan, if 'e warn't lettin' them do it if it was out o' the trenches." "How are you getting on, Spud?" asked a voice from the trench. "Feeling the cold?"

The boy looked down at Captain Thorley. The captain and he were great friends.

"Cold," said Spud, through chattering teeth. "It's not warm 'ere, is it, sir? I feel as cold as if I was 'andcuffed to a ghost."

"I hear that you're not feeling well," said the captain. "I'm orlrigat, sir. Was a bit dicky a minute back, but the cold air 'asn't 'arf bucked me up."

"Well, you know that Bowdy will do your job for you if you're feeling queer," said Thorley.

"I know that, sir, but I'm orlrigat," said Bubb. "Besides, I wouldn't rob a man of 'is sleep."

Bubb finished his hour, but when his next turn as sentry came round he was unable to perform his duty. He looked helplessly at his mate.

"Bowdy," he said, in a low, apologetic voice. "I've no guts for anuvver hour's sentry-go. I'm washed out. I will go down to the M. O., not tomorrow mornin', but now. If I stay 'ere any longer I'll 'ave to be carried out o't. But didn't I stick to the last, Bowdy?"

"Of course you did. I'm damned if I'd stick it so long."

"Clear out of it at once, Spudhole," said Billy Hurd. "Ye're like a ghost, somethin' like what a cat would take in on a wet day."

"Ye think I'm sick enough to leave 'ere then?" asked Bubb. "I don't want any o' the fellers to say, arter I go, that I was swingin' the lead."

"If ye stop 'ere any longer, they'll say that ye're stayin' here, hopin' that ye'll be so bad when ye leave that ye'll never be sent back again."

"Then I'm off out," said Bubb, decision in his voice. "I'll try and be back as soon as I can."

He went outside and made his way to the dressing station. Dawn found him snug in a motor on his way to hospital.

We have a hideous description of an attack upon a fortified shell crater in which artillery fire is played indiscriminately upon friend and foe:

Now and again an entrenching tool could be seen rising in air, and it was fired at. When a figure in gray moved, a questing bullet reminded it forcibly of the indiscretion. At times one would rise and walk around in an unconcerned and indifferent manner, probably he had gone insane, or perhaps the pain of a wound put death out of reckoning. The end was in all cases the same, the bullet found the man, and the ghastly fury of destruction held its sway.

On the right they reached the wires and the boys went out and met them: there the bayonet was at work.

They came up in big droves and some fumbled through. The defenders rushed out and gave fight. . . . An excited machine gunner played for a minute on the crush of friend and foe.

The Germans lost heart, retreated and were followed with bayonet, bludgeon, and bomb. Tripping on the wires and stepping in flesh and blood, they went back, tramping on dead and wounded. The latter groaned piteously and shrieked for mercy.

The retreat became general, the front wave of attackers receded, those which followed stood still undecided. Here and there isolated parties made great fight, holding out until the last men fell.

Some of the Irish followed them across: a large party of prisoners were surrounded near the hostile trench. The German gunners had shortened their range and were now shelling the ground between the lines.

Fighting was even more severe on the right. There a confused and struggling mass reeled round the wires in a last wild effort, and the German artillery dealt death impartially to friend and foe alike. On all sides the wounded covered the field, lying in huddled heaps, in rows, singly and in pairs. In front of the mine a German moved on his stomach, then rose to his feet and flung a bomb at a party which went out to succour the wounded. A youngster, a boy newly out, named Ryan, rushed forward with his rifle, fired and missed. Still advancing, he slid a round into the breach of his weapon, shoved the rifle close to the German's forehead and pulled the trigger. The upper part of the man's head was blown off. . . .

That pest of fortified lines, the sniper, comes in for his share of attention. Flanagan and his mate—they are all Irishmen in this story—promise their captain that they will lay a particularly troublesome marksman by the heels, but the job of finding him proves so wearisome that they are inclined to regret their bargain:

Spudhole shrugged his shoulders helplessly and muttered: "We was fools comin' out 'ere. But 'e 'as done for four of our fellers an' 'e must die. If 'e doesn't. . . ."

He shook a cautious little head and became silent. The sun sank down the sky, and its light slid along the barrels of the rifles from hand-guard to muzzle whenever the weapons were moved. Flanagan crunched a biscuit with zealous teeth; Bubb traced furrows in the ground with his trigger finger, but all the time kept his eyes fixed on the front.

"Our boys are makin' tea now," he said. "It's about 4 o'clock, I suppose. . . . that damned sun's in no hurry neither. There!" he ejaculated suddenly. "One of our boys 'as put 'is 'ead over the trench! Wait."

Both men heard it, a smothered shriek like the sound of a drowning puppy.

"'E 'as got it in the 'ead," said Bubb in a fierce voice. "The bloody fool! Flan!"

"What is it, Bubb?"

"I saw smoke," said Bubb, speaking calmly. "Just look over. See a little holler near the German lines? Yes? Well, there's a dead man there wiv 'is knees curled up. Got 'im? That's the place. I saw a puff of smoke and somethin' moved. Look, Flan, see somethin' shining?"

"I see it," said Flanagan.

"The sun's catchin' the sniper's 'ipe."

Both the youngsters drew their weapons taut to their shoulders and adjusted their sights.

"Four-fifty?" inquired Bubb, adjusting his sight to four hundred and fifty yards.

"A little lower, a little lower," said Flanagan. "Make it four and you'll not be far out. . . . It'll be hard to judge. . . . if we hit the dead man. He'll not raise a dust. You aim first, Bubb."

Bubb's left cheek twitched, and his eye took in the objective. He pulled the trigger. A spurt of dust flew into the air, a little to the rear of the dead man.

"Aim low, and we'll get him next time," said Flanagan.

Both rifles spoke together. A figure detached itself from the limp lump which lay in the hollow near the enemy's lines, rose to a standing position, and beat the air with agitated arms.

Thus for a moment, then the Thing collapsed in an abject heap on the ground.

"That's all," said Bubb. "The boys in the trench are firin' now. They'll finish 'im off if 'e's not done in already."

We have a vivid description of a raid upon a German trench. The attacking party with faces blackened have crept across the intervening space and are lying on the

edge of the German trench waiting for their sergeant to give the signal as soon as the enemy's wire shall have been properly negotiated:

Reynolds had a good view of the enemy's trench as he lay on the ground a dozen yards away from the reverse slope of the parapet. He saw the sandbags tilted at strange angles looking for all the world like dead men huddled together in heaps. Immediately in front lay an unexploded shell perched on the rim of a small crater, and near it was a wooden box and a heap of tins. Somebody in the trench was singing a song in a low but clear voice. The night was full of the smell of burning wood; probably the Germans were cooking a meal. . . . Bowdy Benners and the sergeant lay in front of Reynolds, immovable as statues—both might have been dead. . . . Benners turned slowly round and crawled back with a message.

"When the sergeant lifts his branch and holds it over his head, prepare to advance," he whispered. "Get your bombs ready to throw. . . . Pass it along to right and left."

Fascinated Reynolds watched the sergeant, saw him lie still as ever for a full minute, then he raised the branch and held it over his head for an instant, brought it down again and got to his feet. As one man the party rushed forward to the rim of the trench and began to fling their bombs in on the occupants. There was one explosion, then a second, a third, and a fourth. . . . The Germans, taken unawares, raced from one bay to another, but the bombers waited for them at every turning. In their eyes the attack might have been delivered by an army corps. Death had crept up in the night out of the unknown. Men fell, yelled in agony, and became silent, their white faces showing ghastly on the floor of the trench when the smoke of the explosions died away.

"Damned good work! Keep at it, boys!" yelled the sergeant, standing on the parapet and drawing a pin from the shoulders of a bomb. "They're damned unlucky this 'ere time."

He threw the missile at a German who was trying to enter the door of a dug-out, and stepped back to avoid the explosion.

"Blimey, it's a barney!" said Bubb, looking down in the trench. He had come to his last bomb, and wanting to "make it tell," he threw it into a dug-out door which showed in the wall of the paradocs. Followed an explosion accompanied by agonized yelling. . . .

Twenty yards away Reynolds stood on a sandbag, a bomb in his hand, his eyes fixed upon a boy about his own age who, crouching against the wall of the trench, was looking up at him. Reynolds, full of military ardor, had rushed up to the attack when the order was given, and was on the point of flinging the bomb into the trench when he noticed the young German standing motionless, paralyzed with fear. Reynolds raised the bomb with the intention of throwing it, then brought it down again. The terrified foe frightened him. In the heat of passion Reynolds would have killed him, but to take away the life of that shivering, terrified creature was not a job for the youngish newly-out. He gazed at the German, the German returned the gaze, perplexity looked at dread and became horrified. Killing was not an easy matter.

Reynolds drew back a pace, his eyes still fixed on the foe. The battle raged around him; the flash of the bursting bombs almost blinded him, the explosions shook the ground. . . . the flying splinters sang through the air.

Suddenly the order to retire came down the line; a brown figure rushed up to Reynolds shouting something about "getting out o't," seized the bomb which the youngster held and flung it into the trench on the youthful German.

And of course the tanks are not forgotten. We are reminded that Montaigne describes the use of tanks by the Hungarians against the Turks, so true is that there is no new thing under the sun. Each of these ancient tanks contained a "Targattier and a Muskettier" and they were "all over covered with a pavesado, after the manner of a Galliotte." Moreover, says Montaigne, there were three thousand of them, and they "drove those coaches amide the thickest of their enemies' squadrons, with purpose to breake, disroute, and make waie through them." But the modern tank is somewhat more formidable than these:

"There!" he said. "They're making headway. No damned stopping them. Bravo! the tanks! Good old tanks!"

"Bravo!" said Bubb, sticking his head over. But he pulled it back quickly, for a bullet ripped a sandbag beside him, and a handful of clay and chalk was slapped into his face.

"Gawd, that's a bloomin' poultice," he muttered, ducking down and wiping the grit from his eyes. "It 'asn't knocked my 'ead off, but I feels if it 'as. . . . I'm not goin' to look over again till the whistle's blown."

Bowdy Benners placed a mirror on a bayonet and held it over the trench. Looking in it he could see the field in front, the barbed-wire entanglements, the shell-holes, the German trench on which the shells were falling, gouging out the occupants. And the tanks. Yes, he could see them crossing, mammoths moving forward with irrevocable decision, serious-minded leviathans which knew their business and went about it in a deliberate manner. Bullets rattled on their hides, struck sparks out of their sealy armor, but had no effect on the air of detachment with which the great monsters in steel pursued their inexorable way. Nosing complacently forward, they crawled down into shell-craters, hiccupped up again, straightened themselves out, and stealthily pursued their way towards the enemy trench.

"They're getting on," said Bowdy. "We'll soon be over, too." He detached the mirror from its rest and placed it in his pocket. "I never knew a better one for shaving; it's so handy."

Sergeant Snogger came into the bay again frantic with anger.

"I would like to know oo sent that bloody message up," he thundered. "Gawd, I'll find out, and then some one will be damned unlucky."

He stopped, and then gave an inarticulate cry and collapsed in a heap. Bubb's jaw dropped and he stared at Snogger with dilated eyes. The sergeant lay silent and motionless, death was instantaneous, for a shrapnel bullet had smashed his spine.

Bowdy and Flanagan lifted the dead man in their arms and placed him on the frestep.

"I never seed anybody knocked out so sudden," said Bubb in a nervous voice. "One minute speakin' and then. . . ."

"Don't think of it," said Flanagan. "The tanks are well on now. What a funny thing—tanks. They are as old as the hills. Montaigne speaks about them. He calls them coaches. Listen."

It is obvious that the author writes of the things that he knows. He makes no pretensions to literary style, but he has the crowning virtue of fidelity and he makes us feel it.

THE BROWN BRETHREN. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

The clearings for the week of five business days, ended Saturday, February 16th, aggregated \$94,629,077, as compared with the corresponding week last year, in which the clearings amounted to \$77,402,622.32. Saturday's clearings were \$15,981,848.02.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports its total resources as of February 15, 1918, to be \$165,155,000, as compared with \$162,497,000 on February 8th last. The gold reserve now stands at \$85,202,000, or at 58.38 per cent. of net deposits and Federal Reserve Bank liability. Among the liabilities of the bank are numbered \$65,660,000 due on members' reserve accounts and \$2,827,000 due to non-member banks. The collection items stand at \$10,235,000, and the Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation now amount to \$70,677,000.

Unusual interest attaches to the flotation of the third Liberty Loan. This will be in many

investments before the opening of the next Liberty Loan campaign." There is no doubt that the loan will be taken by the people. The whole country realizes the necessity of providing the government with the means for carrying on the war. But the fact that the forthcoming issue will be the third war loan offered, together with the new burdens which the people will face in paying higher income taxes and war taxes makes it necessary for every one to put forth his best effort to take his share of these bonds.

This government so far has been able to finance its war outlays through sales of bonds paying only 3½ and 4 per cent. interest. It may be too much to expect that such low rates can be continued. Money market fluctuations in the last analysis are invariably governed by the law of supply and demand. When the highest grade industrial corporations have to pay from 7 to 8 per cent. for short term loans—which are more popular with the investing public than any other obligation at this time—it would seem reasonable to expect that the time was near at hand when the government might find it necessary to offer investors something better than 4 per cent. for a long-term security. The inducements may take the form, however, of tax exemption in whole or in part. The government will probably require altogether \$10,000,000 before the end of the fiscal year on June 30th next. The treasury so far has placed its large issues of certificates of indebtedness running for periods less than one year chiefly with banks and trust companies. Within the last few weeks, however, large purchases of these certificates have been made by the great industrial corporations whose managers will have to make very large tax payments to the government in June next, a course highly to be recommended to all business houses, large and small. Since these certificates of indebtedness will be accepted in payment for taxes, the money market strain in June will be materially relieved. The money market is even now showing signs of heavy mercantile demand, which is doubtless to be expected in view of the great activity of business and the important financial programmes to be carried out in the near future.

In considering the money market's longer future, the activities of the proposed War Finance Corporation must be taken into account. This concern, if organized on the lines proposed, will have a total lending capacity of \$4,500,000,000. The aim is to finance in this way the vast demands from industrial concerns, business enterprises, savings banks, and certain classes of private borrowers, which find it difficult to place their securities with investors because of the record-breaking war loans which must be put out by the government. These requirements touch a multitude of collateral loans which could not be financed by the Federal Reserve Banks under the restrictions of the Federal Reserve Act. Similar provisions have been made abroad for responding to these needs, but the War Finance Corporation, if put together on the lines proposed, will be in many respects a unique undertaking. It is obvious that some such relief measure must be adopted by Congress. If properly safeguarded it could be made of immense public service at a time when the government itself must have first claim upon the investment market. The usefulness of such a corporation will depend largely on the policy pursued by those directing its affairs.

The cost of producing transportation is increasing everywhere. Railroad managers have expressed much relief at the action of the government in taking over the roads for operation during the war period. Many street-car systems have been forced to apply for a six-cent fare so as to enable them to pay expenses. The price of all railroad material has advanced sharply within the last few months. It is expected that the railroads will re-enter the market before long for cars, locomotives, and other supplies. They will be better able to do this now that they have the government's credit behind them and are no longer forced to finance such outlays on their own account.

Government buying continues to be the chief factor in the steel trade. An immense tonnage is being handled by the leading producers, but production of steel has been seriously curtailed by freight congestion and unfavorable weather conditions which have delayed traffic throughout the West. These drawbacks have reduced production in the industry to probably 60 per cent. of capacity. Unfilled orders on books of the United States Steel Corporation at the close of January were 9,477,853 tons. This shows a loss in unfilled tonnage for the year of 1,996,201 tons. Unfilled orders of \$450,000,000 were reported by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation at the close of 1917. Production of pig iron in January was at the rate of 77,799 tons a day, which was smallest daily average since 1915. Most companies working on government contracts have more business than they can handle. Owing to traffic congestion and the great severity of the

winter the output of many producing plants has been seriously curtailed.

A recent rise in security prices has been based largely on the soundness of underlying conditions and the possibilities of an early peace. There has been a somewhat broader demand for bonds, although the total inquiry is much below normal for this season. The public manifests very little inclination to speculate. High-grade shares have advanced, however, within the last month. This is natural when the extent of the previous price decline is taken into account. The tendency of most business men is to take a fairly optimistic view of the future. There is little disposition to over-trade. This is because shrewd observers of mercantile conditions recognize the importance of the "war hazard" in all business undertakings at this time. The whole country, however, is bent upon winning the war in the shortest possible time, but is not deceiving itself into thinking that preparations for a short war will suffice. These conditions are being accepted by the people, who realize now, as never before, the necessity of pushing the war enterprise in every possible way.

An aggregate of \$799,847,383 of securities will mature during 1918, comprising American railroad issues, public utilities, industrials, state, country, and municipals, and issues of companies in Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, according to compilations by L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Company. The month with the largest bulk of maturities will be July, when \$139,480,842 of the issues will fall due. Of the total of \$799,847,383, \$741,631,853 represent corporation, state, county, and municipal issues in the United States. American railroad maturities are \$214,191,439, public utilities \$224,128,683, industrials \$182,637,760, and state, county, and municipals \$120,673,971. The big month of railroad maturities is April, with a total of \$57,205,820. July is the month of largest public utilities maturities, with an aggregate of \$79,061,000.

The board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange has adopted a resolution to the effect that the committee on stock list hereafter will require as a condition to the listing of new capital issues the approval of the capital issues committee of the Federal Reserve Board, appointed at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The War Trade Board has authorized boards of marine underwriters and marine insurance companies to participate in surveys to determine the cause and extent of loss of cargoes and vessels and to issue certificates showing the findings of such surveys, notwithstanding that the persons who ultimately may be entitled to the insurance money are "enemies" or "allies of enemies." This action has been taken in order that the insurance companies may proceed with their usual investigations of marine losses regardless of the interests involved, but it does not authorize the payment of any insurance money to an "enemy" or "ally of enemy."

Sydney S. Clark, formerly connected with the Liberty Loan department of the Federal Reserve Bank, has become associated with McDonnell & Co. He will be connected with McDonnell & Co.'s bond department and will have charge of the next Liberty Loan campaign.

The 1917 activity of the manufacturers of the United States is evidenced by the fact that the value of manufacturing material imported in 1917 was double that of 1915. The value of manufacturing material imported, as shown by a compilation of the National City Bank of New York in the calendar year 1917, was in round terms \$1,800,000,000, against \$957,000,000 in 1915 and \$874,000,000 in 1914. Manufacturing material formed in 1917 61 per cent. of the total merchandise imported, against 54 per cent. in 1915 and 49 per cent. in 1914.

Another evidence of the activity of the manufacturers of the United States in the year just ended is found in the fact that the value of manufactures exported in the calendar year 1917 aggregated nearly \$4,000,000,000, against \$1,791,000,000 in 1915 and \$974,000,000 in 1914.

Thus manufacturing material imported in 1917 was nearly double that of 1915 and more than double that of 1914, and manufactures exported were more than double those of 1915 and four times as much as in 1914, the year in which the war began.

These large increases in manufacturing material imported occurred in nearly all of the important articles of foreign production required in our industries. India rubber imports of 1917, for example, aggregate over 400,000,000 pounds, against 270,000,000 pounds in 1916 and 221,000,000 in 1915, and the value in 1917 was approximately \$240,000,000, against \$160,000,000 in 1916 and \$111,000,000 in 1915. Hides imported in 1917 show a slight increase in quantity when compared

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with 1915, but a large advance in total value, aggregating for 1917 over \$200,000,000 in value, against \$173,000,000 in 1916, \$127,000,000 in 1915, and \$112,000,000 in 1914. Raw silk imports of 1917 show a total value of nearly \$200,000,000, against \$150,000,000 in 1916, \$95,000,000 in 1915, and \$93,000,000 in 1914. Wool imports of 1917 aggregate in value over \$150,000,000, against \$125,000,000 in 1916, \$95,000,000 in 1915, and \$58,000,000 in 1914. Tin imports of 1917 show a total value of approximately \$70,000,000, against \$56,000,000 in 1916, \$39,000,000 in 1915, and \$33,000,000 in 1914. Fibres show an aggregate value in 1917 of about \$100,000,000, compared with \$65,000,000 in 1916 and \$45,000,000 in 1915. Raw cotton shows a total value for 1917 of approximately \$46,000,000, against \$26,000,000 in 1915 and \$23,000,000 in 1914.

State Director John S. Drum of the War Savings Committee for Northern California recently delivered an address at the Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, as follows:

"If the American people do not practice self-restraint and reduce their spending in order to release labor and material from the production of non-essentials one of three things will result:

"First, government control of all production, resulting in a disastrous shock to thousands of businesses which under the war-savings plan are given fair warning and ample opportunity to prepare for the gradual curtailment of spending.

"Second, unlimited inflation which by driving up prices will force the great body of consumers to curtail their buying, simply because they can not pay the price and live as usual.

"Third, heavy taxes upon consumption, which inevitably fall most heavily upon those least able to bear the burden."

S. E. Albeck, assistant vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, arrived in San Francisco Monday evening to assume temporarily the duties of F. C. Mortimer, who leaves immediately for New York, where he will confer with the officials of the bank regarding their Western business.

According to statistics compiled by the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates there were 117,000 acres planted to cotton in California for the season of 1917. This is more than double the acreage of 1916, which amounted to 52,000 acres, while that of 1915 was but 39,000 acres. Figures for 1917 give an average of 275 pounds per acre; 1915, 380 pounds per acre. While the yield is considerably less than that of past years, this still is the highest yield per acre of any state in the Union. Louisiana ranks second with 218 pounds per acre.

The total production for 1917 was 67,000 bales as against 44,000 bales for 1916 and 29,000 bales for 1915. The total farm value of the cotton crop for California in 1917 was \$9,380,000; 1916, \$4,362,000; 1915, \$1,599,000.

An authority on crop production states that the San Joaquin Valley within the next five years will be producing \$10,000,000 worth of cotton. The promoters of the industry will insist that only the long staple variety be planted, and possibly 2000 acres in the San Joaquin Valley and 1500 acres in the Sacramento Valley will be planted to the Yuma variety this year. Ultimately the Pima will be the only variety grown in these valleys because of its superiority over all others, but there is no seed available this season.

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respects the most important war loan yet offered by this government and because of money market conditions, the investment situation, and arrangements under way to care for the \$740,000,000 of corporate obligations maturing in 1918, the prospective offering gives rise to interesting questions. It is clear that the banks ought to act as underwriters chiefly and not as heavy investors in this loan. The timely warning by the Federal Reserve Board in its annual report as to the necessity of quickly passing the bonds over to private investors ought to be emphasized at this time. At the beginning of this month the Federal Reserve Banks reported total advances against government bonds of \$305,000,000. At that time about half of the rediscounts reported by these reserve institutions were based on government paper. In its annual report the Federal Reserve Board says: "It is obvious, however, that it must now be the serious concern of the board to strengthen the reserves of the Federal Reserve Banks by having them reduce

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## TROTZKY IN NEW YORK.

## The Russian Leader's Life in America.

To understand Trotzky's brief stay on the East Side it is important to get an impression of East Side life to constitute a background against which his powerful figure can be silhouetted.

The East Side is more of a state of mind than even Boston, to which this term was first applied. Externally it is a chain of tenements. Its streets are black with men, women, and children. Many of its thoroughfares are packed with pushcarts. Behind them stand the picturesque peddlers whose shouts, siren-like, serve to attract the beshawled housewife to the wares piled high for her scrutiny and discriminating purchase.

Superficial journalists have exploited the picturesque of the East Side. Reformers have been moved by the challenge of its sordid environment. Externally the East Side is as ugly as its soul is fascinating.

In the whole neighborhood there is no colony of immigrants which can show such a rich and variegated life of the spirit as that of the Russian Jewish immigrants. They support five daily newspapers printed in Yiddish, with a circulation of over 350,000, and read by many more. The Jewish life of the world is mirrored in this press. The international mind is popularized by the agile-minded Jewish journalists, and the news is frequently colored by the headline methods of the American popular dailies. They support many serious weeklies, monthlies, and even a weekly of biting Jewish satire and humor, all printed in the common tongue of the quarter.

There is scarcely a school of religious, social, or economic thought unrepresented on the East Side. Orthodox synagogues and small congregations that conserve the religious traditions of the Jews are, outwardly at least, associated with radical societies that represent every shade of socialistic thought. Cultural societies, Zionist organizations, fraternal orders, settlement houses, labor organizations, hospitals, orphan asylums, homes for the aged are among the many other visible incorporations of popular aspirations.

The tone of this restless spiritual life of the East Side is supplied by the vigorous Jewish labor movement. The unions of Jewish workers are no mere trade organizations for higher wages and better living conditions. They supply the outlet for that striving which bread alone can not feed.

The tragedy of the great war has acted as an international catharsis, purifying the souls of many and liberating human sympathy on a most unprecedented scale. The heart of the Jewish worker has been touched by the affliction of his flesh and blood throughout the war zones. He has given generously and with sacrifice of his small means to relieve the sufferers. But the vision of the men who make up the Jewish proletariat includes the brotherhood of the workers, and mere relief, though necessary, does not appeal either to their imaginations or their minds. They see in the outcome of the world war a realization of their dreams of internationalism—a federation of free peoples.

Therefore while American Jewry was raging with controversy over the calling of an American Jewish congress which would represent American Jewish opinion respecting the removal of Jewish civil and political disabilities at the final peace conferences of the belligerent nations, and whether it should or should not advocate the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine, the Jewish workmen of America organized a National Committee of Jewish Workmen on Jewish Rights. The freedom of the Jews of the world concerned them even more than Palestine. In their reaction as to Jewish questions the Jewish workers are internationally minded.

One of the first things undertaken by the National Committee was the publication of its Black Book of Jewish Suffering, which set forth a series of acts of cruelty deliberately committed by the military staff, the bureaucracy, and the tools of the Romanoff régime against Jews who were giving their lives for the Russia which persecuted them. As chairman of the committee on publication I submitted the Black Book to the convention of the National Committee of Jewish Workmen on Jewish Rights at Beethoven Hall, New

York City, March 25, 1917. Five hundred thousand Jewish workmen of the United States were represented by delegates that Sunday morning.

In presenting the book I tried to enlist the support of the radical workers for the war, and appealed to the internationalism of the proletariat by declaring that the dream of Marx and Lassalle was coming true. It had become a practical world issue, and the President of the United States was sponsoring the necessity for internationalism as the only basis for a permanent peace.

So long as I dwelt upon internationalism there was warm response. But when support of the war was urged the response was not so enthusiastic. The ordeal was passed with more subjective satisfaction than applause.

Upon the platform sat a tall, broad-shouldered, shabbily dressed, and gaunt figure. His friends say that he is under forty, but his appearance, with the lines of suffering in his face, was that of a man past fifty. He had keen and blazing eyes. He looked unshaven, and his hair was disheveled. He was a picture of the disinherited intellectual—a fighting agitator who had neither the means nor the inclination to concern himself with his appearance.

The chairman introduced him—Comrade Trotzky. When he rose the convention applauded him vigorously. They recognized him as one of their own.

Trotzky's manner of speaking was unlike the manner of the conventional agitator. He was calm, sincere, and undramatic. His sharp, metallic voice penetrated the hall without exertion and carried conviction.

Unfortunately, I could not understand what he was saying, for he spoke in Russian. But the drift of his speech became plain with the help of a friend who sat next to me. His personality was magnetic. Every little while the audience chuckled or roared with laughter at a sally or a satirical reference to the capitalistic war for humanity.

I remember vividly my friend's translation. Trotzky depicted the world war as the clash of capitalistic states in their race for world empire. He referred to Morgan of the United States, Bleichroeder of Germany, and the Rothschilds of France and England as capitalists who were accidentally Americans, Germans, French, or English. If shaken in a hat and thrown into other countries they would take the other side with the same degree of patriotism.

He contrasted the conflict of interests of the capitalistic states with the common interests of the workers of the world, and pointed out that there was only one war in which the workers of all lands were concerned—the class struggle; and only one enemy—capitalism.

He appealed to the workers to remain steadfast to their internationalism and to continue their enthusiasm for the only tactics which will realize it—the revolution of the workers of the world.

While in New York Trotzky lived in a Bronx flat with his wife and two children. He earned a meagre living by lecturing to Socialist locals and writing for a Russian radical paper, the *Novy Mir*, in its dingy editorial rooms in St. Mark's Place.

Trotzky was born in a little Jewish colony in the province of Kerson (Little Russia). He received his education at the gymnasium of Tchernigov, and probably went to the university, though he was never graduated. He was, like other Russian students, eagerly engrossed in revolutionary activities. He became prominent in the revolution of 1905 as president of the first Council of Workmen's Delegates at Petrograd.

With the failure of the 1905 revolution Leon Braunstein—for that is his real name—was arrested, tried, convicted, and exiled for life to Siberia. Like other revolutionists, he made a daring escape from Siberia, and it is said that he accomplished it by the use of the passport of his jailer, whose name, Trotzky, he also assumed, and whom he sufficiently resembled to make such a method successful.

He lived the life of a revolutionary outcast in some of the leading capitals of Europe. Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, and Madrid he knew. Like other revolutionists, he found refuge in Switzerland.

He arrived in this country in 1916 and received a warm reception from his East Side comrades, who were accustomed to welcome and help revolutionary outcasts. The East Side has been a sanctuary for many of the men and women who were driven from pillar to post for their dreams of Russian freedom.

Trotzky's struggles on the East Side were not new. His restless energies found many avenues for expression. He talked to scores of assemblies and wrote many articles. He had on the East Side and in the radical Socialist movement a large and responsive audience.

Sholem Asch, brilliant Jewish writer and dramatist, whose plays have stood the test of successful European production and whose fascinating feuilletons should have even a wider audience than the Yiddish newspaper-reading public, wittily remarked to me, as we

sat in one of those East Side cafés, where the air is either heavy with philosophic discourse or scintillating with wit: "I am honored with the burden bequeathed to me by the Russian premier. I must pay the \$200 for the premier's furniture which he bought on the installment plan for his Bronx flat. His excellency, answering the call of his country, left New York and left me with the debt—which I had guaranteed."

So Leon Trotzky returned to Russia and plunged into the maelstrom. How he will emerge it is difficult to prophesy.

Trotzky's remarks to the Allies and the Central Powers have reminded me at times of addresses I have heard East Side labor leaders make to garment manufacturers. They show the same nerve, the same subtle jockeying for position.

His publication of the secret treaties was such a strike stroke, and it answered the demands of the Russian soldiers who were told by the German soldiers with whom they fraternized on the east front that the Allies' aims were imperialistic. "If you want proof, ask your representatives at Petrograd to publish the secret treaties. They will convince you." When the German soldiers abandoned fighting they were sowing the seeds of German propaganda. The literal-minded Russian soldier said, "It is not true. We shall ask our government." And so they sent a committee to Petrograd. The publication of the treaties was Trotzky's reply to the demand of Russian public opinion. It also answered the demand of liberal world opinion and brought forth a definite statement of our democratic war aims, which Kerensky's milder methods of importunate appeal and good manners could not achieve.—Henry Moskowitz in the Outlook.

## Roumania's Self-Sacrifice.

Roumania's present courageous effort to stand pat with the Allies long enough to give Russia a chance to recover her self-control recalls a similar sacrifice a generation ago.

In May, 1877, Roumania, with the promise of help from Russia, threw off the Turkish suzerainty. Her treaty with Russia provided that she should give passage to a Russian army to attack Turkey, but it was not thought possible that the little principality could give much effective military aid, except by defending her own frontiers. Russia did not prosper in the war. Her forces were held up at Plevna in Europe and at Erzerum in Asia Minor. A mean-spirited people would have taken this as a hint to draw back. The Roumanians, with fine chivalry, saw in it an irresistible call to go to the help of their friend. Prince Charles of Roumania collected all his forces, 28,000 foot and 4000 horse, and joined the Russian forces held up at Plevna. The Russians recognized at once the chivalrous nature of this step and its practical usefulness. The Roumanian leader was made commander-in-chief of the allied force and a fresh attack was made on Plevna.

It was the days of war in the grand manner, before German ideas such as poison gas had been called in to oust gallantry from the field. The Roumanian prince gave to his soldiers the most difficult and dangerous point of attack, the Grivitza redoubt. The story of the taking of the redoubt on September 11th, and later of the whole Plevna position, is a matter of history. It was one of the finest military exploits recorded, and it proved decisive in winning the campaign for Russia.

Not much gratitude was shown by Russia for this aid at a critical time. After the defeat of Turkey, she proposed territorial arrangements which did less than justice to Roumania, whilst giving a huge reward to Bulgaria, who had done little or nothing in the war except stain its record with atrocities in answer to Turkish atrocities. But Roumania at least won her independence, and her prince was crowned king with a bronze crown made from Turkish guns which he had captured at Plevna.

The British Young Men's Christian Association has decided that its butts in France will be converted after the war into hostels for visitors to the battlefields, chiefly relatives anxious to visit the graves of their fallen kind. The British authorities anticipate a great pilgrimage of British people to France and Belgium immediately after the war, and as far as possible steps will be taken to facilitate the natural eagerness of those at home to visit the scenes where their relatives have fallen. But with a large part of France and Belgium in ruins, particularly those districts in which lie the graveyards, there will be little accommodation for visitors. So the Young Men's Christian Association proposes to use its hundreds of huts as temporary hostels.

Toronto has a population of 473,829 persons and covers an area of 25,330 acres, or 39.58 square miles. The total assessment is \$602,777,559 and the number of buildings 98,500. Toronto's assessment in 1898 was \$126,681,312; in 1908, \$206,385,253, the increase in twenty years being over \$400,000,000.



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FRENZIED FICTION.....\$1.25 net  
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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### This Is the End.

Stella Benson, who wrote "I Pose," has succeeded once more in striking a new vein. She tells us a story of London life in wartime, but she does it in a spirit of high romance and with a humor that admirably match her theme.

Her heroine is a young girl of good family who leaves home secretly and becomes an omnibus conductor. Her family, misled as to her whereabouts by her letters, set forth in an automobile to search for her, and the family is certainly a delicious creation. The brother is in the secret, but the brother goes to the front and is killed, and his friend, William Morgan, brings the news to the girl in her mean little home:

He was very anxious you should know the truth about it, because he said he had never lied to you. He was always sure that if he were shot it would be in the back while he was facing his hoots, or at some other unromantic moment. And in that case he said he could lie to Anonyma and your cousin vicariously through the War Office, which would write to them about Glory, and Duty, and Thanks Due. But he wanted me to write to you, and tell you how it happened, and tell you that death was just an ordinary old thing, no more romantic than anything else, without a capital letter, and that one died as one had lived—in a little ordinary way—and that there was no such thing as Glory between people who didn't lie to each other. I am telling you all this from my notes. I should never have thought of any of it for myself, as you know. I hope you don't mind.

And so we are not left quite without a love story after William Morgan appears. But this is not the main intent of the book, which is something much deeper.

THIS IS THE END. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35.

##### Pangermania.

Mr. André Chéradame, who perhaps knows more of the political aspects of the war than any man living, has prepared this little volume with special reference to American policies. But much of it is a restatement of the case as already presented to us by the able pen of the author. He gives us the history and the meaning of the Bagdad Railroad. He shows us that it was the basis of the plot for world domination and that Germany still hopes to preserve this basis for her future efforts. He warns us against the drawn game and against the insidious pleas for a peace "without annexations or indemnities." And finally he shows us how Pangermania may be destroyed by the erection of a Slav Confederation that shall be a permanent dam to the stream of Teutonic ambitions.

"Germany," says Mr. Chéradame, "no longer exists. In her place stands Pangermania, whose existence is incompatible with the independence of the United States and the freedom of the world." For Pangermania includes America. Pangermanism and Americanism can not exist side by side in the same world. In 1898, before Manila, Rear-Admiral von Goetzen said to Admiral Dewey: "In about fifteen years my country will begin a great war. . . . Some months after we have done our job in Europe we shall take New York, and probably Washington, and we shall keep them for a time. We do not intend to take any territory from you, but only to put your country in its proper place with

#### "THE FLAMINGO'S NEST" A HONOLULU NOVEL

The Boston Transcript (Feb. 6) says: "With all the gorgeous setting of life in a tropic island, the author has blended big business, romance and exciting adventure into a well rounded tale progressively interesting to its unusual and unexpected, but happy ending."

369 pages. Express paid, \$1.35. Address R. SPRAGUE, 2112 Durant Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

reference to Germany. We shall extract one or two billions of dollars from New York and other towns." The emperor himself said to Mr. Gerard: "I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war." This was German policy and it is still. Those who wish for its presentation with unanswerable facts and figures will find it here.

THE UNITED STATES AND PANGERMANIA. By André Chéradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

##### Undergraduates and Colleges.

The author is dean of the college, Columbia University, and his credentials for a critical work such as this are therefore at once established. But his mission is a severely judicial one. He holds no brief for the colleges or against them. He recognizes the existence of a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with the educational system as a whole, and he asks if it be well founded. Are we getting dividends on our educational investment?

The author covers the whole field under the double heading of "The Student and the College" and "The College and the Student." He finds that the most serious indictments are a general lack of thoroughness and a lack of seriousness. But perhaps these failings are not peculiar to the college. They may be national failings that are reflected in the college. The man who complains of the carelessness of his son may have his wife's letters still unmailed in his pocket. He may also have paid his \$5 for membership in some rubbishy scientific society with the vague idea that he himself has become scientific. It is pitifully seldom that we find the adult who knows how to do any single thing supremely well, who has any real knowledge of national or world problems, and still less who has any intellectual ambition unassociated with money. While our own ideals are so low we can not expect that college ideals shall be high.

None the less we can not speak of the American college in general terms. There are five or six hundred American colleges, and the majority of them, says the author, ought to be permanent. We must ask the college to impart not so much beliefs as tendencies, and in the full assurance that vision will come.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AND HIS COLLEGE. By Frederick P. Keppel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.60.

##### The Finding of Norah.

The course of true love never did run smooth, but it is not often ruffled by politics. It is so here. Norah is engaged to Henry. Norah is poor, Henry is rich, which of course makes it an eminently suitable match. But Norah supports the early war policies of the President and Henry does not. Norah says "he kept us out of war." Henry says "more's the pity." And there you are. In point of fact Norah is a pacifist. She might almost be called a pro-German, but she would not like this. Norah even goes so far as to applaud our Mexican policies. Mexico, says Norah's champion, the Socialist tutor, has adopted a constitution. She is increasing order, eagerly educating her people, reclaiming her lands. "We are more and more friendly with these people," says the tutor, "whose friendship is going to be a matter of grave importance to us during the months and perhaps the years to come." The tutor evidently does not read the newspapers. Frankly we do not think much of Norah or of the tutor. Nor, eventually, does Henry, which seems a pity because on the opening page we read that "Norah spoke with her face half-hidden against the strength and breadth of Henry's chest." Of course there was no one looking except the reader, and he doesn't count. We vote for Henry.

THE FINDING OF NORAH. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

##### The Campaign in German East Africa.

The perspective of the great war, measured in terms of numbers of men engaged and strategic and political results involved, tends to obscure many brilliant feats of arms performed on the fringes of empire. Of all these distant operations none has presented such problems of sheer physical difficulty or required such indomitable perseverance in the face of well-nigh insurmountable obstacles as that carried through to success in German East Africa by the small army led by the redoubtable Jan Smuts.

In "Marching on Tanga" Dr. Francis Brett Young has described the most interesting phase of this campaign, the second phase, when after setbacks and discouragements the little army set forth from Taveta, under the shadow of Kilimanjaro, to work its way to the German railway line and then down this to the sea at Tanga. His book is not primarily a military account, but the personal experiences of a military surgeon who had the good fortune to be in the forefront of it almost to the finish of the campaign.

One gets from his account a very good general idea of the plan of campaign, which involved the sending of expeditions through unknown country in the almost impenetrable bush to flank the Germans defending the rail-

way. These forces not only had to overcome the difficulties of the thorny bush, where at every moment they were liable to be exposed to deadly machine-gun fire from ambush, but they also had to camp in fever-stricken areas where even the natives could not live. Added to this was the frightful difficulty of transport, where their animals perished by thousands from the heat, from lack of water, and from the tsetse fly.

But they did their work, and the story of the accomplishment of their well-nigh impossible task makes one of the brightest pages in the annals of the British army.

Dr. Young had such adventurous experiences as rarely fall to the medical arm of the service, and he relates them with modesty and spirit. Fever struck him down before the final achievement, but not until he had lived through the marvelous days of the great flanking movements through the bush and forest and swamp, down the Pagani River. Altogether it is one of the really fine narratives of the war and a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a field of action concerning which too little has been written. Not least does it give a fine picture of that stalwart soul, General Smuts, whose personal qualities were the chief hase upon which success was built.

MARCHING ON TANGA. By F. Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Much should be done, especially by leaders, in training themselves by self-discipline," says Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, the dashing cavalry leader of the Philippine campaign, in his timely hook on "Leadership" (J. B. Lippincott Company). "These hodies of yours are going to rebel strenuously when hardships and hunger bear hard in campaign; they are going to command a halt for rest at the crucial moment when victory lies just beyond the seeming limit of your endurance. Well for you in that time if you have taught the physical man that he must obey the moral. The true leader has himself under strict command before he obtains the same control over others." The principles underlying successful leadership are illuminated in this inspiring guide to American leadership.

"The trouble with the melting pot," says Dr. W. S. Sadler of Chicago in his book, "Long Heads and Round Heads; or, What's the Matter with Germany?" which McClurg's will issue in February, "is that it does not melt." Race, he claims, is the dominating factor of civilization, and not environment. Answering his own query, he says the matter with Germany is that the old long-headed, intelligent, and superior stock which comprised the Germany of former times has been displaced by a round-headed, stupid, and brutal race, which anthropology calls Alpine. Germany has been undergoing race degeneration because the melting pot has not worked well there. Her experience is a warning to the United States.

"Holding the Line," by Sergeant Harold Baldwin, is a personal narrative of the war experiences of a Canadian soldier on the Flanders front. He took part in the terrific battles on the Yser Canal and at Ypres when the Germans so nearly succeeded in their drive for Calais. McClurg's will issue the book in February.

"Great men are the simplest persons in the world." This is a statement by Demetra Vaka in her new hook, "In the Heart of German Intrigue," and surely she should know, for in order to get to Greece she had to see the leading men of three countries, and in Greece she talked with Constantine, Venizelos, and a host of other military men and diplomats. In London an influential acquaintance told her curtly: "You might as well try to see God as to see Lloyd-George." Nevertheless she did see Lloyd-George and talked with him for forty minutes. "In the Heart of German Intrigue" is distinctly an "inside story," one full of interest and amazing revelations and one which, probably, no one hut Demetra Vaka, herself a Greek, could have secured.

Margaret Deland said just before her departure for France of Donald Hankey's "A Student in Arms" that "Hankey's letters are most moving and wonderful, full of a spiritual exaltation that really makes this awful business of living in a war-torn world seem, somehow, worth while." The two Hankey books, the first series and the second series of "A Student in Arms," continue to hold the interest of the American public as few war hooks have done.

##### New Books Received.

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

Appreciations and estimates.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN. By Jon Stefansson, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Story of the Nations.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Conrado Barbagallo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

The monarchy and the republic. From the

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PLACES MANUSCRIPTS FOR PUBLICATION

foundation of the city to the death of Julius Caesar.

A MANUAL OF MYSTIC VERSE. By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

A choice of meditative and mystic poems.

CHILDREN OF PASSAGE. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50. Scotch sketches.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN. By Sir William F. Barrett, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

An examination of the phenomena of spiritualism and of the evidence for survival after death.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE. By F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Conscious guidance and control in relation to human evolution in civilization.

THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of the secret service.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE. Washington: Government Printing Office. Annual report, 1916.

LOVE AND LIBERTY. By Alexandre Dumas. New York: Brentano's; \$1.40.

A novel. Translated and with an introduction by R. S. Garnett.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Luther K. Zabriske. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.

Historical and descriptive, commercial and industrial facts, figures, and resources.

SIR OLIVER LODGE IS RIGHT. By Grace Garrett Durand. Privately Printed at Lake Forest, Illinois.

Spiritualism.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY, 1215-1915. By Charles Cestre. Translated from the French by Leslie M. Turner.

A historical survey covering the relations between the two countries considered from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PRECIOUS STONES. By Frank B. Wade, B. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

For jewelers and the gem-loving public.

FIELD BOOK OF INSECTS. By Frank B. Lutz, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50. With about 800 illustrations, many in color.

REVOKE. By W. de Veer. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Nietzsche.

Those who wish to know what Nietzsche actually thought and taught rather than what others have supposed him to have thought and taught will do well to possess themselves of this substantial volume by William Mackintire Salter. Mr. Salter is evidently a sympathizer, but he is not a pleader. No presentation of Nietzsche could be more sincere or conscientious, and that it is not only an interpretation is evidenced by the numerous citations that appear on every page. To suppose that Nietzsche's teachings were monstrous is to exaggerate. That they were responsible for the degradation of the German mind is improbable. Nietzsche believed that humanity could rise to superhuman heights and that there should be no interference with those capable of such ascent. He had his own conception of pity, sympathy, and virtue, and even though we may reject them they do not often seem to be repulsive.

Nietzsche can not be said to have had a philosophy in the sense of a connected and reasoned whole. He had innumerable philosophical ideas, often disconnected and incongruous, and he expressed them with a certain petulant vagueness that often obscured their meaning. Nietzsche's quarrel was with the degenerate, physically, mentally, and morally, and not with the sick and weak. He blamed Christianity for nurturing and valuing degeneracy, for preserving the hopelessly unfit, not for its sympathy toward the curable. Our applause may be for the Christian attitude. Probably it is, and probably it ought to be. But to charge Nietzsche with a callous cruelty is to misinterpret him. For those who have not made up their minds about Nietzsche or who have made up their minds on insufficient knowledge Mr. Salter's book should prove invaluable.

Nietzsche the Thinker. By William M. Salter. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$3.50.

## Out of Nature's Creed.

Mr. Thomas Nunan did well to write and to publish the little poem entitled "Out of Nature's Creed." Amid the riot of free verse, of the maudlin, and of sheer silliness, it strikes a welcome note of sincerity that we should be sorry to miss. It may be that Mr. Nunan can strike other sparks from his anvil. Indeed we are sure he can, and therefore the welcome accorded to this little venture ought to be the most encouraging kind.

OUT OF NATURE'S CREED. By Thomas Nunan. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

## Brief Reviews.

"Sir Oliver Lodge Is Right," by Grace Garrett Durand, and published at Lake Forest, Illinois, is a little volume of spiritualist pleas and experiences. It may be said to be marked by an almost incredible credulity.

The John Lane Company has published "Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays for Children," by Netta Syrett. There are six of these plays, all of them within the compass of home ability and charmingly written.

B. M. Bower's latest story is "Cabin Fever," just published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1.35). Cabin fever may be described as frontier ennui, and in this case it attacks Bud Moore and causes trouble between Bud and his wife.

The Macmillan Company has published a little volume of practical advice to the soldier. It is entitled "Hand-to-Hand Fighting," by A. E. Marriott, and it contains illustrations upon well-nigh every page. The price is \$1.

Everyman's Library, now in course of issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. and already containing over 700 volumes, has been enlarged by the addition of J. V. Duruy's "History of France," in two volumes. Everyman's Library brings the best of the world's literature within the reach even of the impecunious. It is a public benefaction.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "The Field Book of Insects," by Frank E. Lutz. The volume is uniform with the F. Schuyler Mathews "Field Book of Birds, Trees, and Flowers." The author makes this fascinating study of insects easy for the amateur, who is

also greatly helped in his identification by the illustrations, some 800 in number, many in color, by Edna F. Beutenmuller. Price, \$2.50.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Vigilantes.

Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the Spring is in the air again!  
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain  
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.

Long was the winter, long our lips were dumb,  
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.  
Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the Spring is in the air again!

The Spring!—with bugles and a rumbling drum!  
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,  
Now is the hour with singing to make vain  
The hoast of kings in Pandemonium!

Surely the time for making songs has come!  
—Herman Hagedorn.

## The Most-Sacred Mountain.

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,  
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the  
slow six thousand steps of climbing!  
This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foot-hills nestle, brown with  
flecks of green; and lower down the flat  
brown plain, the floor of earth, stretches away  
to blue infinity.

Beside me in this airy space the temple roofs cut  
their slow curves against the sky,  
And one black bird circles above the void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;  
And with them hoods eternity—a swift, white  
peace, a presence manifest.  
The rhythm ceases here. Time has no place. This  
is the end that has no end.

Here, when Confucius came, a half a thousand  
years before the Nazarene, he stepped, with  
me, thus into timelessness.

The stone beside us waxes old, the carved stone  
that says: "On this spot once Confucius stood  
and felt the smallness of the world below."

The stone grows old:  
Eternity is not for stones.

But I shall go down from this airy space, this  
swift white peace, this stinging exultation.  
And time will close about me, and my soul stir to  
the rhythm of the daily round.

Yet, having known, life will not press so close,  
and always I shall feel time ravel thin about  
me;

For once I stood  
In the white windy presence of eternity.  
—Eunice Tietjens, in "Poetry."

## A War Episode.

From east to west the conquering horde swept on.  
By poison gas and liquid fire and steel  
They gained new fields of France, laid waste her  
homes.

A peasant, Joan, scarcely more than child,  
Dark, dreamy-eyed, content and faithful toiled  
As "little mother" in a home bereaved.  
Then War, relentless, added to the slain  
Her father, loved and strong, and need arose  
That she should earn the bread that might sustain  
His young. Joan was brave, and for their sake  
Took proffered service in the camp she loathed.  
Joan was comely, too. Soon, leering eyes  
Peered into hers, coarse words filled her deaf  
ears,  
Nor was she gently used.

## In sufferance mute

Awhile she toiled. Life's holiest mystery  
Was hers. Then stealing forth, one lone dark  
night,  
Nor mattered hunger, weariness nor cold,  
'Gan the long march to kin in safer France.  
She found the open door, and entered in.

Near by the quaint old town there had been placed  
An infant's crib, "Cradle of Shadows" named,  
'Twas stony, rough and cold, but into it,  
So read the book of law, there might be placed  
An infant, who, perforce, had come, unloved,  
Unheeded, in War's hot and heartless trail.  
To ring a nearby bell should succor bring.

The state would take it, rear, and parent he.  
Nor let the huzzing tongue of calumny  
Assail the hapless maid who placed it there.  
To this lone tiny bed one summer's day  
Came Joan, with her human burden small.  
There, rapt in distant vacant stare, she stood.  
A vision grim—father and brothers slain,  
Her country shamed, one unnamed, hideous  
scene—

All hurred her soul. She stood erect, transfixed.  
Then, with inhuman will, laid murderous hand  
Upon the thing she loved—hated and loved.  
Calm, she returned to life. . . . And kin and  
friend,

Her secret out, pleaded incessantly,  
"Why, why, O Joan, why the bloody deed?"  
Joan was mute. Then Law, majestic, just,  
Arraigned the child, and to its solemn bar  
Joan was brought, silent, and proud in grief.  
Long, with vain questions sought they her de-  
fense.

Then, straight into the Judge's eyes she stared,  
With firm, slow voice, "His sire was Teuton!"  
said.

With fiery plea her counsel urged her life,  
Pictured pure maidenhood of France displaced,  
Her young sons slain, her homes in ruin bare,  
Painted th' inhuman ghoul in deeds like these,  
And sat him down. Deep silence reigned in court.  
Then, though the jury had not stirred, not spoke,  
Its leader rose, their verdict to pronounce,  
And in clear tone, "Acquitted" rang the word.  
In cheer and shout and happy tears the throng  
Expressed their joy.

And Joan journeyed forth,  
As pure and guiltless as the babe she bore.  
—Martha A. Boughton, in Detroit Journal.

## HOW FRANCIS BALKED BOLSHEVIKI.

The details of how David R. Francis, American ambassador at Petrograd, overawed a crowd of Bolsheviks, who swarmed at the entrance of the ambassador's home and threatened to wreck the embassy because they had heard that the United States government was about to execute "Comrade Muni," were told to a New York Times reporter the other day by Charles R. Crane, who was a member of the Root commission to Russia.

This incident occurred after Lenine had established himself at the Shushumskia palace, but before he had completely overthrown Kerensky, whose government was then tottering. In some mysterious manner a legend, developed and elaborated upon by thousands of street orators, had accumulated about the "Muni case," and the United States government was being attacked from hundreds of street corners as a combination of dark and reactionary forces which was about to make an Italian radical called "Muni" the victim of a judicial murder.

The case of "Muni" was naturally unknown at the time to the American ambassador and to other Americans in Petrograd, as hardly a ripple of interest in the trial of Thomas J. Mooney at San Francisco for the alleged explosion of a bomb at the preparedness parade had been made even in this country outside of the Pacific Coast until after the strange outbreak had taken place in Petrograd, based on the Bolshevik versions of the affair. The Bolsheviks, which was full of leaders from New York City radical groups, got their information from New York members of the Bolsheviks.

Italian agitators in Petrograd appropriated Mooney for their fellow-countryman on phonetic ground, and American agitators, whether they knew better or not, conceded "Muni" to the Italian agitators, some of whom were very influential with Petrograd mobs. Mr. Crane said:

"This news of the persecution of 'Muni' was made the subject of a violent discussion from the Lenine palace, and an Italian agitator so influenced the crowd that, when he proposed that it should go and clean out the American embassy, he was able to gather a large following of what was known as the Black Flag group.

"The government, which felt itself impotent, telephoned to the ambassador that the situation was serious, and that it could only warn him, but could not protect him. The ambassador was giving a dinner party at the time, and the guests, on hearing the news, immediately prepared to leave the embassy. They begged the ambassador to come along with them. They were seriously concerned for his safety, but he refused to leave the embassy.

"It was at a time for processions. The streets were full of them. They were being held for every conceivable purpose, at all hours of the day and night. The procession headed by the Italian crossed the Neva and passed a group of Red Flag people, holding a meeting. The Red Flag group asked where they were going.

"To clean out the American embassy," was the response.

"The Red Flag mob tried to interfere, but the Black Flag pushed their way through and continued on their way to the American embassy.

"Government officials telephoned a second time to the American ambassador, warning him that he was in great danger and asked him to take measures for his personal safety. Instead of leaving the embassy, however, the ambassador sent for his negro servant Phil and had him bring his revolver and load it.

"A little later cries of the approaching procession were heard from the street. The ambassador ordered all lights lit downstairs and stationed himself at the main door. In a few minutes the head of the procession arrived and pushed in the door. The ambassador, with his revolver in his hand, stopped the leader, saying:

"Stop; what's the matter?"

"Your government is about to execute our comrade, 'Muni,' said a leader, 'and we have come to clean out the embassy.'

"I don't know anything about this matter," said the ambassador.

"The leaders of the mob ordered him out of the way and insisted that they were going to clean out the embassy. The ambassador said:

"Stop. This is not Russia. This is American soil. You can't put your foot in here."

"They continued to press forward, threateningly, and the ambassador said sternly: 'This is American soil, and I will kill the first man to cross the threshold.'

"Ambassador Francis, who has Kentucky blood in his veins and is a man of imposing presence, intended to carry out his threat and impressed the leaders with this fact. They hesitated. 'Now, get out, get out!' said the ambassador, with emphasis.

"The crowd moved back from the entrance, and after some indecision gave up their plans and began slowly to fade away.

"The word was soon spread that an attack had been made on the American embassy. Both the ambassador and the embassy were extremely popular with most sections of the population, and the demonstration by the Black Flag group was much resented.

"The next morning processions in favor of the ambassador began to form in different parts of the city and marched to the embassy. Large delegations arrived, bringing with them wounded soldiers, who called for the ambassador to appear in order that they might salute him and convey their good wishes. Processions continued to pour to the embassy to express their sorrow over what had happened. Groups of schoolteachers, groups of children and of women followed, and the friendly demonstrations continued."

The progress made in Morocco during the last three years, in spite of the war, has been extraordinary. The trade, which was practically monopolized by Germany before the war, has now passed largely to France, who has spent vast sums on the restoration and improvement of Moorish towns and rural districts. Under the direction of General Lyautey, good quarters, new roads, and bridges have sprung up where formerly only a wilderness existed. The railway is another recent addition to the Moorish landscape.

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ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

On three different occasions lately one or the other of our two little theatres has put on the boards a one-act play written by a man resident here and well known to an appreciably large section of the community. Last week Mr. Maitland brought out one of them, a playlet by Mr. Theodore Bonnet, which made the third, the authors of the other two being George Sterling, the poet, and Colonel Croton of the Presidio.

One may deduce from this how stimulating these one-act plays are to public interest, and how encouraging to the hopes and ambitions of playwrights, who fear the demands made upon time, skill, inventiveness, and stage technique in writing a full-length play.

In encouraging the writing of playlets by placing them before the public the "little theatre" fulfills one of its special functions. The attitude of the commercial theatre in this respect is necessarily purely one of business. Few theatrical magnates feel that they can stake anything on an uncertainty, for it is only a small part of the uncertain public that patronizes the little theatres, although they make it plain enough that they like little plays.

It has been said that it is inartistic to break the thread of continuity in the drama by deviating from the old rule of one play on the programme. It may be so, but the principle is the same as that regulating the make-up of a journal. You can't please all of the people all the time, but with frequent changes of subject you can hit off the tastes of a larger proportion of them. So it is with the little theatres. If we have comedy, tragedy, farce, and fantasy, which may include romance, travesty, satire, and symbolism, it is easy to recognize what a wide diversity of tastes will be met. Quite a number of theatre-goers are acquiring the little theatre habit, and now that the twenty-week season of the St. Francis Little Theatre is drawing to a close we find that we are going to miss the weekly performances of its company of players.

Special interest was testified during this, their eighteenth week, in the play by Theodore Bonnet entitled "The Sophisticated Father," an amusing little touch-off on man's susceptibility and woman's guile. Mr. Bonnet made his leading character a braggart concerning his knowledge of women, and then proceeded to show him as wax in the hands of the guileful fair. The matinee audiences of this little theatre are largely composed of women, who, on this occasion, testified intense enjoyment at the speedy capitulation of the infatuated one. The sprinkling of men present presumably were sympathetic during the liberal culling of kiss-blossoms, for Miss Sullivan, the kissee, really earned—if she didn't get—excess salary this week by reason of the tribute of kisses she yielded up as required in the exigencies of two of the three plays.

Mr. Yule as the sophisticated father, while not particularly adapted for the rôle, played it with such zest as to win the approval of the amused audience. And nobody, including the author, seemed to cast a thought of pity to the infatuated father who was innocently espousing his son's cast-off mistress. For his provocation was great. He had dared to boast that he knew women through and through.

Mr. Morrison, who demonstrated his usefulness by twice playing juveniles this week, had his kiss-innings in "You're Such a Respectable Person, Miss Morrison," a playlet by Dorothy Earle which presents such a solemn and pregnant event as a marriage proposal in a curiously casual light. Arthur Corwin has been bounced by his sweetheart as the result of a love-tiff. Pleased by the gentle charms of Margaret Morrison, his uncle's eminently circumpect typist, he first makes love, then proposes marriage, after having wooed Margaret out of her reticence into an impassioned admission that her sustained effort toward circumpectness of conduct and rigid respectability have made life a dismal and deadly thing. The repentant return of sweetheart

number one leaves sweetheart number two, who has instantaneously accepted a bouquet of kisses and the marriage proposal, quite out in the cold, with nothing to console her save her respectability.

There is a certain naïveté in the author's idea that Margaret's circumpectness of conduct has prevented her from enjoying life. Perhaps the naïveté is mine, but it seemed to me that the trouble with Margaret was a sunless nature more than an excess of decorum. At any rate she accepted the kisses and the marriage proposal with such promptness as to cause one to ask one's self if all business girls are as devouringly anxious to get married to strange young men as was Margaret. However that may be, the audience extended a very liberal share of interest to the play, which, while not at all brilliant, certainly had "pep."

"The Empty Lamp," by Forrest Halsey, was the romantic one of the trio of plays. This was the only one in which Mr. Maitland appeared, his rôle being that of a quiet, refined, home-loving man whom the circumstances of life had developed into a confirmed misogynist. The play shows "the man" reading by the failing light of a lamp which the landlady has forgotten to fill. His ex-wife, who deserted him for a wealthy marriage in his youth when poverty came, enters. She has a new caprice. She wants their son, now grown. The father refuses to give him up, informing her that the boy believes his mother to have died in her youth. At this moment the waning flame of the lamp expires, and simultaneously the son enters the dark room, animatedly relating to his father, as he strikes a light, news of his improved prospects and forthcoming marriage. With returned lights the audience eagerly scanned the room and one could hear from various quarters the whisper, "She is gone." At the same moment the son was crying in surprise, "Why, father, you never kissed me like that before." And the whispered comment came, "It was she." Then followed a refreshing incident. The curtain misbehaved. It should have descended and didn't. But we in front, absorbed in the play, weren't aware of the defection. So when Mr. Maitland suddenly arose and catapulted across the stage, loudly exclaiming, "For God's sake, pull that curtain down! Pull it! Pull it!" we innocents in front, unable while the curtain was up to withdraw our attention from this mimic world, thought for a moment that he was speaking in character, and it was very, very slowly that consciousness of the real meaning of the words penetrated the audience.

What I found particularly interesting in this small happening was the completeness with which the consciousness of an audience is captured by the fictitious life represented on the stage, and also the keen pain suffered by the artists who have laboriously constructed that fictitious life when untoward incidents conspire to destroy it prematurely. I think, too, that this little burst of human nature on Mr. Maitland's part rather endeared him to us. He had very thoroughly entered into a congenial rôle, one of the kind particularly suited to him, and it must have been a nasty shock when the curtain-screen did not intervene at the psychological moment.

Miss Sullivan displayed her usual perspicacity and a handsome and becoming gown in the depiction of the beautiful, recreant wife, and Ruth Hammond made a decided hit during her brief appearance in the comedy rôle of the garrulous and curl-papered landlady.

FAVORITE OPERAS AT COLUMBIA.

There are many gray heads during these two weeks at the Columbia. People who love the old-time works are leaving their firesides—or their radiators—to listen to the sweet old strains. "Martha" was an old-time favorite and has wooed many of the old guard forth, and the rising generation is also curious to taste its quality. There are so many beautiful numbers in the Flotow work that stand out in the recollection. People never grow tired of "The Last Rose of Summer," which was sung most deliciously by Florentine St. Clair. The young soprano is very girlish in appearance. Dramatically she is not particularly gifted, nor has she as yet developed marked personality. But she has a delightful soprano, fresh, pure, and sweet, and as effortless as a flowing stream. It blends prettily with the others, yet floats in airy beauty above them during the concerted numbers. This charming voice was a very important factor in the pleasure afforded by the revival of this once popular opera.

John W. Warren was, if I mistake not, suffering a little from stage fright. The young tenor sings the English with a marked distinctness unsuggestive of grand operatic artists, who sacrifice meaning in order to attain musical tone, while the singers in more frivolous musical works sacrifice musical tone in order to gain distinctness. Mr. Warren's distinctness, however commendable, is suspicious. So is his somewhat scared demeanor. One surmises that he is new to grand opera.

His voice, though true, is turbid and lacks roundness and resonance, but he shows some promise both in temperament and musical feeling. Arthur Dean's Plunket was acted and sung on traditional lines. So was Elaine de Sellem's Nancy. I think I got names mixed, and last week paid this singer a compliment intended for Alice May Carley, but I defy any one to know who was who from the way the programme was arranged. Both contraltos have very pretty voices, but the one with the dramatic voice and temperament is the one who was Azucena on the opening night. The comedy atmosphere of "Martha" was purely perfunctory, none of the singers having the genuine comedy temperament. But musically the performance was very enjoyable, both chorus and orchestra contributing to the pleasure experienced by an attentive audience.

That venerable classic among the comic operas, "The Bohemian Girl," has not been worn to frazzles like so many of the time-worn favorites; probably because it necessitates speaking parts, and many opera singers are untrained in stage dialogue. Belonging to the lighter or comic-opera brand puts it in a different category. The more artless of the opera patrons believe that comic opera should be comic, and even the comparatively serious assemblage of lovers of vocal music who are patronizing the Columbia during its opera season were, on Monday night, looking hopefully for indications of the opera bouffe spirit. They greeted with satisfaction all Devilshoof's monkeyshines, and I think that Francis Tyler had reason to congratulate himself on having made a modest little hit.

Florentine St. Clair among the principals was, however, the only one who notably sustained the old traditions; as a singer, I mean. The audience hung upon her notes with delight in "I Dreamt That I Dwelt," and all of her numbers were greatly enjoyed. It was a good-sized and encouraging audience Monday night, so expansive in mood that it spontaneously burst into song when we all stood up for the "Star-Spangled Banner." But I think the male singers did not quite meet its expectations. Joseph Sheehan has foolishly allowed himself to get out of condition, and his breath control is no longer reliable. When he sang "Then You'll Remember Me" he evidently said to himself, "I'll fetch 'em!" So he sang it all through pianissimo, but without shading. He fetched 'em all right, but it wasn't a truly musical feat, and he didn't deserve it.

Both men have big voices that fill the caverns of the ear. Arthur Deane is a great old boomer, but he is quite innocent of the art of shading, and he makes more than occasional excursions away from pitch. Sheehan, of course, has no such fault, but he needs to take himself in hand.

Elaine de Sellem found a congenial rôle in the character of the gipsy queen, and played it in old-fashioned melodramatic style, but the vocal part is above her scope. Her voice, so agreeable in the lower and middle range, becomes hollow and toneless in the upper, and so we missed much of the pleasure we might have derived from the gipsy queen's impassioned adjurations.

How funny and musty-fusty is the dramatic action of these old-time operas. One enjoys it as a sort of interesting relic of the past, and smiles indulgently when the count takes time to vaguely draw his sword and strut about the stage, instead of energetically pursuing the abductors of his child. And it was really a delicious moment when Pa Arnheim took the infantile Arline on his knee and tamed his fierce military countenance into a histrionically paternal smile which became one of relief when the bit of stage business was over.

The chorus is the good old opera chorus of tradition. No matter what exciting deeds transpire, or how close the battle rages to their toes, they never bat an eye; merely raise the right arm with automatic precision and sing on and on; and they sing the choruses well, too. A reliable orchestra leader keeps everybody true to time and pitch—saying and excepting our friend Brother Deane—and what with the sort of memory-

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enshrined sanctification of these old favorites, and what with the ever-enduring vitality of their best-known and best-remembered melodies, opera-goers are getting a lot of pleasure out of the Columbia's two-weeks opera season.  
JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Further evidence of the great success of the newly designed flush-deck torpedo-boat destroyers built for the United States Navy is given in a new record just made by one of the boats. It was announced by the Navy Department on January 16th that a destroyer recently completed at Mare Island, California, made a record run from California through the Panama Canal to an Atlantic port. The voyage of more than 4800 miles was made in twelve and a half days elapsed time, the actual steaming time being ten and a half days. The passage through the Panama Canal was made in five hours. The average speed for the entire voyage was about twenty miles an hour. Stormy weather and ice were encountered on part of the trip, and the vessel was at no time run at her full speed for any distance. A new record was also made in the construction of this destroyer, which was commissioned fifty-one weeks after her keel was laid. The best previous record from the Pacific through the canal was made by another destroyer, the *Shaw*, also built at Mare Island, which arrived at an Atlantic port June 9, 1917, making the trip in fourteen days, ten hours, and twenty minutes.

A recent speaker said that cotton had been cultivated for 3000 years and the most valuable part of the plant thrown away until fifteen or twenty years ago. The stock, the fibre, the seeds, and the shells of the seed were all very valuable. The seed, which is now considered to be two-thirds of the value of the cotton crop, was until recently thrown away. Now there are sixty-two commercial products that come from its complete use, among them such things as feed, fertilizer, pads, cushions, smokeless powder, bleached oils, cooking oils, salad oils, glycerine, fat acids, washing powder, artificial leather, and all the rest of the sixty-two articles. A ton of cotton seed contains twenty-three pounds of lint—the short stuff that sticks to the seed—900 pounds of hulls and 1100 pounds of clear kernel, and from that kernel come the various products named above. When cotton was first brought to western Europe, in the days long past, it was called "vegetable wool" and was the wonder of that age. It was argued that the travelers lied and that it actually grew on an animal.

In course of time the historic associations of the battlefields of Manchuria will be preserved by numerous monuments that are being erected by the Society for the Preservation of the Memory of Manchurian Battlefields. Up to date twenty-two memorials have been erected, among the latest being one marking the spot where Generals Nogi and Stoessel met on the eve of the surrender of Port Arthur. Both generals are now dead.

The Kaiser is said to be devoting considerable pains to the collection of his own war library, which already contains more than 10,000 volumes. His collection of photographs, a large proportion of which are of himself, runs into the thousands.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## Guilbert in Final Recital Today.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert will give her final recital of this season at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this afternoon. She will give a programme entirely different from any that she has yet presented here, the subject being the "Spirit of France," in which she includes song successes dating from the twelfth century down to the present day. She will be assisted by the violinist, Emily Gresser, and Maurice Eisner at the piano.

On next Tuesday afternoon, in the same hall, Mme. Guilbert will deliver her famous lecture on the "Art of Interpreting Songs," in the course of which she will illustrate the various points of her art, giving as examples songs analyzed line by line to demonstrate clearly and mechanically the fundamental principles of diction, expression, and color in dramatic art. The lecture will be given in English. Tickets for both recital and lecture are on sale at the usual music stores, or may be had this (Saturday) afternoon at the ticket office at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

## Persinger "Pop" Soloist.

Louis Persinger, the concertmaster and solo violinist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist at the ninth "Pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 24th, Alfred Hertz directing.

Persinger's art will shine in Wieniawski's

## Scottish Rite Auditorium

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 24, at 2:30

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## 9th "POP" CONCERT

Soloist—LOUIS PERSINGER, Violinist

## Cort Theatre

SUNDAY AFT., FEB. 24, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 1, Liszt; Two Indian Dances, Skilton; "Souvenir de Moscow," Wieniawski (Louis Persinger); "Marche Slav," Tchaikowsky; suite, "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakow.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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Next—March 4, the N. Y. Winter Garden's Biggest Hit, "SHOW OF WONDERS."

"Souvenir de Moscow." It is a paraphrase on Russian folk songs, and it embraces an elaboration of Warlamow's best-liked melody, "The Red Sarafan."

The orchestral novelty of the programme will be two realistic Indian dances, "Deer Dance" and "War Dance," by Charles Sanford Skilton, a native of Northampton, Massachusetts, and at present professor of harmony, theory of music, and history of music at the University of Kansas.

The remaining numbers will be Liszt's First Rhapsodie, Tchaikowsky's always stirring "Marche Slav," and Rimsky-Korsakow's fascinating "Scheherazade" suite in four movements, embracing "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship," "The Narrative of the Kalender Prince," "The Young Prince and the Young Princess," and "Festival at Bagdad." "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be given its usual inspiring reading.

## Zimbalist's Final Concert.

Efrem Zimbalist will play his final concert of the present season at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, when he will present a programme replete with many of the finest works in his wonderful repertory. The Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole" shows the Russian player at his best. Bach's Prelude and Fugue, played on the violin alone, will be another piece of the afternoon's programme. Tchaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's own "Russian Dances," the lovely "Orientale" of Cesar Cui, Huhay's dainty "Zephyr," and the mammoth Wieniawski "Carneval Russe" will also find places.

Tickets for the concert are obtainable at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's today or at the theatre tomorrow (Sunday).

## "Johnny Get Your Gun" at the Columbia.

Next Monday night at the Columbia Theatre will mark the return of a San Francisco favorite, Louis Bennison, star in John Cort's New York Criterion Theatre success, "Johnny Get Your Gun," which comes for a two weeks' engagement with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Louis Bennison took New York by storm when he first appeared in the star rôle. Blase Broadwayites were won completely by the charm of his personality and by the striking originality of his creation; he was acclaimed a star of brilliant promise and this prediction has been echoed by audiences in every city. "Johnny Get Your Gun," which had its first performance in San Francisco, was one of the solid hits of last year's productions in New York.

In addition to Louis Bennison, the original long-run cast will include among others Lorraine Frost, Theodore Babcock, Echlin Gayer, Louise Mackintosh, Vera Finley, Edith Lyle, Clyde North, Roy Cochrane, Robert E. Romans, Aubrey Beattie, Frank Hollins, and Jane Carlton.

## Final Week of "Cleopatra" at the Cort.

"Cleopatra," the fascinating Theda Bara picture, which represents William Fox in his most ambitious mood, will enter upon the third and final week of its successful Cort Theatre engagement with the performance of Sunday night, February 24th. On Monday night, March 4th, the "Show of Wonders," with Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Lewis, and other favorites, is positively scheduled for presentation.

The general judgment is that Theda Bara has outdone herself in "Cleopatra," and that this feature picture, dealing with the loves and ambitions of Egypt's exotic queen, has proved the ideal medium for the display of Miss Bara's peculiar abilities.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week has a very inviting appearance.

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, great vaudeville favorites, will appear in a delightful act which they style "Songs of the Moment."

Harry Gilfoil, whose characterization of Baron Sands is still fresh in the public memory, will appear in a new rôle entitled "The Gay Old Sport," a good-natured recontreur.

Santi, the famous danseuse, who recently took New York by storm, though of English parentage, is a native of Egypt, where she spent her childhood. It was particularly the grace and sinuosity of her arms that impressed the critics. They called them the most wonderful arms in the world, and undoubtedly no other woman has been able to accomplish the same pantomimic effects as Santi has in her famous Cobra dance.

"The Provville Recruit" is a highly diverting farce to which Edward Esmonde and a clever company do ample justice. Provville is an obscure town in the United States where a recruiting office has been established. To it comes an old soldier of eighty years of age, who because of a wound received in the Civil War labors under the hallucination that he is only twenty-five and therefore eligible for military service. Mr. Esmonde's performance of the veteran is a character gem.

Arline Levey and Larry Ackersind will present a dainty offering of songs and dances.

Miss Levey is a San Francisco girl who went East and established herself in popular favor.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will appear in Mr. Cressy's successful play, "The Village Lawyer."

Paul Morton and Naomi Glass and Al Shayne will be the other contributors to this delightful bill.

## The "Show of Wonders" Coming.

Fifty named is the big New York Winter Garden spectacle, the "Show of Wonders," if one is to judge by the advance reports. Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert, its producers, realized that in giving it this extravagant title they were bound to make it of even more than the colossal Winter Garden magnitude. This they succeeded in doing, making it the supreme effort of Winter Garden productions, until the finished product was really a wonder show in every respect. In this cast are such favorites of lighter entertainment as Eugene and Willie Howard, Tom Lewis, Sidney Phillips, Flora Lea, Charles Wright, White and Clayton, Ernest Hare, Dan Quinlan, Arthur Smith, Edmund Mulcahey, Adele Ardley, Patsie O'Hearn, Virginia Smith, Myrtle Victorine, and Irene Zolar. There is also a company of 150 clever people and fifteen huge scenes, including the sensational thriller "Suh-marine F-7."

The "Show of Wonders" comes to the Cort Theatre March 4th.

## The St. Francis Little Theatre.

With the performances of the evening of February 27th and the matinee of February 28th the first season of the St. Francis Little Theatre will come to a close.

The season has lasted twenty weeks, the popularity of the enterprise has grown with every performance, and the institution has come to mean much in the dramatic, social, and literary life of San Francisco.

Arthur Maitland, director of the St. Francis Little Theatre, has shown himself not only an actor of rare abilities, but a master hand at stage craftsmanship. His selection of little plays has been most happy, with the result that every bill has been distinguished by a fine sense of balance. Settings and effects have been of the modern school, novelty of lighting and simple use of draperies, instead of the conventional painted scenery, being outstanding features of the productions.

For the final offerings Maitland has selected "En Dishahille," the frothy little farce, adapted from the French, which was such a gay hit when done by Holbrook Blinn and the Princess Players, "The Sweet-Meat Game," and "Good-By."

Subscriptions are pouring in at a lively rate for next season, which is scheduled to open early in October.

## Albert Rappaport.

A song recital of unusual interest is announced by Albert Rappaport, a Russian tenor of renown, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, February 24th, at half-past 2. This singer, who has sung with success in his native land, Germany, and Austria, has appeared upon both the operatic and concert stages, but he has never been heard publicly in San Francisco before, except at clubs and for charity. Puccini, Ponchielli, and Meyerbeer will be represented by arias from "La Bohème," "Giaconda," and "L'Africaine," and other composers will be Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Drdla, Kudria, Hue, and D'Amhrosio. A number of particular importance will be "Oh, Come with Old Khayyam," from the song cycle "Omar Khayyam," by Giacomo Minkowsky, who has dedicated the work to Mr. Rappaport.

The tenor will be assisted by Charles Miller, a distinguished violinist, horn in Belgium, but long a resident of Los Angeles. Gyula Ormai will be the accompanist and the recital is under the patronage of many prominent San Franciscans. Seats will be ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

## Tina Lerner's Only Concert.

The Russian pianiste, Tina Lerner, will give but one piano recital on her coming visit, which will be at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday night, March 6th. Miss Lerner will include the Schumann Sonata in F sharp minor on her programme, along with such fine works as the Mozart "Pastorale Variée," one of the Beethoven minuets, Rubinstein's "Ruin of Athens," the Schumann-Tausig "Contrahandista," a Chopin group, works by Paul Juon, Liszt's "La Legerezza" and "Dance of the Gnomes," and the stupendous Mendelssohn-Liszt concert paraphrase on "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders for the same, which should be addressed to him in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## Frieda Hempel and Mozart.

There have been lamentably few singers in the last generation who could successfully interpret the music and style of Mozart. Many of that master's operas have been revived



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She—Were the American soldiers bappy when they started for France? He—Happy! They were in transports.—Boston Globe.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In a single issue of a weighty Eastern newspaper we find three articles totaling four columns of discussion on marriage laws and the population question. It seems there is a grave scarcity not only of wheat and sugar, but also of babies. Opening another newspaper, we find a lengthy letter from a Paris correspondent describing the legislative efforts of the French government to tempt more infants into this vale of tears, and to persuade them to remain here. On our table is an advance note of a hook by some one who has just escaped from Germany and who describes the somewhat similar efforts of the German government. And it may be said that if success is to be our measure of merit then we must accord the palm to the German government. They not only want babies, but they intend to have them, and unless the basic laws of nature have been impossibly changed it may be added with confidence that they will get them. The whole world is now resolved on the acquisition of babies, that is to say the world when considered as governmental units. The individual is just as apathetic, one might say hostile, toward babies as ever. Even more so.

Germany will get babies and the rest of the world will not. *Cela va sans dire*. Germany is the only nation to put into action the old Roman precept that in time of war all laws are silenced. Germany is not at all deterred by the horrid nature of her expedients. She has no misgivings, no restraints, no remorse. Our civilization may almost be said to be founded upon a regularization of the supply of babies. We have mapped and planned the frontiers of legitimacy, and poured the vials of our social cruelties upon the heads of the trespasser and the offender. Marriage alone was the strait gate and the narrow way, and then we proceeded to make marriage difficult by our caste systems, our economic systems, and our worshipped and acclaimed selfishness. Germany alone, wanting babies, sweeps the whole cargo of restraints, legal, social, and moral, on to the garbage heap. It may be hideous, wicked, diabolic. Doubtless it is. But Germany will get her babies. The others will not.

Germany abolishes her laws. France multiplies them. These things, says France, must be regularized, perhaps in a new way, but regularized. The wounded soldier, says France, must be pensioned. Of course he must. We know that. Also unwounded soldiers. Also make-believe soldiers, deserters, and camp-followers, and the men who never even left their home towns. But, says France, there will be designing women who will marry the wounded soldiers for the sake of the pension. What shall we do about that? Common sense would say, do nothing. Designing women marry us all if it comes to that. You can not pass laws against designing women. France proposes to try. But, says France, these wounded soldiers should, after all, have wives. Soldiers without arms and legs ought to have wives. Any soldier who has not actually lost his head ought to have a wife, regardless of the fact that it is only soldiers who have lost their heads who would be likely to want wives. How shall we arrange it so that all soldiers shall have wives, but not de-

signing wives? How shall we protect the soldier from the pension hunter? In what way can we devise for him a sort of matrimonial shrapnel helmet, a sort of marital dug-out, or bomb-proof shelter?

Common sense, once more, would say, do nothing. Give the soldier his pension to continue so long as he lives, and then to lapse. Some designing woman will get it, of course. Some designing woman gets the emoluments of every one of us, if it comes to that. If there is any way in which the soldier can be protected from the designing woman we should like to know what it is. We should like it made universal. But the French government intends to try. For example, no woman shall inherit the pension of her wounded husband if he dies within two years of the happy wedding. She must at least keep him alive for that length of time, whatever she does to him afterwards. There must be no deathbed marriages. He must be allowed a clear field and a fair run. He must have an honest chance to recover his strength before facing the full rigors of matrimony. His wife must not take advantage of his enfeebled condition. No pension for her if she should polish him off within the stipulated period.

It sounds good on the face of it, but will it work? Of course there are some reckless men, daredevils, accustomed on the battlefield to measure their lives by minutes, who will look upon two years as an immortality, and who will have no prevision of the expiration of the days of grace and of the dangers that will then confront them. You can not expect prudence from soldiers and sailors. But imagine the crisis that would confront ten thousand homes in France on or about two years from the conclusion of peace, as the amnesty drew to an end, and innumerable crippled warriors realized that they must now fight for their lives, and that the protecting hand of a paternal government had been withdrawn from them. Think how thousands of designing women would exult over their success at the completion of their task, how they would gird themselves for the fray. Let the French government be warned in time. This scheme will not work. Better not protect the soldier at all than establish a statute of limitations. Let it imagine the plight of the soldier who has been solicitously nursed for two years—breakfast in bed and all the rest of it—and who then suddenly finds that he must take the field against a remorseless foe and sell his life as dearly as he may. It hardly bears thinking of. Far better to let events take their course in the usual way. There is no way in which the soldier can be protected against the designing women. She will get him. She will get us all sooner or later, in one way or another, by fair means or foul.

We had our haths, says L. S. Kirtland, writing on the servants of Japan in *Harper's Magazine*, and we had dinner from lacquer bowls and porcelain dishes. Our satisfaction proved again that the joy of the finding is not always less than the joy of the pursuit. The maid who had been assigned to minister to our comfort accepted her duty as a trust. She was unbelievably short, and very sturdy. Her broad face and the strength of her round, shapeless limbs proclaimed the hardy bloom of the peasantry. The physical, mental, and emotional unity which comes as the heritage of such unmixt rustic blood is in itself a prepossessing charm. Our daughter of Mother Earth was as maternal as she was diminutive. She might think of a thousand services, her bare feet might start of an instant across the mats to respond to any request, but never did she surrender one iota of her instinctive belief that we, merely being men, were only luxurious accessories for the world to possess. She was so primordially feminine that she inspired a terrifying thought of the possibility of society being sometime modeled after the queenhood of the bees.

She had never seen a foreigner, but she had heard much gossip of our customs. Her inquiring mind was intent upon verifying this gossip as far as possible, and she was also very curious about our possessions. She taught us how to hold our chopsticks and how to drink our soup. A little more noise from our lips would show that we were appreciating the flavor, she admonished.

When the beds were finally laid she brought a fresh brewing of tea and replenished the charcoal in the *hibachi*. She lighted our after-dinner cigarettes for us by pressing them against the embers. She sat waiting until we dropped the last stub into the ashes. Then the guardian midget rolled back the quilts, ordered us to bed, tucked us in carefully, giving to each impartially a good-night pat. Her day's work finished, assuredly her efforts entitled her to a quiet enjoyment of one of the cigarettes. She sat down on the foot of my bed and, deeply drawing in the smoke, blew it into the air with a sigh of contentment.

"In the old days a girl used to keep hubby on his good behavior by threatening to go back to her mother." "And now?" "She threatens to go back to her job."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## CIRCUS FEATS IN WAR.

Every day at the front all manner of what in peace time would be regarded as "circus tricks" are performed as necessary measures of safety in the presence of hostile machines. With a view of illustrating their hearing upon aerial fighting methods, and alike upon the conquest of the air, I may now describe in detail the chief variations from ordinary straight-away flying. Let us first take the feat, well known on every flying exhibition ground, of "looping the loop." A Hun pilot, we will suppose (says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*), has succeeded, owing to a misty atmosphere, in dropping behind an Allied machine, and the pilot of the latter hears at close quarters the unwelcome "tack-tack-tack" of a machine gun. If he is "winged" there are many things he may do, but we will suppose that he "loops the loop," and meanwhile the oncoming machine passes beneath him. The position of affairs is thereby reversed; the Allied machine is now "sitting the tail" of the Hun, and may get in a vital shot. It may be, on the other hand, that the Allied pilot has engaged a Hun in a direct attack, and each may have an observer with a swivel gun. Either pilot may elect to loop in order to pass under the enemy machine, and thus provide a fair mark for his observer from below.

A variant on the original loop is the side-way loop. In order to get out of the line of fire as speedily as possible, in the case of being attacked unawares, the pilot swings aside and loops with a rolling motion instead of in a vertical circle. This is a very useful expedient for the pilot of a single-seater who has only his wits and skill to depend upon, whether for attack or defense.

The tail slide is frequently employed for the same purpose—that of causing the enemy to overshoot the mark and so effect a reversal of the positions. The pilot elevates his machine just as if he were beginning a loop, but instead of turning over and completing the circle, he allows the machine to "stall" itself when at a steep forward angle. To be exact, it does not actually slide backward on its tail; as soon as it is "stalled" the machine is allowed to fall by the head and the pilot dives. The enemy has meanwhile passed overhead.

There is yet another remarkable feat which has been evolved as a result of war-time experience, namely, the "spinning-dive," and nothing perhaps could illustrate more forcibly the extent to which the skilled pilot has assumed the mastery of the air. Circumstances may render it desirable for a machine to drop as directly as possible either to avoid an attack or in order to reach a particular point below. An ordinary glide would carry it a long way past the objective, while even a plain nose dive would involve a certain amount of drift during the descent, as very few pilots care to dive in a strictly vertical line. The pilot, therefore, imparts a rotary action to the machine, and falls vertically in consequence. No absolutely uniform method of putting a machine into a spin is practiced, but after discussing the subject with many fighting pilots I may state that the commonest method is as follows: The pilot first pulls his "joy-stick" right back, and then, by operating the elevation at its steepest angle, soon "stalls" the machine, i. e., deprives it of its flying speed. It then automatically settles down by the head, but, instead of letting it merely "nose dive," the pilot still keeps his elevator up and at the same time operates the ailerons of the opposite wing. Some pilots would use the rudder before diving, and others would not use the ailerons at all while stalling the machine. In any case the elevator becomes a rudder when the machine is vertical. It therefore sets up a spin, and falls in a series of gyrations that to the uninitiated would appear to represent the ultimate limit of "uncontrollability." As a matter of fact, however, the pilot has only to put his controls in the neutral position for the machine to right itself, provided he has room enough.

The amount of fall that is obligatory before the machine will automatically recover from its spin depends upon the weight and design of the particular airplane concerned. It may be a question of 3000 feet or as little as 100 feet on the most suitable type; the lighter the machine the quicker will be the recovery. Only a very badly designed machine would fail to right itself.

## Where the Richest Live.

A table appearing in the New York *Annalist* gives interesting information about individual incomes. All the states and Alaska, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia have residents paying surtaxes on incomes up to \$200,000. Then Alabama, Alaska, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota, South Carolina, South Dakota, and Wyoming drop out. Arkansas, New Mexico, and Utah have nobody paying on incomes between \$250,000 and \$300,000. Iowa has none with an income above \$300,000. Hawaii, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Montana, Nebraska, and New Hampshire have no individual incomes above \$500,000. The District

of Columbia, Oregon, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin have no incomes in excess of \$1,500,000. Only thirteen states pay on incomes in excess of \$2,000,000, ranking in the following order, as to surtaxes from this class: New York, Oklahoma, Delaware, Texas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, Rhode Island, Illinois, New Jersey, and Florida.

New York leads in every class and in the total. The surprise is that Oklahoma, one of the "baby" states, should stand second in the highest class, its payments more than doubling those of Delaware and of Texas, trebling those of Pennsylvania, and being nearly six times those of Ohio. In fact its surtaxes from this class equal the total of all the other states, after excluding New York and Pennsylvania. It stands seventh in total payments of individual income taxes, the rank being New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey, and Oklahoma. The answer is oil; nothing else could account for such a showing either in the highest surtaxes or total individual income tax. The surtax on the class of \$2,000,000 and over furnishes \$16,000,000 of the \$167,000,000 total from individual income taxes.

"I am afraid, my dear young friend, that I am losing my grip." "Don't say that, professor. Why, your address has been holding attention from the start." "But I am losing my grip. I tell you. I saw the porter give it to the wrong man."—*Baltimore American*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Beautiful Erastine was sobbing as though her heart would break. "What is it, dear?" asked the girl friend. "W-why," she sobbed, "I told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see papa." "What of that?" "Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."

Pat and Mike were obliged to halt their cart and make way for a funeral procession. While looking at it Pat suddenly remarked, "I'd give \$500 to know the place where I am going to die." "Well, and what good would it do you if you did know?" "Lots," said Pat; "sure, I'd never go near the place."

Two American soldiers were discussing the Lord's Prayer. One of them bet the other that he could not say it through properly without stopping. The challenged one began: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and finished the stanza successfully. "By George," said the other, "here is your 'V.' I didn't believe you could do it."

Congressman La Guardia who has been giving his time to studying aviation at first hand in Italy, was informed recently of a petition by 3000 of his constituents for his recall. In answer he remarked: "You might say that if any signers of the petition will take my seat in a Caproni biplane, I shall be glad to resume my upholstered seat in the House."

Uncle Lije bought a clock so tall that it was almost impossible to get it into the house. The old man was extremely proud of it, and found it very good company. He would lie awake nights to hear it tick. One night the clock got out of order, and began to strike. The old man awoke and counted 102. He promptly sat up in bed, and, calling to his wife, said: "Cynthy, get up, get up! It's later than I've ever knowned it to be."

A certain Lancashire battalion on the Cambrai front was trudging back from the trenches, after being relieved, in the small hours of the morning. Suddenly it was confronted by an officer, who ordered it to halt and dig a support trench where it was. The battalion obeyed, of course, without a murmur, but, after a moment, there came a voice from the darkness: "In six days t' Lord made 'eaven an' earth, and then, ont seven, Lancashire's coom an' dug it all oop again."

"Slick" Howard, representative from Georgia, spins a yarn about two negroes down in his country, a crap game, and a watch. The first gentleman of color won a handsome gold-plated watch, chain, and charm in a crap game. He could not tell time, but he was proud of his winnings, so he draped the chain from his coat lapel, placed the watch in his upper, outside pocket, and started gayly up the street. Soon he met a second negro, who also could not tell time, but who was immediately attracted by the bright chain on his friend's coat lapel. "Why, hello der, Sam," he said. "Whah you git dat fine

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watch?" "Oh, I win it in a crap game," was the reply. "Dat's fine," resumed the first negro. "What time is it?" With just a second's hesitation the owner of the watch flopped it out of his pocket, face upward, under his friend's nose. "Deah it is," he said. Nonplussed, the other negro gazed fixedly at the face of the watch for a moment, and then, grinning, said: "So it is, aint it!"

President Kruger was once called upon to pass judgment in a matter of ownership. The case was that of two brothers, who had been left a farm and could not agree as to the division which had to be made. They agreed that, rather than take the matter to the courts, they would let President Kruger decide. President Kruger appears to have hesitated about as little as King Solomon did. He instructed the elder brother to make what he considered a fair division, and then he gave first choice to the younger brother.

A stranger strolled into a village in England where considerable excitement was prevailing. "May I ask what is going on in the village?" he inquired. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's a hundred and one today." "And tell me, pray, why does that little man by the old lady's side wear such a dreadfully sad countenance on such an auspicious occasion?" "That little man, sir, is the old lady's son-in-law. He's been keeping up her life insurance for the last thirty years."

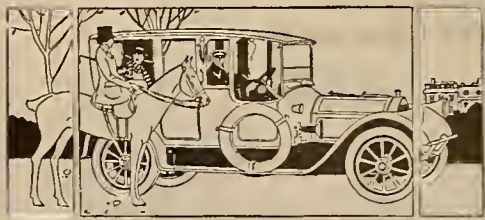
It is said in British naval circles that when an American squadron consisting of the U. S. S. *Delaware*, *New York*, and *Wyoming*, with destroyers and other craft, came up the Firth, the British flagship signaled to them: "You are to anchor west of the Forth bridge." But the Americans passed under the bridge and sailed on. Shortly the British admiral made another signal: "We signaled just now that you were to anchor west of the Forth bridge; why don't you stop?" And the American flagship immediately signaled the reply: "Well, I guess we have only passed one bridge as yet."

A man who had been drinking too much liquor for his own good was induced to sign the pledge. His wife was delighted. She took the document and said: "You must let me have it. I will keep it for you." So the paper was confided to her custody. On the next day the man was drinking again as freely as before. "How is this?" asked a friend. "You signed the pledge yesterday, and now you are drinking whisky again." "It's all right," replied the pledge-signer in unsteady tones, "I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she'll keep it for me. That's the kind of a wife to have, old fellow."

The story of a compositor's worries with Thomas Carlyle's manuscript recalls to a correspondent of a London paper the somewhat kindred experience that befell a typesetter in the office of a Dundee newspaper to whose columns George Gilfillan frequently contributed. Being a member of Gilfillan's congregation, this compositor was "favored" with a large amount of his minister's wretchedly written copy. One day when the manuscript was even more undecipherable than usual the man banged it down on his frame with the remark: "As a Christian I honor and admire Mr. Gilfillan, but as a compositor I'll never be happy till his body gets three claps of the spade."

Day by day an Ontario housewife saw her household and kitchen furniture slowly disappear. One morning when Tommy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," the housewife determined to act. "You can tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed I will lend her the boiler." In a little while Tommy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed." "There is a pound of flour," began the other. "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter, and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors and"—she paused reflectively—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—" But Tommy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again. "Ma says for you to write them down. I forgot some of them." Whereupon the housewife sat down with a pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember. Tommy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced: "Ma says if you will lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in, she'll bring them home."

Bill—Did you go to the oyster supper at the church? Jill—I sure did. Bill—Were there many there? Jill—I found one.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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## The Clever and the Good

If the good were only clever,  
And the clever were only good,  
The world would be better than ever  
We thought it possibly could.

But, oh! it is seldom or never  
That things happen just as they should;  
The good are so harsh to the clever,  
The clever so rude to the good!  
—*The Outlook.*

## To the German People.

Each to his taste: if you prefer  
The Kaiser's whip across your flanks;  
If you enjoy the bloody spur  
That rips your cannon-fodder's ranks;  
If to his hoots you still adhere,  
Kissing 'em as you've always kissed 'em,  
Why, who are we to interfere  
With your internal Teuton system?

If from your bonds you know quite well  
You might this moment, find release,  
Changing, at will, your present hell  
For Liberty's heaven of lasting peace;  
If yet, for habit's sake, you choose  
This reign of steel, this rule of terror,  
It's not for us to push our views  
And point you out your silly error.

Herein I speak as I am taught—  
That your affairs are yours alone,  
Tho, for myself, I should have thought  
They had a hearing on my own;  
Have I no right to interpose,  
Urging on you a free autonomy,  
Just as your U-boats show their nose  
In my interior economy?

I'm told we have no quarrel, none,  
With you as Germans. That's absurd.  
Myself, I hate all sorts of Hun,  
Yet will I say one kindly word:  
If, still refusing Freedom's part,  
You keep the old Potsdam connection,  
With all my sympathetic heart  
I wish you joy of that selection.  
—*Sir Owen Seaman, in London Punch.*

## A Player and His Audience.

His fingers press upon the keys as tho  
His hands were dripping thick with sirup,  
The sweetness does not cloy; it seems to stir up  
All sorts of greasy sentiments that grow  
Maudlin and morbid. Tears begin to flow;  
Young girls breathe heavily or sob unchidden;  
Matrons and spinners dream of things torrid.  
He piles the pathos on—*adagio.*

The concert ends. The powder-puffs come out.  
A dying huzz—and people go about  
Their idleness or drudgery as before. . . .  
And in his taxi one hears him say,  
"I'll have to dye my hair; it's almost gray."  
There was a time they used to weep much more."  
—*Louis Untermeyer.*

Madge—Poor Helen! Has the worst been told?  
Grace—I think not. We are waiting  
for your version.—*Boston Transcript.*

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Marie Louise Harrington and Lieutenant-Commander David Bagley was solemnized last Saturday evening at the Hotel Belmont in New York. Mrs. Bagley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tennant Harrington of San Francisco. She is the niece of Mrs. Albert Niblack, Mrs. William Leahy, and of Mr. William Harrington of Colusa. Lieutenant-Commander Bagley is the son of Mrs. William Bagley of Washington. He is a brother of Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at dinner Saturday evening at her home on Broadway, her guests including Captain Frank Helm and Mrs. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Grahame Parker, Mrs. Hjalmar Boyson, Mr. Downey Harvey, Mr. Edward Cebrian, and Mr. Guillermo de la Pena.

Captain Harry George and Miss Elizabeth George gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home at Mare Island, their guests including Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Catherine Wheeler, Miss Edith Kynnersley, Paymaster William Marcus, Naval Constructor Harold Saunders, Lieutenant Liggett Ard, Lieutenant Edward Jones, and Lieutenant George Martin.

Mrs. Edward Brownell gave a luncheon recently at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. William Shea. Those asked to meet the complimented guest were Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. Gerard Clement, Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Mrs. Alexander Brown, and Mrs. Samuel Boardman.

Mrs. Allen Chickering gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club, complimenting Mrs. Willis Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum were hosts at dinner recently at their home on Broadway, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Pentrice Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. Norris Davis, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Miss Eleanor Davenport entertained at luncheon last Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Miss Ethel Jacks, who is visiting in San Francisco from San Luis Obispo.

Mrs. R. M. Catts gave a tea last Thursday at her home at Mare Island in compliment to Mrs. Dennis Bell, who visited at the Navy Yard en route to New York.

Mrs. William Ophuls gave a tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Walnut Street in honor of Mrs. Paul Thomas and Miss Edith Thomas, who are visiting here from New York. The guests included Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Walter Boardman, Mrs. Fritz Barkan, Mrs. Arthur Eloesser, Mrs. Ernst Kruger, Mrs. Alexander Heynemann, Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Mrs. A. Porter, Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. Hans Barkan, Mrs. Harry Alderson, Miss Rosalie Heynemann, Miss Alice Eloesser, and Miss Helen St. Goar.

Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at luncheon last Tuesday at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Mrs. Charles Wright, who left the following day for her home in Santa Barbara. Those asked to meet Mrs. Wright included Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. William Irwin, and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mrs. Newton Bissinger, who has been passing

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the winter in San Francisco from her home in Portland, gave a luncheon and theatre party Friday in honor of her daughter, Miss Helen Bissinger.

Dr. Walter Boardman and Mrs. Boardman entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening at their home, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bromfield, Dr. Lovell Langstroth and Mrs. Langstroth, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Louise Bullock, Mr. Francis Farquhar, and Mr. Malcolm Goddard.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Helen St. Goar entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening at their home on California Street, with their guests later attending the benefit for the Stanford Free Clinic. The affair was in compliment to Miss Flora Miller and the guests included Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Kate Crocker, Lieutenant Hale Sattley, Lieutenant George Young, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Edward Fox, and Mr. Robert Miller.

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Norman Lang of Seattle. The guests included Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. Gilbert Walker, Mrs. Harry Clay, Mrs. Spens Black, Mrs. Jesse Godley, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mrs. Chester Wyngate, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. George Greenwood, Mrs. William Magee, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Alice Owens, Miss Mary Dunham, and Miss Florine Brown.

Mrs. Samuel Naphthali entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Robert Smith gave a luncheon Friday at the Hotel St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Frederick McNear, and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wright entertained a group of friends at tea Friday afternoon at their home on Van Ness Avenue, complimenting Miss Winifred Winston.

Count de Mailly-Chalon and Countess de Mailly-Chalon were hosts at dinner last Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alderson gave a supper-dance Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel, their guests including Dr. William Moore and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble, and Dr. Harold Hill.

Mrs. Charles Kactzel and Miss Ethel Jack, who are visiting here from their home in San Luis Obispo, gave a tea last Tuesday afternoon. Among their guests were Mrs. Virginia Maddox, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Frederick Kroll, Mrs. Nathan Moran, Mrs. Yvanico Sepulveda, Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mrs. Marie Wilson, Mrs. William Somers, Mrs. Prentiss Hale, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, Mrs. A. L. Gump, Mrs. Wilson Dibble, Mrs. Charles Aitken, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Grace Buckley, Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, Miss Helen Lynch of San Luis Obispo, Miss Nellie Stow, Miss Estelle Lakeman, and Miss Elizabeth Cooper.

Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher gave a dinner recently at her home on Gough Street, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Plunkett. Mr. and Mrs. James Schwabacher and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schwabacher were asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett.

Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

There are ten government universities in Russia, the largest that of Petrograd, with 10,364 students. The one at Moscow has 9000 students, and the one at Kharkov 5274. A popular university was established in 1909 at Moscow under a fund left by General Shaniavsky.

"How do they fish for pearls, dad?" "Well, some wives threaten and others nag."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### The Soloelle.

These many years the player piano has stood at the outer gates demanding admittance to the realm of musical art, knocking now and again as some new-found improvement offered a fleeting hope of artistic promise; yet knocking always in vain.

Musical art is a domain jealously guarded, the tests for entry severe and exacting, and none may enter except by merit alone. The player piano was lacking, but in what? Wherein did it fail to measure up to the unyielding standards of pianistic art?

The answer was obvious, but the difficulties to be overcome seemed well-nigh insurmountable. The player piano—all player pianos—lacked but two essentials, yet these two were, and are, the basic fundamentals of musical expression:

The first: Complete Melody Control, separate and distinct from an equally unrestricted Accompaniment Control. Both controls complete and obedient to the mood and whim of every individual interpretation.

The second: Control of Tone-Coloring—the emotional charm of music, the language of musical expression.

The lack of these two fundamentals, and these alone, had barred the way of the player piano to complete success.

Thus matters stood, when a short time ago the invention of the Soloelle was announced, and the musical world was astounded by the certain knowledge that both problems were finally solved.

The Soloelle, the master achievement of a rare combination of musical and mechanical genius, literally "breathes a soul into a mechanism." Its simple individual controls of melody and accompaniment, and its amazing tone color control, responsive to every instinctive impulse of the Soloelle-pianist, are new and entirely its own.

The Soloelle has accepted all the excellent refinements of the truly wonderful mechanical marvel that the player piano had become, and starting where it left off, has added its own individual patented mechanism to accomplish the long-sought and ultimate result.

The Soloelle is radically different from all of its predecessors—so supremely better that comparison is out of the question—the two missing links are at last supplied, and the Soloelle alone of all player pianos takes its place as a true musical instrument.

Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether of the British army, in a book entitled "The Indian Corps in France," pays high tribute to the work of the Hindu soldiers with the British forces. Reviewing Colonel Merewether's volume, the *London Observer* says: "In eight months the British and native regiments alike had actually lost more than their original numbers. Nearly all the officers who landed with them were dead. They formed an integral part of the barrier which foiled the attempt of the Germans in overwhelming numbers to reach Calais and the sea. Without the Indian corps, without its native elements, the line which just sufficed at the first battle of Ypres might have been too thin to hold. All its battalions played their part in the saving of the empire at that time. So the tale goes on through the second battle of Ypres—not less grave and critical than the first," says Lord French in an opinion which our authors are permitted to quote—to the fight for Aubers Ridge and the murderous grapple at Loos. We have no space in these days to mention a hundred episodes that we would like to dwell upon—how the Gurkhas were too short for the trenches; how one little Gurkha, herding eight hurly Germans into captivity, was rapturously cheered by a whole British battalion; how the native troops rallied from the first gas attack; how Naik Ayub Khan outwitted the enemy in a most astonishing adventure; how Sikhs, Dogras, and Afridis fought to the death; how the British regiments of the corps strove and paid; and how the British officers of native troops showed a heroism and sacrifice in leadership surpassing all legends that were ever told before this war."

In the province of Honan in China is a stone monument recording the humiliations suffered by China at the hands of the western powers, and the only great nation not to be found in the list is America.

Wife—Archie's been gambling again, mother. I think he has lost his senses. Mother—Indeed! I had no idea they played for such small stakes.—*Boston Transcript.*

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### Tina Lerner To Be Next Soloist.

Tina Lerner will be soloist at the eleventh pair of symphonies, scheduled for Friday afternoon, March 1st, and Sunday afternoon, March 3d, at the Cort, under the direction of Conductor Hertz. After her appearances with the San Francisco Symphony she will be heard in but one recital, the evening of March 5th, at Scottish Rite Hall, the latter event being under the direction of Selby C. Oppenheimer. At the symphony concerts Miss Lerner will play two numbers with the orchestra, Liszt's Second Concerto in A major and Chopin's Andante and Polonaise, the latter a rarely given composition.

The last of the Dakota bison were destroyed by Indians in 1883. At this time, or a little earlier, many were killed by railroads, particularly the Union Pacific. In 1903 a count was taken of the captive bison and was found to be 1119, 969 in parks, 41 in Canada, and 109 in Europe. There were then only thirty-four wild bison in the United States, although there were 600 in Canada.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Sydney Clomau and her niece, Miss Natalie Campbell, are visiting in Washington as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby at their home on New Hampshire Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland and their daughter, Miss Margaret Koshland, left Saturday for the East to visit Captain Robert Koshland and Lieutenant Daniel Koshland. Later in the spring Mr. and Mrs. Koshland and Miss Koshland will go to Georgia, where Miss Koshland's fiancé, Mr. Louis Sloss, is stationed.

Mrs. Willis Witter and Miss Elizabeth Witter are passing a few days with Lieutenant Guy Witter and Mrs. Witter at their home in Tacoma.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels and her children are visiting in Los Angeles, where they are the guests of Mrs. Spreckels' mother, Mrs. Frank Moon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson have reopened their country home in Menlo Park, after having passed the winter season in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, who have been spending the winter in Montecito, arrived in San Francisco a few days ago for a brief visit and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear have returned to their home on Washington Street, after a visit of several weeks in New York.

Rear-Admiral Augustus Fechteler, U. S. N., has been appointed commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and with Mrs. Fechteler will leave immediately for the naval station, after having resided in Washington for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown have gone to Seattle for a visit of several days. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are planning to go to Vancouver for a brief visit before returning to their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Vincent Whitney and her little daughters will spend the spring in San Diego, where they have taken the Leslie Moon cottage, so as to be near Captain Whitney.

Mrs. William Shea left Tuesday for Norfolk, Virginia, to join Lieutenant Shea, who is at present on duty on the Atlantic coast.

Colonel McGunnagle left Monday for Washington to join his daughter, Mrs. Phil Sheridan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede have returned to their home in Piedmont from a visit at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Captain Loring Pickering and Mrs. Pickering, who have been at Kelly Field, Texas, have gone to Brooks Field, Texas, to reside, the former having been ordered there for duty.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton returned a few days ago from San Diego, where she was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forderer are passing several days in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Walker arrived a few days ago in San Francisco, joining Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and Miss Mary Donohoe are visiting in San Diego as the guests of Lieutenant Harry Gantz and Mrs. Gantz.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley returned recently to her home in San Rafael, after a visit in Philadelphia with her sister, Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Mr. Eugene Plunkett, who left his San Rafael home several days ago for New Orleans, has sailed for South America on a business trip. Mr. Plunkett will not return to California until July.

Mr. Robert Coleman and his daughter, Miss Cara Coleman, left Saturday for the East en route to France. Miss Coleman's fiancé, Mr. Dearborn Clark, is with the American ambulance service at the front.

Mrs. Henry Dutton is visiting in San Diego, having gone south so as to be near Captain Dutton, who is stationed at Camp Kearny.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin will leave in the near future for Washington, where they will reside during the period of the war the former having been given an appointment in the Eastern city.

Mrs. Sherman Stow who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edward Bruce in New York, will arrive in San Francisco shortly for a brief visit before proceeding to her home in Golsta.

Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., has taken a house on Union Street, where she will reside while Lieutenant Clark is stationed at the Presidio.

Count Anselme de Mailly-Chalon will leave soon for France to join his regiment. Countess de Mailly-Chalon will remain in San Francisco with her mother, Mrs. Pio Morbio.

Mrs. Stewart Edward White has taken a cottage at Del Mar so as to be near Captain White, who is with the Grizzlies.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard will reopen their home in San Mateo within a few days, after having passed the early winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Alice Elliott of Los Angeles has been spending a few days in San Francisco as the guest of Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., at her home on Union Street.

Dr. Henry Horn and Mrs. Horn have gone to Los Angeles for a visit of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, who have been at Stanford Court since their return from New York, have reopened their home in Burlingame for the spring and summer.

Mrs. Robert Bentley returned a few days ago to her home on Green Street from a visit in San Diego with her son, Mr. Robert Bentley, Jr.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has returned to town after a month's visit to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Livingston are at Palm Beach. They have already spent a number of weeks at New Orleans and other Southern resorts, and will stop for a week or so at some of the more northerly resorts before their return some time in March.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. H. A. Brown of the California and Western Railroad and Navigation Company, Fort Bragg; Mr. A. P. Fraser, Carmel-by-the-Sea; Cap-

tain P. F. Schwock, Vancouver, B. C., a Canadian officer on furlough from the front.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mrs. E. Cunningham, Indianapolis; Mrs. M. Z. McGowan and daughter, Spokane; Mr. T. E. Ireland and family, Pasadena; Mr. W. G. Menzies, India; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Crawford, Chicago; Lieutenant M. C. McCart and family, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. L. Goodfriend, New York; Mr. and Mrs. P. Erickson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson, San Francisco; Mrs. G. Clarke, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Adam, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Young, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. B. Busser, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. Haywards, San Francisco.

Roger Foster, who has recently made the journey up the Yukon, says in the *Springfield Republican* that the primeval forests on the river banks have, in most places, no inhabitants save moose, caribou, bear, lynx, and other wild animals. "Some of them," he continues, "can be seen from the boat, upon the shores or swimming in the water. Here and there are a few Indian cabins, or the lodge of a woodchopper, who supplies the steamers with fuel, and a few mining camps, now almost empty." The country is still rough, but not inhospitable. The old Alaskans are a sturdy race, this witness testifies; intemperance among them is rare, which is not true of the canners of clams and salmon on the coast. The land is full of prospectors. "Winter after winter," Mr. Foster writes, "for fifteen years many of them have gone alone or with a single partner into the wilderness to search for mines. After careful inquiry I could not find a single case where a prospector had retired with a fortune, or even a competency, as the result of his discovery."

Several years ago the Kaiser and other highly-placed, Prussian personages lost considerable sums of money which they had invested in the hope of big and sudden profits in the enterprises of the "Princes Trust." This was the concern founded by the Kaiser's erstwhile chum, Prince Max zu Furstenberg, and William II's kinsman, Prince Christian Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, in the hope of emulating American "high finance" methods. The "Princes Trust" went into bankruptcy just before the war. Had the promoters been lesser mortals, the press hint that there would have been criminal prosecutions. Now another princely group, headed by Prince Henckel von Donnersmarck, a multi-millionaire Silesian magnate, has assailed the heights of high finance. It is announced that the combination has begun operations by putting \$5,000,000 into three local hotel schemes, which are badly off for ready money; \$1,500,000 into the great Tietz stores in the Leipzigerstrasse, and \$250,000 into a retail drapery business.

Much satisfaction is manifested by Americans throughout the Far East and particularly in Singapore over the increase in the number of American vessels seen in that part of the world. Shipping figures at this point show that during the three years 1912, 1913, and 1914 only one American vessel of 724 tons entered at Singapore, this entry being in 1913. The scarcity of British shipping and high freight rates, however, have brought about a great change in the situation, the year 1915 showing seventeen American ships entered, of an aggregate net tonnage of 39,956; 1916 showing an increase to twenty ships entered with a total net tonnage of 43,500; while the period January to October, 1917, or ten months only, shows nineteen vessels entered, of a total tonnage of 38,421.



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Theo Karle.

Unless all signs fail San Francisco is in for a musical sensation next week, when Theo Karle, the famous American tenor, makes his first appearance in this city under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management. Manager Oppenheimer has been watching his career for the three seasons that he has been before the public, and feels special pride in being able to introduce him to local music lovers. Karle will give two recitals at the Columbia Theatre, the first on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, and the second on Friday afternoon, March 8th. At his first recital Karle will sing Haendel's recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and the aria "Waft Her Angels to the Skies." This will be a fitting introduction for the singer, and he will undoubtedly cement his popularity at once with the wonderful Haendel music. Operatic arias on the first programme include Meyerbeer's "O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine"; "Cielo e mar," from "La Gioconda," by Penchilli, and "Apri la tua finestra," by Mascagni. The wonderful "Crying of Waters," by Campbell-Tipton, will also be sung, as well as the cycle of three Indian songs by Lohr from the "Garden of Kama." Songs by Harry Spier, Cimara, Salter, Glen, Sticksles, Watts, and the much-discussed Burleigh will also find a place on the Sunday offering. On Friday afternoon the singer will present Haendel's "Care Selve," from "Atalanta"; the aria from Boito's "Mephistopheles"; Puccini's "Stars Are Shining," from "Tosca"; a cycle of songs by W. Frank Harling called "The Divan of Hafiz," and a number of ballads both beautiful and important.

William Sticksles, one of America's foremost composers and a pianist of much ability, will preside at the piano for Mr. Karle.

Tickets are now on sale at the usual ticket offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders should be directed to Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer at the first-named store.

Dean Inge, of St. Paul's London—sometimes referred to as the gloomy dean—in addressing members of the Alliance for Promoting International Friendship, said: "It is, indeed, the deepest tragedy of modern history that every civilized nation seems compelled to choose one of two forms of government, both so bad that it is not easy to see which is worst. On the one side is the Prussian system—efficient, economical, and honest—which ends in putting the civilian under the heel of the soldier with his brutal blundering diplomacy and methods of frightfulness, until that nation now stands without justice, chivalry, generosity, sympathy, or mercy. On the other side there is a squalid anarchy of democracy—wasteful, inefficient, and generally corrupt—with a government which quails before every agitation and pays blackmail to every conspiracy, and in which sooner or later those who pay the taxes are systematically pillaged by those who impose them, until the economic structure of the state is destroyed."

Our patriotism should be that of the university and public school man—an honorable rivalry as to which should be first in those arts which made human society better and happier."



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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Wife*—John, there's a draught coming in the window. *Debt-Harassed Husband*—Who from?—*Boston Transcript*.

*Bibb*—He deserves a flogging for not paying me that old debt. *Babb*—Oh, he's always strapped—poor fellow!—*Town Topics*.

"I thought the army was supposed to be dry?" "It is." "Well, why do they continue those 'setting up' exercises I read about?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"That woman seems to have such a discordant personality." "No wonder. She has a catty disposition with a dogged determination."—*Baltimore American*.

"Do electrical wires have to be made of well-tempered metal?" "I don't know. They seem to get into mischief every time they're crossed."—*Baltimore American*.

*Worried Waiter* (laboring under the food restrictions)—Is your order, sir, a chop and sprouts, clause 5, section 2; or roast mutton, class 3, subsection 4, and group A?—*Landan Opinion*.

"Well, my lad," said the facetious man to the elevator boy, "I see in your position you have a chance to rise." "Oh, yes," growled the boy, "hut I get called down every time I do it."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mrs. Newrich*—Me and John have had our portraits painted by four American artists, and not one of them is satisfactory. After the war we intend to go abroad and see what the old masters can do.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Smith* (at the wheel)—Do you know, I have a new theory about saving tires—*Nervous Campanian*—Good heavens! What was that noise? *Smith* (wearily)—Only another theory exploded.—*Baltimore American*.

"Savages will trade vast tracts of land for a string of heads." "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I know a man who wears evening clothes and carries a cane, and he did the same thing. He went broke trying to pay for a pearl necklace."—*Washington Star*.

"You must never be too proud to admit that you are wrong." "My friend," replied Senator Sorghum, "some of my suspicions are getting so serious that I only hope I'll have a chance to admit I'm wrong."—*Washington Star*.

"Do you think prohibition has completely stopped the use of alcohol?" "I won't say

that," replied Broncho Boh. "But it has done a heap o' good in keepin' good liquor from bein' so common as to be handled keardless."—*Washington Star*.

A small boy, who had been in the habit of leaving food on his plate was warned that Mr. Hoover would not approve of it. He meditatively replied: "I've always had to mind daddy and mother and Aunt Mary and God, and now here comes along Mr. Hoover."—*Life*.

"You're looking miserable, Subhuhs. Why don't you ask a doctor what ails you?" "I know what ails me—quick consumption." "You don't mean it?" "I do. I have to bolt my breakfast in two gulps to catch the train,

and my lunch in two more to get back to the office."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I see Newpop at the club quite often since his baby came. I thought he was anchored to a home life." "He was, hut at the first squall he began to drag his anchor."—*Boston Transcript*.

"This show was written for the tired business man," remarked the manager. "The production cost a fortune." "That's the one thing," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "that bothered me. I'm a tired business man myself, and I got so busy figuring how you are going to pay interest on your investment that I couldn't keep my mind on the performance."—*Washington Star*.

### JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

*Says :*

"We sometimes talk about people getting into ruts individually, each in his own little rut. But we often overlook the big ruts that business men fall into—and neglect to climb out of."

Do you keep your Liberty Bonds, Insurance Policies or other valuable papers at home or in your office safe? If you do, get out of that rut. Protect your family by renting a box at the **CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS** for \$4 a year.





# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Case of Mr. Roche.

Our laws recognize the right of any man charged with crime to the aid of expert counsel; and it is the practice of our courts not only to permit professional defense of persons called to bar, but to require it. It follows that a lawyer may without prejudice to his character as a patriot appear in court as defender of persons criminally charged even of so grievous an offense as seditious activities against the United States. But with respect to this privilege there are limitations of propriety, limitations which should be plain to any man of ordinary sensibilities.

Current proceedings before Judge Van Fleet may serve to illustrate the case. Certain Germans resident or sojourning here are charged with setting on foot a revolutionary movement against a country with which the United States was at peace. Involved in the charge are allegations of a widespread conspiracy accompanied by activities grossly violative of our laws—a grievous offense against the peace and dignity of the country. In active defense of the persons thus charged is Mr. Theodore Roche, a well-known local lawyer. If Mr. Roche were merely engaged in the practice of his profession, he would clearly be within the rights and the privileges of his profes-

sional character. But Mr. Roche is something more than a lawyer—he is an official of the city of San Francisco. He is the president of the police commission of San Francisco, which has directly to do with the business of detecting and punishing criminality. Thus we have the spectacle of an officer of the law in his official capacity serving as a defender of criminals in his private capacity.

We shall not say that these two functions may not go together with integrity; but we do say that they do not go together with propriety. Mr. Roche's dual activities tend in certain minds—in minds which need to be impressed with the dignity and authority of the law—to create the notion that there is a sinister connection between the powers of police and the authority of the courts. Mr. Roche should either have declined service as counsel in the immediate case, or upon accepting such service he should have resigned his office as president of the police board. And since Mr. Roche has not resigned—since he declines to resign—the mayor should vacate his appointment. It is not proper, it is not right, it is not decent that the president of the police board should also be a defender of criminals. Especially at this time there is danger as well as impropriety in this conjunction of official and private obligations.

### The German Advance Upon Russia.

It matters little by what means Germany has overcome Russia. It may be as some suspect through connivance with internal elements which see in the strong Teutonic hand a means of quelling the universal riot and of reclaiming the Slavic multitudes to order and discipline. Or as others believe, it may be through a shameless traffic in bribery with the leaders of the mob who for the moment claim authority in Russian affairs. Again, it may be through sheer terror of military power directed remorselessly against unorganized and helpless masses. Any one of these or all of them operating together may account for a national catastrophe of unparalleled magnitude. The means, we repeat, matters little; only the fact needs now to be taken into account.

Germany may for the moment do what she will with European Russia. That she will be able to extend her mastery over Siberia we think more than doubtful, since Japan will have to be reckoned with there. And while Japan could hardly cope with Germany under normal conditions, she ought to be able as matters stand to seize the region which lies between the Pacific Ocean and the Ural Mountains. But whatever Germany or Japan may achieve in the present condition of affairs must be regarded as subject to international arbitrament at the end of the war. A Germany triumphant in the west will be able to make adjustments at her own pleasure in the east; but a defeated or a thwarted Germany will have to submit to arrangements in which the interests of other nations and the rights of Russia shall be considered.

For the moment Russia is demoralized and helpless. Yet the spirit of patriotism is a vital thing with the Russian people. That they will submit permanently to an alien overlordship is not a reasonable expectation. Still less are they likely to sit in docile subjection while their territories are torn apart and apportioned among the ravishers of their country. It would be in the natural order of things that there should enter upon the scene a strong man competent to rally the Russian hordes as Napoleon rallied the French and so to inspire and direct their latent powers as to win back Russia for the Russians under a system suited to their understanding and their political propensity. No such figure is now in sight. But since history commonly repeats itself it is something better than an even guess that Russia will ultimately find a leader and saviour.

That Germany will find Russia in her present condition an easy possession or an immediate resource of

military strength is much to be doubted. By all accounts the people, at least masses of them, are stark mad with the fever of revolution. They are drunk, not so much with excess of power as from the nullification of all authority. The wreck of their governmental organization is matched in every other department of Russian life. Industry is paralyzed. Production is all but nil. The country is famine-stricken. Anarchy is universal. If Germany were free to direct her whole powers to the taming and organization of the country she might be able to do it. But with the Western world arrayed against her she can give to Russia but a modicum of her energies. To hold what she has seized will call for forces which she can ill spare in the west. It is true now as ever that "a sceptre grasped with an unruly hand must be as boisterously maintained as gained"; and Russia, in German possession, will surely call for military force comparable with the needs of the situation when Russia was an open enemy.

It is not a difficult assumption that the German advance upon Russia is inspired less by the hope of benefits immediately to be gained than by the necessity under the Bismarckian tradition of stamping out the democratic conflagration upon her eastern border. An autocratic Germany could not long sustain itself in immediate neighbors with a democratic Russia. Already Germany has felt in the rising democratic spirit among her people effects of the Russian revolution. To check this movement her rulers no doubt feel it to be necessary to suppress the democratic eruption in Russia and to reestablish autocratic authority in its traditional stronghold.

### The Silent Revolution.

The world was in the throes of a bloodless social revolution when war struck it as though all the hosts of hell were loosed for its undoing. The Republic of Portugal, the Republic of China, the "agrarian" revolution of Mexico, our nation's strong trend to direct legislation without the intervention of a deliberative body, the increasing power of organized labor, were one and all but visible evidences of the same fact—that the masses of the peoples of the nations of the earth, the working nine-tenths, were awaking to their power. And here of significance is the ease with which in each instance these momentous social and governmental changes have been accomplished. In Portugal a few shots were fired and an ancient monarchy ceased to exist. In Mexico, where Diaz had ruled an absolute dictator for two generations, had given peace and security to the land and had built an edifice of autocratic beneficence which promised indefinite endurance, that edifice, while still under its builder's control, crumbles to sand at the touch of a few thousand peons. In China an emperor believed divine, ruling a people in the iron grip of caste and shackled by ancient custom—people who knew nothing of government except its dictatorial oppressions—is hurled from his throne by a handful of men who, studying in the West, had hurried home to preach its twentieth-century doctrines. In Russia the Czar, with all the vast machinery of his autocratic power, the "Little Father," the spiritual and temporal head of vast empire, is arrested on a railway train, and tamely abdicates. No great protest follows; his limitless powers fade to nothingness, and at the end of a revolution amazing the world by its bloodlessness the Romanoffs became but a name in past history, and strange wild vistas open before the gaze of the astounded Russian peasants.

What is the explanation of these portentous occurrences, separated by the width of the world, unprecedented in the manner of their happenings, yet all essentially alike? Nothing other than the fact that the masses have awakened to a realization of their power and have determined to rule and to rule in their own



ways. Concepts of government may differ with different nationalities, but whatever the government may be it is to be their own government. And what has energized this tremendous urge? The answer lies in a word—Education. Education has brought knowledge of the power of organization and the ability to organize, and it has inculcated the doctrine of the right of the majority. History records other great movements of men, but never anything comparable to this world-wide silent revolution. There have been great movements for conquest, as those of Alexander, Genghis Kahn, and Napoleon. There have been great movements for plunder, such as the attack on Mediterranean civilization by the barbaric northern hordes. There have been great movements for religions, as those of the Mohammedans and of the Crusaders. There have been isolated upheavals by oppressed peoples, as in the Slave wars of Rome and the French Revolution. But never before has there been a movement like this, which is gathering to it all the peoples of the earth and against which no existing government can declare itself secure, no institution boast itself permanent.

We shout ourselves hoarse for the triumph of democracy over autocracy, and this is very well. But in the clamor of our shouting we are prone to forget that as democracy is the highest form of government, so is it fitted only for those of the highest development, ethical as well as mental. We are witnessing one phase of democracy in Russia, and it is no exaggeration to say that should we release the Filipinos to follow their own form of democracy, within two generations they would be head-hunting again, and roosting in trees for nightly security. But our President need have no anxiety over making the world safe for democracy. Democracy will attend to that itself. A Kaiser may conceivably delay the day of its universal achievement, but not a hundred Kaisers can fend off its certain coming. There is in the Orient an ant which attacks from within the wood-work of a house, leaving no visible exterior sign of its labors. All is fair, secure, and permanent to the eye when without warning the structure falls, and falling resolves itself into dust. Such is the silent work of democracy today and the instantaneous collapse of governments widely separated, widely differing, are but tokens of the universality of the operation of its forces. Who in the light of these events is wise enough to say how strong and stable is our own government or that of any other nation? And when changes come, who dare prophesy the forms these changes will take?

Education, we have said, has given the uncontrollable impulse to this greatest of the world's movements, but let no one think that by this is implied the slightest criticism. It was as inevitable as it was right that education should reach the masses. But education, knowledge, is not the end. It is but means to the end. That end is the resolution of knowledge into wisdom. The Orient had solved its problem, as it thought forever, by holding its masses in ignorance, by the pressure of caste upon caste, by ancestor worship, by the indoctrinated force of custom ("what has been, must be to the end of time"), but the system, irrefragable as it seemed, is breaking down. Witness the unrest in India and the revolution in China!

The West undertook to solve its problem by education. It was a long and cruel road which labor has had to travel, through slavery, serfdom, and the slow recognition, first of personal, then of political rights. When all this had been achieved there still remained to be overcome the exploitation of the individual worker because as an individual he was still very helpless. Then came organization of labor. He must be little of a philosopher who can not understand the wild joy with which the power thus acquired was hailed, and the abuses which naturally followed the first exercises of that power. Indeed, the wonderment is they were not greater. Education taught the power of organization and gave the ability to organize. Yet it still remains true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; that knowledge, while increasing the power for good, equally increases the power for evil, and the vital question still remains: Has the knowledge of the masses or of their leaders been resolved into wisdom? If so, then we may complacently face pure democracy, and the exercise of the will of the majority. If not, then we are confronted by the assured overthrow of our institutions and laws.

Certain it is that there is no unanimity of belief on

the part of the world's spokesmen for democracy. Many believe that when the earth was given to man and the fullness thereof, it meant all men, not a favored few, and that he who claims private ownership of an acre of the earth or of any of the fruits of it holds by the title of the thief, handed down by the despoiler. They reason that as the grains of the fields and the fruits of the forest were worthless until garnered by the hand of labor, to labor all value is due, and that labor will attain its rights only when it receives all this value. But this it can never do under existing laws recognizing the private rights in property, under which laws the capitalist, the employer, idle parasites both, sit like robber barons to plunder labor of its just due. Therefore down with capitalistic laws, capitalists and capital, and out of the ruin will grow the new order of things under which labor will come into its own. This is the Bolshevik doctrine, the doctrine of the I. W. W.'s. Others, noting the shocking disparity between wealth and poverty, between the man who walks to his work to save a nickel and the employer who moves luxuriously in his limousine, and recognizing that this disparity must continue under existing systems so long as God makes men of differing abilities and gives great ability to the few, and so long as man's laws declare that the individual may reap and keep the fruits of his superior ability—these others contend for governmental ownership and control of all property and all activities, allotting to each the sphere of action to which he is best fitted, dealing evenly with all and so eliminating poverty and its suffering from the earth. And this is benevolent communistic socialism. Still others argue that the time is not ripe for any such radical upheavals, that desirable changes should be worked gradually, and can be so worked if labor but employ its powers to control existing governments and bend them to its will. All are agreed, however, that nowhere is labor today getting its just percentage of the fruits of toil.

In this country the wiser heads in the councils of labor, actuated both by patriotism and by the conviction that failure in war will postpone the fruition of their ideals, earnestly and honestly urge an adjustment of all labor difficulties by arbitration until the war is won. But even they, it is significant, vehemently protest against the "conscription" of labor to help win the war. The men that fight are conscripted, why not then, if necessary, conscript these who are only called on to help the fighters and whose slackness means the fighters' death?

But the I. W. W.'s and those who accept their theories and reasonings see in the war and in the overthrow of our government the chance to achieve the ends they have in view. They would Bolshevik America. Some who uphold these atrocious doctrines are undoubtedly only misguided fanatics, but most are purely vicious, and to them as organized vice and crime turns every person who for any reason wishes evil to our land. It is well, then, that our people bear in mind that amid the tumult of the war this silent revolution speeds on its way with a momentum accelerated by the war. To what end, who shall say? What is our destiny, who knows? But we may nurse one consoling thought. We will win this war, cost what it may; and the men who have fought and bled for their country will not see its destinies lightly tossed to the winds of unrestrained and reckless experiment. In the generation next to come we may count on it that the strong conservative backbone of our body politic will be the army of our young men restored to the bosom of a grateful mother country, the foundations of whose institutions they have cemented anew in the blood they have so freely poured forth.

#### Dr. Fewell's Eye-Glass Fund.

Since its last issue the *Argonaut* has received in total the sum of \$160.50, contributions to Dr. Fewell's eye-glass fund. Added to the \$441.10 previously reported, this brings the fund up to \$601.60. Every penny of this money and of such future sums as may be contributed will be expended personally by Dr. Fewell for the purpose to which it has been given. The hospital with which Dr. Fewell is connected—the American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1—receives stricken soldiers and heals their wounds, but it does not go further than this. Dr. Fewell has found that many of the convalescents would be vastly helped in their future activities if provided with eye-glasses, but the hospital

does not provide them and it is the exceptional man who has the means to buy them. Unaided, they must go forth handicapped by defective vision. Contributors of the week through the *Argonaut* are: Grove P. Ayers, San Francisco, \$10; H. H. Sherwood, San Francisco, \$10; Florence H. Whiteside, San Francisco, \$10; Daisy E. Hammond, San Francisco, \$10; A. Mack, San Francisco, \$10; Lilian E. Curtiss, Waseca, Minnesota, \$10; J. W. Atkinson, San Francisco, \$5; N. S., San Francisco, \$10; Edwina Driver and Harriet Patterson, Miss Ransom and Miss Bridges' School, Piedmont, \$10.50; M. S. Cowen, San Francisco, \$5; G. B., San Francisco, \$20; Mrs. H. J. Macomber, Hollister, \$50.

#### Labor and the War.

Day by day we read in the newspapers—usually on the front page—"official resolutions" and other declarations by organized labor to the effect that in relation to the war labor is loyally doing its part. It's truly a frosty morning when we do not find a fresh assertion to this effect. Concurrently day by day we read—usually on an inside page—that for one trivial reason or another workmen in one shipyard or another have struck. Here on the Pacific Coast right under our own eyes there have been strikes upon strikes, all delaying work vitally needed for prosecution of the war. Many weeks ago the government, acting through what is known as the Macy Board, framed up a plan under which all questions should be determined judicially, in the meantime work to go on. This plan had the approval of Mr. Gompers, who we believe is really trying to serve the cause of the country, and practically all the unions signed an agreement in accord with it. It was hoped and believed that a way had been found to estop embarrassments and delays coming through demands on the part of labor at critical times. But just as the situation appeared to be well in hand and when the public—especially the Eastern public—had come to be impressed with the imperative necessity for speeding up ship construction, came one Hutcheson, president of the International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, with fresh demands and a call-out of his men. The President, stung to righteous wrath, called Mr. Hutcheson to account in the curt phrase, "Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?" Mr. Hutcheson knocked under. None the less his original action in calling a strike has aroused universal resentment and has had the effect of putting organized labor at last on the defensive. The Shipping Board, seeing failure ahead for its programme, was looking for a goat and, due to Mr. Hutcheson's course, has found it in organized labor. The public now sees that, despite Mr. Gompers' efforts and despite official boasts of loyalty, labor has not given and is not giving loyal service in the war.

In face of the fact that wages in the shipbuilding trade have by action of the government been increased seventy per cent., efficiency per man has been reduced thirty-five to forty per cent. Lowered efficiency in the shipbuilding trades is not due primarily to dilution of labor, but to the operation of local union rules limiting production. Thus according to union rules in the San Francisco district—we quote from the testimony of Captain Pillsbury of the Shipping Board before the Senate Committee on Commerce—a riveting crew of three men may not set more than a specified number of rivets per day, a number below normal and average capacity. In the wooden yards of Puget Sound union caulkers who in normal times would caulk 240 to 250 feet of seam now caulk not more than 90 feet per day. Union rules—secret rules, but none the less union rules. Similar conditions obtain throughout the country. It was in recognition of this fact that the Macy Board has written in the agreement with the Delaware River yards an acceptance of the piece-scale system. It removes the limitation on the percentage of work that may be done for piece-work pay and guarantees the permanence of a piece-work scale. That is, a riveter working on the piece basis may speed up to the limit of his capability without having the rate per piece cut down. It is hoped by the Macy Board that this arrangement may be extended generally and that it will help to speed up production.

The Hutcheson incident has had an effect which Mr. Gompers has been dreading. Mother whose boy has been drafted; father whose son is in France are angered. Is our cause to be thwarted, are our sons to be left unprotected and unsupported, because organized labor de-



mands its pound of flesh—because it will not even wait upon examination of its demands? Organized labor by its course in connection with shipbuilding work is storing up wrath against the day of wrath. We have drafted upwards of a million young men in military and naval services and are sending them to Europe. We shall draft a second million, possibly a third. All are young men, vital men, patriotic men. When they return, as they will in time, they will have a share in the political and other activities of the country. They are not likely to forget the mischiefs they have suffered at the hands of a system which has put its selfish demands before its patriotism, even before the safeguarding of our men in the battle line.

Editorial Notes.

A news dispatch from Mexico City under date of the 24th instant says:

According to Señor Nieto [Carranza's secretary of the treasury] an "official agreement" provides that the United States shall allow \$15,000,000 American gold to enter Mexico and in return Mexico will remove certain unnamed transport restrictions on mine products. Señor Nieto also announced the establishment of a credit of \$25,000,000.

There is mystery here. Does it mean that a "credit of \$25,000,000" has been "established" with the United States government? If so, it would seem to corroborate a recent report to the effect that the United States government is to send a large amount of food-stuffs to Mexico to relieve distress there due to famine resulting from the long paralysis of industry. Food sent to Mexico must be diverted from our allies and our own forces in Europe. The American public, which has cheerfully wheatlessed and meatlessed that our allies in the war may be supplied, will hardly be pleased if the results of its sacrifice are to go, not to our friends in Europe, but to our enemies in Mexico.

The judgment of the Barnard statue of Lincoln expressed in another column by Mrs. G. H. Macy of Pasadena has a value that only personal memory can confer. Mrs. Macy saw Lincoln three times, and on the last occasion, at a White House reception, at such close range as to be impressed by his voice and his smile. Small wonder that she should look on the Barnard statue almost as a personal affront, as a denial of a fact, as an untruth. Mr. Barnard is a sculptor of ability, and the rejection of his work would imply no reflection upon his artistic capacity. Doubtless he knows his art, but unfortunately it is obvious that he does not know Lincoln. He has presumably carried out his own conception, but it is not a conception that is shared by the nation. It is a conception that the nation ought to repudiate and that it has repudiated. To send such a statue to England as the deliberate expression of the national idea would be a calamity and a humiliation, and it is gratifying to find that this view is shared by a lady whose judgment has a value that is now, unfortunately, nearly unique.

The history of the famous gilded-bronze horses of St. Mark's coincides with many upheavals in the history of old Europe. Thomas Coryate, who "set going for Venice the fourteenth of May, anno. 1608," gives the story of them as he heard it from the Venetians of his day: "Some say that they were cast by Lysippus . . . about three hundred years before Christ; some say that the Romans made them at what time Hiero, King of Syracuse, triumphed of the Parthians. It is reported that Tyridates, King of Armenia, bestowed them on the Emperor Nero . . . and that Constantine the Great brought them from Rome to Constantinople and thence, they were lastly brought by the Venetians, when they possessed Constantinople. So greatly did the Venetians esteem the 'four goodly, brassen horses,'" adds Coryate, "that although they have been offered for them their weight in gold by the King of Spaine, as I have heard reported in Venice, yet they will not sell them." Nearly two centuries after Coryate had written his "Crudities," "for the encouragement of Gentlemen and lovers of travel to undertake journeys beyond the sea" (remarks the *Christian Science Monitor*), the "brassen horses" of St. Mark's were removed from Venice by Napoleon and placed on the arch of the Place du Carrousel. Francis of Austria restored them to Venice in 1815, and there they remained through all the troublous times of the Italian War of Independence. In the year 1917, in the midst of the tumult of war, the horses have returned to Rome, whence they are said to have started their peregrinations in the Third Century A. D.

The Bosnian Mohammedans call themselves Turks, but in reality they are of Slavic race and language, like the other inhabitants.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Japanese Art Symbols.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 25, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As reviewer of the volume entitled "Japanese Art Symbols," by Maude Rex Allen, will you permit me a word of reply to the letter of Miss Hitchcock in which that lady expresses her resentment at the charge of plagiarism brought against her friend the author. My answer is in the form of the deadly parallel, and this may satisfy Miss Hitchcock that the imputation of plagiarism was not lightly brought:

"On the Lanes of Japanese Painting," by Henry P. Bowie.

Page 84—A Japanese artist will never of his own accord paint a flower out of season or a spring landscape in autumn; the fitness of things insensibly influences him.

Page 85—Fuku Roku Ju is one of the seven Gods of good luck, whose name means happiness, wealth and long life. On New Year's Day are suspended on either side of his picture, bamboo and plum subjects. This joyful god's name is sometimes happily interpreted by a triple Kakemono. The middle one is the sun and waves, for long life—Ju. On the right, rice grains, for wealth—Roku; and on the left, the flower of the cotton plant, for happiness—Fuku, because its corolla is golden and its fruit silvery, the gold and silver suggesting felicity.

Page 87—February: The cock and the hen, with the huddling plum branch are now appropriate. . . . When the cock crows, the Japanese hear the words Kok-ka-Koo, which phonetically rendered into Chinese characters read "happiness to our entire land." The Chinese hear differently. To them the cock crows To-Ten-Ko, meaning "The Eastern heavens are reddening." So to them the cock heralds the early morn.

Page 95—December landscapes are all snow scenes, and countless are the ways in which they are treated. Another subject is a nuke-mote: a falcon perched upon a tree covered with snow, holding in its claws a little bird. The falcon does not tear its victim to pieces, but simply uses it to warm its own feet; this accomplished, it lets its prisoner escape and during 24 hours refrains from flying in the direction the little bird has fled. *No-lesse oblige.*

Rather than acknowledge by quotation marks or footnotes these various appropriations the author has attempted to disguise their origin so that they may be made to pass as her own work. But on comparing them with the original text the plagiarism is apparent, notwithstanding such legerdemain as transposing the order of the sentences, amplifying the text and otherwise disguising it by verbal camouflage.

THE REVIEWER.

The Castle of Silence.

DENVER, COLO., February 12, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Last summer I spent a little time in and around San Francisco, and on one of my trips to Sausalito I came across the memorial to Daniel O'Connell, with his lovely poem cut into the bench. I have thought that your readers would enjoy, perhaps once again, seeing the beautiful poem in the *Argonaut*:

THE CASTLE OF SILENCE.

I have a castle of silence,  
Flanked by a lofty keep,  
And across the drawbridge lie  
The lovely chamber of sleep;  
Its walls are draped with legends  
Woven in threads of gold,  
Legends beloved in dreamland  
In the tranquil days of old.

Here lies the princess sleeping  
In the palace solemn and still,  
And knight and countess slumber;  
And even the noisy rill  
That flowed by the ancient tower,  
Has passed on its way to the sea,  
And the deer are asleep in the forest,  
And the birds are asleep in the tree.

And I in my castle of silence,  
In my chamber of sleep alone,  
Like the far-off murmur of fountains  
Come the turbulent echoes of town,  
And the wrangling tongues about me  
Have now no power to keep  
My soul from the solace exceeding  
The blessed Nirvana of sleep.

Lower the portcullis softly,  
Sentries, placed on the wall;  
Let shadows of quiet and silence  
On all my palace fall;  
Softly draw my curtains . . .  
Let the world labor and weep,—  
My soul is safe environed  
By the walls of my chamber of sleep.

I have enjoyed reading the *Argonaut* for some years, and I look for it eagerly every Tuesday. With kindest regards,  
G. B. BOSWORTH.

From One Who Saw Lincoln.

PASADENA, CAL., February 25, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: An article in your issue of February 16th on the Barnard statue of Mr. Lincoln gives me such keen satisfaction that I am impelled to thank you for it—all the more emphatically since I am one of the few who remain that can speak from precious memories of my own. I saw Mr. Lincoln three times—at his second inauguration, again in the Senate chamber, and still again at a White House reception. Each time I was more deeply impressed with his gentle dignity, his kindly smile, and soft, clear voice. I had and hold an impression of a truly great man, of whom one was not in awe.

This pitiful caricature, which you so justly call a "mean figure," with "shuffling feet" and a "eringe," should never be

sent to England to perpetuate so false an impression of the greatest American. I could wish success to a German U-boat if the statue could travel alone.

An admirer of your good paper, I am,

Very respectfully yours,  
Mrs. G. H. MACY.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Russia, it seems, is not out of the war, as we have been confidently assured from so many different quarters. Russia is still in the war, and has once more succeeded in focusing the attention of the world upon herself. At the present moment there are three German forces advancing into the country to the east of the old battle line. The most northerly of these forces is headed toward Petrograd, and is already, at the moment of writing on Sunday, some ninety miles to the eastward of Riga. Whether the Germans actually intend to take Petrograd, whether anything that Trotzky can now do will serve to arrest their progress, remains to be seen. Germany has done so many inexplicable things, she has so often misinterpreted the mind and temper of nations, that her intentions are incalculable. We can only observe her deeds, and wait for her ultimate plans to unfold themselves. But it may be said with some confidence that there is nothing in her latest excursion to cause an increase of anxiety to the Allies. There is no reason why we should not view it with equanimity and an expectant interest. Energy that is dissipated in one direction can not be used in another.

The immediate course of events so far as Russia is concerned is a simple one. Trotzky had refused to sign a peace treaty involving large cessions of Russian territory, and he had practically dared the Germans to do their worst. At the same time he declared that Russia was no longer at war, and so did no more than register a fact that had been obvious enough for months. Trotzky believed without question that Russia was protected by her defenselessness, and that the masses of the German public would not tolerate a new war of naked aggressiveness, and one in such insolent violation of the basic agreement against annexations. Trotzky was willing to bet on the social revolution in Germany, but he was over sanguine. Evidently he did not sufficiently know the German public, which revolts against failure, but never against success. When Trotzky found that the Germans were actually advancing he determined upon surrender, and notified his change of mind to the Germans by telegraph. But Germany declined to accept an acquiescence by telegraph. She said it must be formal and in writing. This, of course, was obviously a pretext for the continuation of her offensive, for certainly there was no reason why Germany should attach the slightest value to anything signed by Trotzky. Her forces were already moving, and they went steadily forward. Trotzky's written capitulation was answered by a statement of peace terms evidently insincere and evasive, and the advance continued. The latest bulletins speak of enormous masses of supplies that have fallen into German hands, and of the futile resistance of the Russian armies that have become a mere depleted rabble. Trotzky has issued a feverish and belated summons to arms, and the Bolsheviks seem determined at the eleventh hour to offer what resistance may be within their power. A disciplined or organized resistance is, of course, out of the question. The Russian armies were too thoroughly corrupted by Kerensky for that. To what extent a guerilla war may become a fact remains to be seen. But a guerilla war is not to be despised. In such a country as Russia it might easily become formidable, indeed insurmountable. But we do not know the actual temper of the Russian people. We can foresee nothing of a situation that is without precedents.

The Germans are not only advancing toward Petrograd, but also into the Ukraine, and here they have a substantial and valuable objective. If the general policy of the Bolsheviks toward Germany has been one of an almost incredible credulity, their policy toward the Ukraine has been wanton and vicious to the last extent. The Ukraine participated in the first revolution, but this was not enough for the Bolsheviks, who insisted that the Ukraine must be organized on the same principles of rabid anarchy that had been imposed upon northern Russia. The Bolsheviks, who were unwilling to make war upon Germany, were ready enough to assail their fellow-Russians of the Ukraine and of Finland for a lukewarmness in the sacred cause of chaos and the social revolution. The Ukrainians, cowed by the Red Guard, were compelled to appeal to Germany for aid, and it need hardly be said that Germany was quick to give it, and incidentally to hargain for the wheat supplies of which she was so urgently in need. The Bolsheviks must now face a newly hostile Germany from the west, and a hostile Ukraine, sustained by Germany, from the south. What else they must face in the way of domestic indignation and contempt remains to be seen. But at least we may acquit the Bolsheviks of pro-Germanism. They are pure socialist fanatics, single-minded for the social revolution, and wholly unscrupulous, reckless, and cruel in its pursuit. Their actions have displayed a considerable amount of shrewd cunning, but they have misinterpreted the motives and the fears of the German government, and they have exaggerated the revolutionary forces of the German people. Inherited by their own ideals, they believed that the contagion of those ideals would affect Germany. Perhaps it has. Indeed we may confidently believe that it has. But not quickly enough to save Russia. It may be that the same forces upon which the Bolsheviks relied for the protection of Russia, the forces of social revolution in Germany, have served to impel the German government to the continued invasion of Russia in order to destroy such forces at their source.

The problem of German motive is largely one of pro-



loss, and of the balance between them. For what has Germany to lose, what does she risk by the continued assault upon Russia? First of all she risks a guerilla warfare, but to this danger she is probably insensible. She understands disciplined armies, but it is likely that she has no conception of a country in flames, or of the peril accruing to herself from millions of infuriated men without guidance or leadership. This was what Bismarck dreaded at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and he dreaded it as an almost unconquerable calamity, but unfortunately the wisdom of Bismarck died with him. Secondly, Germany has to fear the difficulties of an advance through three hundred miles of rough country, with an ever lengthening line of communication, and the consequent absorption of forces that she might utilize elsewhere. In the absence of a Russian army she will probably minimize these difficulties, and for the same reason she is likely to use a force dangerously small for her purpose. Indeed we are told that the army advancing toward Petrograd is only about four divisions, or eighty thousand men at the most. Thirdly, Germany has to fear the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, and the appearance in their place of a war party which would consolidate and organize the national patriotic temper. But this also has probably been omitted from the German calculations, or rather Germany feels that she is quite able to handle such an eventuality as this. She herself would surrender abjectly if she were similarly invaded. Inspiration from defeat is not among her national assets. She assumes that cowardice will control the minds of her enemies as it controls her own. These seem to be the main dangers that attend a new German offensive against Russia. On the other hand what are the advantages?

It has been the invariable policy of Germany to strike at the weakest link in the line of her enemies, and here she is doing this once more. She is quite aware that Russia remains her enemy, no matter what the Bolsheviks may say or sign. The Bolsheviks are not the Russian people, although they are momentarily pretending to speak with the voice of the Russian people, and are enabled to do this because they have the courage to enforce their orders. There must be millions of shamed and humiliated Russians who are only waiting for the wheel to turn to assert themselves. The revolutionary wheel always does turn in just this way, and it may turn in Russia at any moment. By striking at Petrograd Germany guards herself, or thinks she does, against a reactionary wave that must be gathering force even now. Secondly, Germany finds advantage in a spectacular action, easily labeled as a victory, that shall appeal to the sentiment of her own people and stimulate their waning enthusiasm. She promised them a peace with Russia, and the first failure to secure this at Brest-Litovsk was followed by the great German strike. Now she supplies them with a further proof of invincibility that shall be a guaranty of ultimate triumph and that shall act upon their nerves as a narcotic. Germany overran Roumania for no better reason than this, and even intrigued with the pro-German Russian ministers to tempt Roumania into the war in order that she might then be conquered and so displayed as the proof of German prowess. The key to the greater part of the later military mysteries of Germany is to be found in the discontent of her own people and in her absolute need to appease it. Thirdly, we have the advantage to Germany of securing a military hold upon the Ukraine with its great food stores. Fourthly, Germany places herself in full military occupation of Courland, Poland, and Lithuania, and so strengthens her hand for a peace conference in which she shall be well equipped to discard the cards that she does not want in return for the right to retain the cards that she does want.

But there may be another reason for Germany's apparent resolve to crush Russia, and here once more we must take into consideration the discontent of the German people. Perhaps the Bolsheviks were not wholly unjustified in their expectation of a revolution in Germany. Perhaps their influence upon that revolution is not so negligible as we may have supposed. It may seem supremely desirable to Germany to extirpate a source of revolutionary contagion that is perilously close to her own frontiers, and to which the sufferings of her own people have made them dangerously susceptible. The Germany of today is the Germany of the Vienna Congress, odorous and impotent, just as much disposed as she was then to regard democracy as the one enemy to a world order of which she was the self-constituted champion. An autocratic Germany and a democratic Russia could not exist side by side. The German idea of government was sufficiently menaced by republican France in the west. It could not survive a republican Russia in the east. It is quite on the cards that a German power supreme in Petrograd would reestablish the late Czar, or some other Czar, and so triumphantly reassert the rule of autocracy. Moreover, such a reestablished Czar would be a friend to Germany. At least the poison of the Bolshevik propaganda would be extirpated. The virus of the social revolution would no longer filter across the German frontier. At this distance from the scene perhaps we can hardly realize the strength of the contagion furnished by revolutionary Russia to the countries with which she is in immediate contact, and especially to Germany and Austria, where the conditions of aristocratic government are so similar. Germany has for long been the home of theoretical socialism. It needed only suffering and leadership to convert it into practical and "red" socialism. The suffering has been furnished by the war, and the leadership was being supplied by the Bolsheviks. Lenin is supposed to know more of revolutionary conditions in Europe than any other living man. For years he has been in communication with every centre of disaffection throughout the continent. He believed that from Russia he could stage-manage a revolution in Germany, and that he need do

no more than furnish the example and call for its imitation. Perhaps Lenin was substantially right, and his only mistake was to misjudge the time that would be needed to overcome the German inertia. Perhaps he came so near to a success that it seems of supreme importance to Germany to abolish him and all his works. And so here we may find the main reason for Germany's new invasion of Russia. Above and beyond all immediate schemes of conquest she knows well that no system of autocratic government can endure in the midst of a ring of democracies, and that the principles of the Congress of Vienna must either be reestablished or disappear forever.

But in the meantime what becomes of the German offensive on the western front? If Germany actually intends to seize Petrograd—and of this we must remember that there is still no actual proof—how can she expect at the same time to fight the greatest battle of the war in the west? So far as we may judge from the scanty bulletins, there is so far no indication of a preparatory activity in Flanders and France. There is no concentration of artillery fire, although it is always possible that Germany may attack with tanks as the British did at Cambrai. It is true that raids are reported on both sides of the line, but they seem to be impartially distributed. Our military commentators appear now to have somewhat recovered from their earlier panic. It is true that there are still one or two mourners who discern phantom armies of Austrians and Bulgarians, and who are so far afflicted with the myth of the German superman as to identify a German attack with a German victory. But the fact seems now to be fairly well established and admitted that the Germans on the western front are not in a numerical superiority, and that they can not reach a numerical superiority. The fable of German transfers from the Russian line seems also to have been reduced to legitimate proportions, and it may fade even more in view of German activities in Russia. Under such circumstances we may safely wait in tranquillity for Germany to unfold her plans in the west. That she intends to bring an offensive is highly unlikely, at least an offensive of the dimensions that have been so liberally sketched for us. That there will be heavy fighting in the west need not be doubted, and it may be initiated by Germany. Both sides will snatch at any advantage, at any opportunity, that may present itself. But this will not be a German offensive in the sense in which we have been so extravagantly warned. There is not a shadow of evidence that Austrians have been sent to the west, although our alarmists have taken it for granted that this is the case. And if Austrians have been sent to the west, then the Allied commanders need no longer speculate as to the weak point in the Teuton lines. It will be wherever the Austrians are. But the Austrians are not likely to help—or to hinder—the Germans in France while their own lines in Italy are in so precarious a position.

From two other centres of activity the news is distinctly good. The capture of Jericho is a further discomfiture for the Turks, who seem to have made a very slight stand and to have retreated with willingness. The distance of this particular field of war should not be allowed to hide its importance. There could be no blow aimed more directly at German ambitions. Asia Minor is a sort of triangular bridge directly connecting Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in the hands of an aggressive Germany it would become a well-worn bridge of conquest. Talleyrand described Asia Minor as the key to the conquest of the world, and he drove home this conviction to the mind of Napoleon. General Allenby is fast becoming one of the large figures of the war. He moves forward slowly, relentlessly, and without mistakes or retreats. With his men camped on the banks of the Jordan he is now in touch with the Arab tribes who have been defending his flank. The Arabs do not issue bulletins, but they have done large service under the inspiration of the Sheikh of Mecca, who not only repudiated the Germanic powers, but the Sultan of Turkey himself. The other source of good news is the submarine war. At last we are authoritatively told that ships are being built faster than they are being destroyed, and that the downward curve has been translated into an upward curve.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 27, 1918. SIDNEY CORYN.

From a tree in the forest to a printed newspaper in 145 minutes, or two hours and twenty-five minutes, is the record made in a trial at Vienna, Austria, recently. The trial was made to see in how short a space of time a living tree could be converted into a newspaper. At 7:35 in the morning three trees were cut down; by 9:34 they had been stripped of their bark, cut up and turned into wood pulp. They then became paper, and the paper was hustled from the factory to the press. There the first copy, printed and folded, was delivered at 10 o'clock.

The Japanese are the greatest masters of human equilibrium in the world. Watching them balance lightly on slack wires or stand on their hands on slender poles, one would assume that aviation has few terrors for them. As a matter of fact, however, their peculiar sense of equilibrium does not seem to aid them in the flying of airplanes. A noted instructor who has drilled many Allied airmen says the Japanese make the least satisfactory aviators in the world, Eskimos excepted.

Hot air is used for polishing. The articles to be treated are placed in a basket in a centrifugal machine driven at a very high speed and heated air is blown from a pipe through the basket. A high polish is thus produced very rapidly.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Alfredo Serratos, the chief aid to the Mexican rebel Zapata, was at one time a servant of Mark Hanna, the noted politician of Ohio. His history is a romantic one. As a homeless waif he was taken to the United States by an American, who promised to give him an education. In Cleveland, Ohio, the American died, and young Serratos was left stranded. For three years he worked at the home of Senator Hanna, mowing lawns and caring for horses. Later the young Mexican returned to Mexico and studied law. He speaks three languages fluently.

King George has a totally different method of getting through his work from the late King Edward. Sir Arthur Ellis once said that King Edward would let a great deal of work accumulate, and then, when the fit for work was on him, or when he thought the amount of his correspondence was getting too heavy, would put in perhaps a whole day's work, beginning directly after breakfast and working into the early hours of the next day. King George, on the other hand, never, if possible, allows arrears of work to accumulate, and if they do his majesty is always nervous and fidgety until the arrears are cleared off.

Archbishop John Ireland observed the fifty-sixth anniversary of his ordination as a priest and the forty-second anniversary of his consecration as a bishop in December last. He was ordained in St. Paul, December 21, 1861, and soon afterward joined the Fifth Minnesota Infantry as chaplain. He served through the war with distinction and has been a strong friend of the veterans ever since. He returned to St. Paul and was attached to the cathedral parish, where he became pastor. He was consecrated bishop December 21, 1875, and has been a bishop longer than any other American prelate, save Cardinal Gibbons.

Leon Trotzky, Russia's foreign minister, was observed by the police when he was in exile in Spain to spend long periods at a stretch in writing in cafés. At other times he was noticed standing in an ecstasy of delight in front of the public monuments. The officers also took note of the gloomy demeanor of the man, and of his continual appearance of deep reflection. He spoke to no one and received no letters. When arrested some of the notes found in his pocket-book spoke of the Spaniards as a people of toreadors and priests. He said that they were decadent in everything; that they ate badly, and, what was worse, that their women were ugly.

Romulo S. Naon, who has resigned his post of ambassador from the Argentine Republic to the United States because of Argentina's attitude toward Germany and toward the Allies, is one of the most popular of the diplomatists sent to the United States from South America within a generation. He has steadfastly shown comprehension of the life and ideals of the United States, and done much to make them known to his countrymen. Dr. Naon, as minister of public instruction in Argentina and as a professor in college and university circles in Buenos Aires, was said to be influential in shaping the intellectual life of his countrymen.

It is curious that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the new first lord, should be in the same royal line as the late Brigadier-General Fitz-Clarence, to whom is now generally given the credit (if it may be allowed to one man) of having saved the situation at the first battle of Ypres (remarks the *London Observer*). Both trace their descent from William IV's association with the actress, Mrs. Jordan, the one through the eldest son George, afterwards created Earl of Munster, and the other through the daughter Augusta, who married a son of the Marquis of Ailsa. So it happens that King George and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss are both great-great-grandsons of George III.

An English war correspondent, speaking of General Plumer, the commander of the British force in Italy, writes: "Like Lord Roberts, he is one of the 'little uns,' his height being given as 5 feet 5 inches. He is a model of neatness, and 'the dandy general' is the affectionate appellation bestowed by his men. With him might have originated the army creed that cleanliness is next to tidiness of kit. He ranks with Birdwood and Byng in the estimation of the Colonial forces, with whom in the past he has had dealings, and a great soldier's testimony is this: 'Plumer's influence over those who have come in contact with him is the influence of an English gentleman.'"

Rev. Wilson Carlile, the founder and head of England's "church army," at the outset of his career was a business man first and foremost. He not only had no use for religion, but was, as he himself puts it, an out-and-out money-grabber. As a boy all his predilections were toward business, and the ruling ambition of his life was to have made \$100,000 by the time he was twenty-five. That, at 5 per cent., he figured, would produce an income of \$5000 a year. As a business man, moreover, he proved a big success, and when finally he decided to give up business and become an evangelist he is said voluntarily to have sacrificed a long start toward becoming as big a figure in the world of finance as he now is in the world of religion.



## CARRY ON.

Ian Hay Narrates the Further War Adventures of His Scottish Companions in Arms.

The raw recruit, just beginning his military training, the war-worn veteran in the trenches, the non-military person, viewing the great conflict from afar, all found keen delight in "The First Hundred Thousand." It had a quality all its own and it will remain as one of the really worth-while war books. The comedies and tragedies of these raw country lads and their emphy officers made a wide appeal with their human interest and the genial and observant Scottish gentleman who set them forth performed a great service.

Major Ian Hay Beith (he is a major now) has accomplished much since he went out to the battlefields of France with Kitchener's first army. In addition to valiant service in the field, he has found time to compile a manual of the machine gun, to lecture all over America for war relief, to write an effective call to Anglo-Saxon solidarity, under the title of "Getting Together," to clarify the Irish question in one of the brightest books of the year, "The Oppressed English," and now to our great joy has produced a narrative of the further adventures of our old acquaintances in "The First Hundred Thousand."

"All In It" may be regarded as a sequel to his earlier work. Familiar characters are to be seen in the stress of bitter warfare, hardened veterans, a trifle more sophisticated perhaps, but preserving the traits that made us alternately laugh and weep. Many of them lie buried in France, and many more are broken and maimed, but all the living, whether still fighting the Hun or nursing their wounds in England, still shout "Cheeroh," and this is the spirit that pervades the whole volume.

The opening chapter breathes this spirit. There are hardship and suffering and death, but all in the day's work. Here is the picture of the regiment after hard service:

Two months ago we trudged into Betbune, gaunt, dirty, soaked to the skin, and reduced to a comparative handful. None of us had had his clothes off for a week. Our ankle-puttees had long dropped to pieces, and our hose-tops, having worked under the soles of our boots, had been cut away and discarded. The result was a hare and mud-splashed expanse of leg from hoot to kilt, except in the case of the enterprising few who had devised artistic spat-puttees out of an old sand-bag. Our headgear consisted in a few cases of the regulation Balmoral bonnet, usually minus "toorie" and hodge; in a few more of the battered remains of a gas helmet; and in the great majority of a woollen cap-comforter. We were hearded like that incomparable fighter, the poilu, and we were separated by an abyss of years, so our stomachs told us, from our last square meal.

But we were wonderfully placid about it all. Our regimental pipers, who had come out to play us in, were making what the Psalmist calls "a joyful noise" in front; and behind us lay the recollection of a battle, still raging, in which we had struck the first blow, and borne our full share for three days and nights. Moreover, our particular blow had hit deeper into the enemy's line than any other blow in the neighborhood. And, most blessed thought of all, everything was over, and we were going back to rest. For the moment the memory of the sights we had seen, and the tax we had levied upon our bodies and souls, together with the picture of the countless sturdy lads whom we had left lying beneath the sinister shade of Fosse Eight, were beneficently obscured by the prospect of food, sleep, and comparative cleanliness.

The book abounds in good stories from life in the trenches and billets, humorous stories with a touch of pathos. After a strenuous time at the front the regiment is given a chance to rest. There follows the usual experience of finding quarters and the billeting officers go through the little French village locating places for officers and men. In one comfortable house Lieutenant Cockerell finds an announcement posted that the quarters are reserved for the supply officer of the district and are not to be occupied by troops passing through. The fighting ranks' contempt for the noncombatant branches of the service flares up and Cockerell replaces the order by one which states that the supply officer is at liberty to occupy the quarters only when they are not required by the troops of the combatant service.

But the regiment was no sooner in rest billets than it was suddenly called back to undertake a most arduous task. A redoubt, the Kidney Bean, has been captured by the enemy. It was a section that they had captured and held, and because they were familiar with every inch of it they were summoned to undertake its recapture. The fight was carefully planned and rehearsed, and it was entirely successful, but at a heavy cost. When the struggle was over Lieutenant Cockerell found himself wandering back of the lines leading the eighteen survivors of his platoon of thirty-four that had gone into action in the morning. They were hungry and weary and had missed the appointed rendezvous.

A dashing motor lorry nearly ran them down, and then to their surprise it slowed up and the officer in charge apologized:

"Where have you come from?" inquired the major, turning a curious eye upon Cockerell's prostrate followers. Cockerell explained. When he had finished, he added wistfully: "I suppose you have not got an odd tin or two of bully to give away, sir? My fellows are about—"

For answer the major took the lieutenant by the arm and led him towards the lorry. "You have come," he announced, "to the very man you want. I am practically Mr. Harrod. In fact I am a corps supply officer. How would a Maconochie apiece suit your boys?"

Cockerell, repressing the ecstatic phrases which crowded to

his tongue, replied that that was just what the doctor ordered. "Where are you bound for?" continued the major.

"St. Grégoire."

"Of course. You were pulled out from there, weren't you? I am going to St. Grégoire myself as soon as I have finished my round. Home to bed, in fact. I haven't had any sleep worth writing home about for four nights. It is no joke tearing about a country full of shell-holes, hunting for people who have shifted their ration-dump seven times in four days. However, I suppose things will settle down again, now that you fellows have fired Brother Boche out of the Kidney Bean. Pretty fine work, too! Tell me, what is your strength, here and now?"

"One officer," said Cockerell soberly, "and eighteen other ranks."

"All that's left of your platoon?"

Cockerell nodded.

With that the major took the survivors into the lorry, gave them a tot of rum apiece, and carried them on their way to St. Grégoire. Then he stripped off his overcoat and threw it around Cockerell's shoulders, incidentally revealing the fact that he wore upon his tunic the ribbons of both South African Medals and the Distinguished Service Order:

"I see you have been wounded, sir," Cockerell observed, noting with a little surprise two gold stripes upon his host's left sleeve—the sleeve of a "noncombatant."

"Yes," said the major. "I got the first one at Le Cateau. He was only a little fellow; but the second, which arrived at the Second Show at Ypres, gave me such a stiff leg that I am only an old crock now. I was second-in-command of an infantry battalion in those days. In these I am only a peripatetic Lipton. However, I am lucky to be here at all; I've had twenty-seven years' service. How old are you?"

"Twenty," replied Cockerell. He was too tired to feel ashamed as he usually did at having to confess to the tenderness of his years.

The major nodded thoughtfully. "Yes," he said; "I judged that would be about the figure. My son would have been twenty this month, only—he was at Neuve Chapelle."

Cockerell went to sleep on the shoulder of the major and an hour or two later they reached St. Grégoire, long before the rest of the battalion. Into the major's quarters they went:

A bright fire was burning in the open stove. Immediately above, pinned to the mantelpiece and fluttering in the draught, hung Cockerell's manifesto upon the subject of noncombatants. He could recognize his own handwriting across the room. The major saw it, too.

"Hello, what's that hanging up, I wonder?" he exclaimed. "A memorandum for me, I expect; probably from my old friend 'Dados' (D. A. D. O. S., Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance Stores). Let us get a little more light."

He crossed to the window and drew up the blind. Cockerell moved, too. When the major turned round, his guest was standing by the stove, his face scarlet through its grime.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Cockerell, "but that notice—memorandum—of yours has dropped into the fire."

"If it came from Dados," replied the major, "thank you very much!"

"I can't tell you, sir," added Cockerell humbly, "what a fool I feel."

But the apology referred to an entirely different matter.

The British soldier is a peculiar individual. Other nations can not understand him at all. In the eyes of the German military man his qualities are the very ones that unfit a man to be a soldier. The picture of the Tommy which Major Beith draws in one of his chapters is graphic and helps us to understand how the little British army stood so doggedly at bay during the terribly discouraging days of 1914:

It is this very faculty—philosophic trust, coupled with absolute lack of imagination—which makes the British soldier the most invincible person in the world. The Frenchman is inspired to glorious deeds by his great spirit and passionate love of his own sacred soil; the German fights as he thinks, like a machine. But the British Tommy wins through owing to his entire indifference to the pros and cons of the tactical situation. He settles down to war like any other trade, and, as in time of peace, he is chiefly concerned with his holidays and his creature comforts. A battle is a mere incident between one set of billets and another. Consequently he does not allow the grim realities of war to obsess his mind when off duty. One might almost ascribe his success as a soldier to the fact that his domestic instincts are stronger than his military instincts.

Put the average Tommy into a trench under fire and how does he comport himself? Does he begin by striking an attitude and hurling defiance at the foe? No, he begins by inquiring, in no uncertain voice, where his dinner is? He then examines his new quarters. Before him stands a parapet, buttressed mayhap with hurdles or hanks of timber, the whole being designed to preserve his life from hostile projectiles. How does he treat this bulwark? Unless closely watched, he will begin to chop it up for firewood. His next proceeding is to construct for himself a place of shelter. This sounds a sensible proceeding, but here again it is a case of "safety second." A British Tommy regards himself as completely protected from the assaults of his enemies if he can lay a sheet of corrugated-iron roofing across his bit of trench and sit underneath it. At any rate it keeps the rain off, and that is all his instincts demand of him. An ounce of comfort is worth a pound of safety.

He looks about him. The parapet here requires fresh sandbags; there the trench needs pumping out. Does he fill sandbags, or pump, or of his own volition? Not at all. Unless remorselessly supervised, he will devote the rest of the morning to inventing and chalking up a title for his new dugout—"Jock's Lodge," or "Burns' Cottage," or "Cyclists' Rest"—supplemented by a cautionary notice, such as—*No Admittance. This Means You.* Thereafter, with shells whistling over his head, he will decorate the parapet in his immediate vicinity with picture postcards and cigarette photographs. Then he leans back with a happy sigh. His work is done. His home from home is furnished. He is now at leisure to think about "they Gairmans" again. That may sound like an exaggeration; but "Comfort First" is the motto of that lovable but imprudent grasshopper, Thomas Atkins, all the time.

They are curious chaps, these Tommies, and the characteristics which Major Beith has noted give rise to many humorous situations. Here is one related by one of the officers, showing the tender solicitude of one of them for his comrade and the reason for it:

"That Cockney regiment which lay beside us at Alhert last summer was a pretty priceless lot. Do you remember a pair

of fat fellows in their leading platoon? We called them Fortnum and Mason!"

"I do—particularly Fortnum. Go on!"

"Well, their bit of trench was being shelled one day, and Fortnum, who was in number one bay with five other men, kept shouting out to Mason, who was round a traverse and out of sight, to inquire how he was getting on. 'Are you all right, Bill?' 'Are you sure you're all right, Bill?' 'Are you still all right, Bill?' and so on. At last Bill, getting fed up with this unusual solicitude, yelled back: 'What's all the anxiety about, eh?' And Fortnum put his head round the traverse and explained. 'We're getting up a little sweepstake in our bay,' he said, 'about the first casualty, and I've drawn you, ole son!'"

By way of epilogue two of the officers of the battalion familiar to all who have enjoyed "The First Hundred Thousand," Major Wagstaffe and Captain Bobby Little, who were both wounded and out of it, are sitting in a London club, talking over old times. The conversation turns to the changes that the war will bring and calls forth some thoughts that might well be taken to heart in our own country. Similar ideas will come to us when we have been longer in the struggle and undergone the realities of warfare as it is waged today:

"Well," said Wagstaffe, "we are all going to understand one another a great deal better after this war."

"Who? Labor and capital, and so on?"

"Labor and capital" is a meaningless and misleading expression, Bobby. For instance, our men regard people like you and me as capitalists; the ordinary brigade major regards us as laborers, and pretty common laborers at that. It is all a question of degree. But what I mean is this. You can't call your employer a tyrant and extortioner after he has shared his rations with you and never spared himself over your welfare and comfort through weary months of trench warfare; neither, when you have experienced a workman's courage and cheerfulness and reliability in the day of battle, can you turn round and call him a loafer and an agitator in time of peace—can you? That is just what the *Bandar-log* overlook, when they jabber about the dreadful industrial upheaval that is coming with peace. Most of all they have overlooked the fact that with the coming of peace this country will be invaded by several million of the wisest men that she has ever produced—the New British Army. That army will consist of men who have spent three years in getting rid of mutual misapprehensions and assimilating one another's point of view—men who went out to war ignorant and intolerant and insular, and are coming back wise to all the things that really matter. They will flood this old country, and they will make short work of the agitator, and the alarmist, and the profiteer, and all the nasty creatures that merely make a noise instead of doing something, and who crab the work of the army and navy—more especially the navy—because there isn't a circus victory of some kind in the paper every morning. Yes, Bobby, when our boys get back, and begin to ask the *Bandar-log* what they did in the Great War—well, it's going to be a rotten season for *Bandar-log* generally."

Altogether "All In It" is a fine, upstanding book that will take its rank beside its predecessor, and its humor and pathos and common sense will be heartily appreciated by the large audience that Major Beith has made for himself on this side of the Atlantic.

ALL IN IT: "KI" CARRIES ON. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

The British papers are recalling a grave statement of the late Lord Salisbury, who, as the Conservative leader, was for many years the leading opponent of Gladstone. It was probably about the time of the last Russo-Turkish war that he remarked: "Remember this, that the federation of Europe is the embryo of the only possible structure of Europe that can save civilization from the desolating effects of a disaster of war." Describing the improvement of the instruments of destruction, the competition in which each nation felt bound for its own safety to take part, he added: "The one hope that we have to prevent this competition from ending in a terrible effort of mutual destruction which would be fatal to Christian civilization—the only hope we have is that the powers may gradually be brought to act together in a friendly spirit on all questions of difference which may arise, till at last they shall be welded in some great international constitution which shall give to the world as a result of their great strength a long spell of unfettered and prosperous trade and continued peace."

Carnarvon Castle is the most splendid specimen of mediaeval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Elfreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carnarvon Castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress."

Cambrai, the objective of the British in their brilliant drive, is chiefly interesting to us because of its manufactures. In 1530 a purse of gold was offered in behalf of Henry VIII of England to the workmen who would produce the finest linen for the king's shirts. The prize was won by the weavers of Cambrai and the material was called Cambric in honor of the town in which it was made. So fine was the linen that there were 120 or more threads to the inch. Straightway it became the fashion for all fine underwear, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, and baby dresses to be made of it.



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### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week of five business days ending Saturday, February 23d, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports total clearings of \$85,488,481.06, as compared with \$67,227,803.68 in the corresponding week last year. Saturday's clearings were \$16,760,428.71.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, reporting its condition for the week ending Saturday, February 23d, states its total resources at \$169,057,000 and its gold reserves \$91,377,000. The gold reserves now stand in the proportion of 59.88 per cent. of net deposits and Federal reserve note bank liability.

Sutro & Co. received a dispatch from New York Saturday containing the latest quotations on the powder stocks, in which they, to some extent, specialize. All of these stocks are now stronger, with \$264 a share bid for Du Pont, \$248 a share bid for Hercules, and \$170 a share bid for Atlas.

News of schemes to swindle farmers by

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men advertising to be authorized farm loan association organizers is met by the statement by the Federal Farm Loan Board that organizers are not employed.

In order to borrow money under the Farm Loan Act farmers must organize cooperative national farm loan associations in their local communities. It is a violation of a ruling of the Farm Loan Board for a national farm loan association or a joint stock land bank to spend money for promotion purposes.

Occasionally of late encouraging signs have appeared in the bond market. Advances have been reported in nearly all classes of senior securities, and although the rise may not have held in all instances, it was by many regarded as a foretoken of lasting betterment. Coming, as the price improvements did, in a period of much uncertainty, they indicated a fundamental strength which was highly assuring.

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They seemed to prove that bonds may be purchased today with much confidence. They augured an upward trend that must eventually assert itself, although progress may be slow.

Two influences are noted as contributing to an optimistic feeling in the ranks of shrewd buyers of bonds. One is the growing conviction that peace is not far distant, and that the next Liberty Loan will be the last to place its heavy hand on the market. This of itself would have a bracing effect on current values. The actual return of peace, if democracy were surely made safe, would undoubtedly prove a powerful hull factor. Those who are huying and holding with that time in view are "picking dollars from the bushes." There is no speculation safer or more likely to be rewarding.

The other stiffening element in the situation is the considerable falling off during the past year in the totals of new issues of bonds. Municipalities as well as private corporations have deferred desired financing as much as possible, awaiting a date when money will be cheaper and they can float their obligations at more favorable interest rates. This shrinking of the yearly crop of bond emissions has helped the market to a material extent. Because of it a more complete digestion of existing issues has gone forward. There may not be danger of a scarcity of excellent bonds in the near future, but there will no doubt be far fewer of them on the bargain counter at the end of the year than now.

When appreciation of bonds in general shall have gone far enough, it will prove beneficial to real estate and farm mortgage issues also. It will not increase their prices, which never fluctuate. But as figures for other issues go higher, the net yield will decrease, and there will arise a greater demand for fixed value securities.

The Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company reports a steady demand and brisk business in first mortgage certificates, secured by first mortgages on improved farm lands.

More than \$200,000 of the company's latest offering of \$300,000 6 per cent. guaranteed, first mortgage certificates, dated February 15, 1918, and secured by a first mortgage on the famous Sargent Canal ranch of about 3400 acres, all under intensive cultivation, near Stockton, have been sold within the past few weeks.

The treasury of the United States has a great deal of money to raise and it can not be raised by hankers alone, says Secretary McAdoo. The hanks of this country can not alone sustain America's needs in this war and extend to our allies the essential aid which they must have to continue the war.

The rich of this country can not do it alone; the men of this country can not do it alone; the women of this country can not do it alone; but all of us, the people of the United States, disregarding partisanship, forgetting selfish interests, thinking only of the supremacy of right and determined to vindicate the majesty of American ideals and secure the safety of America and civilization, can do the great and splendid work which God has called upon us to do.

A statement prepared by the War Credits Board includes the following explanation of its functions and activities:

"When a concern that has a contract with the War Department for supplies has shown the board that it needs financial assistance and has been able to comply with the act by giving adequate security, the board has approved an advance payment and the money has been received; in many instances where the case was urgent the money has been paid over to the contractor the same day the application has been filed. However, the board does not act in any sense as a bank. It is only when the manufacturer has reached a point where financial assistance is needed, in addition to his banking lines, that application for advance payment for his goods is considered favorably by the board."

Between the time of its creation in November and January 24th the board approved advances to contractors totaling \$145,551,000.

The February number of the *Sperry Family*, published by the Sperry Flour Company, is an attractive and interesting issue. It is dedicated to their new Vallejo mill, which has recently been completed and is the crowning achievement of their sixty-six years of progress. The new Vallejo mill, together with their old mill, produces 5000 barrels of flour daily. The new mill is a model in construction and equipment, every modern device known to the industry having been installed.

The suggestion that the use of concrete in shipbuilding may aid in solving the shipping problems of the United States lends interest to a compilation by the National City Bank of New York regarding the cement and concrete industries of the United States and the world, and the progress of concrete vessel building in this and other countries.

The statement shows that concrete, made from "Portland" cement, is now being used in

the construction of vessels in more than a dozen leading countries of the world and that the United States is the world's largest producer of the materials used in this new form of shipbuilding. The type of vessels now being constructed from concrete range from the large and floating dock up to the ocean steamer of several thousand tons capacity.

Concrete made from Portland or other hydraulic cement, reinforced with steel, is the chief material of these vessels. The keel and ribs of the vessel are of steel, and quantities of wire mesh are also used in retaining and reinforcing the concrete which fills the spaces between the steel ribs. This combination of concrete and steel has given to this type of work the title of "ferro concrete" and "reinforced concrete," but in both the chief requirements of the new type of vessel, concrete and steel, the United States far exceeds any other country in its ordinary year-to-year production. "Portland" cement, which gets its name from its resemblance to Portland stone, is produced in far greater quantities in the United States than any other country of the world, and in fact probably exceeds that of all other countries combined. Our own output of Portland cement in 1917 was the largest in the history of our production, amounting to 93,550,000 barrels, while that of the other principal cement-producing countries in the latest available year was: Germany, 30,000,000 barrels; England, 17,000,000 barrels, and France, 8,000,000 barrels. Our own production has grown with great rapidity from 42,000 barrels in 1880 to 335,000 in 1890, 6,482,000 in 1900, 68,205,000 in 1910, and 93,540,000 in 1917, the high-record year of production, while the value has grown from \$126,000 in 1880 to \$101,000,000 in 1917. In the iron and steel required for use in conjunction with the cement in shipbuilding we are also by far the world's largest producer, our total output of pig iron, the basis of all iron and steel products, being more than the combined production of any other three countries in the world.

Portland cement, which is scientifically described as "an artificial mixture, based on chemical analysis, of limestone and clay, or marl and chalk, or shale and limestone," burned to incipient vitrification and the clinkers finely ground, hardens when exposed to water and is thus often designated "hydraulic cement," though the smaller quantities designated as "natural" and "puzzolanic" cement are also properly included in the term "hydraulic." The "natural" cement, made solely from certain classes of limestone, and the "puzzolanic," composed of blast furnace slag and lime, show a marked fall-off in production in the United States in recent years, while the "Portland" shows a rapid increase, and now forms over 95 per cent. of the output of hydraulic cement in the United States, its value amounting in 1917 to \$101,000,000 and that of the "natural" and "puzzolanic" less than \$1,000,000. The census of 1914 shows the capital invested in cement manufacture \$243,485,000.

The countries which have already utilized concrete for vessel construction in some form include Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Argentina, Brazil, Panama, Australia, Canada, and the United States, the construction in the United States of vessels of this type occurring chiefly at New York, Baltimore, and San Francisco. Cement production in the United States is widely distributed, occurring in no less than twenty-eight states, while its general use for docks, piers, reservoirs, irrigation works, tunnels, bridges, and pavements is even more widely distributed and its use rapidly increasing. The production in the United States is almost exclusively for domestic use, the exports having amounted in value to but \$5,822,000 in 1913, the high-record year, and \$4,112,000 in 1917.

America shipped away last year \$372,000,000 in gold, which was \$216,000,000 more than in 1916. The gold import records for 1917 show a loss of \$148,000,000 when compared with the figures for 1916. The total loss for last year over the preceding twelve months, therefore, was \$364,000,000. These figures, compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, do not mean that this country's gold exports have become greater than the imports. As a matter of fact \$538,000,000 in gold was brought into the United States during 1917. This was \$166,000,000 more than the exports. Nevertheless the gold balance in America's favor is small enough to warrant the close watch that Washington is putting on all gold shipments. Because of the credit system, adopted last year to facilitate purchases of supplies on this side of the Atlantic by America's allies, the gold imports are out of proportion to the unprecedented balance of trade in favor of the United States that now exists. This country's foreign trade amounted to more than \$9,000,000,000 in 1917. The imports, valued at \$2,952,000,000, were considerably less than half the exports. This, of course, was due to the steady stream of munitions and food supplies shipped to England, France, Russia, and Italy. Nevertheless American imports for 1917 showed a gain of

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nearly \$1,300,000,000 over 1916 and the increase of exports, which have nearly doubled in the last two years, was not entirely caused by war demands. The United States has taken a tremendous amount of former German trade. Berlin has reason to worry about the situation she must face when hostilities cease.

Bank clearings in the United States made considerable recovery in the week ended February 21st, the aggregate of \$5,960,088,000 comparing with \$4,953,251,000 in the week before and with \$4,502,094,000 in the year before. San Francisco clearings of \$104,265,000 were 50 per cent. greater than in the corresponding week in 1917.

It has been reported that seed of an inferior variety of Egyptian cotton is being offered for sale in California under the name of Pima. In this connection the United States Department of Agriculture states that the only stock of seed which can be relied upon as being true Pima seed has been produced by an association of farmers in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, known as the Tempe Cotton Exchange. The seed produced in 1917 by this association, cooperating with the Department of Agriculture, is being distributed for planting in Arizona and California under a specific contract at oil mill prices plus the cost of handling. The greater part of the Egyptian cotton acreage in the Salt River Valley, and the entire acreage in all other localities in 1917, was of the shorter-stapled, less uniform, and less productive Yuma variety. Farmers who expect to plant Egyptian cotton this year would, therefore, do well to assure themselves that the seed which is offered them as "Pima" is really of that variety and not the inferior Yuma seed.

Recent reports of earnings of our industrial corporations have emphasized the fact that stocks of almost all the companies that have engaged in war work, directly or indirectly, or whose activities may be deemed concerned with "essentials" rather than "non-essentials," have been selling at ridiculously low prices. The situation has been ideal for hull pool operations. In these many hanking interests have been associated so that it has not been difficult for the pools to find the money necessary in their operations. At the same time the public, hurt as it was, and so badly in the slump last year, and rather discouraged by the pending record-breaking Liberty Loan offering, and by income-tax arrangements, has been slow to take new interest in the market. Thus in its earlier stages the rise has been a sort of marking-up process where manipulation against persistent hears has played its part. And this advancing tendency, harring some important general development of a hearish character, is apt to continue until there is an overhought position in the list.

The railway share list presents opportunities that should not be overlooked. Railroad stocks have been "liquidated" so far as margin holders are concerned to the same extent that industrials were liquidated in the closing months of last year. The Administration has shown that it is not careless of the interests of railway security holders, and it is pushing the important railway legislation in a manner to suggest some very early action which is likely to furnish great bullish incentive among the rails.

Stocks of the reorganized roads, such as Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, Wahash, Frisco, and Pittsburg and West Virginia, furnish great speculative opportunities, while the standard railways list generally is at bargain levels.

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ON LAND AND SEA.

A Study in Young Manhood.

The express was pulling out of the station. I had run through the headlines of the *Evening Post*, and had decided that the text promised nothing worth poring over in the dim light of the smoking car. And so I fell to studying the shoulders and heads of the two young men in the next seat. One was in uniform with sleeve adorned with jolly red chevrons and a wreath and an eagle in white. His well-shaped head, close clipped, crowned with handsome cap, turned incessantly in little quick movements of general awareness and curiosity. The other young man sat quite motionless, rather slouched and inanimate, but there was something about the contour of his hat and the fit of his coat that suggested a consciousness of personal superiority.

As the conductor took up the tickets the sailor spoke.

"I see you get out at Baintree. Live there?"

"Yes."

"So do I. That is, I did before I went into the navy."

The civilian remained silent.

"Are you in business at Baintree?" persisted the sailor.

"No. I'm attending college."

"In the city?"

"No, up state. I'm a junior at Cornell. I'll graduate next year, if the draft doesn't take me."

"What do they study there?"

"Oh, it all depends on your course. I am studying mostly economics."

"What is that?"

"Well, it's about the tariff, and prices and such things."

"Oh. Do you like it there?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any fun?"

"I should say we do. You see, we have to attend classes in the morning most of the time, but in the afternoon we can study or do anything we like—work in the gym or play hockey or go on the tohoggan slide. Say! that's some fun! And in the spring we do a lot of canoeing on the lake. Fine lake, but pretty dangerous. Every spring some students get drowned there. One year there were six—some of the hodies weren't recovered for weeks. You wouldn't think that lake was so dangerous."

"Oh," said the sailor respectfully.

"How long have you been in the navy?"

"Six years."

"Like it?"

"I liked it at first, when I had a regular ship. I don't care for it now. It's what you might call a dog's life. You're put on a ship, say for Archangel. When you get there you report to the American consul and he gives you passage on a ship bound for Bristol or Brest. Maybe she doesn't sail for two or three weeks, and all you can do is hang around. Archangel—that's a rotten town for you! Well, when you get down to England or France you look up another American consul, and he puts you on a ship bound for home, and when you get here you find orders to go out on a ship bound for Italy. I got in this morning. As like as not I'll get orders to sail tomorrow."

The collegian eyed the sailor with awakening curiosity.

"What do you do? What kind of work do they give you?"

"I don't do any work," said the sailor. "I just command the gun crew."

"Did you ever get any submarines?"

"No. But they damn near got me. First, when we were coming home on the *H—*. I was below, and Lord, we got a bump: the ship just stood still and shook. I ran up to the bridge, but she wasn't even listing. There was a hole in her side seventeen feet across, about all of it above water line. We sent out an S O S and decided to stay by the ship, but the civilians just went wild. They were Spaniards, most of them. A dozen of them got away in a boat and capsized—all drowned. Pretty soon another ship came along and we got off all right. One man went crazy; locked himself in his room so we had to break in with an ax. He fought us off with a stool, but finally we got him under control."

"Gee! What did he think?"

"Lord knows. But the other time it was a close shave. It was just getting daylight. I was on the bridge, talking to the mate, and I saw the torpedo coming. It was mighty rough, and you'd have said that torpedo would jump right out of the water. I thought she'd miss us, but she didn't. Now you know we had signals; at that time six whistles meant 'Submarine in sight' and four whistles meant 'All hands leave ship.' When the torpedo struck it keeled me over and I was so rattled I didn't know what I was doing. I gave four whistles and then three and then another three and then four. And the mate said, 'I guess that'll do; nobody knows what in hell your signals mean, but they'll know pretty damn soon.' I ran down to the captain's cabin to wake him up. He was sitting on the edge of his berth stretching. 'Better get dressed, cap'n,' I said. 'Heighho,' he said and stretched some more. 'Guess I better.' 'They got us this time, cap'n.' 'Heighho. So they did.'"

"Then I ran down to my own berth to get my life preserver and my automatic. You know the petty officers are supposed to carry pistols and I didn't want to lose it. But I couldn't get the door open. Everything in the whole ship was jammed by the explosion. And while I was pulling at the door the lights went out and I thought I'd better get to hell out of this. So I ran up to the bridge, and passed the captain, who was still stretching, he was that sleepy, and I said, 'Cap'n, we'd better get off,' and he said, 'You better go, I won't yet awhile.' I found they had a boat swinging clear with thirteen men in it and I jumped in and the mate ordered them to pay out the ropes."

"The ship was listing fast to the other side, and we dropped down in a hurry and as we went down we hit the head of a poor devil caught in his room and trying to get out by a port hole. Busted it right off. When we'd got about to the water the painter stuck and the ship's lift was lifting us. 'Bust it with the ax,' said the mate, and I hit the painter and hustled her off and we dropped into the water and nearly capsized. Now, the cook had overslept himself, and was coming down the painter hand over hand, and when I busted it off he let go and dropped right down on us—broke a piece off the edge of the boat. We thought we were going over that time, but she righted herself and we fished the cook out of the water."

"We'll shove off," said the mate. 'Nobody else is coming down this side: you can damn near see her keel.' So we pulled away from her and when we were about two hundred yards out, down she went. The mate pulled out his watch. 'Four minutes and eight seconds,' he said. About noon a French ship came along and picked us up."

"How many were lost?" asked the student.

"Sixty-eight. There was another boat got off, but she capsized. The water was mighty rough, you see."

The student looked out of the window, visibly overcome by a sense of the incomprehensible. The sailor's head resumed its quick movements of awareness and curiosity.

"Say," he said, "in that school where you go, are there any girls?"

"Oh, yes," said the student languidly.

"There are some. But most of the fellows don't have anything to do with them."

"Why not?" demanded the sailor turning his handsome, astonished face full upon the student.

"Well, you see, it isn't exactly the best form," said the student, gropingly.

"Not the best form?" repeated the sailor, a veil of bewilderment rapidly shading into disgust shrouding his eyes. "Oh!"

The student again turned to the window, in ostensible indifference, but soon his cheek began to flush as the realization of the sailor's contempt penetrated his consciousness. At the first stop, where the passengers thinned out, the student hetook himself to another seat.—*Alvin Johnson in the New Republic.*

Tires are one of the few world commodities that have not increased in price in America. The reason is that in 1913 as much rubber was produced from the uncultivated forests as from the plantations. In 1916 we find that three times as much was obtained from scientific culture as from the forest. In handling the rubber sap from the forest, from sixteen to eighteen per cent. is lost, largely on account of impurities. In the carefully harvested domestic variety the proportion of loss need not be higher than one per cent. The plantations and better industrial methods form a combination chiefly responsible for the decreased price. During the past year crude rubber fell as low as 40 cents a pound.

So sensitive is the telephone that if there is transmitted from one circuit to another more than one-millionth of the energy of the telephone current in the transmitting service it is likely to produce objectionable crosstalk.

In Arabia there is a tract of unexplored territory nearly five times the size of Great Britain, while nearly one-fourth of Australia never has been visited by civilized man.

CURRENT VERSE.

Highways

Who's learned the lure of trodden ways  
And walked them up and down,  
May love a steeple in a mist,  
But can not love a town.

Who's worn a bit of purple once  
Can never, never lie  
All smothered in a little box  
When stars are in the sky.

Who's sipped old port in Venice glass  
May thirst for better brew—  
He's drunk an amber wine of sun  
And wet his mouth with dew!

Who's ground the grist of trodden ways—  
The gray dust and the brown—  
May love red tiling two miles off—  
But can not love a town.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings.

The New Slavery.

(On the Expatriation by Germany of Civil Populations of Belgium.)

Men of Freedom, for whose case,  
Man for man, some hero died:  
Hear ye, over shuddering seas,  
What the winds have sobbed and cried?  
In the mirror of the moon  
Have ye read the shame of noon?  
Men of Freedom, hear!

Have ye heard the savage creed  
Of the War Lord's iron hand:  
Though the world's last drop shall bleed,  
Over all, the Fatherland—  
Over honor, over truth,  
Over love and over ruth?  
Men of Freedom, hear!

Not the Germany we knew—  
Lessing's heart and Goethe's mind,  
Schiller's vision, far and true,  
And the peace that Kant divined;  
But a land of lords and braves—  
Half of masters, half of slaves.  
Men of Freedom, see!

Of another world are these—  
Lords of war with hearts of lead;  
Boasting of new cruelties—  
Brine for water, stone for bread.  
Ye with grief and pity wrung,  
These have never learned your tongue.  
Men of Freedom, see!

Now the latest horror cries  
Unto heaven—and unto earth!  
Trebly ravaged Belgium lies  
Tortured for the Teuton mirth.  
Was there of the Belgian heart  
Left enough to tear apart?  
Men of Freedom, see!

By the silent harps that hung  
On the banks of Babylon,  
By the saints that Milton sung,  
By the crowns of martyrs won,—  
By all human tragedies,—  
By the death that exile is,  
Men of Freedom, speak!

By the weakness of our great  
Who bequeathed a nation's sin  
To their sons to expiate,  
With a soul, to lose or win;  
By his strength who overthrew  
That despair and beld us true,  
Men of Freedom, speak!

By the red of Serbia's sod;  
Poland, paved with little bones;  
Lone Armenia's wail to God;  
Widowed Europe's haunting moans;  
By the million ills that flow  
From one King's choice of war and woe,  
Men of Freedom, speak!

By the things ye hold most fair,  
Love of home and love of breath;  
By the child's faith in his prayer;  
By things more great than Life and Death,  
Lest your grave be shamed of ye,  
Speak! and . . . if the need shall be,  
Men of Freedom, strike!

—From "Poems of War and Peace," by Robert Underwood Johnson.

An Irish Mother's Heart.

There is beauty in her mountains and a charm in Erin's hills,  
A glory in her inland lakes, a music in her rills.  
But inland lake and mountain rill, your charm can ne'er impart  
An image of the beauty in an Irish mother's heart.  
I've heard your thrushes singing 'neath the whitened hawthorn tree,  
And the Shannon's joyous music rolling onward to the sea,  
But a sweeter singing baunts me as I sit from men apart,  
'Tis the love-song of my childhood from an Irish mother's heart.  
What seek ye, sons of Erin roving sadly o'er the earth,  
In the heap of gold that glitters or in stones of priceless worth?  
Sure you'll never find a jewel in the big world's busy mart  
Like the one you left behind you in an Irish mother's heart.

—Joseph S. Hogan, in Catholic Monitor.

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## The White House

BOOK DEPARTMENT

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### The White Morning.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has written a story that she says may be prophetic. We hope it is, but we have our doubts. She tells us of some American women in Germany who so work upon the feelings of a number of intelligent German women as to persuade them to head a revolt against the government. The men being all at the war, the women have not only to plan the enterprise, but also to execute it, and we are shown precisely how they do it. That Mrs. Atherton does not think the idea wholly visionary is shown by a sort of postscript in which she sketches the subjugation of the German woman in times of peace and the shame and humiliation that has befallen her during war.

Just consider for a moment what the German women have suffered during this war—a war that they were told was forced upon their country by the aggressive military acts of Russia and France, but which, owing to Germany's might, would hardly last three months. For nearly three years they have never known the sensation of appeased hunger, and, having always been immense eaters, have suffered the tortures of dyspepsia in addition to hunger. But, far worse, they have listened almost continuously to the wails of their children for satisfying food, children who are forever hungry and who often succumb. Karl Ackerman states . . . that in 1916 sixty thousand children died of malnutrition in Berlin alone.

These women have lost their fathers, husbands, sons—well, that is the fortune of war; but they are beginning to understand that they have lost them, not in a war of self-defense, but to gratify the insane ambitions and greed of a dynasty and a military caste that are out of date in the twentieth century. Their parents, when over sixty, have died from the same cause as the children. Their daughters, both unmarried and newly widowed, are "officially pregnant," or the mothers of brats the name of whose fathers they do not know. The young girls of Lille hardly have suffered more. The German victims are sent for, then sent home to hear another child for Germany.

Mrs. Atherton's idea grows larger with reflection. At least it is interestingly presented.

THE WHITE MORNING. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.

##### The Bagdad Railway.

We are beginning to recognize that the heart of the war is not in France nor Belgium, but in Asia Minor. For here we have the direct highroad between Europe, Asia, and Africa, the bridge that unites three continents. Any aggressive power in occupation of Asia Minor becomes the master of the world. Napoleon knew this well, and Germany has inherited the vision as well as the ambition of Napoleon.

It was over the Bagdad Railway that Germany intended to march to world conquest. Her railroad chain was complete from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf and Egypt, with the one exception of the Serbian link, and Serbia for this reason had been doomed to extinction. Great Britain was fully alive to the importance of the Bagdad Railroad from the commercial point of view, and had even some uneasy foresight of its military importance. None the less she had entered into an agreement with Germany and had even debarred her from actual access to the Persian Gulf. Great Britain, and indeed the whole democratic world, closed their eyes to Germany's actual intentions loudly though Germany had avowed them. But the possession of the Bagdad Railway was, and is, Germany's gage of war. If she wins this she has won everything.

All this is made clear enough by Morris Jastrow, Jr., in a book that takes front rank in our war literature. Mr. Jastrow gives us the whole history of Asia Minor, and he sketches for us also what the future history of Asia Minor ought to be. He tells us that the East ought to be let alone. The capitalization of the railway ought to be divided among

all nations. Constantinople should be internationalized and also Palestine. England should maintain her protectorate over Egypt and France over Algiers and Tunis. Persia should be independent. Asia Minor must cease to be the battle ground of diplomacy.

Mr. Jastrow says nothing with which a political hencefence can quarrel. His book is an admirable piece of history as well as of statecraft. We feel that he has outlined a course of settlement that events will compel the world to adopt.

THE WAR AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

##### His Daughter.

Gouverneur Morris can write so well and he can tell so good a story that it seems a pity he should address himself to an audience half savage and half child. There is a formula that must be observed in all stories such as this. There must be a lengthy description of the undressing of an artist's model, but in this instance we have two undressings and two models by way of full measure. This ought to satisfy the most exacting of the literary public.

The shoddy hero of the story is Frederick Dayton, a young artist who is traveling in Europe and who wins the heart of a girl of sixteen. When Dorothy goes back to America Dayton remains in Paris and proceeds to lead the usual life of the Quarter. Eventually he marries Dorothy, rather against his will, but he continues his irregularities, and when he returns to Paris on the outbreak of the war he has to face the fruits of his past misconduct. He redeems himself somewhat by his valor, but he is a poor creature at best. Moreover, the story is poorly written and it bristles with improbabilities. For example: "Charowski called again the next day; but Claire D'Avril has company. For some hours she had been a mother. . . . A little pale, a little tremulous, she was up and dressed. And already she had been on an errand."

HIS DAUGHTER. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35.

##### Camion Letters.

This little volume is made up of letters from American college men who became volunteer drivers of the American field service in France. Most of them are Cornell men and their letters were selected as furnishing the best possible picture of conditions on the fighting front.

Most of these young men went out with the intention to do ambulance work, but they seem to have drifted into the army transport service. The need of the French army for men who could drive heavy wagons was very great, and moreover there were not enough ambulances to employ the volunteers. We may be sure that they accepted the change of occupation with avidity and that they did their new work well. They became a part of the fighting forces of France and did the work of men and of gallant soldiers. This is sufficiently evidenced by their letters, of which there are twenty-five written by ten of the men. That they learned quickly to put away childish things is shown particularly by one of these letters. The writer says:

The other day a ——— college section arrived here. Jumping out of the truck a cheer leader jumped upon a box and led a lusty "rah, rah—" yell. I was surprised and more than pleased at the reception this demonstration received at the hands of our own boys. They simply rolled on the ground with laughter and jeered the "prep school stuff" down. It was rough on the new bunch, for they are fine lads, but I think they learned the lesson which many of our men needed—that it is no longer ——— or Cornell or XYZ fraternity, but a man's game from the word go.

And that is how it should be.

CAMION LETTERS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

##### Pythagoras.

It is not a little significant of the self-sufficiency of the day that the Golden Verses of Pythagoras should be practically unknown to the Western world, and that Fabre D'Olivet's commentary on the verses, first published in 1813, should only now be rendered into English. The verses themselves occupy four pages only of this large volume. They are given to us in Greek, French, and English. The examination and commentary by D'Olivet, translated by Nayan Louise Redfield, occupy 152 pages. We have also about 100 pages devoted to a "Discourse Upon the Essence and Form of Poetry," by D'Olivet, and it strikes us that this might have been advantageously omitted or published in a separate volume.

The Pythagorean philosophy as set forth by D'Olivet is of the most comprehensive kind, more so than even that of Plato, but it is marked by the same undeviating ethical emphasis. We may suspect that D'Olivet sometimes reads more into the verses than they can legitimately carry, but this is perhaps justified by his enthusiasm and his intelligence. For D'Olivet's attitude to Pythagoreanism is neither that of superiority nor of condescension. He writes as does a pupil

of his master and as though he were calling upon some interior source of knowledge to clarify and supplement the words of his text. Miss Redfield has now placed us under a double obligation. Her translation of D'Olivet's "Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and the Destiny of the Adamic Race" appeared some time ago. Now we have this second fine volume that should appeal equally to admirers of D'Olivet—and the number of these ought to increase—and also to those in search of an authoritative and sympathetic presentation of the philosophy of Pythagoras.

THE GOLDEN VERSE OF PYTHAGORAS. By Fabre D'Olivet. Done into English by Nayan Louise Redfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

##### Maurice Baring's Russian Year.

The Russian kaleidoscope revolves so rapidly that most books on the Russia of the present become obsolete before the ink is dry. Not so, however, with Hon. Maurice Baring's "A Year in Russia," the book in which he described his experience during the famous period of the revolution that brought the first Duma. There is no writer today that knows Russia better or who is in closer or more intelligent sympathy with her people and their self-expression in literature. The present revolution in Russia, with its sensational turns and changes, can not be understood at all without reference to that other revolution in 1903 and 1906, of which it is the inheritor.

It is therefore pleasing to note that a new and cheaper edition of Baring's valuable work has been brought out at this time. The author has written an instructive preface to this second edition, correlating his earlier work to present events. This was written last June, however, and we miss, therefore, Mr. Baring's comments on the Bolshevik developments.

A YEAR IN RUSSIA. By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

##### Fantomas in the Spy Game.

French detective stories are as unlike English and American sleuth tales as possible. The latter lay much emphasis on analysis of crimes and methods of detection. French tales, on the other hand, are like moving-picture dramas; they hurry you along breathlessly from sensation to sensation, giving you no time to discover discrepancies or ask inconvenient questions. Typical of the French stories, and among the best, are those that form the famous "Fantomas" series, in which the villain is the arch-criminal, Fantomas,

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with his many disguises, and the hero the famous detective, Juve, who, for all his cleverness, is always just a few minutes behind his evasive prey. In the latest volume of the series, "A Nest of Spies," Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain have engaged their villain in a network of espionage plots of a most daring character, and have furnished enough sensations and hairbreadth escapes for a dozen novels. There is not a dull page in the volume and it is difficult to lay it aside until you reach the final page. Even there you wonder how long it will be before the industrious authors bring forth another story with further exploits in the interminable duel between the redoubtable Fantomas and the shrewd and omnipresent Juve.

A NEST OF SPIES. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

##### Denmark and Sweden.

The Story of the Nations Series now forms an impressive library of about seventy volumes. In all cases the authors are the best in their respective fields and they write with a clarity and precision that arrest and hold the attention.

The latest volume is devoted to Denmark and Sweden, with which are coupled Iceland and Finland. The section devoted to Finland is particularly valuable at the present time and goes far to explain the existing war situation. The volume is prefaced by Viscount Bryce, and it contains thirty-three illustrations and a map as well as a valuable synchroscopic table of events and an index.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN WITH ICELAND AND FINLAND. By Jon Stefansson, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A vivid and stimulating novel . . . Miss Sinclair is superb."

—N. Y. Evening Post.

## THE TREE OF HEAVEN

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The World's Debate.

Dr. William Barry in the most glittering war book that we have yet seen defines his work as "an historical defense of the Allies." It is actually much more than this. It may almost be described as a history of modern civilization and an effort to trace the course of the great antagonistic forces of autocracy and democracy. Those forces have been gathering their strength for centuries. Their ultimate and armed conflict was inevitable. Whether the Catholic church is actually to be numbered among the forces adverse to autocracy, as Dr. Barry maintains, must be left for individual determination. Personally we are inclined to think that the stress laid by him upon this contention is infelicitous, but the point of view is none the less worthy of presentation.

The Allied nations are by no means blameless for their toleration of autocracies. Queen Victoria, under the guidance of Prince Albert, watched the growth of Prussia with an acquiescent sympathy. Palmerston asked the significant question, "Is not the queen requiring that I should be minister, not indeed for Austria, Russia, or France, but for the Germanic Confederation?" Prussia helped Russia to suppress the Poles and Russia helped Prussia to suppress the Danes. England was largely on the side of Prussia against France. Disraeli saved Turkey from Russia and perpetuated the miseries of the Balkans. The whole world might have read the compass by which Germany was steering her ship, but there was no part of the world so free from the autocratic forces as to do so understandingly. Even the telegram from the German emperor to President Kruger—practically a declaration of war—was so soon forgotten that the emperor was subsequently cheered by the London crowds. The author rightly describes the incident as unpatriotic, indecent, and "Byzantine."

No wonder that Germany should believe in the neutrality of England. For Germany did believe in it implicitly. Sir Edward Grey was almost a pacifist. Lord Haldane was almost a German. The Bulgarian Major Atanasov had foreseen the alignment of Russia, France, Roumania, Serbia, and Greece against Germany, Austria, Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey, Sweden, and Norway. This was practically the alignment imagined by Germany herself. But for that delusion she would not have struck. At the end of July Sir Edward Grey was still "considering" what England would do, and this in the face of King Edward's statecraft of a conciliation with France. And England was not the only country to be blind to the issue of the ages. It seemed to be an international quarrel. It was a collision of titanic ideals.

Dr. Barry's book should be read in its entirety by those who would emulate his broad-gauge vision. It is a triumph of historical presentation, a mental stimulant, and a moral invigoration.

THE WORLD'S DEBATE. By William Barry. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

## Brief Reviews.

Under the title of "Stray Birds" the Macmillan Company has published a volume of aphorisms by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. It contains a frontispiece in color by Willy Pogany. Price, \$1.50.

"The Key to Betsy's Heart," by Sarah Noble Ives (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25), is a story of a little girl and a dog who reciprocally educate each other. It is told with much skill and an understanding sympathy.

"Home Vegetables and Small Fruits," by Frances Duncan (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.40), is intended for the owner of the small plot who wishes to grow his own vegetables and small fruits. It is practically written and well illustrated.

"The World's Wonder Stories," by Adam GOWANS Whyte (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75), is a charming simplification of science for the benefit of children. Well-nigh the whole field of knowledge is covered, and in such a way as to arrest the attention. But the materialism of the work is much to be deprecated. The author should either have excluded religion altogether or he should have explained to his readers that his disquisitions

on the origins of religions and their nature were mere guesses, as they are.

A late addition of the National Municipal League Series now in course of issue by D. Appleton & Co. is "Excess Condemnation," by Robert Eugene Cushman (\$2). Excess condemnation proposes that the city shall have the right to condemn other property in the vicinity of such improvements as are described and to sell it at a profit later on because these improvements have raised the value of the property in the vicinity, it being understood that the profit belongs to the city and not to the individuals who take advantage of the improvements.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Galsworthy, whose novel, "Beyond," was one of the "biggest sellers" of the season, was included in the list of New Year honors bestowed on a number of Britons for war services of various kinds and in recognition of work in art and literature. The rank of knighthood was offered Mr. Galsworthy, but he declined the honor.

Professor Philip Marshall Brown, author of "International Realities" (Scribner's), is in Y. M. C. A. service with the British army in the East.

The Princeton alumnus whose experiences as an undergraduate were told in "Through College on Nothing a Year" (Scribner's) is now in his country's service in France. He enlisted in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, received the eight weeks' instruction at the government aeronautical school at Princeton, and was sent to France this winter to complete his training for service at the front.

In "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" Major Eric Fisher Wood describes an interesting interview he had in London with Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist. "Great men so seldom look the part they play that it is refreshing to find one who, like Raemaekers, looks what he is—a great artist," says Major Wood. "Although he is a rather shy little man with blond hair, pale blue eyes, and a fine pointed Van Dyke beard, one would never mistake him for anything but a man of power. When one gets to know him one perceives, half-hidden below his mild and gentle manner, a certain splendid fanaticism, which every now and then flashes out intensely. Mr. Raemaekers, when referring to the Germans, invariably speaks of them as 'beasts.' It is 'the beasts did this,' or 'the beasts think that.' He uses the term quite as a matter of course and seems to expect his hearers without explanation to understand what he means."

A biography of Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, wife of Professor Louis Agassiz, and first president of Radcliffe College, is being prepared for publication in accordance with the wishes of the council of the college. The editors are Miss Emma F. Cary and Miss Lucy Allen Paton.

## New Books Received.

OLD CHRISTMAS AND OTHER KENTUCKY TALES IN VERSE. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

HEARTS OF CONTOUR. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Literary essays.

COMPANIONS OF THE WAY. By Rev. Edward M. Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

A handbook of religion for beginners.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

From the foundation of the city to the death of Julius Caesar.

HOME VEGETABLES AND SMALL FRUITS. By Frances Duncan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.40.

Their culture and preservation.

HIS DAUGHTER. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35.

A novel.

RELIGIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. Edited by Dr. J. A. Montgomery. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

Each religion treated by a specialist.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. With an English translation by Bernardotte Perrin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

In eleven volumes. Volume V. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

DIO'S ROMAN HISTORY. With an English translation by Earnest Cary, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

In nine volumes. Volume VI. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. With an English translation by W. R. Paton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

In five volumes. Volume III. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

PLAUTUS. With an English translation by Paul Nixon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

In five volumes. Volume II. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

TACTICS AND DUTIES FOR TRENCH FIGHTING. By Georges Bertrand and Oscar N. Solbert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

With diagrams.

## MOJAVE JOE'S END.

Strangely Pathetic and Strangely Romantic Death of Old Prospector.

Above the steady, biting swish of the sandstorm a lonely coyote wailed. Across the gulch a desert swift, heated about by the wind, scurried crazily to its hole in the granites. The sepulchral note of a ground owl, huddled under a greasewood bush, was muffled by the sieve of sand that chewed its way into the schist formation of the gulch's side.

A hager, its stumpy legs working like side-wheelers, its body leaving a snakelike depression in the sand, nosed its way into the open, deceived by the darkness into a belief that its hour for hunting food had arrived. Its beetle eyes snapped at the outside prospect and the body waddled back to the protection of its home.

The storm strengthened. The desert fear was on in full blast. A clump of yucca trees out on the flats bent with the strain of the gale. One patriarch of the group gave up the struggle and snapped under the pressure, its powdery interior joining the outside dust and debris sweeping on through the break in the Panamints, and then spreading out fanlike as it struck the counter air currents of Death Valley.

In the midst of this whirling desolation a figure appeared, his back to the gale, fighting for every inch of the distance which lay between him and a drift in the hillside toward which he was staggering. This was not Mojave Joe's first appearance in a sandstorm. For twenty years he had been a "desert rat." There was nothing unusually violent about this particular storm, but Joe's canvas water bag flapped empty at his side; it had been this way for three days. Instinct alone guided him; his eyes, glazed and staring, pictured a fast disappearing consciousness.

His clothes, torn by his own hands in his thirst mania, gave entrance to the flesh for the lacerating cactus spurs; his hands, worn to the bone in his mad attempts to dig for water, hung limply at his sides. Twice he fell, but some subconscious habit of fighting on gave the necessary urge, and he again made for the shelter of the drift. Half-blinded by the sand, he groped his way up the hillside and finally stumbled into the hole which some prospectors had dug to reach the contact point of the quartz ledge which stretched along the brow of the hill.

Outside the giant temper of the storm was quieting; a grumbling discontent echoed through the foothills, and finally, as if thoroughly exhausted from its rage, the gale flattened. A peace made more poignant by contrast with the din of the previous moment settled over the desert. In the drift where Mojave Joe lay this peace was reflected. The figure stirred, a weak moan escaped his parched lips, the outside struggle had done its work.

Through the old-timer's brain there whirled the panorama of his past years, covered by actual seconds of time, his life's scenario being filmed before his eyes with the clearness of a dream, like a drowning man's momentary vision of a cycle of years.

"They call me 'the desert rat';" the walls of the drift gave back the echo of his whisper. "They say I've no place in their so-called civilization. Only a poor prospector, they won't even gruhstake me any more in Barstow."

"Who found the first tungsten in Atolia? Mojave Joe; none of you'll deny that. Who turned over his claim to Ed Ebbets 'cause he was broke and had a wife an' three children to support? Mojave Joe. Aint that so?"

"Who proved to 'em that the horax around Furnace Creek was commercial and then give up his whole layout to George Branch 'cause he was out or luck an' had a sick wife and baby? 'Course 'twas Mojave Joe!"

"Who give up his cache of grub in the Panamints only last winter to that squaw man from Randshurg when he come trailin' into camp with his woman, and both of 'em nigh starved to death? You all know who 'twas!"

"Hell, I don't want no credit for all this; all I want is an excuse for dyin', 'cause I am dyin' an' I'm skeered."

"Perhaps they know up there; mebbe they'll

give me 'paid in full' on the Big Ledger. I've tried to live decent, spite of all that happened."

"Oh, Matty, my girl, if you'd only stuck to me, 'twould 'a' been different; I'd 'a' been a regular man an' not jst a rainbow chaser an' a no-account. I've tried hard to forget. I done my best, girl; there never was no spite: I hope you've been happy with Jack. I near died when your brother wrote from San Diego that you was married, but I aint stopped lovin' you, not one minute."

The murmuring stopped and a new light, a light of joy, spread over the face of the dying man. Once more the drift gave back a whisper.

"Oh, my girl, I hear your voice! You say you're with me now—that you're waiting fer me, an' have been waitin' fer me, that you never married. You are standin' there, dear; I can see you, there's somethin' holdin' me back right now, an' I can't quite step across to you, but I'm comin', my girl, I'm comin'!"

Outside the drift the moon threw its fairy beams over the desert; a ground owl called softly to its mate. A coyote, quietly padding along the ledge, stopped just above the entrance to the drift. She sensed the thrill of the night, the mystery which lay just beneath her.

Her body quivered and settling on her haunches, her head stretched high in the air, sent forth a wail. It was the death cry of her kind.

The next morning two prospectors came to their diggings to take up the work which the storm had interrupted. With them was a man—a possible buyer of the claim.

As the trio walked toward the drift this man was talking. "Sorry, hoys, I can't stay in camp a few days and really inspect this property, but you see I received a wire in Barstow late last night that my sister had just died, and I'll have to return to San Diego this afternoon to be in time for the funeral. We'll just go into the drift while I get some samples for assay and I'll be back to camp in a week."

The men entered the drift. One of the prospectors, the leader, with a lighted candle, was the first to come upon the form of Mojave Joe. His exclamation brought the other men quickly and the body was brought out into the open.

"It's Mojave Joe, the poor son-of-a-gun," came from one of the prospectors. "I heard he was round Furnace Creek and headed this way, but it looks as if his water give out. Guess we'd better get him into Barstow when you go, mister. The hoys will all chip in an' give him a decent burial; they all liked him, but he sure was a queer cuss—sort of half-baked—but wonderful kind to all women and children in trouble. Looks peaceful and quiet lying there, don't he? I always supposed death from thirst was hell."

The stranger was studying the face, from which the traces of the burdens of the past years seemed to have been mysteriously lifted. Finally he said, "I guess, boys, I've claim on this man. I'll see that there's a double funeral back home. You see, I did Joe a terrible injustice at one time. He was engaged to marry my sister, Matty, who died last night. When he went away I wrote him a letter, told him that my sister had married—thought this would keep him away and that I could get her to marry Jack Burgess, my partner. She never would marry, though, and we've tried for years to get trace of Joe. Well, Joe, if there's anything in this here-after business, you an' Matty can make up for lost years. Strange coincidence that you both must have gone about the same time."

On the ledge above the same coyote that had ushered in the sandstorm, the same coyote that had announced death in the desert, watched with approval the strange funeral procession march back to the prospector's camp.

Slowly she walked back to her home in the granites and whined permission to her three cubs to go outside the hole and play in the sagebrush—the man smell was gone.—Philip N. Bridgman in the Springfield Republican.

There are 282,243 dogs in New York State, according to the census made by police authorities under the provisions of the dog licensing bill.

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## ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

This week marks the end of the twenty-week season of this novel organization, which has achieved a successful record, due, aside from the lively interest and financial aid supplied by the members, to the efficient services of Mr. Maitland, who has served as an actor-manager on a small scale, and who has also been obliged to keep audiences in good humor by the quality of the plays selected. Variety was aimed at in the authorship of the playlets produced, and the names of a number of notable dramatists have figured on the programmes. Beside these, playlets by several local writers have achieved representation on the boards, and pieces such as "The Rider of Dreams" and "The Girl in the Coffin," which kicked up something of a dust in New York, have been put on at the St. Francis Little Theatre, thus appealing local curiosity. Not the least part of the success attained lay in the pleasing effect and originality of the stage-setting.

And the little company has made good. Work of this kind is developing on account of the versatility that is demanded, and I do not doubt that, in spite of the hard work necessitated, it is agreeable to players.

In last week's bill there was a revival of "The Bride," known to us through the Holbrook Blinn Players, and too well remembered to require review. Aside from the satiric humor of the piece, which skirts the edge of danger and which requires considerable delicacy of treatment, the principal quality of "The Bride" is its ferocious cynicism.

"Miss Harrington, Thirty-Nine," is a new playlet by Myrtle Glenn Roberts, a San Franciscan, I believe. The piece, which requires a garden scene, was very prettily set. Its ruling idea seemed to be that man's affections tend to rove, while woman remains constant. This is quite true, the circumstances of life combining to render it so. It is also true that weathercock man, when held off too long by assiduously-wooded but self-sacrificing ladies in the thirties, is apt to turn his unvented susceptibilities in the direction of maidens in their teens. This is a situation, however, which works rather better in stories than in plays, as the sympathy of audiences, which are nothing if not conservative, are always antagonized by an inconstant lover.

As the Vestal virgin of thirty-nine with a saintly expression Miss Sullivan certainly achieved a very successful contrast to the insolent, ripe beauty of "Did It Really Happen?" a play of the romantic type most acceptable, I should judge, to largely feminine audiences. To this piece, written by Zoe Aiken, the audience paid the compliment of a particularly absorbed attention always accorded to scenes depicting rumpuses between marital partners. In our hearts we knew that that long-sustained Edith-Domby pose of a woman who at heart is sweet and idealistic isn't after nature, but it appealed to our sense of romance, and worked out interestingly at the end. And as our sympathies were already keenly engaged by the husband, whom Mr. Maitland made interestingly handsome and desperate, the end was very soothing to our romantic sensibilities.

## "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN."

Athletic farce is the stamp of the Burke-Donnelly-Dennison piece. Johnny is a wild, whooping, irrepressible cowboy penetrating and dismaying the effete East. He meets an heiress-hunting English duke and vanquishes him single-handed. Not with his fist, be it understood, but with his intrepid Western spirit. He did even more. For with that same dauntless soul he met and slew the arrogance of the English butler and the oily impertinence of the "duke's man."

As may be seen, the play is aimed straight at the American who spread-eagles a little, and laughs much. His national pride and his

democratic independence as well as flattered by the atmosphere of untamed honesty and headlong courage which accompanies Johnny, who, when he sees a lot of snobbery lying around, just naturally picks it up and throws it away over his shoulder, without looking after it.

There is plenty of joyous excitement in the piece; the prologue has a movie rehearsal and a fight, while the other acts enshrine the yips and whoops of Johnny, his careless tramping on the conventions of wealthy social climbers, and his headlong courtship of the "hired girl."

Louis Bennison as Johnny Wiggin has a rôle with lots of gravity to it. We have seen Mr. Bennison so many times with his robust proportions veiled under the snows of octogenarianism, or masked by an eccentric or villainous make-up, that it was quite interesting to have an unobstructed view of his actual features and physical traits. They fit well into the part, for Johnny should be tall, robust, good-looking, and a frank and successful smiler. Ever perspicacious in his acting, Mr. Bennison has not made the mistake of over-emphasizing the hoisterous comedy of the rôle. He contrives to be natural and convincing even in the atmosphere of farce. And the reckless light in his eye that dominates the good-natured smile on his lips easily accounted for the terror of the duke and the English servants. The actor suggests in his person and bearing the roughness and crudeness, the untutoredness, the hoisterous good humor and reckless levity of the wild man of the West, and yet he is successful also in conveying a sense of underlying manliness and chivalry which dignifies an undignified rôle, and helps to account for the great success the play had in the East.

The piece is cleverly contrived and written, and is just about what the confirmed theatre-goer wants during these tragic war-times. For, while we are frantically interested in the war, we are only too glad to escape occasionally from its tyrant clutch on our consciousness. There is no suggestion of it in "Johnny Get Your Gun"; no military shadow to darken the cowboy's joyous native yawn. And there is ample food for laughter. A large company of excellent timmer has been chosen to fill the twenty rôles required, even the smallest parts and briefest appearances having been well looked after. There are several attractive girls in the cast; Lorraine Frost as the expert but apprehensive, wistful little parlor maid was perfectly cast, and Edith Lyle pleasing, natural, and full of girlish sensibility as Janet, while Vera Finlay successfully suggested the concealed williness of the prudent adventuress. Echlin G. Ayers as the duke was capital; he is a good comedian and a good farceur. So are Messrs. Cochrane and Hollins, as seen in the rôles of the terrorized British servants.

In the prologue there was also good work shown during the brief but intense representation of a movie rehearsal, conducted under the tongue lashings of a desperate director, which rôle was most movingly rendered by Robert Homans, while the ten or twelve other characters in the prologue were spiritedly portrayed.

## THE ORPHEUM.

Although it has three dancing and singing couples on its bill this week the Orpheum programme is characterized by the kind of variety that pleases the characteristic vaudeville audience. Arline Levey and Larry Ackerman opened the hall in an act which was intended primarily to display the abilities of the little local charmer. Her attractions easily triumphed over poor material, for the petite Arline is pretty, fetching, and has freshness and individuality of charm. Her pretty, girlishly provocative glances would easily howl over the average man, let alone the susceptible male units of a vaudeville audience, and there is no doubt that in spite of rather poor material and a somewhat inaudible if otherwise attractive partner this taking little creature with her fresh, childlike voice and dainty person will carve her way to success.

Morton and Glass were just average, but they contrived to "get over," while Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield made a big hit. Cecil Lean has unctious, a gorgeously successful smile, and an instinctive ability in meeting vaudeville requirements. Cleo is a beauty; a big blue-eyed, prettily-featured, daintily-gowned beauty, with shopgirl intonations and a successful baby stare.

Al Shayne with his unnamed aid gives an entertaining act. Al Shayne has rhythm, a vaudevillian musical instinct and a much-thwarted voice which vibrates wildly between pure musical tone and vocal monkeyshines. The job of Mr. Shayne's partner is, from his post in the orchestra, to take irritated exception to these divagations from the art of vocalism, and the pair go through elaborate pretense of a grand row during which they apparently rip up the entire orchestra, to the unqualified joy of those in front. For who doesn't love a shindy? Always provided one is safely out of it. The whole thing was well

done and both act and audience were a scream.

Santi, "the girl with the wonderful arms," was going, we thought, to supply a beauty act. That pleasant duty, however, fell to Alta Krom, her charmingly pretty partner, who sang delightfully. Santi is an expert dancer of the serpentine type. Her cobra dance, however, was too long and too monotonous, and in it she departs from beauty. She makes a sort of Laocoon of herself, with her own arms for the coiling serpents. Her arm movements are very skillfully made, but they run too much to angles; not like the sinuous, gracefully gliding movements of Roshanara.

The rest of the bill is given over to old age or to the simulation of it. There is Will. M. Cressy's old country-town lawyer in a characteristic Cressy sketch, in which the homely, Dawn-East Yankeeisms of the old fellow tickle the risibles agreeably.

Harry Gilfoil gives "The Gay Old Sport," representing a convivial, hard-stomached old rip of seventy-eight who boasts of his ability still to tuck away his cocktails under his low-cut vest. It was cleverly done, but the inevitably dismal suggestion of old mortality was met by the performer launching out in irrelevant exhibitions of his mimetic powers. He gave faithful reproductions of such unlovely noises as the various calls of automobile horns, the yelps and yawks of animals in the Zoo, or the lay of a tomcat paying his distresses to his latest Maria; all expertly done and amusing, too, when it wasn't vulgar or aurally distressing.

"The Praopville Recruit" presents another aged gent; this time apparently in the eighties; an old G. A. R. veteran whose memory is gone, and who comes to a recruiting station to volunteer for the present war. Mr. Esmonde plays the part well; in all the externals he was the octogenarian to a dot. And he seemed to have the spiritual essence of the poor derelict, and what's more didn't over-elaborate. And that old-fashioned '61 drill, faithfully presented according to a manual of arms of the time, has its old-time interest. Added to all this, the piece is an incentive to patriotic sentiment, and will serve as an admirable aid to recruiting propaganda.

## THE ZULOAGA PAINTINGS.

Some forty-odd paintings of Ignacio Zuloaga have been collected and placed on exhibition in a number of American art galleries through the initiative of Mrs. M. Lydig, and with the local sponsorship of Charles Templeton Crocker we have been sharers in the privilege. This event Sargent, the artist, in a foreword in the catalogue of the Zuloaga paintings, declares to be of supreme artistic interest to Americans interested in art. Local artists were fully aware of it from the first, and the truth of the statement is gradually penetrating to the general public.

The paintings, which are strongly national in sentiment, form an unusually interesting collection. Zuloaga is a colorist, a romanticist, and a realist. Therefore the radicals do not deify him. But he is preëminently an artist, and each one of the forty-odd works on exhibition has something in it to fix the attention and hold the admiration both of the artist and the art student. It is as a painter or creator of Spanish types that he particularly excels. He has a fancy for painting these strongly national figures in close contiguity to typical specimens of Spanish architecture, and with many glimpses in the background of the austere, rockbound landscapes of Spain. But, with his love of color, when he paints a background as background only it is rich with a fine blend and variety of suitably subdued colors. He has a passion for blues and greens. These two colors appear in many of his pictures, and in almost every one of his backgrounds. He loves rich fabrics, flowered brocades, and the high lights and rich glooms of velvet. A colorist such as he could never keep his hands off the bull-fighters of Spain, with their gorgeous colors and stiff embroideries. He has smart modern girls, too, languorous-eyed Spanish beauties, their coiffures and headcoverings almost up to the last minute in style. Yet he does not overlook the peasant type. That ancient sybil carding the flax, the brown, time-worn face seamed with wrinkles, and the thoughtful peasant philosopher; the sun-browned Basque peasant full of racial character; these serve to richly complete the collection of Spanish types.

Zuloaga is excellent as a painter of portraits, putting into each one what we feel to be the dominant characteristic of the sitter. That of Mrs. Lydig shows a woman full of eager interest in life, her "heart to the world." The picture containing the portrait of Maurice Barrès includes so much as to detract from the interest of the main subject. Yet we recognize at a glance the confident, well-poised, thoroughly modern intellectualist.

An extremely fine piece of work is the portrait of the artist's own self. It is full of life and character, the glance animated with an artist's intensity of observation. It offers an interesting contrast to the portrait of his

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father, a man of refined, thoughtful countenance, the features strongly yet delicately carved. What is interesting is the differentiation the artist makes in the character expressed by these two members of one family of similar physical type, and both of the artist's fraternity.

One of the most interesting pictures is, as Mr. Brinton points out in his catalogue notes, in the grand style. This portrait of the Comtesse de Noailles is interesting partly from the beauty of its composition, partly from the beauty of the subject, and again from the rich beauty of the coloring. The artist's sure instinct as a colorist is shown in the skill with which he has reconciled the color of the pink robe with his favorite blues and greens in backgrounds and accessories. Another beautiful instance of rich coloring is the young hufflighter richly costumed in greens and blues typically embroidered in gold. How well he has painted, in the face of the young toreador, a sort of youthful resignation to the patience required by the pose, and, in his costume, the stiff folds of the embroidered stuffs, and the changing glints of the gold embroideries.

There are two nudes, realistically treated. In both of these the subjects are of extremely materialistic type, the artist devoting himself to a contrast between the gleaming roundness of the flesh, and the dull, rich stuffs which set it off.

Gratitude is due to Mrs. Lydig and to Charles Templeton Crocker, for instigating the bringing to this coast the works of a famous artist with so much balance; but who also possesses power, beauty, and romantic charm. We seem to have had on exhibition a larger proportion of works of the more advanced and radical schools, and since the Exposition we have been interested as never before in all the various phases of the art of painting.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Odessa, with a population of 700,000, has thirty-four motion-picture theatres with a total seating capacity of about 20,000. These theatres are open seven days in the week (except on the eve of religious holidays) from 7 until 11:30 p. m., and are almost invariably crowded. The price of admission ranges from 0.55 to 2.50 rubles, according to the class of the theatre and the location of the seat sold. The usual price paid for desirable seats in the first-class motion-picture theatres is 1 to 1.50 rubles, but the complete schedule of prices has on numerous occasions been successfully doubled by the management when an unusually attractive or expensive film was being shown. The seating capacity of the average motion-picture theatre is about 800.

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Theo Karle's Recitals.

America's greatest tenor, Theo Karle, will make his how before a San Francisco audience for the first time at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, when he will be introduced to local music lovers through the agency of Selby C. Oppenheimer's management. Karle enjoys great popularity throughout the East, where he is rated as one of the finest artists ever produced in this country. He is equipped with a fine musical education, has had long and severe training oratorio and recital work, and is endowed with a golden tenor voice of great range and purity. Added to this, the singer has been accredited with a most charming personality, and great artistic merit.

A second recital will be given by Mr. Karle in the same theatre next Friday afternoon, when there will be an entire change of programme, the numbers including the "Care Selve," from Handel's "Atalanta"; "Dai Campi, dai prati," from Boito's "Mephistopheles"; Kramer's "Swans"; Loomis' "Little Dutch Garden"; Salter's "Lamp of Love"; a song cycle by W. Frank Harling called "The Divan of Hafiz"; Puccini's aria, "Lucevan le stelle," from "Tosca"; Branscombe's "Morning Wind"; Dix's "The Trumpeter," and songs by many other noted composers. William Stickle, one of America's foremost pianists, will act as accompanist at both of the Karle recitals.

"Show of Wonders" at the Cort.

The Cort Theatre will offer, beginning Monday evening, March 4th, an attraction of unusual merit. This is none other than the New York Winter Garden "Show of Wonders."

There will be an all-star cast possessing more than ordinary excellence, a chorus of beauty and intelligence, a cast of principals seldom if ever seen in one attraction, and a scenic equipment of the most attractive kind. Running the gamut from a simple pastoral scene in the Adirondack Mountains to the har- haric beauty of the interior of a Burmese Temple, it culminates in a genuine thrill. This is called "Over the Top," and depicts an attack on a German trench by a huge fleet

of American aeroplanes, assisted by a company of our own men. It is said to be the masterpiece of Lincoln J. Carter.

The company includes Eugene and Willie Howard, Tom Lewis, White and Clayton, Flora Lee, Charles Wright, Sidney Phillips, Adèle Ardsley, Patsie O'Hearn, Dan Quinlan, Ernest Hare, Edmund Mulcahey, Virginia Smith, Harry Wilcox, Jacque Kujawski, Myrtle Victorine, and Irene Zolar, the two last being San Francisco girls.

"Johnny Get Your Gun" at the Columbia.

Present indications are that the tribute San Francisco theatre-goers are paying to Louis Bannison, star in John Cort's New York Criterion Theatre success, "Johnny Get Your Gun," which has been greeted by crowded houses at every performance this week at the Columbia Theatre, will be the season's most notable one. The second and last week of this delightful farce, which will begin next Monday night, will be another capacity week. Seats are now selling for all remaining performances, including the last two matinees Wednesday and Saturday. "Johnny Get Your Gun" was one of the four solid successes on New York's Broadway all last year, after being presented in San Francisco for the first time on any stage. It was written by Edmund Lawrence Burke and revised by Dorothy Donnelly. Mr. Bannison is supported by the original long-run New York cast, which includes among others Lorraine Frost, Echlin Gayer, Theodore Bahcock, Vera Finley, Louise MacKintosh, Jane Carlton, Edith Lyle, Aubrey Beatty, Robert Homans, Clyde North, Roy Cochrane, and Frank Hollins.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the most novel shows ever presented in vaudeville.

Gertrude Hoffman and her company of forty will appear in Gertrude Hoffman's Revue, which is a marvelous and beautiful singing and dancing production with magnificent scenery, original spectacular effects, and gorgeous costumes. Paolo Azzaroni is Miss Hoffman's principal support, and in addition she has Kira's Royal Singalese Troupe. Among other things Miss Hoffman will demonstrate her impressions of Ruth St. Denis and Princess Rajah, two of the leading interpretative dancers before the public. She also portrays other stage favorites. Clothed in a bewitching costume of spangled Stars and Stripes, she impersonates Liberty in "The Song of the Nations," an inspiring patriotic number in which attractive girls personify the various countries. By way of versatility Miss Hoffman will introduce a drum solo. Max Hoffmann will conduct the orchestra.

Leo Beers, described as vaudeville's distinctive entertainer, will introduce in his nonchalant manner his crisp stories and odd songs and also exhibit his skill at the piano.

Phil Kelly and Joe Glavin will appear respectively as the actor and the Italian. It is difficult to imagine a more fruitful situation than a conversation between a conventional supercilious type of actor and the equally conventional type of Italian immigrant.

Donald Kerr and Effie Weston will contribute smart songs and a quartet of dances which includes an acrobatic whirlwind dance.

Alfred Latell leads a dog's life on the stage. He appears with Elsie Vokes in a skit called "Le Chien Rigolo" (The Dog Rigolo), in which he plays the title-role. Latell is famous all over the world as the greatest impersonator of animals. In his days he has been everything from a ferocious lion to a purring kitten, and in "The Wizard of Oz" he was the cowardly lion. The little skit is a comic romp of a young girl and her pet dog.

The only holdovers in this wonderful bill will be Harry Gilfoil as "The Gay Old Sport" and Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield in "Songs of the Moment."

The Players' Club.

Strindberg's great tragedy of the desert, "The Simoon," is to be a feature of the new series of plays to be presented by the Players' Club in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay Street, beginning Monday evening, March 4th, and continuing every night for one week, with a special performance on the following Monday and a matinee on Saturday afternoon, March 9th, at 2:15. Mrs. Pearl King Tanner and Hilda Cluff will alternate in the leading rôle. Rafaele Brunetto and Neal Byrden also will appear.

Of especial interest is the first presentation on any stage of "The Unreturning," a drama of symbolism and tragedy, taking place in the backwoods of Tennessee, written by Mrs. Frederick Schiller, wife of the director of the Municipal Orchestra. Mr. Schiller has composed a string quartet to be played as a prelude and it will be rendered by the following well-known musicians: Arthur Conradi, first violin; Arthur Gundersen, second violin; August Wiebalk, viola, and Dorothy Pasmore, cello. The leading rôles will be taken by Virginia Sciaroni, Carol Eberts, William S. Rainey, and Taylor Graves, who

has not appeared with the Players' Club since leaving it two years ago to join Holbrook Blinn and later playing the title-rôle in the original "Very Good Eddy" company.

"Big Kate," one of the most successful comedies ever presented in the Little Theatre, will be repeated in response to many requests. Mrs. Mahel Gump will again be seen in the rôle of Catherine of Russia, a part in which she made a notable success.

Another delightful comedy will be "The Price of Orchids," by Winifred Hawkrige. It is a dainty little play, full of sentiment and attractively staged in a flower shop. In the cast will be Mae O'Keefe, Virginia Whitehead, Rayhoun Rinehart, Arthur Keith, Emelie J. Parent, Silvestra Pearson, and Howard Miller.

"Pop" Concert at Auditorium.

In order to take advantage of the vast capacity afforded by the Civic Auditorium a gala "Pop" concert will be given there by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, March 5th, under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

A mammoth programme will be offered, the orchestra is to be augmented for the occasion, and opportunity will be afforded to hear the Hertz instrumentalists in conjunction with the great Exposition organ, which will be presided over by Edwin H. Lemare, generally regarded as the world's greatest organist. Louis Persinger, violinist, Horace Britt, violoncellist, and Kajetan, harpist, will be the other distinguished assisting artists.

The event will be the first yet given at night by the San Francisco Symphony, but the greatest advantage in giving the concert at the Civic Auditorium is to be found in the enormous number of low-priced seats that will be available. Something like 3600 seats will be priced at hut 25 cents and 4000 seats at 50 cents. The ticket sale is now being conducted at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Tina Lerner Soloist with Hertz.

Tina Lerner, the great Russian pianiste, will again be soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, March 3d, at the Cort Theatre, Alfred Hertz directing.

Miss Lerner will again play Liszt's Concerto No. 2, in A major, with the orchestra. She will also repeat Chopin's rarely played Andante and Polonaise, the Scharwenka orchestration being employed.

The numbers on Sunday for the orchestra alone will be Beethoven's Sixth Symphony (Pastorale). It is Beethoven's most completely programmatic work. Lalo's "Norwegian Rhapsodie" is a delightful composition, in which native folk songs have been skillfully employed. It is in two movements, the first tender and romantic, the last buoyant. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be featured as usual.

On Tuesday evening, March 5th, Alfred Hertz will direct the mammoth "Pop" concert at the Civic Auditorium, which will house the San Francisco Symphony for the first time. On Thursday evening, March 7th, the organization will travel to San Jose to give its second concert of the season in the Garden City.

Sunday afternoon, March 10th, will mark the giving of the final "Pop" concert of the season at the Cort Theatre. Horace Britt, violoncellist, Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Harold Randall, clarinetist, will be soloist of another most popular programme.

Frieda Hempel's Programmes.

All San Francisco is agog over the coming song recitals that will be given here by Frieda Hempel, the leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and one of the very foremost artists in the world. From all sides Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is being congratulated on being able to present this charming and wonderful artist to local audiences, who have waited for years for the opportunity of enjoying her glorious voice and art. Miss Hempel has arranged two special programmes for her appearances here, which will be given at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of March 10th and 17th. At her first concert she will sing the "Ernani Involuntari." A group to follow contains Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," Brahms' "The Vain Suit," Tchaikowsky's "Cradle Song," and Tautert's "Bird Song." Later will be given the difficult Proch Variations, and works of Old English and Old Swedish origin. Liza Lebmann's "Daddy's Sweetheart" is also included, as well as Clut-sam's "My Curly-Headed Baby." An arrangement made by Miss Hempel herself of the "Blue Danube Waltz" will conclude this offering. The second programme contains such gems as the aria from Bellini's "I Puritani," the Shadow Dance from "Dinorah," and works by Mozart, Schubert ("Hark, Hark, the Lark"), Rimsky-Korsakoff, Alahieff, Old Norwegian and Irish works, Arne's "Lass with the Delicate Air," and Miss Hempel's own arrangement of the waltz, "Wine, Women, and Song." Paul Eisler will act as accompanist and assisting artist, playing one group



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of piano soli at each concert. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders for the Hempel recitals, which will be taken care of prior to the opening of the regular seat sale next Monday morning.

Tina Lerner's Only Recital This Season.

Tina Lerner will be able to tarry in San Francisco after her symphony engagement only long enough to give one recital on this visit, and this will be the only time this season that she will appear in a programme of piano compositions, as she must return to the East immediately following her engagement at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Wednesday night, March 6th. Mme. Lerner enjoys a great popularity here, where she has appeared a number of times. Since her last visit she has appeared with enormous success in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other Eastern cities, has invaded Cuha, where her successes in Havana called for four times the number of originally advertised recitals, and in all has traveled over ten thousand miles, delighting audiences everywhere with her splendid art. A wonderful programme will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Wednesday night.

Mme. Lerner's recital is under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management, and tickets are on sale for the same at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

"It is a tremendously exciting thing to be a girl today," said Miss Maude Royden of England recently. "She has no idea what she is going to be or what service she is going to give to the world. She may be a better writer than George Eliot, a better poetess than Mrs. Browning, or a greater scientist than Mme. Curie. Every girl's life should be a great adventure today."

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Cort Theatre

SUNDAY AFT., March 3, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Symphony No. 6 (Pastorale), Beethoven; Concerto No. 2, A major, Liszt; Norwegian Rhapsodie, Lalo; Andante and Polonaise, Chopin.

Prices—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Why not take advantage of what may be called the khaki state of mind to advocate an extension of the practice of wearing uniforms? But there is another matter that should take precedence even of this. Uniforms are good, although they may be confined to the military caste, but uniforms ought not to be too uniform. Why stamp out the individuality of the soldier by too rigid an adhesion to mold and model? Why not allow him some slight expression of personal taste, say in the matter of ties and collars? A democratic sameness is of course a good thing, but unfortunately we can not persuade nature to be democratic. She creates one man short and another tall, one with blue eyes and another with black, one with red hair and another with no hair at all. Now to put all these various kinds of men into identically the same uniform does not conduce to similarity. It increases the dissimilarity. In fact it is undemocratic and probably unconstitutional. We are inclined to think that it is pro-German. The truly democratic and constitutional way would be to allow each soldier within reasonable limits to counteract his natural asperities by slight variations in color and shape of costume. The Roman soldiers wore a uniform, but they were allowed to decorate themselves in various small and innocent ways. The soldiers of Wallenstein and of Prince Rupert wore uniforms, but they were permitted a good deal of dandification, and they fought all the better for it. The belief that the best fighters are indifferent to dress is not at all sustained by history. In fact there are two kinds of fighters that have always proved themselves superb beyond all others. They are the dandies and the hymn-singers. Keep away from the man who presses his pants on the night before the battle, and from the man who says his prayers. They are alike dangerous. The suggestion is thrown out for what it may be worth and without charge.

But since our liking for a uniform is so unmistakable why should we not all wear uniforms and be democratic? Men, of course, do already wear uniforms, but they might be vastly improved by the addition of colors. Nothing but the cowardice incidental to the modern male stands in the way. There is one point only at which men are allowed to sport colors, and that is in the tie, and there is something almost pathetic in the way in which they revel in this small franchise. It is true that there is some narrow liberty allowed in the matter of shirts, but the shirt at its best is a sneaking sort of garment that creeps into visibility by stealth. Personally we have always hungered to wear trousers of the same gorgeousness as the tie. We would moderate our riotous sartorial instincts in deference to a sane uniformity, but we emphatically protest against the general ban upon colors.

Bernard Shaw deals with this question in a recent issue of the *New Republic*. He addresses his comments more particularly to what is known as the Eton school costume, but none the less they have a quite general application. He says that sumptuary committees, should be appointed and furnished with funds in order that the best designers of the day might be employed. The designing of clothes,

he says, is a profession like any other. We are not allowed to build any sort of house that we please, nor to ride in any kind of carriage. The public good must be considered in all of these matters. Why not also in the equally vital matter of clothes? Everything, says Mr. Shaw, should be regulated, but not to such an extent as to interfere with such personal modifications as might be indicated by complexion. With admirable wisdom he points out that if a blond boy and a brunet boy wear collars and ties of the same color, one or other of them is pretty sure to be badly dressed. "The tradition that it is unmanly to bother about colors or notice the color of your own eyes and hair should be sternly disavowed; it is indifference to such points that is boyish in the silly sense. An eye for color is womanly; and all wise men take trouble to acquire the strong points of women, just as wise women take lessons from men. Besides, there may be women to be consulted. The sumptuary committee of the future will regulate not only the dress of the housemaids, but of the ladies of the master's household, who can hardly be allowed to be dowdy, or to hide their honorable connection with the school in mufti.

"But individual liberty must not be abused. Black and white, being a confession of color blindness and artistic impotence, should be forbidden. The present costume should not be used even as a punishment: no boy should be degraded in that manner. Let him rather be shot, if nothing else will meet his case. Mourning should be indicated, if at all, by a violet ribbon; and boys who wish to express their rejoicing at the death of a much-disliked relative, or at the birth of a brother or sister, or at the news of a successful revolution or restoration, as his sympathies might dictate, could substitute orange for violet. The undemonstrative boy could wear nothing, and explain that he was wearing ultra-violet, which is invisible."

We have to draw the attention of the Secretary of War to a wanton and malicious slight that has been placed upon bald-headed men. We speak feelingly. Military efficiency is all very well in its way, but not at the expense of the feelings of a large body of citizens who may have been unfortunate in whose courage and patriotism are beyond question.

The offender is Captain C. E. Jenkins of Camp Funston, St. Louis. Bald-headed men, he says, should be rejected. They present a "shining target" for the enemy. Moreover, they catch cold.

And for what purpose, may it be asked, have we organized a camouflage department of the army if it can not overcome a little difficulty of this sort? Can not the bald-heads be painted so as to imitate hair? Might they not be disguised so as to resemble some new instrument of war? Are there not a hundred ways in which this deficiency might be employed to the honor and glory of the country? Is a head with no hair at all in any way worse than a red-haired head? But no one says a word against red hair as a glowing target for enemy marksmen.

It is time that the campaign against bald-headed men should cease. They have been patient under the gibes of the would-be humorist. They have meekly accepted the imputation of domestic discord. But if they are to be excluded from the defense of their country on the pitiful plea of high visibility it is safe to predict that the worm will turn.

The American Medal of Honor, equivalent to the Victoria Cross, does not go back beyond the Civil War. The first medal ever voted by Congress was doubtless that struck for General Washington. It was of gold, and was decided on before even independence had been proclaimed. Benjamin Franklin, who at the time was in Paris, was instructed to employ the greatest artists in France to execute a suitable design. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, a volunteer officer from the French regular army, was the next recipient of a congressional reward for distinguished service in the field. He entered the United States army as a private in 1777, and distinguished himself so greatly that Congress gave him a lieutenant-colonelcy and, for his gallantry in the assault upon Stony Point in 1779, accorded him a silver medal and a vote of thanks.

Since 1914 the United States has put forth every effort to increase the output of toluol, and at present is urging municipal gas companies to help fill the need. The reason for this is apparent, as T. N. T. possesses nearly every attribute of an ideal explosive. It is not dangerous to handle or transport; it can be compressed into blocks and cut into any suitable form; it can be melted comparatively easily and poured into shells; it gives off no deadly fumes while being liquified; it does not corrode the bore of the big guns; it does not explode of itself, and, lastly, it is just powerful enough to break a projectile into fragments of a size to do the most widespread damage among enemy troops and fortifications.

## Rome's Civilization.

This story is true because it is history. It is a comparison worth while and is a subject for deep thought.

Rome in the days of Augustus was a city of more than 1,000,000 persons, and it did not have a single hospital.

The city was built mainly of brick, with narrow, tortuous streets. But it had some broad and well-paved thoroughfares, the fashionable avenue being the famous Appian Way, which was the metropolitan terminus, so to speak, of one of the great military roads that radiated from Rome as a centre to all parts of the empire.

The houses of the rich, and even those of the fairly well-to-do, were supplied with running water. No modern system of aqueducts surpassed that of ancient Rome, and the water was distributed to dwellings by underground pipes that furnished the fluid through lead pipe connections to tanks elevated on pillars at regular intervals along the street. From these tanks lead pipes carried the water to the houses on either side, which were provided with faucets and basins like our houses today.

This in itself is a very interesting fact, because even two centuries ago there was no such adequate system of water supply for cities anywhere in the civilized world.

When Julius Caesar first visited Alexandria in Egypt, the occasion on which he was captured by the Greek charms of Cleopatra, he found there so complete an underground water supply system that the city seemed "hollow underneath."

The aqueducts of Rome, substantial remains of which still exist, supplied numerous street fountains, at which the people drank, and, much more important, the enormous bath buildings, erected and maintained at fabulous expense by various emperors.

There were no street lamps. Soldiers employed as policemen carried torches through the street. It was a method corresponding nearly to that in use in European cities a couple of centuries ago.

Stoves were unknown and dwellings were heated with braziers of charcoal. Olive oil lamps and candles of tallow and wax furnished domestic illumination. House furniture—sofas, chairs, bedsteads, and what not—much resembled in pattern what we have today, and for the rich was no less luxurious.

Grain was ground by watermills and windmills. Boats on the Tiber carried millwheels that were driven by the currents of the river. Chickens were hatched by incubators on a great scale for market. Ice obtained from mountain heights was stored in summertime for winter use.

A big book might be written about the "modern conveniences" enjoyed by the ancient Romans. They were wiped out altogether with nearly everything worth while in the way of civilization by barbarous tribes, whose notion of warfare was "frightfulness" carried to the ultimate extent. These tribes were largely the ancestors of the present-day Germans. What they are today they were, then.

Speaking at Bishopsgate Institute in London recently, the Rev. J. Mathieson Forson, president of the London Federation of Brotherhoods, said his experience of several months at the front as a worker in connection with the Y. M. C. A. huts had convinced him that "Tommy's" religion could never be understood by any one ignorant of the British fighting man's conception of life and his viewpoint. "Tommy's" religion could never be formulated in a creed, but that did not mean that it was not very real. It was a religion of instinct, and sprang from the impulses of the heart. Moreover, he thought that the German soldier was very much like himself. On one occasion a "Tommy" emptied his pocket of fruit and fags and gave them to a captured German soldier. When his captain commended him for his kindly action, "Tommy" remarked, "Well, you know, the poor devils are very much like ourselves; they do it because they have got to." There was the note of brotherhood. "Tommy" was a very shy creature indeed, and on no subject more than the subject of religion; but he possessed a religious soul in the deepest, broadest sense.

According to Colonel Cyrus B. Adams, the state director of prisons, Massachusetts now has the smallest prison population it has had since the year 1874. This striking condition Colonel Adams ascribes to two causes. In the first place it is due to the extensive growth of the probation system, a system which looks after offenders by restraint and by guidance given them outside any institutional walls. In the second place an important cause of the depopulation of the prisons is the extraordinary industrial conditions which are now prevailing. So great is the demand for workers that even the comparatively incompetent laborer is able to secure a job and hold it, almost despite any dissatisfaction which may arise over the character of his service.

## The Late General Grossetti.

The obituary notices of the late General Grossetti of England speak of his "Falstaffian proportions"; and he had also something of the wit of the fat knight in speaking of his physical disabilities. These were the only affinities, as may be gathered from a story Lord Escher tells in the *London Morning Post*: "In the throes of the battle of Ypres the French troops, under the punishing fire, began to retire. They were met by General Grossetti. 'What do you propose to do with me?' he called out to them. 'I am too fat to run away. I am tired to death, and I must sit down. Get me a chair.' A solid camp stool was brought by a soldier, and down he sat, quietly resting in the middle of the shell-torn street—a sort of Subliminal bridge—awaiting the advent of the enemy. He continued to fling humorous jokes at the men as they passed. 'I am an unlucky fellow; I can not retire. You see, I am good for nothing but to sit where I am.' A company in Indian file began to creep past, hugging the walls of the rocking houses. 'Where are you off to, my children? Is this really a retreat? Are you thinking of leaving your old general in the lurch?' The men stopped, petrified at seeing Grossetti sitting placidly on his camp stool, shells bursting round him, gutting the houses, amid showers of shrapnel. The example was irresistible. The men took off their kepis and cheered him lustily; retreat was at an end. The men turned and began to advance."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Charles Lamh was once asked to say grace at a dinner. He was surprised and asked: "Is there no minister present?" He was told there was not. "Then," he continued, "let us thank God."

A stingy old lady presented the cahman with his exact legal fare and a stale bun, remarking that the latter was for himself. "Oh, thank ye, mum," said the cahhy, sarcastically. "But aint yer got a hit o' hay for the poor old 'oss?"

A visitor to the household of a colored man in Georgia was much impressed by the thriftiness of the mistress of the house. "That's a hard-workin' wife you've got, Joe," said he. "Yes," said Joe, with the utmost gravity, "I wish I had a couple more like her."

Ritterhy was speaking of Fitterhy's lack of tact. "Why," said he, "that chap is always getting himself in a pickle in that way." "What has he done now?" asked some one. "Why, he told a young mother, when she showed him her baby, that his sister had three just like it."

A farmer's wife in Connecticut, hurrying from milking the cows to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the churn, from the churn to the woodshed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. She vehemently replied: "No, I certainly do not. I say now, if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for heaven's sake let 'em do it."

Mr. J. J. Hissey in his new hook, "The Road to the Inn," tells the following story: A parson was quietly seated in his study when one of his male parishioners was shown in to him carrying a baby. "Parson," he says, "as the law tells I must give you one-tenth of all I produce, here's my tenth child," and without another word the man placed the baby on the astonished parson's knee and departed.

Here is a "substitution" story that will take a lot of heating. It concerns a farmer who was given a shopwalker as a farm laborer. The first morning he said to his new hand, "Take a horse and go to the station for a load of potatoes." When he arrived the station agent said, "All right; but how are you going to take them without a cart?" "Dear me," said the man, "I've forgotten the cart."

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the subject of wonderful achievement when this anecdote was fittingly related by Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas: One night some time ago a burglar broke into the residence of an esteemed citizen named Smith. Two days later the burglar was captured, and hardly had been landed in the station house before Smith appeared. "I understand, cap," said he, addressing the police official, "you have the man who robbed us the

other night." "We have him, all right," triumphantly smiled the official. "Do you wish to see him?" "You just bet I do," was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "I want to find out how he got into that house without waking my wife. It is something that I have been trying to do for the last twenty years."

In his lecture on "War Aims and Peace" at Queen's Hall the Earl of Denbigh incidentally told an excellent story. A friend of his took prisoner an elderly German officer, who was very nasty about it, and remarked that he could console himself by the thought that his officer son was killing "twenty pigs of Englishmen a day." When the captive arrived at Southampton a cheery voice came from the quay: "Hullo, father! Have they got you, too?"

Pat had been to an English fair and sold some cattle, with the result that he had a wallet containing over £200 in his breast-pocket. A well-known thief, getting to know this, insisted on taking him in tow even to the extent of sharing the room where Pat lodged. "He got up before me in the mornin'," explained Pat in relating the occurrence, "and slipped away with my coat instead of his own." "And is your money gone?" asked a friend. "Not a penny of it," replied Pat. "Sure, didn't I slip it all into his coat pocket before I went to bed that night for safety sake."

Naval discipline is a wonderful thing. Two brothers, whose home is in the east New York section, met at the home table the other day. The elder, Archie, is a junior lieutenant, and Bill, the younger, is a plain seaman, "second class." Bill stood at attention, regarding his big brother with some interest and not a little awe. "Sit down, Bill," said Archie. "No, sir, thank you, sir," replied Bill, saluting. Archie sat down and continued: "Now sit down, Bill." "Thank you, sir; yes, sir," said Bill. And two disgusted parents looked to see if their kids were really serious. Not a smile was visible.

Sweeney was a new recruit; he was also a Knight of Columbus. His second day at Fort Thomas was spent in hours of tiresome drill. Toward evening the top sergeant called out, "All K. P.'s step forward." Twelve men advanced and, when the others were dismissed, followed the officer toward the mess halls. Sweeney was tired and hungry and his blood boiled at the thought of the favoritism about to be shown to the dozen Knights of Pythias. He followed the men, cursing under his breath, and on reaching the hall was relieved to hear the gruff "top" exclaim: "Now, you kitchen police, get hussy!"

A police magistrate was disposing of a series of cases at a rapid rate and with great eagerness and dignity. "Then you are sure you recognize this handkerchief as the one stolen from you?" he said to complainant. "Yes, your honor," was the reply. "How do you know it was yours?" the justice demanded. "You can see it is of a peculiar make, your honor," replied the witness. "That is the way I know it." "Are you aware, sir," shouted the justice, drawing a similar one from his pocket, "that there are others like it?" "Indeed, I am," replied the questioned one still more placidly. "I had two stolen."

A man-o'-war'sman on a visit to his native city gave an amusing instance of the readiness and resource of naval seamen. He had made an arrangement at New York to meet a chum from his own ship, but he had forgotten the number of the house, and he did not care to knock at every door until he came to the right one. A rag and bone man with a huggle passed along. Jack seized the huggle. "I'm looking for a chum," he explained. Then he blew the grog calls for the navy. As the last note died away a window was hastily flung up, and a sailor's head was thrust out. "Ah," said Jack, as he handed back the huggle, "I knew I'd find him."

Senator John W. Smith of Maryland recently recalled the following story to illustrate the "great drought of some legal arguments": Some time since a rather youthful lawyer had a case in which he wished to make a hit, and to that end he looked up authorities that took him back to the days of Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half he was pained to observe what looked like inattention on the part of the court. Apparently the judge was not appreciating the fine points of his arguments. "Your honor," said he, pausing in his plea and turning to the hench, "I beg your pardon, but are you following me?" "I have so far," answered the judge, wearily shifting about in his chair, "but if I thought that I could find my way back I would quit right here."

"A ship isn't so dependent on her anchor." "Why isn't she?" "Because even if she loses it, she still keeps her hold."—Baltimore American.



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There's a General in the army,  
There's an Admiral on the sea,  
There's a soldier in the trenches—  
What's the need of you and me?

There's a burning church in Russia,  
There's a priest in the debris,  
There's a baby dead in Belgium—  
What's the need of you and me?

There's a murdered girl in Flanders  
That I wouldn't care to see;  
There's a mother mad in London—  
What's the need of you and me?

There's God somewhere in heaven,  
There's a Kaiser living free;  
It will take the world to beat him—  
What's the need of you and me?

—Life.

The Way They Talk.

It's strange how people say "I can't"  
In Boston.  
And how a nephew says "My abn't"  
In Boston.  
One rides around within a "cah,"  
And streets are smeared with sticky "tah,"  
In Boston.

But things as strange are on each lip.  
In Jersey City.  
The well-known whip becomes a "wip"  
In Jersey City.  
The sparrow wears the title "hold,"  
The second drink precludes the "thoid,"  
And what they hear they say they've "hold"  
In Jersey City.  
—Life.

To a Very Young Gentleman.

My child, what painful vistas are before you!  
What years of youthful ills and pangs and  
bumps—  
Indignities from aunts who "just adore" you,  
And chicken-pox and measles, croup and mumps!  
I don't wish to dismay you—it's not fair to,  
Promoted now from bassinet to crib—  
But, O my babe what troubles flesh is heir to  
Since God first made free with Adam's rib!

Laboriously you will proceed with teething;  
When teeth are here you'll meet the dentist's  
chair;  
They'll teach you ways of walking, eating,  
breathing,  
That stoves are hot, and how to brush your  
hair.

And so, my poor, undaunted little stripling,  
By bruises, tears, and trousers you will grow;  
And, borrowing a leaf from Mr. Kipling,  
I'll wish you luck, and moralize you so:

If you can think up seven thousand methods  
Of giving cooks and parents heart-disease;  
Can rifle pantry-shelves, and then give death odds  
By water, fire, and falling out of trees;  
If you can fill your every boyish minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of mischief done,  
Yours is the house and everything that's in it,  
And, which is more, you'll be your father's son!  
—Christopher Morley, in Century Magazine.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amy Morrison, and Mr. Henry Phillips of Pasadena. Miss Morrison, who is the niece of Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman, has visited in San Francisco frequently from her home in Redlands. Mr. Phillips is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips of Pasadena. The marriage of Miss Morrison and Mr. Phillips will take place during the summer.

The marriage of Miss Helen Perkins and Captain Dean Witter, U. S. A., was solemnized last Wednesday evening at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Seattle. Dr. Hugh Gordon Ross officiating. Mrs. James Mason of Seattle was the matron of honor and the Misses Jane and Polly Perkins were the bridesmaids. Mr. Daniel Volkman was best man and the ushers were Captain George Leib, Lieutenant Guy Witter, Lieutenant Jean Witter, Mr. Russell Perkins, Mr. William Boeing, and Major Eugene West. Mrs. Witter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins of Seattle. Captain Witter is the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Witter of Berkeley and the brother of Mrs. Roy Page, Miss Elizabeth Witter, and Lieutenant Guy Witter. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Captain Witter and Mrs. Witter will reside at Camp Lewis, where the former is stationed.

Miss Jeannette Bertheau entertained a group of friends at dinner last Wednesday evening, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Helen St. Goar, Lieutenant Brooke Sawyer, Lieutenant Edward Harrison, and Lieutenant Ralph Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Mr. Frank Bosqui.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury were hosts at dinner last Thursday evening at the opening of the new club house of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside. Among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy.

Mrs. Robin Hayne gave a luncheon Thursday at her home in San Mateo, her guests including Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mrs. Ethel Hager, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins.

Mrs. Philip Wales gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Palace Hotel, entertaining more than a dozen guests.

The Misses Pauline and Catherine Wheeler gave a luncheon Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth George of Mare Island. The guests included Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Edith Kynnersley, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Augusta Rathbone, and Miss Gertrude Utke-Pblit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dinner Thursday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, and Dr. Harold Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge entertained at dinner recently at the Hotel St. Francis. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William

Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Mr. William Van Antwerp.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Captain Randolph Miner and Mrs. Miner entertained a group of friends at dinner last Tuesday evening, their guests having included Rear-Admiral Charles Gove and Mrs. Gove, Captain Temple Potts and Mrs. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Mr. Samuel Buckbee.

Miss Flora Miller was a luncheon hostess of last Wednesday, entertaining a group of friends at her apartments at Stanford Court.

Dr. Percival Rosseter, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rosseter gave a buffet supper last Wednesday evening at their home at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at dinner last Thursday evening, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, and Mr. Thomas Barbour.

Mrs. James Tucker entertained at dinner Thursday evening at the Woman's Athletic Club, complimenting Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

Mr. Bulky Wells entertained a number of friends at dinner last Friday evening at the St. Francis, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morris, Mrs. Crawford Hill, and Mr. William Stapleton of Denver.

General Edward McClelland and Mrs. McClelland gave a dinner Sunday evening at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pommer gave a dinner Thursday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker, Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild, and Miss Edith Cheshrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Otello Scribner entertained at dinner on Thursday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Dr. Reginald Smith and Mrs. Smith, Dr. Cullen Welty and Mrs. Welty, Mrs. Henry Crocker, and Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreery.

#### "Tay Pay" Coming.

T. P. O'Connor, the famous Irish member of Parliament, is to visit San Francisco very soon. He has accepted invitations to address various civic organizations, including the Commonwealth Club; and will be entertained at an "Irish dinner" by members of the Bohemian Club. Other arrangements for his social entertainment wait upon his arrival, planned for March 20th or 21st.

#### Lay Lenton Addresses at Grace Cathedral.

The dean of Grace Cathedral has arranged a course of "Lay Addresses for the Times" for Sunday afternoons during Lent, to be given by Professor H. Morse Stephens, President Wheeler, Professor C. M. Gayley, and Professor H. R. Fairclough.

Finland, which has recently ceased to be a grand duchy and has declared her independence and status as a republic, has now decided on her national colors. She will have three different standards: the national flag, the flag of the merchant service, and that of the pilot and customs services. The national colors are those which were acclaimed at the time of the revolution, the yellow lion of Finland surrounded by nine white roses on a red ground. The flag of the merchant service will have a yellow perpendicular cross on a red ground, and in the top right-hand corner, nine white roses set symmetrically in three rows. The pilot and customs services flag will be the same, except that it will carry the yellow lion of Finland instead of the white roses.

The mines of Ray, Arizona, already on the world's map for great production of copper, lead, and silver, have added vanadium, in which their owners claim that they will astonish the world. For this mineral there is the greatest need in the steel branch of the war industries.

#### Mikula the Peasant. A Russian Apologue.

Dominion behind him, Adventure before,  
Away in the dawning rode Svyagator,  
The wind in the tangle of raven-bued curls  
That flowed from a helmet encrusted with pearls.  
In gold slept the scimitar none else might hold;  
His mantle of saffron was buckled with gold;  
The crest of the Hero was proud in the sky;  
Beneath his arched instep a sparrow could fly.

He rode through the morning, he rode through the night,  
Yet where was the labor to challenge the might,  
The vigor, the ardor that surged through his veins  
As fiercely as Volga in season of rains?

"Oh, would that a ring in the heavens were set—  
I'd wrench it till mountains and frament met!  
Oh, would that a pillar were fast in the sands—  
I'd grasp it and brandish the world in my hands!"

There drove o'er the steppe in a tumult of speed  
A mountainous wight on a thundering steed;  
Unconscious were his garments; his features were fair;

Like haymows in August his masses of hair;  
His muscles were iron, his eyes blue and mild—  
The force of a giant, the heart of a child;  
Two pouches of weight on his shoulders he wore;  
They fell in the pathway of Svyagator.

"Fair Lord," begged the Stranger, "thou valiant  
Voivode,

Pray, lift me the burden that cumbereth thy road."  
The Hero dismounted; he stooped to the plain;  
He labored, he struggled, he wrestled amain;  
He tugged at the pouches, he panted and strained  
Till down his pale temples the ruddy drops rained,  
Yet vainly he travailed; and, panting he cried  
To that stolid Wayfarer, wondering-eyed,  
"O, thou that bestridest the shaggy-maned horse,  
What weight in thy wallet defeth my force?"

Then answered the Stranger, impassive and slow,  
"The weight of the world—of its want and its woe."

"Thy name?" asked the Hero, "O, marvelous  
one!"

"Men call me Mikula, the Villager's Son,"  
Submissive, he answered. He bent from his waist,  
Uplifted the burden and rode to the East.

The sunlight behind him, the shadow before,  
Away to the Westward rode Svyagator.

"He dreams not," he murmured, "his power and  
girth,  
Who hears on his shoulders the burden of Earth.  
Good hap that the might of those masterful arms  
Is lost in the labors of forests and farms!  
What bodes the Princelings, when, rousing at  
length,

Mikula the Peasant awakes to his strength?"  
—Arthur Guiterman, 1905.

#### De Vally Song Recital.

Monsieur Antoine de Vally will appear in song recital on the evening of Friday, March 1st, at the residence of Mrs. T. Arthur Rickard, 2421 Ridge Road, Berkeley. A number of prominent names appear in the roster of patrons, including Professor William Dallam Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Canm, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Grassi, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Garnett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass, Professor Armin O. Leuschner and Mrs. Leuschner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newell, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phelps, President Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Mr. and Mrs. T. Arthur Rickard, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Sherman, Dr. John S. Snook and Mrs. Snook, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Strauss, Mme. Evelyn Stoppani, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mr. and Mrs. Julius R. Weher, Professor E. J. Wickson and Mrs. Wickson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard F. Williamson, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilson. M. de Vally will be assisted by Mrs. Jessica Davis Nahl and by Mr. Fred Maurer at the piano.

#### Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio."

Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio" will come to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, March 11th, for an engagement of two weeks. This play was written for Mr. Skinner by Booth Tarkington and is proving his greatest success in years. After a ten weeks' engagement in Chicago, followed by successful engagements in Washington and Philadelphia, Mr. Skinner is now on his way here. As Tony Cameradonio, an Italian hurdygurdy man, Mr. Skinner has a rôle which is on a par with his famous heggar in "Kismet."

The United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, printed last year over 4,000,000 copies of geological, topographic, and other maps and folios, many of them in several colors. Some of the geologic maps required as many as twenty-five printings. The total number of impressions required was 14,000,000.

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#### Open House.

Last week's Open House was Mrs. Justin McGrath's, and was delightfully crowded, despite the rain. The March dates are as follows: March 2d, Miss Alice Griffith, 2820 Pacific Avenue; March 9th, Mrs. E. D. Bullard, 3333 Pacific Avenue; March 16th, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, 3311 Pacific Avenue; March 23d, Mrs. Gwynn and Mrs. Sudden, at Mrs. Sudden's, 3730 Washington Street; March 30th, Mrs. C. C. Moore, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Each of the armies in the war has its own system to identify its dead. The Russian soldier wears a numbered badge; the French soldier has an identification card stitched into his tunic; the German soldier has a little metal disk that bears his name; the British soldier has an aluminum disk, with identification marks and church affiliations, and the Austrian soldier has a gun-metal badge, with his name on a tiny parchment within. The Turk is the only soldier that carries no badge.

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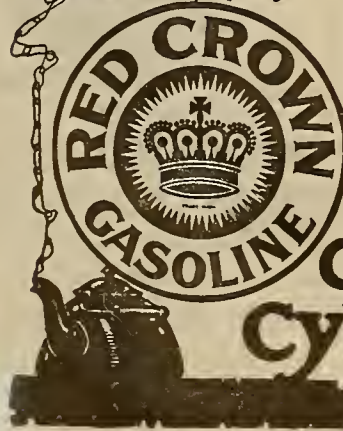
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field and Miss Virginia Hanna, returned to San Francisco Monday, after having passed the week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis arrived a few days ago from their home in Portland and will divide their visit here between the homes of Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor and Mrs. George Boyd.

Major William Devereaux and Mrs. Devereaux, who have been passing a few days in San Francisco and Burlingame, have returned to Colorado.

Mrs. Algernon Gibson left last Wednesday for San Pedro to join Mr. Gibson, who recently entered the navy.

Mrs. Willis Witter and Miss Elizabeth Witter, who are visiting Lieutenant Guy Witter and Mrs. Witter at Tacoma, will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Page in Omaha before returning to their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Richard McCreery will leave in a few days for Santa Barbara, where she will pass several weeks with Mrs. Charles Wright.

Mrs. Jack Neville spent a few days of last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue, at their home on Sacramento Street.

Lieutenant Felton Elkins, who went abroad several months ago, has received his commission in the British Royal Flying Corps, and has joined his regiment in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich are spending several weeks in Santa Barbara from their home in New York.

Mr. John Drum left for Washington last Wednesday, where he will remain for a fortnight.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns returned a few days ago to San Francisco from a visit to San Luis Obispo. Mr. Johns has enlisted in the navy and will shortly enter the training school at San Pedro.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her sons, Mr. Evans Pillsbury and Master Taylor Pillsbury, have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Marion Leigh Mailliard will return in a few days to her home on Gough Street, after a prolonged visit in the East.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman, who has been in New York for some time, returned Friday to San Francisco and has taken apartments at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann returned to San Francisco Monday, after having passed the week-end in Monterey with Mr. Haldorn's mother, Mrs. James Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley, who have been spending the winter in Washington, have reopened their apartments in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, who went East to visit their sons, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley in New York.

Dr. Millicent Cosgrave returned this week from Santa Barbara, where she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Van Horne.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., have gone to New York, where they will remain indefinitely, the former having recently offered his services to the government and having been assigned to duty in the East.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller has been passing several weeks in San Diego and will visit to Santa Barbara before returning north.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins has returned to San Francisco, after a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker returned last week to California, after having visited for several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois returned to San Francisco Monday from a brief visit to the southern part of the state.

Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski, with Miss Ethel Crocker and Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, arrived recently in New York, joining Princess Poniatowski's sister, Mrs. William Crocker.

Mrs. William Leih has gone to Dallas, Texas, where Lieutenant Leih has been stationed for some weeks.

Miss Mary Donohoe and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin returned last week to San Francisco, after a visit in San Diego with Lieutenant Harry Gantz and Mrs. Gantz.

Mrs. Conger Pratt, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Ord Preston, in Washington, will arrive in San Francisco in the near future to visit her parents, Major-General Arthur Murray and Mrs. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin returned Monday to their home in San Mateo, after having passed the week-end in Del Monte.

Miss Anne Peters has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel from a visit to Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent have been spending a few days at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, who were recently house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent at their Burlingame home.

Miss Elise Bertheau, who has been visiting Miss Evelyn Waller in New York, has gone to Boston, where she is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Warren Child.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood passed the holidays in Del Monte from their home in San Mateo. Count del Valle de Salazar and Countess de Salazar have left for the East, en route to Spain, planning to be gone indefinitely.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mrs. E. L. Cunningham, Indianapolis; Mrs. C. B. Greeley and daughter, New York; Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wellman, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hio, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Halliwell, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. S. Haynes, Springfield, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Galle, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. B. Camfield, Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. J. Kendall, Philadelphia; Mrs. E. Johnson, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Nelson, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Baker, San

Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wright, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Chichester, Springfield, Massachusetts.

"Jawbone" in the Army.

The army camps have added another word to the vocabulary of slang, "jawbone," meaning credit.

"Did you pay cash for the uniform, Bill?" "No; it's jawbone," meaning that he bought it on credit.

"We're taking up a collection to buy a present for the sergeant," says a soldier who is going through the camp with a subscription paper.

"I haven't got a sou," says a private. "That's all right; it's all jawbone," says the other, meaning that credit will be given for the amount until pay day.

"Say, you can get jawbone puttees down at so and so's," says another, meaning that a certain store is selling leather puttees to the soldiers on credit.

The word "jaw," meaning to scold or talk offensively, has been in common use so long that it is in the dictionary as a regular word; but at first it was pure slang.

"She jawed so much I couldn't live with her," testified a man who was suing for a divorce. It is an expressive word, as all slang words are, and when a man speaks of a jawing woman 'your mind's eye visualizes her at once, her jaw wagging husily as she scolds.

"Slack jaw," is another vivid expression. "Don't give me any more of your slack jaw," Champ Clark exclaimed to a voluble opponent on the floor of the House in a heated debate a few years ago.

"Jawbone" has leaped into instant popularity in the army camps (says the *Kansas City Star*), where nearly every one is in debt more or less for tobacco, clothing, and other things.

The Benedictines of England have been celebrating recently the silver jubilee or twenty-fifth anniversary of the return of the order to the Abbey of Maria Laach. The abbey was founded in 1093 and long flourished, but in 1815 it was seized by the Prussian government, and the property was converted into a state domain. In 1820 it was purchased by the Delius family. With the exception of the church, which was still held by the state, it was secured in 1862 for the Jesuit Fathers, who established there a scholasticate or House of Studies for the order, with a splendid library. In 1873 the Kulturkampf put an end to the work of the Jesuits.

The great "Kaiser's Bell" has been removed from its cage in the southern tower of the grand cathedral at Cologne and will be sacrificed for the fatherland's defense. It was impossible to remove the bell intact—it weighed 56,000 pounds—without injuring the beautiful masonry of the steeple, so the bell was sawed in pieces and thus safely brought to the ground. French guns captured in 1870 and 1871 were the material from which the bell was made, and it was first sounded on March 21, 1877, the birthday of William I, who gave it to the cathedral. At that time it took twenty-seven hell ringers to operate it. Since then it had been worked by an electric apparatus.

Pennsylvania's production of coal in 1917 reached the unprecedented total of 267,735,001 net tons. In 1800 production of bituminous coal was 10,000,000, and anthracite 8,000,000. In the year ended June 30, 1917, output in Illinois was 73,983,527 tons, an increase of 15,309,997 over the previous year.



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The "Hungry Forties."

In the period 1841-1844 the rural workers in Devonshire and their families seldom saw meat in their homes or tasted milk. Their principal food was a mixture of ground barley and potatoes. In an adjoining county (writes W. R. S. in the *Manchester Guardian*) the budget of a laborer's household was four shillings for half a hushel of wheat, sixpence for grinding, backing, and harm, sixpence for firing, and eightpence for rent, leaving sixpence, out of which the family had to be provided with clothing, potatoes, and the absolute necessities of life. "Crammings," made of what was left after the flour and bran had been abstracted, mixed with a little bread-flour, were largely used for the making of bread. "Taters and shake-over" was a familiar dish. It was composed by the simple process of shaking a little salt over the hoiled potatoes. Barley and rye were mainly used for the making of bread. A bad harvest not only meant dear bread, but had bread. Sometimes the barley flour would not make bread at all. When an attempt was made to bake it in the oven only the outside crust became firm, the interior being a soft "pappy" mass which would, if thrown at a wall, hespatter it and stick like mud. So the flour was made into "peel" or griddle cakes—cakes made without yeast and bake on a sort of gridiron over the fire. Rye bread was at times so doughy that the knife with which it was cut had to be cleaned between the cutting of the slices. Meat was cheap, but so little money was left after the bread and potatoes had been bought that there were thousands of cottages into

which a piece of meat never entered from year end to year end. Occasionally on high feasts and festivals a bit of bacon or a small piece of salt pork would make its appearance. Mint tea was a common drink in the summertime, and toast and water in the winter. Jam was, so far as the majority were concerned, an utterly unobtainable dainty, and even rice was regarded as a luxury. "Charlie," a field weed, or nettle tops were hoiled in the crock and eaten to savour the barley cake.

Dr. John H. Finley, commissioner of education, has discovered another break in the chain of coöperation between a certain Wilhelm and Gott (according to the *New York Evening Post*). Traveling through an evacuated region in France, Dr. Finley found wanton destruction of all trees. The countryside looked like Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones. Whereas the Book of Deuteronomy says: "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them; for thou mayst eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in a siege." Noting this slip of the Kaiser's the *Post* remarks that perhaps the Book of Deuteronomy has been supplanted by the Book of Teuteronomy.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." "It contains, however, a plethora of such words as 'hunk,' 'mutt,' and 'fierce.'"—*Kansas City Journal*.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Bodger—Was I skeered? Why, when the bombs began to drop I werry nigh went into italics!—*London Opinion*.

Clarence—When I was quite a child, you know, I was told if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded. Clara—Well, why didn't you stop?—*Judge*.

Lawyer—What was he arrested for? Mike—They told me at the station that he took one too much. Lawyer—Too much or too

many? Mike—What is the difference? Lawyer—Intoxication or higamy.—*Life*.

"What do you think! Smith's widow broke his will." "That's no news. She did it the first day she married him."—*Baltimore American*.

"This anecdote, as I say, is about Senator Fluhduh. You know the senator?" "No, but I know the anecdote."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Actually, the story I brought home yesterday made my wife speechless." "Quick—tell it to me so I can repeat it to mine!"—*New York Sun*.

"There's Hicks and his wife out on the floor. That woman's a brunette. I heard he married a blonde." "Oh, he did, but she dyed."—*People's Home Journal*.

"I aint got no use," said Uncle Eben, "for one o' dese optimisses dat simply grins an' hopes foh de best while somchody else does all de work."—*Washington Star*.

Reporter—What are your views on city ownership? Boss—It's all right as long as none of you fellows come to ask how we came to own it.—*Denver News*.

"Pop, what are the ayes and noes for in legislative hodies?" "With some of them, my child, they are first to scent jobs and then wink at them."—*Baltimore American*.

Mandy—Rastus, you all knows dat you remind me of dem dere flyin' machines? Rastus—No, Mandy, how's dat? Mandy—Why hecays youse no good on earth.—*Sun Dial*.

"But didn't Opportunity ever knock at your door?" "Probably." "And you didn't answer it?" "I? Of course not. What do you think the servants are for?"—*Houston Post*.

Mother (to curate)—And do you really pray for your enemies? Ethel (overhearing)—I do, mummy. Curate—And what do you say in your prayer, my child? Ethel—I pray that they may be heaten.—*Punch*.

Mrs. Flatbush—Does your husband believe in the protection of our forests? Mrs. Bensonhurst—Does he? Why, say, if we ever had another war over here that would be the first place he'd make for.—*New York Globe*.

"Do you think competition is the life of trade?" "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But competition was mismanaged for a long time. The real trick is to get people to come around with money in their hands and com-

pete for a chance to huy something."—*Washington Star*.

Erb—"Ullo! What's up with old Bill? Alf—"E found 'arf a quid, an' when 'e'd spent it all treating 'is pals, 'e discovered it was 'is own money.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Tommy (dictating letter to be sent to his wife)—The nurses here are a very plain lot.— Nurse—Oh, come! I say! That's not very polite to us. Tommy—Never mind, nurse, put it down. It'll please her.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"What's your idea of the difference between a statesman and a demagogue?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "a statesman tries to

lead the people. A demagogue raises a holler and tries to stampede them."—*Washington Star*.

Willis—Was Bump rattled in his first big game hunt? Gillis—You het. He fired three shots at the guide and then walked up to the deer and inquired the way home.—*Town Topics*.

Little Bessie, who went in to entertain the minister while he was waiting for her mother, was shy at first, so he began: "Do you remember me, my dear?" "I fink I do," answered the child; "you're the man mother makes me stay awake and listen to in church."—*Boston Transcript*.

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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Late Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, dead at the age of 86, did not in his activities as an author and as a collector of manuscripts, escape criticism. None the less he did for American history—particularly for the history of our Pacific states and of Mexico—a service of incomparable magnitude and of immeasurable importance. If there was much that he assembled and held in possession which ought upon a strict theory of individual rights to have been returned to original possessors, it is none the less true that there was benefit to all concerned and to future generations in the course he pursued. But for his industry, his sagacity, and his personal sacrifice of fortune, a vast aggregation of documents of priceless historical value would without a doubt have been dissipated and in large measure lost. The Bancroft Collection, now the property of the State University, is a veritable mine of historical materials, safe for so long a period as the material substances of paper and parchment shall endure, made safe by the energy, the acquisitiveness, and the liberality of Mr. Bancroft.

Mr. Bancroft has been flouted because in the carrying out of his undertakings he assigned the major

part of the colossal work bearing his name to employed and subordinate writers. But this criticism holds good only in minds that fail to comprehend that the task he assumed was by its magnitude beyond the powers of any one man, more especially a busy man of general affairs who took up the labors of historical research only in middle life. The conception of the Bancroft studies wrought out in thirty-nine fat volumes was Mr. Bancroft's own. His individual labors and his free expenditure of capital were essential elements in his achievement. He was primarily an editor, a very great editor; and it is no just criticism of one who in fact wrote with exceptional power and charm that lie employed in his work many helping hands. No one of the group of writers who as associates lent their aid to Mr. Bancroft, nor all of them together, could by any possibility have done that which was achieved in coöperation with him and under his directing mind and hand.

Aside from the work with which his name is so definitely associated, Mr. Bancroft was a notable citizen—one whose name is entitled to be enrolled in the honor list of founders of California. He was an efficient man of business. In all his active career he was on the constructive side of public issues. He had hardihood and courage, with the positiveness which, while it often breeds antagonism, is an essential quality in forceful private and public character. Probably no one man in the early life of the state was a larger contributor to its material energies and surely none has left a name more likely to endure in permanent and worthy fame.

### A Non-Partisan Congress Suggested.

There are indications that the coming congressional campaign will be upon lines new to this generation of Americans. There is but one issue before the country—one that subordinates and supersedes ordinary motives in politics. It matters less that the Congress to be elected shall represent one party or another than that it shall heartily support our participation in the war. Nobody is more keenly alive to this necessity than President Wilson; and it is the opinion of close observers that he will shape his politics with reference to it. This being the situation, there are those—men of experience and judgment—who are expecting the President prior to the end of the present session of Congress to issue a statement to the country calling for reelection of all members who have supported the war without regard to party. Such a move on the part of the President would be justified by the conditions.

The present House of Representatives was chosen concurrently with the last presidential election; yet even under this favorable condition the Democrats did not succeed in getting a majority. True, they organized the House, but it was with the aid of independent votes. With the ebb and flow of events during the past two years the Democratic party has lost votes, and it would be practicable today if they wished to do it for the Republicans, who now have an actual majority of one vote, to take matters into their own hands. And it is further true that upon the issue of a demand for more vigorous prosecution of the war the Republicans if they should make a straight party fight could probably carry the country in November. The result of a congressional election fought out on strict party lines would in all likelihood create an awkward situation—a Republican House with a Democratic Senate and a Democratic administration. The President has it in his power to checkmate a movement to this end by an appeal which the country could not in propriety reject. Even devoted partisans are able to see that reorganization of the government at this time upon lines even nominally antagonistic to the Administration would surely have a bad effect upon European

opinion. It would be taken to indicate divided councils and therefore tend to weaken faith in the power of America as a participant in the war.

A House of Representatives elected this fall in response to an appeal from the President for non-partisan action would almost surely have a majority of Republicans, but chosen upon a non-partisan basis it would none the less strengthen the hands of the Administration. Its members would be bound to Administration policies; many of them indeed would lie under individual obligations of gratitude as well as of duty to give the President their support. Men elected on the war issue might be Democrats, Republicans, or what-not, and it would matter not at all, since their support of the Administration would be definitely pledged in advance.

Upon unquestioned authority we have it that steps have already been taken by friends of the Administration looking to the election of a combination senatorial ticket in the State of Idaho, now represented by Borah, a Republican, and Nugent, a Democrat, both cordial supporters of the Administration. There has already been formed in Idaho a non-partisan league favoring this project. In the immediate instance an election on these lines would not modify the partisan situation in the Senate. In Minnesota the President has already shown his hand by writing to a leading Democratic citizen of that state suggesting that the party make no nomination against Senator Nelson, who comes up for reelection this fall. Nelson has all along been a positive supporter of the Administration. He stood against the general party sentiment by agreeing to the censorship and has, while suggesting certain changes, announced his support of the Overman bill. As a matter of fact Nelson does not need Administration support, since his reelection in a Republican state where he stands above rivalry is an assurance. None the less the President's request that no Democrat be nominated against him may be taken as an indication of what he has in mind.

It would be very much to the point if now Mr. Wilson should repeat in the case of Wisconsin his counsels to Minnesota. Wisconsin is a Republican and Progressive state. It is represented in the Senate by the notorious La Follette and a war Republican, Lenroot, who was appointed by the governor in succession to the late Senator Hutchin, a Democrat. If Mr. Wilson should now ask for the election of Lenroot this fall it would go far to establish the sincerity of non-partisan motives on his part and make future requests in the same spirit and to the same end more acceptable and more certain of success.

### The American Bolsheviki.

In the Senate last week McCumber of North Dakota spoke on the issue of labor and the war in terms of refreshing candor. He went straight at the subject without apology or pussy-footing. It was the kind of speech the truth of which is universally—though privately—acknowledged, that finds tremendous approval in the cloakroom, but gets little support on the floor.

Mr. McCumber began by reviewing the activities of the Bolsheviki in Russia during the past sixty days. History, he said, affords no parallel to the record of treason and dishonor. "For the ignominious surrender under the Bolsheviki reign let every Russian patriot for a thousand years wear branded on his cheek the blush of shame." Turning to our country, he asked: "Is it not about time we turn our attention to our American Bolsheviki, who are paralyzing the arms of the government and imperiling the lives of our soldiers in France?" From a recent address made by a high officer of organized labor before a convention of boiler-makers he quoted these pregnant sentences:

Organized labor is a part, a powerful part, a real part, of the war in the United States. Nothing can take place, nothing can be done, unless we are consulted and give our consent.



to it. \* \* \* We have organized boards, different commissions covering all phases of this war game, and in all these commissions and in all these boards organized labor has its representations. \* \* \* You take the shipbuilding, and we are not talking about getting a penny an hour increase now. You remember when we used to strike to get 25 or 26 or 27 cents, an increase of a cent or two an hour. Now we are striking for dollars. We have forgot there is such a thing on the market as a penny any more. It is dollars we are talking about. Out on the Pacific Coast, you know what is going on out there now. Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, all asking for dollars, \$2 a day increase, \$3 a day increase. It doesn't frighten anybody any more. Nobody gets hoisterous about it any more. We are just coming together and going to get dollars now instead of pennies. \* \* \* That is only the beginning. We are now working on another plan to handle all the munition plants, outside of the shipbuilding, all of the munition factories where munitions of any kind are made for the government either direct or by contract or by subcontract. That commission will handle all that. That will be for the purpose of giving labor the benefit of the increased cost of living, which is climbing head over heels upward every day. And if flour jumps \$2 tomorrow, and jumps again the next day, we will call the commission together and jump wages, keep jumping, getting more and more and more. I like that word "more." It sounds good to me. It is natural. It is human. \* \* \* Now, I hope the boiler-makers in convention here will get in their minds that beautiful thought of "more." Place your officers in a position to go out and demand and then hack them up. Give them your united and undivided support. And in this crisis, instead of our organization being wiped out, instead of our power being lessened, we will come out after the war is over bigger and greater and grander and better understood than we ever were before.

This, said Mr. McCumber, "sounds to me like Bolshevik talk, also, like Kaiser talk. Autocrats and all autocracies speak the same language; unlimited power is always unblushingly frank and brutally arrogant." Proceeding Mr. McCumber registered his disbelief in the claims of organized labor to paramount authority over the government, with a most emphatic protest against the pretensions of the one and the abuses of the other. The country, he said, will not submit to the domination of any class of people over all other classes of people:

We see the effect of Bolshevik doctrine in the declarations just quoted—more, still more, always more, regardless of justice, regardless of patriotic duty, in the shameful delay in ship construction on which the very life of a great world principle depends. Drunken with power, swelled with importance, guided by no standard but that of more, and more, and still more, we are told that all munition plants, every line of industry upon which the life of the government depends, will soon be reduced to the same condition of dependency and impotency as the shipbuilding programme of today.

A time has come, Mr. McCumber continued, for the American people to accept the challenge, to answer the boast of any organization that in time of desperate need it can throttle our energies and destroy our power. Nine-tenths of the people of the United States will not permit the country to be held up by the other one-tenth. This country is not Russia, and before we get through with those who are preaching the Bolshevik doctrine here, before we shall allow this country to be disgraced and dishonored for all time, before we shall betray our Allies and our cause, the loyal nine-tenths of the American people will be heard from. Following up this challenge, Mr. McCumber presented the record of labor's delinquencies in the shipbuilding and other war industries, exhibiting the fact that we have lost through the stubborn insistence of organized labor, not for fair wages, but for special and illegitimate privileges, not merely thousands, but millions of days' work. He showed that our shipbuilding operations have been criminally delayed; that industry in munition plants and other lines has been shamelessly derelict. In the shipyards alone 596,992 working days, an equivalent of thirty days for 20,000 workmen, aside from the demoralization caused thereby, had been lost up to Christmas:

Mr. President, those 20,000 workmen are just as essential and even more essential to the safety of this country and its success in this great war than any 20,000 soldiers we could land in France at this particular time. Now, let us suppose that 20,000 soldiers with Bolshevik sentiments in their breasts should declare that the conditions or the situation was not to their taste and should refuse for thirty days, for a whole month, to obey the commands of their officers or do anything to carry out a military project. Is it not just as essential that these workmen should perform their duty, and must the government stand idly by and allow them to refuse without any occasion, without any reason, to produce the very ammunition and the ships to carry that ammunition to protect our soldiers in foreign lands?

Turning from our Bolsheviks of labor to our Bolsheviks of capital, Mr. McCumber was equally definite

and positive. The record of the Hog Island shipyards, he declared, was plainly infamous. This and other instances, he said, constituted a challenge to the sentiment and to the power of the country. Bolshevik capital and greed not more than Bolshevik labor and arrogance must be met and overcome precisely as in times past we have met and overcome the problems and shames that from time to time have reared their heads to embarrass and disgrace the country.

Mr. McCumber's speech is not only notable in its declarations and in its courage, but as illustrating the fact that labor obstruction and capitalistic profiteering alike are fast being put upon the defensive. The facts are too plainly in evidence to avoid popular understanding and resentment. The intelligent and patriotic citizen—above all the father who has a son in the national army—now sees the contrast between sacrifice and greed.

#### Editorial Notes.

In the two weeks during which the Zuloaga paintings have been on exhibition at the Exposition Art Gallery the number of paid admissions has run to upwards of 5000, a record not duplicated in any other city where these pictures have been on view. The fact may be taken as illustrating San Francisco's artistic appreciation, and it has served vastly to encourage Mr. Laurvik and others who during the past two years have zealously devoted themselves to the promotion here of art studies. Mr. Laurvik and Mr. Templeton Crocker, through whose active interest and financial guaranty the Zuloaga pictures were brought to San Francisco, fully merit the congratulations which on every side are freely accorded them. The collection will remain on exhibition for another period of two weeks and there is every indication that active interest will be maintained to the end. The pictures, which are still the property of the painter, are not for sale and at the close of the season will be returned to New York.

Individual citizens who make daily use of the telegraph—not to mention newspapers and other wholesale patrons of the wire—are discovering that a great public facility is breaking down. The circumstances are similar to those under which the railroad service broke down some months ago. Any department of the government can—and does—monopolize the wires at will, leaving press correspondents and the business world to go hang. Very recently Secretary McAdoo wanted to reach all the banks and trust companies in the country with a request to withhold one per cent. of their loanable funds each week for investment in government certificates of indebtedness. He did not wait for the processes of the mail, nor did he confine the message to a statement of what he wanted. He wrote into the request a total of 459 words, asserting among other things that our soldiers are fighting and dying in the trenches in Europe, with a disquisition upon the virtue of economy. Then he put this message on the wire addressed to the 29,750 banks and trust companies of the United States. The result was that the telegraph facilities of Washington were tied up for many hours, during which private and newspaper messages were delayed. Multiply 29,750 by 459, and you have a total of 13,655,250 words for which the telegraph company charges the government. A moderate estimate of the cost is one cent per word. The total at that rate would be \$136,552.50. Truly economy is a virtue!

About a year ago Costa Rica was the scene of a political revolution. Its basis was a conflict between pro-German influence represented by the then president, Alfredo Gonzales, and the anti-German party represented by the now president, Tinoco. The pro-German element had held the country in firm grip for several years, but it was blown out of authority by the anti-German Tinoco party. The pro-German element is now engineering a counter-revolution with a view to re-seating the Gonzales government. All civilized nations except the United States have recognized the Tinoco government. We alone have held off because President Wilson got it into his head that the Tinoco revolution was engineered by American capital. Not long ago Senator Lodge (Republican) and Senator Swanson (Democrat), recognizing the fact, induced investigation by the State Department as to the charge that Mexican capital was behind Tinoco. The assistant secretaries of the department who con-

ducted the hearings were convinced of the absolute falsity of the charge. They are similarly convinced that Gonzales is the tool of Germany. Nevertheless the President, as in the case of Mexico, having formed a theory, declines to depart from it. Gonzales, with his former minister to this country, Quesada, is now at Washington and seeking favor—and finding it—in high places. There is a possibility, even a probability, that the counter-revolution will succeed and that German influence will be reestablished in authority in Costa Rica.

The investigation instituted by Senators Lodge and Swanson developed the fact that Gonzales when in power openly declared his sympathy with the German cause, that he made his financial and appointing power as president subservient to German influence. He urged the congress of Costa Rica to grant a concession to the German Telefunken Company for establishment of a wireless station, publicly advocated a German monopoly over commercial and foreign financial relations and established with money from the national treasury a newspaper organ, *El Imparcial*, and put it in charge of one Cuell, a German propagandist member of congress. In the testimony filed in the Department of State are copies of correspondence of President Gonzales in which he slurred President Wilson and Secretary Lane and called the American minister to Costa Rica a "beast" and an "idiot." Contrasted with this is testimony showing that after severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany the Tinoco government offered the use of the lands and waters of the republic to the United States in its efforts to protect the Panama Canal against possible German attack. Later, after the declaration of war, the Tinoco officials caught red-handed agents of German propaganda in Costa Rica and brought about their internment. Still Gonzales and Quesada are in favor at Washington and the Tinoco government is not to be recognized. Curious, isn't it?

There is in progress under orders from Washington a wholesale weeding out of officers from the Army Medical Corps. In all 1050 medical officers have been discharged since the war began—this in addition to some 4000 rejections in the Medical Reserve Corps. The process continues at the rate of fifty per week. Explanation is to the effect that boards composed of medical reserve officers "placed too high an estimate on men they passed upon, hence attention has been given to checking up their work."

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Pacifist of the Augustan Era.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Says Suetonius of Augustus Caesar: A Roman knight cutting off the thumbs of two of his sons thereby to disable them for the wars, he commanded him to be sold and confiscated his estate.

Come hack, Gus!

R. E. L.

##### Our Ship Record.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The world can not be made safe for democracy by lip service alone, nor by preparedness—even by belated preparedness such as ours—provided we do not co-ordinate our activities to the end that our vast resources in money and in men are bent to the most intelligent as well as to the most effective uses.

When Congress tardily and somewhat ambiguously consented to recognize that a state of war with Germany existed the solution of the gigantic problem confronting us lay in ships. We needed them and we need now ships—more ships—always ships. For ships we have substituted delay in building and glittering promise for actual delivery. We've got to win this war, but the way to go about it is not by belittling the resources and power of our adversaries or by deceiving ourselves (or by allowing ourselves to be deceived) about our own.

If we would win this war (and that "if" is of ever growing and more menacing import) it is "up to" us as a nation to look stern facts, however disagreeable, sternly in the face, and then to act in accordance with those facts. Ship tonnage (transportation by sea) has been America's most insistent, vital, and persistently neglected problem from the beginning, and it does not seem perceptibly nearer a solution now than it was on June 18, 1917, when the following warning was sent out from Washington:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—Sinkings by submarines for the last week would average a total of nine million tons loss annually, William Denman, chairman of the Federal Shipping Board, said today following a conference with the President.

Now as then the "sinkings" exceed the replacements. Under such circumstance it doesn't make any particular immediate difference how many men or munitions we have in Camps Fremont or Dix or any of our other camps in America. The crux of our real problem is first how to get our men into the trenches and then how to maintain them in sufficient supplies that they may continue a top-notch fighting force. Until we solve this problem America will not effectively go "over the top" and the war is likely to indefinitely continue.

It takes a ton in deep-sea tonnage to actually land one of our soldiers in France and permanently from four to ten tons in tonnage to efficiently keep him there. These are the carefully calculated governmental estimates. The Secretary of War has optimistically assured us that "we will have more than a half-



million in France early in 1918," and further cheers with the information that a million and a half will be available by the end of that year. We as optimistically believe, but facts are hard-shell, concrete things that refuse to read full value into that "available." When war broke out in August, 1914, the total deep-sea tonnage in the entire world was approximately forty millions of tons. Since then this aggregate has been steadily reduced, for the toll of the U-boats has been as steadily taken, and it has constantly exceeded the replacement by building.

There may be a total of thirty millions available today. There may even be less, but there can not be more, for in 1917 the loss from this source alone was almost seven millions of tons, with a replacement of less than half this total. To this disastrous difference must be added losses from other causes, such as mines, collisions, wrecks, and the like. A half-million men in France means the permanent withdrawal of from two to five million tons. A million and a half in France the withdrawal of from six to fifteen millions tons, or from 62.3 to 50 per cent. of the entire shipping available for every purpose and for every need. The hope for the future freedom of mankind must drown or be kept afloat on this still diminishing tonnage.

The Garfield fuel order when issued was doubtless necessary to prevent a worse calamity. That it was such a necessity does not explain the causes that lead to such chaotic conditions or change it from being in itself a calamity. During 1917 the 4,700,000 workers in England lost through labor disputes 5,500,000 working days. What the total of working days lost to this country from the same causes came to during the same period only the Department of Labor knows, and the statistics are not available. What we do know is that the seven days that the Garfield fuel order was in force cost the country more than fifty million working days and that we can not afford to favor our enemies with many such differentials. High as was this price, it is not too high if it brings the country to a proper appreciation of its present situation and immediate outlook for the future, including the danger in that outlook.

Read in that light the Garfield order is clearly a warning that worse is to come unless the American people insist upon knowing the worst there is to know, resolutely faces that worst, whatever it may be, and then gets down to brass tacks by compelling the substitution of performance for promise in the conduct of its affairs.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

#### Concerning Governor Stephens.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sir: Year in and year out, as I go and come throughout the state, I get into touch with both urbane and suburbanite and come to know them, farmer and merchant alike, to the extent at least of that easy camaraderie, that give-and-take of social banter and chatter that welcome the coming and speed the going of the commercial traveler much as foam is kicked up both at the stem and stern of a moving steamer in the fairway. Business over, thoughts more serious than the carte and tierce of persiflage sometimes engage us and we settle down to a "hraw crack thegither." As I have always taken a lively interest in politics because I like to see things go right in state and nation—business is always better then—and as there is to be a general election this fall for state officers, I have been at some pains to learn what choice, if any, the farmers have for chief executive. I have got that story, and as I have mused upon it it has seemed of sufficient public interest to put it down on paper and send it to you. The consensus of farmer opinion is unmistakably this: That in a time like the present it would be better that a business man occupy the gubernatorial chair because the war is likely to be prolonged and there will be as great need of a sound business man as "war governor" as there was in 1861. I take that view myself; but go a bit further. So, with intent to extend the survey I said to one of them: "My notion is that Governor Stephens has made a pretty good governor, and that, upon occasion, he has displayed a rather striking penchant for doing the right thing the right way, notably during the last session of the legislature when he vetoed the 'anti-injunction' bill, for that was the pet measure of the labor unions." I got no further. Rather explosively he interrupted me: "Oh, I know all about it. I was there. I know about the lobbying for the bill and the methods of the lobbyists. The lawyers with whom I talked spoke of the bill as an unconstitutional measure (I believe that that was one of the grounds of the governor's veto); but, constitutional or unconstitutional, the politicians were just scared, and wanted the governor to pass the buck to the courts. Some of them said to the governor: 'You better think twice about that anti-injunction bill; there's lots of politics bound up in it.' But the governor, after waiting a little, replied: 'There are some matters that are more important than politics.' Now wasn't that a fine answer? And wasn't it a fine conclusion to arrive at in the face of such opposition? We take notice of such things. We want things to go right in the state just as we do on the ranch." I asked: "What do you think of the chances for Governor Stephens amongst the farmers?" "Put it this way," he replied. "Say a rancher has a good, capable, trustworthy foreman. Think he will discharge him at the end of the season and take chances with a new man? Not much. That's my answer. A rule that makes for good and safe conduct of the ranch must be good for the state also. Why did we like that veto? This is the reason. That anti-injunction bill was fathered by the same crowd as the 'universal eight-hour law' they tried to put over on us at the previous session, when Johnson was governor. We don't want any Bolshevik rule in this state and, though we didn't know just how it might affect us, we were afraid of that bill. That 'universal' bill would have played hob with us; and we've had trouble enough already from the socialistic, anarchistic, I. W. W. vagabonds that wander in hateful bands up and down the state, poisoning our stock, firing our grain fields, and burning our barns, without making any additions to them by statute. No, we shan't scatter much at the coming election. We feel that we can depend on Governor Stephens. We think him a safe man, especially at this time, when the nation is at war, when everything needs to be looked after with more than usual business care. He is a good business man, is patriotic, has made a good governor, and we will support him."

For the uplifting of hearts. A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

#### Mrs. Allen's Book.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, March 2, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sir: Permit me by citing a few of the many instances of inaccuracy and unfairness in the review of "Japanese Art Motives" in your issue of February 2d to prove that it is indeed, as Miss Hitchcock states, "an unjust criticism."

The reviewer's inaccuracy appears at the outset. Neither in the review nor in his letter of February 25th does he give the name of the book under consideration correctly. In both he calls it "Japanese Art Symbols" instead of "Japanese Art Motives." *Ex ungue leonem.*

His opening sentence shows his desire to belittle the work: "This is a handbook of Japanese art motives and contains

copious extracts from well-known writers." This is a half-truth; and "part of the truth," Stevenson tells us, "may be the foulest calumny." The author expressly states: "This little volume does not lay claim to original research." It is but a bringing together of the results presented by European scholars." Necessarily then there are "copious extracts from well-known writers." But the implication is false. The bibliography shows that in its preparation 225 works, in English, French, German, and Latin, by 149 authors, were used; and in the text there are 142 extracts from seventy-six works by sixty-five writers, most of them far from "well-known." Only an enthusiast with means, leisure, and scholarly training could have made the book.

The reviewer continues: "The author has apparently no acquaintance with the languages of Japan or China." Would any one guess from that "apparently" that the author expressly indicates to the world and his wife her unfamiliarity with these languages? "A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!"

He considers that errors "traceable to that cause . . . deprive the volume of any serious claim to be considered a safe guide or authority on matters of Oriental art"; and, as if it were a philological treatise, devotes practically the rest of the review to them, lading out "paw with a hatchet." The statements that chu is Japanese, when "strictly speaking the word is Chinese," and takara Chinese, when "the word is pure Japanese," are "unpardonable mistakes"; the substitution of y for h in the expression *ino harai* makes it "meaningless"; and *kuradai* for *kurodai*, *suki* for *seki*, and *ske* for *sho* are "blunders in the way of glibberish." He comments, "Our author seems to have been to a feast of reason and carried away the crumbs," which apparently is as near as this dweller in a glass house can come to Shakespeare's "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

The prize in the reviewer's exhibition of such errors—and incidentally of himself—is, "The tea plant is put in capitals on page 33 as cha no ri. What that means is a puzzle. Possibly cha no ki was intended." Would a child of ten of average intelligence who knew that the Japanese call the tea plant cha no ki find any "puzzle" in "Cha-no-ri (Tea Plant)"?

The reviewer's malevolence is thus shown: "On page 45, *suzumi*, which means progress, for *tsuzumi*, a hand drum." But on page 45 the word is *suzumi*, not *suzumi*. The reviewer changed the z to s, to conceal the fact that it is merely a difference in transliteration and get a chance to air his knowledge. And the word appears in an extract! "Our author" is held responsible because Griffiths in "The Mikado's Empire," published over forty years ago, did not transliterate according to principles adopted long afterwards! "The force of ill-nature could no longer go."

Here is a gem of purest ray serene: "On page 163 the seven gods of good luck, *Shichi fuku jin*, are mistakenly styled *shi ki fuku jin*, which means the luck gods of the four seasons, an unknown term in art. On page 115 these divinities are called the seven household gods, an erroneous translation of the word *fuku*, which means lucky and does not mean household." But on page 163 there is no reference to the septenary; on page 115, where the treatment of it begins, the section heading is *Shichi Fukujin*; the household gods is not given as a translation of *Fukujin*, but is simply a name, sanctioned by good authority, by which they are frequently called by Occidental collectors; on page 129 *fuku* is translated "luck" and "happiness"; on page 116 it is stated, "the seven gods may be said each to personify a type of good fortune"; and on page 153, where, in an incidental reference, the reviewer actually found the obvious misprint *Shiki-fukujin*, they are called "The Seven Gods of Good Fortune." Evidently the author is by no means as ignorant as the reviewer, by a wilful suppression of facts, makes it appear.

In enumerating the *Shi kunsui*—the chrysanthemum, the plum blossom, the orchid, and the bamboo—the author miswrote pine for bamboo; and this slip causes the reviewer to foam at the pen-point. "No greater impeachment of the art traditions of a thousand years or more," he writes, "was ever ventured. Such heresy if mentioned to an Oriental artist would drive him distracted." The error is deplorable certainly, but hardly justifies all this sound and fury; and that it is a mere slip this Boanerges must have known, for four lines lower occurs, "Sometimes only two or three of the group are drawn—usually the chrysanthemum and the bamboo."

But what has all this to do with Dionysos? In view of her purpose, "to provide an answer to the most obvious questions in regard to the significance of Japanese art motives," such errors are venial. How little they affect the accomplishment of that purpose, the reviewer himself unwittingly shows; with the best ill-will in the world the meticulous fault-finder can cavil at but one interpretation! No greater tribute could be paid the book as a guide to the significance of "the familiar designs that meet one's eye on every Japanese object."

The reviewer's unique objection is: "On page 9 we are told that the bamboo and tiger symbolize safety! That a tiger in any combination should suggest safety is a novel idea." On page 9 we find, "The bamboo and the tiger, drawn together, is an Indian idea, suggesting safety. The elephant can not penetrate a bamboo jungle, which is, therefore, the refuge of the tiger." The only "novelty" evidently is in the method of criticism. Or is the sapient reviewer really too dense to appreciate that, as "even an oyster may be crossed in love," even a tiger may seek safety?

The reviewer ends with the charge that "paragraphs have been appropriated hodgepodge from a volume of accepted authority, 'On the Laws of Japanese Painting,' but our author has omitted to make any acknowledgments," and the comment, which coming from him has a comic aspect, "Such practice is considered a violation of literary proprieties." The charge is untrue. Having made a careful comparison of the two books, I can assert that not a paragraph, not a sentence, in one has been "appropriated hodgepodge" from the other. And the reviewer himself shows that it is untrue. In his letter of February 25th he takes good care not to repeat the expression; contenting himself with showing a general similarity in the statements of facts that have been often given, and charging plagiarism. That the author made use of "On the Laws of Japanese Painting"—it was in this "accepted authority" that she found warrant for calling *takara* a Chinese word, which, when he thought it hers alone, the reviewer term an "unpardonable mistake"—is shown by its inclusion in her bibliography, the existence of which the critic fails to state in either his review or letter; but as she made no direct quotation from it she evidently thought this general acknowledgment sufficient for whatever use had been made of it in a work that is confessedly "but a bringing together" of the results of the work of others, which also the reviewer neglected to state. Both books are of local authorship, though the reviewer states it of neither. "On the Laws of Japanese Painting" is, therefore, the one work of which "our author" would be least likely to make an improper use wilfully and with malice prepense. She is neither knave nor fool.

As for the reviewer, he would do well to memorize the first five verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew.

WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A recent dispatch from Washington that presumably was not intended to be humorous, but that none the less achieved that end, informs us that the American General Staff is watching the new German sweep into Russia with little more than academic interest. For the credit of the American General Staff we may hope that this remarkable dispatch did not receive its official imprimatur, and that it represents a reportorial rather than a military opinion. For certainly there are few events that could promise a more vital bearing upon the war as a whole than the sudden movements of three German armies in a direction where so such movements are foreseen; in the reappearance of Russia as an enemy, however weak and cringing; in the unmasking of new military and political ambitions on the part of Germany; in the possibility that vast supplies of grain and munitions may fall into the hands of the Central Powers. Let us hope that we may acquit the General Staff of indifference to such portents as these. Nor can we regard the situation as substantially changed by the announcement that military measures against Russia have ceased as the result of the signing of a new peace treaty by which Russia is stripped of still more territory for the benefit of Turkey. Until the German forces are actually withdrawn, until Russia shall have time to realize her shame we may still regard the situation in the east as critical for Germany and we must be still prepared for further treacherous developments of the German policy against Russian integrity.

Even the credulous Bolsheviks must now realize that Germany had no intention to make peace with them until she had ruthlessly secured every particle of advantage that her position could give her. It was her resolve from the very first meeting at Brest-Litovsk to seize the whole of western Russia, and her pretended adhesion to the principle of no annexations and no indemnities was no more than a piece of congenial German treachery. We need not stay now to scold the Bolsheviks. After all, it was not they, but Kerensky, who destroyed the Russian army and laid Russia at the feet of her enemies. It was Kerensky who undermined the discipline of the army, and made its continued existence as a fighting machine an impossibility. When the Bolsheviks came on deck there was no army left in any real sense of the term. They may have approved what Kerensky had done. Probably they would have done the same, but actually Kerensky was the culprit, and not the Bolsheviks. The mistake of the Bolsheviks was twofold. They did not believe that Germany would invade Russia, and they did most implicitly believe that they could provoke a revolution in Germany, and that the German proletariat would be their protection. They may now realize that the German proletariat inclines to justice and magnanimity only when treachery and force have failed. The devil becomes a saint only when he is sick. At the first sign of recovery he falls from grace. The voices of remonstrance are instantly silenced by a new blast on the military trumpets. The Bolsheviks can not now claim even a moral success, seeing that among the German demands is a prohibition of political propaganda of all kinds. The Bolsheviks may not even talk, and this is the most cruel prohibition of all.

It seemed for a moment as though the Bolsheviks would adopt the more glorious course of resistance, but they are not made of the stuff of heroes. It was never within their power to defy the German claims and to sustain their defiance. We are now likely to see an extension of those claims and a tightening of the German grip. Germany is ostensibly fighting for annexations and supplies, and of course these are important to her, but actually she is fighting for the great cause of autocracy, and nothing but a complete dominance in Russia can secure it for her. As was suggested last week, she can in no way tolerate a republic on her eastern front as well as her western, in Russia as well as in France. And Bolshevism means more than republicanism. It means revolution that is alike violent, unscrupulous, and tyrannical. Germany and Austria are now the sole great representatives of the policy of autocracy that was sanctified by the Vienna Congress. France is a republic. Great Britain and Italy are democracies. It was only in eastern Europe that the principles of the Vienna Congress still held their sway, and now Russia joins the majority, and with all the fury of pent-up forces. It was the bandwritting on the wall for despotism. Its cause was a lost one unless the hands could be put back on the Russian clock, and autocracy seated once more on the throne of the Czars. Here we have the main reason for Germany's aggression against Russia, for her determination to dictate to Russia not only the extent of her territory, but the manner of her government.

Germany has doubtless counted the cost—so much of it as comes within the range of her limited political intelligence—and is prepared to pay it. She has deliberately undertaken a vast new enterprise, and one that is likely enough to provoke the perplexed patriotisms of Russia to fury. We may accept with caution the bulletins of correspondents who represent the Russian state of mind as one of apathy, and even of a willingness to welcome the German as a guaranty of order. No one can speak of the Russian mind from an observation of his own particular environment. Russia is too vast for that. No one can foresee the results of a situation unlike any other situation upon record. We can do no more than reason from what we know of universal human nature, and of the resentments always created and inflamed by invasion. The intelligent classes of Russia are momentarily stunned, as has always happened after revolution, but they are certain to awaken, and we can only hope that it will do so quickly. Germany could doubtless do much to conciliate

The rainfall in the Hawaiian Islands varies from a few inches to nearly 400 inches a year.



Russians, but that is not Germany's way. Already she is reported as shooting all the members of the Red Guard that fall into her hands. She shoots only the revolutionists. If her troops remain in Russia they will massacre and pillage and outrage. They will do as they have always been wont to do. They can not be very numerous, if we may judge from the speed of their advance. Their lines of communication will be long and thin and therefore vulnerable. Even guerilla fighters could do immeasurable damage. No prediction can be much more than guesswork, but it is at least a reasonable possibility that the German armies in Poland and in Russia may find a hornets' nest about their ears, and that they may discover before them a work of "pacification" far more arduous than their previous campaigns. Incredible as it may seem to those unfamiliar with Russia, it is none the less true that there are masses of Russians who have not yet heard of the revolution, or who have no conception of its meaning and significance. The inertia of such a people is incalculable, but it must eventually disappear, and Germany must then face something unknown, but tremendous. Doubtless she hopes that she can place a new Czar upon the throne, and that the lapse back into autocracy will be almost frictionless. But Germany's political prognostications have never yet been verified, and they are not likely to be now. They are still less likely to be verified after the German soldier shall have displayed his heast propensities in the streets of Petrograd. If Russia can be lashed into resistance, guerilla or otherwise, within the next few weeks, it will transform the character of the war. If she shall continue to grovel as she is doing now we shall have to face a great access of danger.

And so the centre of the war—at least of the war interest—has momentarily shifted from the west to the east, and it is likely to move even closer to the Pacific Ocean, and therefore to America. At the moment of writing it seems certain that Japan will send troops to Vladivostok, and we may sincerely hope that no scruples will be allowed to interfere with the necessary invasion of a "neutral" country. Either Vladivostok must fall into the hands of the Allies—that is to say of Japan—or into the hands of Germany. Already we are told that the town is full of Germans who are only awaiting the signal to become German soldiers. Vladivostok is the depot for all the munitions and supplies that were poured across the Pacific to the aid of Russia, and that have accumulated there owing to the incapacities of the Transsiberian Railroad. Those supplies will fall into the hands of the Japanese or of the Germans. There is no other alternative, and it is to be hoped that no unwarranted distrust of Japan, no quixotic feelings for a "neutral" Siberia, will be allowed to invite a calamity. Mr. Gerard wrote in his diary two years ago that Germany was bent on creating friction between Japan and America. We all know to what extent she succeeded, but her small measure of success ought now to be at an end. If Germany is allowed to seize Vladivostok we shall have to face the fact of a submarine base on the Pacific, and probably many, and consequent havoc to Pacific shipping. Every measure that is taken to hinder Germany in the east, to detain and increase her forces in the east, to harry her in the east, means a relaxation of German pressure in the west. It hinders German concentration everywhere. It will be easy for America also to send troops to Vladivostok even though only in sufficient numbers to register their participation. Germany has chosen to open a new field of war at a time when every consideration of purely military expediency should have warned her not to do so. She has chosen to make a direct war for the preservation of autocracy. She should be held in her new field and forced to reap the fullest harvest of disadvantage.

There is nothing in the Russian situation so far as its main features are concerned to cause anything but hopeful anticipation to the Allied cause. We need not be overmuch concerned about the sufferings of Russia nor the preservation of her opera bouffe revolution, seeing that the more Russia suffers the more likely she is to be recalled to her duty. Nor need we express any sickly sentiment about the extent to which Russia has already suffered. She has not suffered so heavily as France, and France went to war to aid Russia, and is still at war. It is true that Germany has enriched herself with Russian artillery, but she will probably have to erect new factories to make the needed ammunition, as she had to do for the guns that she took from the Italians. It is true that she will eventually profit from the Ukrainian harvests unless they shall be destroyed by patriotic agencies in Russia, which is not impossible. But she will have to wait for the harvests. Certainly she has not advantaged herself from the purely military point of view, nor in her general war aims. Quite the contrary. She has deliberately revived a struggle from which she could have wholly freed her hands. She has challenged incalculable possibilities from her Russian victims. She has probably brought an enemy into the field whose energies she might have evaded. She has strained the allegiance of Austria almost to the breaking point. She has necessarily turned her attention, for however brief a time, to however slight an extent, from a western field that is likely to demand all the attention that she can give to it. But she has done more than this, very much more than this, although it will have escaped her wooden intelligence. Germany in the past has made peace overtures, and she will make them again. She has proposed, and will propose, "bases for settlement," and "foundations for discussion." We see now precisely what they are worth. They have exactly the same value as negotiations with a shark. The Bolsheviks fell into the "basis for discussion" trap. No one else is likely to do so. No one of intelligence is at all likely to pay any attention to the things that Germany promises to do, only to the things that she has actually done. It will be well to remember Brest-Litovsk when

our pacifists clamor to us to "recognize the olive branch," or assure us that there can be no mischief in discussion. Discussion with Germany except on the single basis of the *fait accompli* is an invitation to treachery. The only discussion with Germany can come when Germany is at the mercy of the Allied armies, and knows it. How far Germany's present attitude of threat and bluster is actually due to well-meaning and other pacifists no one can say. Certainly Germany can not conceive that any pacifist effort is due to anything but fear. She would so interpret Lord Lansdowne's letter. She would so interpret the discussions of the British labor party, and the outpouring of "wilful men" in America. Of pacifism, as such, she can not conceive. Of moral motives she has never heard.

The date for the German offensive in the west of which we were considerably warned by the German staff has now passed, but still there are no signs of unusual German activities. Raids are becoming somewhat more numerous, and some of them are of formidable magnitude. Doubtless they are the presage of heavy fighting. The main German forces are still massed on the northern end of the line, where there are about five German soldiers to the yard of trench, whereas in the south there is one soldier to four yards of trench. But this proportion has now been maintained for many months, and it indicates no more than Germany's paramount need to protect the Channel ports. It is hardly correct to speak of German trenches on the northern end of the line, for as a matter of fact Germany has largely abandoned her trench system, and now protects her lines by means of shell craters and pill boxes of irregular arrangement, and difficult to detect by airmen and from observation posts. The shell craters are strongly fortified, but in such a way as to be indistinguishable from those that are unfortified, while the pill boxes are easily concealed by camouflage. The new German system is admirably adapted for defense, as it is difficult for the Allied guns to find their target, but it is by no means so well adapted for offense, where large numbers of men must be concentrated within a narrow space. The most gratifying fact of the moment is the evidence that at last the Allied armies in the west have reached some plan of coordination that should make forever impossible such fiascos as the one indicated in General Haig's report of last year's operations. From this it is clear that the change of command of the French armies from General Nivelle to General Petain covered a sudden vacillation in military plans that had a result little short of calamitous. Possibly we may wait a long time before we know the whole inwardness of the situation, but it is evident that a well-concerted plan for a combined offensive by the British and the French came to naught through the interference of the civil authorities in France, with the result not only that Haig had to fight an unsupported battle, but also that he was so delayed as to make his operations inconclusive. Nivelle was ostensibly superseded for an unnecessary sacrifice of French lives. The story of why those lives were sacrificed remains to be told, but when it is told it may not be to the discredit of Nivelle. The abandonment of the French offensive was tacitly admitted in the announcement that henceforth the French forces would be content to hold their ground and to seize such advantages as might present themselves, but in the meantime the British had not only to fight the Ridge battles unsupported, but also at so late a time in the year that they could not be brought to a full conclusion. But henceforth there is to be no room for such mistakes as this. The direction of the Allied military council will probably not be very despotic. It will not interfere with the initiative of the respective commanders. But at least it assures consultation and some measure of agreement, and among its first fruits is the formation of an Allied army of manoeuvres. It is for the disclosure of this fact that Colonel Repington has just been prosecuted, a procedure that we fear will not tend to dispel the pessimism of that gallant officer.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1918.

SINNEY CORYN.

Nearly one-fourth of the earth's land surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world. Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the "dark continent." The blacks double their number every forty years and the whites every eighty years. There are 843 languages and dialects spoken among the blacks of Africa, but only a few of them written. One area in Africa unoccupied by missionaries is three times the size of New England, a second would make four states like New York, and another is eighteen times the size of Ohio.

Few nations have such a great percentage of their population living on the soil and by the soil as Russia. Where England and Wales have 78 per cent. of their people living amid urban surroundings, the United States 47 per cent., Germany 43 per cent., and France 42 per cent., only 15 per cent. of Russia's people have left the soil. Of the typical thousand of population, 771 are peasants, 107 are burgesses, 66 are natives of the wild-tribe order, 23 are Cossacks, 15 are nobles, 5 belong to the clergy, 5 are privileged burgesses, and 8 are unclassified.

In the days before the war the population of Riga was 47 per cent. German. Indeed the Germans were by far the largest single section of the community, the Russians coming next with 25 per cent. and the Letts next with 23 per cent. For the rest, there was a small admixture of Estonians and Jews. It is the same, to a greater or less extent, throughout the whole of what are known as the Baltic provinces.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Colliard, minister of labor in the new French cabinet under Premier Clemenceau and who is sixty-five years of age, has been a municipal councillor of Lyons since 1898. M. Colliard has specialized in social questions and was president of the labor committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

Miss Hilda Loines, head of the Woman's National Food Production Committee, is an experienced organizer of woman's farm labor. For the past twelve years she has been a part of the Women's National Agricultural and Horticultural Association, now renamed the Farm and Garden Association.

Among English officers there is universal recognition of the brilliant services rendered to General Plumer and his army by his aid, General Sir William Harrington, and General Mitchell, head of the intelligence department, the latter a Canadian. These two men have figured most actively in all the successful operations under Plumer, and when he went to Italy he took them both with him. The younger element in the army is said to be watching Harrington and Mitchell, with the hope that they will go back to France and find exercise for their extraordinary abilities on a still larger scale.

President Irigoyen of Argentina is thus described by a writer in the New York Times, who complains of the president's dominance over the republic: "The only political power of leadership Irigoyen ever may have demonstrated was that of revolutionary. He used to be continually followed by the police and was always surrounded by detectives, so that the country should not be disturbed; since he was elected President he has been dedicating his time to revenging himself upon those who previously were responsible for the preservation of law and order. He is not credited with having written a single book, with a single speech, a single public document—or even an idea."

In a recent biography a writer says of Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago merchant who has been one of the chief advisers to President Wilson in matters relating to merchandizing and marketing for the war: A half-century ago the Rosenwalds lived in Springfield, Illinois. Samuel, the head of the family, was a merchant. Probably he was a native of Germany. Julius, however, was born in America, and on the street where Abraham Lincoln formerly lived. Later the Rosenwalds moved to a house directly opposite the old Lincoln homestead. "You were not compelled to split rails in your boyhood," the interviewer said, by way of experiment. "No, but I peddled chromos," Mr. Rosenwald replied.

Lieutenant Richard E. Enright, for many years head of the Police Lieutenants' Benevolent Association in New York, and recently appointed police commissioner by Mayor Hylan, has had a picturesque career on the force. He is forty-six years old and was appointed a patrolman November 2, 1896. He reached the rank of lieutenant nine years later, but never got beyond that grade. It was charged that Commissioner Rhineland Waldo retired captains to make room for Enright, who was far down on the list of eligibles, but before his name was reached Waldo retired. Commissioner Arthur Woods passed over Enright's name three times when appointing captains. Enright is reported to be affiliated with Tammany Hall.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley is a native-born American citizen and of American parentage. His father was graduated at La Fayette College, Pennsylvania, and Princeton Theological Seminary, and died a missionary of the American Presbyterian Board in China in 1862. Through his mother he is descended in the ninth recorded generation from Thomas Rogers, one of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, who founded the first colony in New England in 1620. His ancestors and his family have fought in every American war from that time down. He is Governor of the Mayflower Descendants in California and Deputy Governor-General under Major-General Leonard Wood of the American Society of Descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, 1878, taught there for years, and has been head of the English department in the University of California for almost thirty years.

Much difference of opinion seems to exist in the press of England and America as to the character of Lord Northcliffe. The London Outlook, a conservative weekly, quotes approvingly the New York Globe's attack on him, with the assertion that "the sort of Englishman he is and represents" is viewed by Americans "with great distrust." "He has," the Globe said, "not only opposed social reform in Great Britain and justice to Ireland, but has been a steady preacher of national hate." This is true enough, in the main, says the Springfield Republican, but Northcliffe, who is essentially a journalist, can hardly be regarded as a typical British Tory of the old school. He is, for one thing, a self-made man; and his ideas are far too numerous and too inconsistent. It is interesting to note, says the Republican, that the Kansas arch-conservative, Ed Howe, has been bitterly assailing Lord Northcliffe for preaching socialism in his American speeches, or rather for predicting complacently that British workmen will insist on a socialistic economic system after the war.



## FIRST CALL.

## Arthur Guy Empey Gives Some Good Advice to American Soldiers at the Front.

Arthur Guy Empey has secured the confidence due to every man who knows what he is writing about. "Over the Top" already stands to his credit, and now he gives us a second that is equal in every way to its predecessor. The author is a veteran of the war, and with war-like achievements to his credit. We do not know precisely what they are because he is careful not to tell us, but we do know that he has been wounded repeatedly and that he usually manages to be present where danger is at its height. In this, his latest book, he gives us very little narrative, although there is enough of it to convey his message. And his message is mainly to the American soldier. He counsels him in a hundred ways that will be useful to him. He becomes his guide, philosopher, and friend.

The time comes when the young soldier moves up toward the trenches. It is usually in the night, and therefore he makes the acquaintance of the German artillery in its most spectacular form:

Then he comes to the communication trench, dread in his heart, fearing the time when he will at last be in the front-line trench of France. Two or three sharp "cracks" overhead—a nervous shudder runs through him—they are rifle bullets passing "over the top" of the trench. He is not hit. Some more "cracks," and at last he realizes that he is safe from harm, because he is down in a ditch—the trench. He stumbles on through the mud, and at last a whispered order is passed down the line: "In entering fire trench, no talking; pay strict attention to orders." Pretty soon he makes an abrupt turn—in front if him is a ledge seemingly cut into the wall of the trench—it is the fire step. Standing on this fire step, he sees two or three dark forms looking over the top of the trench, their heads silhouetted against the sky line. The old regiment is relieved and files out through the communication trench. His regiment at last is holding a portion of the line on the western front, and it appears absurdly easy compared to what he had feared.

I do not intend to go into the methods of bayonet fighting, because it is unnecessary. You will learn that in your training from much more competent instructors than I. But I must speak of one great advantage we have: the German is *deathly afraid* of cold steel. He is a good artilleryman, machine gunner, bomber, and long-distance fighter, but when he sees that polished knife in front of him it is generally "both hands up in the air." Squealing like a pig he will shout, "Mercy, Kamerad!" but when he surrenders take no chances—do not in any way put yourself at a disadvantage, because if he has a chance he will get you—that is one of the lessons he has learned from Kultur. Sometimes it is necessary to kill a snake, so I will leave it to your own judgment.

Mr. Empey devotes a chapter to the subject of tobacco, and an appropriate chapter it is at a time when some worthy fanatics are vociferously denouncing the supply of the "weed" to troops at the front. Tobacco is the wounded man's solace, and perhaps the only solace within his reach:

A wounded Tommy Atkins is lying on the ground, the blood running from a hole in his leg made by a bit of shrapnel; he is yelling for stretcher-bearers. Here they come at the double. They stop beside him, place the stretcher on the ground, open it up, and one of them unbuttons a little pouch he is carrying. He sticks in his hand and pulls out—no, not a bandage—but a smoke. Hands it to the wounded Tommy, who is grinning. The grin makes cracks in the dried mud on his face—then the following conversation ensues:

Stretcher-bearer—Want a smoke? Where are you hit?  
Tommy—Yes. In the leg.  
The stretcher-bearer lights the smoke, binds up Tommy's wound, and placing him on the stretcher, the two Red Cross men start with him on their way to the nearest advanced dressing station. Wending their way through the muddy and narrow communication trench, the leading stretcher-bearer stumbles over a trench grid—down he goes, and Tommy is nearly dumped into the mud.

He lets out a yell.  
The offending stretcher-bearer, red-faced and ashamed of his carelessness, in a nervous voice inquires:  
"Did I hurt your wound, mate? I'm sorry."  
Tommy answers: "Ell no!"  
The stretcher-bearer, indignantly:  
"Well, wot's all the bloody row about?"  
Tommy meekly:  
"I dropped my smoke, mate, tip us another."  
The stretcher-bearers search their pouches and pockets, but find none.

The stretcher, with its bleeding burden, resumes its winding course through the trench, its wake blue with curses and sarcastic remarks from Tommy directed at the stretcher-bearers. If there had been another smoke, Tommy would have been contented and happy, but as it was he was miserable and complaining, making it unpleasant for every one who handled him in his long trip to "Blighty."

But such is the creed of the trenches—keep our boys warm, their bellies full, give them plenty of smokes, and they will plant the flag in Berlin. Just stop filling any one of the three needs—especially the "smokes"—and although the flag will eventually land where it belongs, it will take much longer.

SEND THEM SMOKE!

On another occasion the author had been slightly wounded and had been sent to the base hospital at Rouen. The bed next to his was empty and a rubber sheet had been stretched across the centre. It seemed to have been specially prepared for some one, and he was right—it had been:

In the hed on my left was a Jock, a Scottie, from the Fifteenth Royal Scots, or "Ladies from Hell" as this particular Highland regiment was lovingly called by Fritz, our neighbor across No Man's Land. This Jock had lost his left foot from a shell burst. I asked him why the hed was made up in such a peculiar manner. He told me that the occupant, a Canadian, was up in the "pictures" (operating theatre) having both hands amputated at the wrists, and also that the Canadian had been blinded by an exploding bomb, while raiding the German trenches.

In about half an hour, four white-clothed orderlies came down the ward, carrying a stretcher; in the wake of the stretcher came a Red Cross nurse. They halted before the unoccupied hed on my right. Then I marveled at the efficient

and gentle way in which the wounded man was transferred from the stretcher to the bed. The "Undertaker's Squad" left, but the Red Cross nurse sat beside her patient, every now and then shooting a fly away from the bandaged head, or with a piece of gauze bandage wiping away the white froth which constantly oozed from the half-open lips of the bandaged form.

In a short time the ether began to die out and the frothy lips twitched. Then a sigh and the man began to sing—not "God Save the King" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," but—"Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend."

Pretty soon this tune changed to a shout of "Ammo! [Am-munition] Ammo! Ammo forward!" You could hear him all over the ward. The nurse started to sing a crooning little lullaby. The shouting ceased. Further twitching and twisting and the ether was expelled into an ever ready little receptacle held in the hands of the nurse. In a few minutes, rays of consciousness penetrated to the brain of the wounded man and he started to mutter:

"Turn on the lights, it's dark—it's dark—I can't see—it's dark—dark!—Take that damned pillow off my head—it's dark—dark—I tell you! What's the matter with my mitts?—they're tied—cobblestones on them!—Where am I?—Smokey, this dugout's dark—switch on the glim!"

The nurse was talking to him in a low voice and crooning her lullaby. My God, how that girl could sing!

It was not long before the blinded soldier fell asleep. He slept for three hours, the nurse beside him; not for a second did she leave her post. I inwardly wished that the patient would sleep for hours longer. The presence of that nurse made me feel happy and contented all over.

The form on the bed stirred and then in a plaintive voice: "Where am I? Where am I? Turn on the lights! Turn on the lights!"

The sun was streaming through the window.

The nurse was crying. So was I. The Jock on my left was softly cursing to himself.

The angel of mercy leaned over her patient and in a low voice whispered to him:

"Never mind, dearie, you are in the hospital, and will soon be in Blighty for a nice long rest."

The Canadian's mouth twitched, I thought he was going to cry. It was a pretty mouth, but the lips were blanched to a bluish white.

He asked the nurse:

"What time is it?"

She answered, "Three o'clock, dearie; try and go to sleep, you'll feel better soon."

The Canadian asked in a piteous voice, "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in a terror-stricken voice, "I know—I know—they've put my lights out! Good God, I'm blind! I'm blind!—My eyes are gone—gone—gone!"—and his voice died out in a long sob.

Three doctors came through and held a low-voiced consultation. Two of them left, one stayed.

The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke, be's 'going west.' I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her hand; she whispered to him: "Dearie, the mail is going out, do you want me to write a note home to the folks? Just a short note telling them that you are all right and will be with them in a couple of months?"

The patient answered:

"Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home!—God, I wish I had one!" The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet—perhaps the blood was soaking through, but blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a—"

The nurse: "What do you want, boy, what can I get for you—a nice cool drink?"

The answer came back:

"A drink?—hell no!—I want a smoke—where's my makin'?—I want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"

She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigarette, my dear, for that poor boy? We are all out—have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realized what a God-send smokes are for these poor wounded lads, they would send them out. They are as important as shells."

I told her to look in my kit bag. She looked through it and found one, all out of shape—a Goldflake. I think it was the only smoke left in that ward of sixty-nine patients.

With joy in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs, and the lighted cigarette fell out of his mouth on to the sheet. He was asleep. It was getting late; I fell asleep. When I woke it was morning.

The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying.

I turned an inquiring gaze to the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry, but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

Do the men in the trenches want smokes?

Do they want their mothers?

Mr. Empey has a few sage words to say about the deportment of the American in England and in France. The politeness of the Frenchman does not mean that he is afraid. He will generally apologize to the German before he runs his bayonet through him. And if the Frenchman wishes to kiss you—well, kiss him back:

You have now landed in France or England. You are a stranger in a strange land. People and surroundings will appear strange to you and you will appear strange to these people and surroundings. You say to yourself: "How should I act?" "How shall I be friendly?" The best advice is: don't try to pose or put on airs. Just be a plain good American and you will be surprised to find that you are received with open arms.

It will be a little hard to get along with the Englishman at first. His ways are so different from ours. The Englishman has a way of taking everything for granted. You mustn't talk to him about the war or ask about the victory. He is perfectly sure about victory. The only thing he does not know is how long it is going to take. Don't mention the night of money to him. Don't tell him that baseball has cricket skinned a mile. His opinion of baseball is just about the same as your opinion of cricket. Don't try to impress upon him the fact that he is a fool for allowing himself to be ruled by a king. The Englishman knows the king is only a figurehead and that the English people rule; besides he is a perfectly good observer and might come back at you and punch holes in our Senate and Congress. Do not herald your arrival in England and France as a great event and say that you have come over to win the war. Maybe they are wondering why you happened to be so late.

The American soldier will do well to be watchful against spies. The author tells us that upon one occasion a British party entering the trenches was met by

an officer in English uniform who informed them that a party of Royal Engineers would be out in front that night in order to repair the wire and that care must be taken not to challenge them or fire upon them:

In about twenty minutes' time the sentries could bear men working in their wire, a few feet in front of them. Occasionally a sharp twang would ring out on the night air. This would elicit from some sentry a caustic remark as to the brains and ability of Royal Engineers in general, or the same sentry would calculate that in this certain part of the line, Fritz across the way, was either dead or had not as yet received a copy of the "Hymn of Hate," otherwise that "twang" would be answered by rifle or machine-gun fire directed at the working party.

About an hour before "Stand To" was passed down the trench, all the work on the wire ceased. Then daylight. The sentries nearly dropped dead with surprise to see in front of them the barbed wire horribly cut up; stakes were pulled up and "gooseberries" missing; in fact, the wire was demolished more than could be accomplished by an hour's intense bombardment from the German artillery.

Then the colonel awoke to the fact that this amiable officer, who had so efficiently guided them into the fire trench, was nothing more or less than a German spy, disguised in the uniform of an English captain. This spy was dressed in the uniform of an English officer, which no doubt was secured from some prisoner or wounded officer, and had crawled from the German trenches over No Man's Land and entered our trenches. This could be very easily accomplished by falling in the rear of a returning working party. After telling the colonel to pass the word down the line not to fire or challenge, he had left our trenches, gone over to the German lines, and conducted back to our wire a German working party which had effectively accomplished his object.

The destruction of this wire necessitated large working parties from the colonel's battalion going out in front on the following night to repair the damage. This was part of the German scheme, because, knowing that the working party would go out, it was a simple matter to turn rifle and machine-gun fire on them. It took three nights to repair the damage with this result—a very heavy casualty list.

The artillery comes in for a due share of the author's attention. The various kinds of guns are briefly described and the strenuous efforts that must be made to keep them in position and to move them up in the rear of the advancing infantry:

The French "seventy-five" is the finest gun of its calibre in this war. It fires a shell 2.99 inches in diameter. One strong point in favor of the "seventy-five" is that it does not have to be relayed, the recoil being so adjusted that it throws the gun back into its original firing position. If pushed, the French "seventy-five" can fire thirty shots per minute. It is amusing to witness a battery of these guns in action. To the layman it is confusion—French soldiers run around, carrying shells in their arms like babies, colliding with each other, and begging each other's pardon. You marvel at it, for in spite of all this seeming confusion the old gun is rapidly spitting fire and pong, pong, ponging away. The "seventy-five" is the French artilleryman's sweetheart. I have seen a Frenchman go up to a "seventy-five," throw his arms around the gun, and kiss it several times, crooning to it as if it were his child and crying "Vive la France!" He looks upon this gun as the savior of France.

Mr. Empey tells us that he has no liking for the work of the sniper. It seems all right to "get" a man in the heat of battle, but to wait for hours and days in order to kill a single man seemed to him a little underhanded. Nevertheless it has to be done by some one, as a single German sniper may run up quite an extensive little casualty list on his own account:

I have seen a British sniper, after securing the range of an exposed spot, crawl out, under cover of darkness, upon a pile of banked-up earth or mud, and plaster himself all over with wet mud so that at a distance of a few yards it was impossible to distinguish him, when lying still, from the surrounding soil. This man would lie motionless for hours until he "got" his victim. Then he would either wait for darkness or make a quick dash into his own trench. Other snipers take positions in trees, tying branches about their bodies. Others, by covering themselves with grass and lying in the fields, have secured good results, generally returning with two or three nicks added to the stocks of their rifles (each nick for a German who has fallen under their fire).

One rainy day while acting as runner or orderly for my machine-gun officer, instead of following the communication trench I decided to chance it by going "over the top," as the trench was almost knee deep with sticky, gluey mud. Dawn was just breaking and although I took the risk of being potted, still I preferred that to plowing through the communication trench. Running along I stepped on what appeared to be a muddy rise in the ground. I nearly dropped dead with fright when this mound of earth ejaculated, "Why in 'ell don't you get a periscope if you can't see where you're bloody well going." It was a sniper lying in the wet mud. Right now I bet he is in a hospital in Blighty cursing old man Rheumatism.

Mr. Empey does more than give advice. He gives us also tables of flags and insignia, phrase vocabularies of French and German, code signals, and explanations of army terms, slang and otherwise. It is a book not to be overlooked by the soldier.

FIRST CALL. By Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When the war broke out there were about 30,000 medical men in Great Britain and only about 1500 medical women, but lately there has been an enormous increase of women students at the medical schools, and in the opinion of the leading female member of the medical profession the women will very likely outnumber the men in about twenty years' time. Even in five years' time, when the students now under training will have finished their course, there will be a considerable influx of women doctors into private practice.

There are not fewer than forty-five publications issued in French in Montreal alone; fourteen in Quebec City, and about forty in the rest of the province. These are devoted to literature, medicine, art, science, engineering, agriculture, stenography, and even one issued for the deaf and dumb.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ended Saturday, March 2d, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports clearings of \$109,178,061.52, as compared with a total of \$89,496,803.73 in the corresponding week of 1917. The aggregate of Saturday's clearings was \$23,816,881.48.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco records a gain in total resources last week. They now stand at \$173,186,000, as compared with \$169,057,000 in the preceding week. Gold reserves are \$90,187,000, or 58.69 per cent. of combined net deposits and Federal Reserve note liability. Bills discounted for member banks stand at \$32,536,000, as against \$30,389,000 a week ago. Government deposits increased to \$14,052,000 and the Federal Reserve banknotes now in actual circulation amount to \$74,045,000.

Girvin & Miller announce that the Contra Costa Realty Company has called for pay-

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nient at 101 and accrued interest \$9000 of its first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds of the series of 1920. This call retires the entire first series of the bonds amounting to \$40,000, which were not due until March 1, 1920, two years from date. At this rate the life of the total \$270,000 bond issue is reduced from three to eight to one to six years.

This excellent record is a tribute to conservative financing and reflects the prosperity of the company.

Reports from Washington that the complete control of imports and exports just taken over by the government will give opportunity to determine the classes of manufacturing material and manufactures to be imported and exported during the remainder of the war, lends interest to a study by the National City Bank of New York of the principal articles forming the manufacturing material entering and leaving the United States. Manufacturing materials imported into and exported from the United States show in each case an in-

crease of about two-thirds in total value since the beginning of the war. Manufacturing material imported in the fiscal year 1914, all of which preceded the war, aggregated \$952,000,000 and in 1917 \$1,585,000,000, an increase of 65 per cent., while manufacturing material exported grew from \$1,167,000,000 in 1914 to \$1,924,000,000 in 1917, also an increase of 65 per cent.

These figures of the total value of manufacturing material exported and imported include not only the raw material, but the partly manufactured material intended for further use in manufacturing, such as pig copper, pig tin, steel bars and billets, sole leather, etc. In practically all of these articles for use in manufacturing, whether in the raw state or partly manufactured, there have been large increases both in imports and exports, though the growth in quantity is not as great as that indicated by the figures of value, since in practically all cases the price per unit of quantity is now larger than prior to the war.

Manufacturing material has formed a steadily increasing share in the imports during the war, but a decreasing proportion of the exports. The share which the two groups "raw materials" and "manufactures for manufacturing" formed of the imports was in 1914 50 per cent, and in 1917 60 per cent., while the share which these two groups formed of the exports fell from 50 per cent. in 1914 to 31 per cent. in 1917.

San Francisco bank clearings in February, as given out at the close of business on the last day of the month by Assistant Manager Burns of the Clearing-House Association, were \$359,583,511, as compared with \$307,394,572.07 for the same month last year. This is an increase of \$52,188,938.93.

Clearings for the five days of the business week ended Thursday, February 28th, compiled for Eastern mercantile agencies, totaled \$80,415,953.29, as compared with \$84,736,775.24 for the corresponding period last year. This decrease, which amounts to only one-fourth of an average day's clearings, is explained by the fact that there were six days in the business week ended February 28, 1917, as compared with five days in the week just ended.

The credit of the United States was so high and unquestionable that in 1900, two years after the Spanish war, 2 per cent. bonds were offered at par and oversubscribed. This is a financial performance no other nation has ever equaled.

United States 4 per cent. bonds in 1880 sold as high as 130 and in 1901 brought 139 1/2 on the stock market.

The United States has never defaulted on any of its bonds. Not one of its bondholders has ever lost a cent of principal or interest except those who voluntarily have taken losses by selling their bonds in a period of temporary price depression. One hundred cents on the dollar, principal and interest, has the United States always paid.

Back of the \$250,000,000,000 to \$300,000,000,000 of our national resources stands the rugged honesty of America. Liberty Loan Bonds are the safest security in the world.

The need for the creation of the War Finance Corporation which is sought to be established by the bill recently introduced in Congress is thus briefly stated by Secretary McAdoo:

"The government's borrowings, particularly during the period immediately preceding and following each Liberty Loan, has tended to preempt the credit facilities of the banks and often to prevent them from giving needed and customary help to quasi-public and private enterprises. Many instances have been brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Federal Reserve Board where railroads, public utilities, power plants, and other enterprises have been prevented from obtaining the necessary loans to enable them to perform vital services in connection with the war because the bank credits ordinarily available to them are being absorbed by the government."

Briefly, the War Finance Corporation is designed to enable the banks, both national banks and state banks, and trust companies to continue to furnish essential credits for industries and enterprises which are necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war.

Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, recently announced that, while the normal savings of the people of this country before the war had been estimated at from \$5,000,000,000 to \$6,000,000,000, such has already been the growth of the thrift movement that our savings in 1917 are now estimated at from \$14,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000, or nearly three times what they were before the war. An increasing amount of thrift has been reflected on all sides—in the investment market, savings banks, life-insurance companies, etc. Mr. Sabin believed, however, that "to carry a thrift programme beyond the point of rational increase in saving

could serve only to depress business, destroy values, and create unemployment." Business men and wage-earners would not be able to lend money to the government unless they could make money. Business must earn more money in 1918 than it did in 1917, because the government "is going to need more money, and increasingly more money, before this war is won." He added:

"There must be discrimination, of course, between that which is essential and that which is non-essential. But no legitimate business which can make money without competing with the government is non-essential. In fact it is very essential, because money is one of the most important munitions of war. And, it should be remembered, the people who earn the money in such businesses are among those who invest largely in the government's war loans and who pay taxes.

"Between the fallacy of 'business as usual' and the threat of 'drying up business' there must certainly lie a sane middle course, namely, one of wise economy and business conservation which would neither exploit nor wreck, but maintain and protect, our business system. Intensive cultivation of the soil, the increase and improvement of mechanical methods, a wise use of labor, and intelligent coöperation between government and industry will all assist in increasing production and creating the new wealth necessary for war's consumption. Another factor which can add immeasurably to the solution of the problem is labor. The entire productive power of American labor should be utilized to meet the emergencies of the situation.

"The third recourse open to the country to meet the cost of the war is through expansion of credit now possible through the Federal Reserve system.

"There has been a good deal of agitation against so-called inflation of credit, and it can frankly be admitted that it would be most desirable if no inflation were necessary, but the history of all wars in all countries has proved that the burdens of war can not be borne without some degree of inflation through an expansion of currency or credit.

"History has also shown that the results of this inflation have not been disastrous, although in some instances painful; but war without inflation is no more conceivable than war without pain. The experience of nations has been that the increase in prices resulting from expansion gives industry a stimulus. The extra demands of both government finance and increased industrial needs require expansion of credit. As a matter of fact our so-called reservoir of credit was designed to permit adequate expansion to meet such emergencies."

The people of the United States have indicated their willingness to economize by a marked reduction in their importation of luxuries. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that in many of the articles of luxury imported the 1917 imports are from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. below those of the earlier years of the war, despite the fact that in most cases prices per unit of quantity are higher than in earlier years.

The list of luxuries which the people of the country have formerly imported is a long one and includes many articles of food, clothing, and personal adornment, and the 1917 economies in most of these lines are quite apparent on a comparison of the figures of imports of the year 1917 with those of 1916, 1915, and even 1914. While in a few instances the fall-off may be due to the lack of transportation or the reduction of available supplies in the countries at war, the reduction in quantities imported has been so general as to indicate a growing disposition to minimize unnecessary expenditures in the classes of articles of this character brought into the country.

Diamonds, pearls, laces, plushes, ribbons, hats, bonnets, feathers, jewelry, glove leather, fruits, olives, olive oil, cheese, macaroni, cream, and confectionary show a marked fall-off in 1917. Precious stones show a reduction of \$8,000,000 when compared with the importations of last year, pearls alone over \$6,000,000 reduction, diamonds, cut but not set, a reduction of about \$4,000,000. Art works show a fall of about \$3,000,000 when compared with 1916 and approximately \$4,000,000 when compared with 1914. Cotton laces imported in 1917 are nearly \$7,000,000 below those of 1916 and \$14,000,000 below those of 1914. In silk laces the value of imports of 1917 is but little more than one-half that of 1916, and silk plushes less than one-half that of 1914, and silk ribbons in 1917 only about 10 per cent. of the 1915 imports. Hats and bonnets imported in 1917 are slightly less in value than in earlier years, despite the higher prices, and this is true of jewelry, platinum, musical instruments, automobiles, glove leather, tanned goat skins and many other articles of this class. Feathers imported in 1917 amount to about \$3,000,000 in value, against over \$5,000,000 in 1915 and more than \$6,000,000 in 1914, while in ostrich feathers alone the imports of 1917 were less than \$500,000, against \$2,500,000 in 1915. Dressed furs and manu-

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factures of fur show a decline, but undressed fur an increase.

Many more Americans now hold stocks in railroads and industrial corporations, in mining companies and public utility enterprises, than in any previous year. The average of shares held in industrials is now 70 and in railroads 95, against 126 and 289 shares, respectively, twelve years ago. Fifty-four railways report an average gain of 703 per company and a total of 561,142 stockholders, or an average of 10,931 stockholders. More than 120 industrial concerns are named which have 645,791 stockholders, a gain of 55,048. The 54 railroads included in the summary have a total capitalization of \$5,205,861,545, the average amount held per individual being \$9455. The industrial companies recorded a total capitalization of \$4,486,008,402, which were held in average blocks of \$6946.

With the prices that were paid at the farm as its basis, the Agricultural Department has recently placed the value of all our farm products harvested in 1917 at \$19,443,849,381, as against a preliminary estimate a month before of \$21,000,000,000, and an estimated total in 1916 of \$13,406,364,011. *Bradstreet's*, in an article based on the department's figures, notes that of this vast sum \$13,610,462,782, or 70 per cent., was the value of crops, while \$5,833,386,599, or 30 per cent., was the value of the animals or animal products.

The United States vice-consul at Johannesburg, South Africa, reports that there is a good market in South Africa for American pumps and pumping machinery. He says:

"Pumps and pumping machinery are used principally to supply water to municipalities, to meet agricultural and rural needs, and to satisfy the requirements of the mining industry. As mining is the principal industry of both the Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia, the principal demand is in connection with it, and the equipment already in use is valued at millions of dollars and embraces the most modern and approved types.

"Swiss, British, and American pumps are used throughout this consular district. The most popular of the pumps manufactured in Switzerland is said to be the 'Sulzer,' while those imported from England are as follows: Climax, Tangye, Allen, Pulsometer, Pearn, Robeson-Davidson, Rees-Roturbo, etc. German pumping machinery has never been extensively used, but the 'Hoppe' pump had a fairly large sale previous to the outbreak of war. However, it is said that the big pumping on the Rand is done chiefly with American machinery, working against heads of from 2000 to 2300 feet. Although the American plunger pump is stated to accomplish very good results, gradual inroads upon this system has been made by the high-lift centrifugal pump, which is manufactured both in the United States and on the Continent."

The raising of Pima cotton on the Pima Indian reservation, Imperial Valley, is causing a great deal of interest among farmers in the valley. Some 10,000 acres will be planted to this crop during the coming season. Pima is a new long staple cotton especially adapted to the valley. The sheep industry is rapidly gaining in importance. There are now approximately 140,000 head in this section, while in normal times there are more nearly 50,000.

San Francisco bank clearings on March 6, 1918, were \$17,460,161.12, and \$13,802,452.24 on same date last year.

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THE GERMAN FLEET.

Can It Be Destroyed?

Omit the battle of Jutland, and for three years there has been no naval activity worth the name, save what the enemy has conducted against the Allies by his submarines.

What, then, does all this talk of sea power mean? Has the submarine made the surface ship obsolete? Is there only one form of sea force left? Is there no answer to that sea force? Is there no means by which, if the submarine can not be defeated at sea, it can be utterly destroyed by the obliteration or seizure of its bases? Are the German harbors impregnable? Has no one a policy? A strategy of attack.

We come to the final question, can the submarine be dealt with once and for all by using our vast battleship strength to destroy and seize the German harbors? Is not this that forward aggressive plan of strategy which impartial English critics and ardent American naval minds have for so long urged upon the British admiralty?

The critics advocated blockade, chiefly because it must lead to battle. And when they saw no blockade imposed, and month after month cotton and the constituents of glycerine, and a hundred other prime necessities of war material going unchecked into Germany, they complained, and as it would seem, with truth, that our naval strategy was certainly not aggressive. It looked as if we were avoiding blockade because we wished to avoid battle.

And they had the more reason for thinking it defensive because these same directing admiralty minds had provided the largest battle fleet in the world, the very instruments, one would think, that they would wish to use. And the critics saw no explanation of the paradox except this: Had their policy been to build the fleet so big that no other navy would dare to attack it? Had they then argued themselves into the doctrine that a fleet that could not be defeated was the same thing as a fleet that was, in fact, victorious? Was it a complacent reliance on this theory that made the admiralty satisfied to have our blockade policy settled by diplomatists instead of by the sailors?

It is the integrity of the German bases that alone enables the submarine war to be carried on, and by integrity I do not only mean the wharves and docks, etc., unharmed, but that there is a safe passage in and out of these bases to the open sea. The first are defended by the German forts and mines and submarines. The second by the German fleet. If we could send in the fleet and destroy the whole apparatus of each port with all the submarines, as well as all the surface ships lying

there, we could end the business at a blow. And if this was impossible, if we could block the exits of the German harbors so that no submarine could get out, we should have done the next best thing. Now let us deal with these two subjects separately, and take the destruction first.

The only really effective way of destroying a sea base is to silence and occupy the forts that protect it and then, under cover of a sea bombardment, to sweep the mine fields and enter the port and blow up everything in sight. The first stage of the operation is to silence the forts and the improvised coast defenses and then to land troops to prevent their re-occupation. The taking of the German harbors is thus essentially a military operation in which the navy supplies transport and the chief artillery. Gallipoli remains an awful warning of what must happen if an undertaking of this kind is treated as naval only.

If it were determined to devote the numbers of men and ships required for such an undertaking to this business, it must be remembered that there is one enormously powerful—and purely technical—naval argument against it, and it is this: Success would turn upon the artillery of the ships being able to destroy the German forts, exactly as the big guns are used to destroy the trenches and concrete gun positions of the enemy in France and Flanders. Can ship's guns silence and destroy the guns in a fort before the guns in a fort have silenced and destroyed the ship? There is only one element in a fleet's favor in a contest of this kind. It can bring into the field the vastest number of guns and those far more powerful than the forts can employ against them. Twenty of the most powerful British dreadnoughts, for instance, could bombard the forts that protect Wilhelmshaven with about a hundred and eighty guns of 15-inch, 13.5-inch, and 12-inch calibre, while exposed only to the fire of less than a third of this number of 11-inch guns. But here every element of superiority ends, and for the following reasons:

1.—To knock out a gun in a modern fort it is almost necessary to hit the gun itself—a feat in accurate firing of quite incredible difficulty. Whereas, to hit a ship from the fort demands hardly more than a hundredth of the same exactitude, and few, if any, ships would remain in fighting trim after twenty or more 11-inch high explosive shells had plunged through their unprotected decks, as shells do plunge when used at very long ranges. The ship, in other words, is a target a hundred times as large as a fort, and a hundred times more vulnerable.

2.—Next, it is infinitely easier for the fort to obtain perfect accuracy in hitting than for a ship to do so. Superior efficiency in long range gun-fire, assuming accuracy of aim, steadiness of platform, and all other elements to be equal, is entirely a function of the observation of fire. In a contest of ship against fort, the other elements are, of course, never equal. The advantage in every respect is with the fort. But far greater than all is its advantage in observing and correcting fire. For, whether the ship spots from the mast-head or by airplane, or employs another ship at right angles to the line of fire, and opposite the target, it still remains that the point of impact of each shot is extraordinarily difficult to see. But every round that misses a ship plunges into the water right or left, or over or short, and sends a very tall column of water into the air, so that if observers are rightly placed, the error in the firing of each round can instantly be detected.

3.—But this is not the worst of it. Nine out of ten forts that guard channels and mine fields are altogether invisible from the sea—whereas the ship stands four square to the winds of heaven, a clear and definite mark for the range-finders and gunners and observers on shore. The fort may lie behind a sand dune or low hill and its guns be aimed and corrected from points literally miles away from it. If, by the help of airplanes, the ship's guns do find the target, the ship itself must not move from the spot from which it is firing, because to do so would mean losing the aiming line to the target which it has discovered with so much difficulty. The final handicap of the ship, then, is that it must be stationary while it is bombarding.

And this handicap is not limited to the favor it gives to the fort's gunners. It makes it an ideal target for torpedo-attack from submarines. There is all the world of difference between protecting a ship from submarine attack that is going at high speed, and protecting one that is anchored and stationary. A ship going fast is almost by its manoeuvres alone safe from submarine attack. The sinking of *Triumph* and *Majestic* off Gallipoli shows that even the most strenuous efforts by destroyers may fail to protect a ship that has no movement at all.

Until, therefore, means are found and adopted by which a ship, once having found the position of a fort, can keep its guns trained on that position, and alter the range

upon the sights as the ship's manoeuvres cause that range to change—so that a ship, while manoeuvring freely and at high speed can, so to speak, and by automatic processes, keep firing at an invisible mark exactly as if she were standing still—until this is done, no kind of equality between ship and fort can be restored. And until the equality is brought about, no operation which depends upon the destruction of the forts as a necessary preliminary to all its subsequent phases can be undertaken, except at a risk which is literally prohibitive. It would not be just risking ships—it would be just throwing them away. We must recognize, in short, that the chief fighting ships, as they exist today, are built to fight other ships in the open sea and for no other purpose whatever.

Is there any other form of attack that could be directed against the German fleet at anchor? Some have advocated special unsinkable monitors. Others, including one most eminent American naval officer, Admiral Fiske, have for some years urged that an attack could be developed from the air by planes, armed partly with bombs and partly with torpedoes, that could make the position of a fleet anchored in narrow waters absolutely untenable. To the lay onlooker it seems as if there was sound reason behind both these views. But we do not know that unsinkable ships can be built, and for an air attack planes of the highest carrying capacity and of the longest flight endurance yet developed would be needed, and they would be required in very great numbers indeed. It is a question of how much of the shipbuilding and aircraft building capacity of the Allies can be devoted to such purposes. It is possible that while no one may dispute the importance of destroying the German fleet, a great many dispute whether it is feasible to do it by either of these ways, and that there is a consequent hesitation in facing the inevitable shortage of shipping and aeroplanes—in fields where their utility is proved and the necessity for them is paramount—that would follow were this operation undertaken on these lines. This, however, is only to say what is true of all warlike operations. None can be undertaken except at the cost of making some equivalent effort impossible.

The final element in naval offensive, namely, an absolute blockade, has now been made feasible by the belligerency of America. And it is one of the interesting possibilities of the moment that, should the Allies' anti-submarine measures increase so greatly in effect as to make the prosecution of this kind of war a hopeless undertaking, the German fleet may still be forced out to make a last and desperate effort to break the stranglehold of a sea blockade.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

Concerning the recent great flood in China an eye-witness has written: It is one of the most serious calamities that has ever fallen on China, and, unfortunately, it is not temporary. The cause of the flood is nothing ordinary. The Yellow River has changed its course and is now flowing through where Tientsin was. It has adopted the Grand Canal as its new bed for a distance, then has switched off not many miles south of Peking, into the channel which it formerly occupied many years ago, and on which Tientsin has been built, so that Tientsin, as a city, is probably done forever. It is just as if the Hudson should suddenly change its course and spread through the middle of Brooklyn. But it is worse than that, for, though Tientsin is probably as large as Brooklyn—in addition to Tientsin itself, there are 20,000 square miles of open country under from two to twelve feet of water. Just think what that means, in a district of 200 miles long and 100 miles broad! And in that immense district hardly a house is left standing, for these Chinese country houses are almost all of mud, and even the brick ones (having mud for mortar) often collapse in a heavy rain. All these houses are gone, the people homeless or dead, families separated, starving; and no really efficient aid-organization working.

On November 1, 1917, Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the British admiralty, in reviewing the activities of the British navy since the beginning of the war, stated that of 30,000,000 men who had crossed and recrossed the seas only 2700 had been lost by the action of the enemy. This, it may be assumed, included troops, crews, and all others having to take a sea trip on war work. The loss of life, according to these figures, was reduced to the astonishingly low level of 1 in 11,111. The great bulk of these millions transported under the protection of the British navy were conveyed across the English Channel, where the safeguards introduced have proved so efficacious that U-boats have failed to sink a single ship bearing troops. But, even allowing for that, the percentage of loss of life was remarkably small and reflects great credit on the efficacy of the anti-submarine devices used.



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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### Naval Power.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Clifford Gill is to be congratulated on a sketch of naval operations during the war that must prove indispensable to the student who is in search of information as precise as our present knowledge will permit. Beginning with a general disquisition on naval power the author proceeds to a discussion of the various actions, including the battle of Heligoland Bight, the Coronel and Falkland engagements, the Dardanelles operations, and the North Sea battles. Two final chapters are devoted to the submarine war and anti-submarine tactics.

The author holds his judgment suspended with regard to the battle of Jutland. Admiral Jellicoe was unwilling to risk his naval superiority, and as a result the German fleet escaped. In the heat of battle he had to measure risks and results, and reach a decision that is still a matter of debate.

The author may be additionally congratulated on his maps and plans that are unusually helpful and lucid.

NAVAL POWER IN THE WAR. By Charles Clifford Gill, Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

#### The Green Mirror.

"The Green Mirror," by Hugh Walpole, is an unostentatious achievement. It is a powerful drama of unspoken thoughts artistically constructed on things as they are. There is no forced reaching out after the unusual twist of clever speech, no straying aside for superficial eccentricities, and yet the text is vital, original and interesting from cover to cover. There are four hundred and fifteen pages—not one of which could be spared.

George Trenchard, the father of the heroine, is partly described as "fat, jolly, self-centred, writes about the Lake Poets and lives all morning with Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey, all the afternoon with the world as seen by himself, and all the evening with himself as seen by the world."

The mother: "You'd say right off that she's stupider than any one you'd ever met, and then afterwards you'd be less and less certain."

Henry, the son, is "at the awkward age. Gauche, shy, sentimental, rude, frightfully excitable from the public-school conviction that he must never show excitement about anything."

Katherine, the heroine, is "the clew to the house—know Katherine and you know the family. But then Katherine is not easy to know. She is more friendly than any of

them—and she is farther away. Very quiet with all the calm security of some one who knows that there are many important things to be done and that you will never be allowed, however insistent you may be, to interfere with those things. She alone in all the world awakes her father's selfish heart, stirs her mother's sluggish imagination, reassures her brother's terrified soul."

Of two others we learn: "And, all this time, I have said nothing to you about the guardians of the house's honor. There are two of them, both very old. An aged, aged man, bitter and sharp and shining like a glass figure, and his sister, as aged as he. They are, both of them, deaf and the only things truly alive about them are their eyes."

Elsewhere we read, "The room was close with more than the Trenchard protection against the winter's day—it was packed with a conscious pressure of all the things that the Trenchards had ever done in that room."

Each character is minutely depicted and vividly different, and yet each personality fits as securely in its separate niche in the drama as the crazily edged pieces of a jig-saw puzzle fit absolutely into one place and no other. There is no moral pollution, sordid crime, or murder in the plot, but the grim figure of a terrible tragedy moves silently and surely to its logical close. It is literature and life.

THE GREEN MIRROR. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

#### Letters of John Holmes.

John Holmes was so overshadowed by his brother, Wendell, as almost to be lost to view, although Emerson was of opinion that "while Wendell had wit, John had to a unique degree the more precious possession of humor." Perhaps it is a verdict hardly to be sustained by these letters, but they are none the less of exceptional value and interest even for those days when letter-writing was still an art. The letters, most of which were addressed to James Russell Lowell, have been selected by Miss Alice Longfellow and Miss Mary Ware, both intimate friends of the writer. Miss Longfellow has written an introduction, and William Roscoe Thayer has supplied the connecting link of narrative. As an example of style we may select a single extract from a letter written to Lowell in 1872, when Holmes was in Dresden. He says: "I have been re-reading Thiers a little, with regard to the fighting around Dresden in 1813. I find myself a little infected with strategy—have thought of sending my baggage down the left bank of the Elbe (there is no navigation from here), while I go on the right, uniting the two columns at the mouth of the river and so occupy a position on your flank if you should attempt to go back to England. Practically, however, as I have no force to escort the baggage, and the amount is very small, I shall take it with me and make no show of science. I made a distribution of boots to my forces on Saturday—in other words got a pair \$6.28, capacious, strong, and ugly."

LETTERS FROM JOHN HOLMES TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND OTHERS. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

#### West Point.

West Point assumes new interest and importance with the advent of real war and the stern tests of battle against a foe who also knows the game. West Point has already played a large part in national history. It would seem as though a still larger part awaits it.

Those who wish to know what life at West Point really means will find the desired information in its most attractive form in this volume by Captain Robert Charlwood Richardson, Jr. First we have a historical sketch carefully and wisely abbreviated and this is followed by a description of the life actually led by the cadet. It is traced for us from the moment of his arrival until he becomes a soldier in something more than in name. We are invited to watch him from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night. We are told what he learns and how he learns it, the methods by which the laborious processes of thinking are conveyed to him, how he amuses himself, and the way in which his morals are guarded. The picture is an attractive one, and moreover it is presented with much humor. There are thirty-four illustrations.

WEST POINT: AN INTIMATE PICTURE OF THE NATIONAL MILITARY ACADEMY AND OF THE LIFE OF THE CADET. By Robert Charlwood Richardson, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

#### Pinero's Plays.

Mr. Bernard Shaw made us familiar with the general introduction and the critical preface to the published play. But Mr. Shaw writes his own introductions and prefaces and they are not superfluously critical. In this case the introductory and prefatory work is done by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who thus presents us with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Three other volumes are now in preparation.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell owes the beginning of her fame to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

She was substituted at the last moment because of her beauty, and she has easily maintained the place then assigned to her. It was the success of this play also that convinced Pinero of his dramatic mission, although he had then attained the age of thirty-eight. His message, says Mr. Hamilton, seems to be that destiny is nothing but another name for character, and that the only tragedy in life is the tragedy of failing in the future by reason of the fact that we have failed already in the past. Admirers of Pinero and lovers of the drama in general will welcome this fine addition to the literature of the stage.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

#### Democracy and the War.

In this compact little volume Professor John Firman Coar, A. M., Ph. D., F. A. G. S., contrasts the principles of autocracy and democracy and invites us to clarify the ideas that we attach to these terms. He reminds us that the autocratic principle may exist even in democratic nations. A demand for predominance on the part of capital or of labor is actually an assertion of the autocratic principle and not clearly distinguishable from the demand for national predominance that is advanced by Germany.

Germany, says the author, will remain impatient and therefore dangerous until that time when her fate shall be at the mercy of the Allies. Concessions by Germany, no matter how extensive, will not suffice. It is against the clamor for a premature peace that we must guard ourselves.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR. By John Firman Coar, A. M., Ph. D., F. A. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

#### History of America.

Professor Elson's "History of the United States of America" was first published in 1904, and it now appears in a sixteenth edition, printed in attractive type, and with thirty-four well-chosen and useful maps. It well deserves the popularity that it has evidently attained. Even that proverbial nuisance, the tired business man, will not miss any one of its thousand pages. The author has a keen eye alike for essentials and for the continuous thread of his narrative. If he has any partisanship it is concealed, and his precision of statement commands the confidence of his reader. There is no other history of the same dimension that surpasses this one in interest and reliability.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Henry William Elson, Ph. D., Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.80.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Baron Spiegel von und zu Pecklesheim, author of "The Adventures of the U-202," the day-by-day record of the German submarine which he commanded, has been captured and is now in an English prison camp. According to a report which has reached the publishers of the book the baron has confessed that one detail of his story is a fabrication. In the book he reports that the Germans were sinking English hospital ships because they were carrying active troops along with the wounded, and that he himself saw this through his observation glasses. The author now admits that he never saw anything of the kind.

Alice Hegan Rice, whose new book, "Calvary Alley," has just been published by the Century Company, says that after her first success with "Mrs. Wiggs" she was a little dismayed at the unexpected prospect of a professional career. "I was like a little fish that had wriggled out of its glass bowl and tumbled into the sea. I was not at all sure that I wanted to commit myself to regular hours, to the task of mastering my technique, to discouragement, and to inevitable criticism. It was a new experience to me to take my work seriously and to allow business to interfere with pleasure. But my husband, who has devoted his life to the service of art, was very firm with me. 'Give it the best that is in you or give it nothing,' he urged. So I reluctantly curtailed all other activities, except my philanthropic work, and with a sigh for all these vanishing fads and fancies so dear to the heart of the born dilettante I settled down to the business of concentration."

Few people connect Mark Twain with golf, but a story has just been discovered which relates of his being shown round a golf links by a friend who was rather an expert at digging up the turf. Sometimes Mark Twain would get a mouthful. During the course of the game the friend inquired, "What do you think of our golf links?" "The finest I ever tasted," replied Mark Twain.

There is no question (says Gertrude Atherton in the *Bookman*) that for about fifteen years before the war there was a thinking, secret, silent, watchful, but outwardly passive revolt going on among the women of Germany. I do not think it had then reached the working women. It took the war to wake them up. But in that vast class which, in spite of racial industry, had a certain amount

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of leisure, owing to the almost total absence of poverty in the Teutonic empire, and whose minds were educated and systematically trained, there was persistent reading, meditating upon the advance of women in other nations, quiet debating unsuspected of their masters; and they were growing in numbers and in an almost sinister determination every year. Of course there were plenty of *haus-fraus*, cowed to the door mat, and, like the proletariat, needing a war to wake them up; but there were several hundred thousand of the other sort.

Lieutenant Jack Turner, author of "Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches," recently published by Small, Maynard & Co., has just sailed for England, taking over a draft for the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, to which he is temporarily attached. Lieutenant Turner, who is himself a Newfoundlander, served for two years at the front with the Sixth Canadian Infantry Brigade. In June, 1917, he was sent to hospital in England and later home to Newfoundland to recover from the effects of trench fever and gas. He is still, however, "doing his bit," and unless the Kaiser's U-boats interfere, Lieutenant Turner will be back in Newfoundland within five or six weeks, on the lookout for new recruits for his regiment.

#### Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "Holiday Plays" Duffield & Co. have published five one-act pieces by Marguerite Merington. They are designed for Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving.

"Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," just published by Moffat, Yard & Co. (\$1), is by Homer Rodebaver, the trombone soloist and leader of the Billy Sunday tabernacle choir. Words and music of many of the songs are reproduced.

"Companions by the Way," by Edward Mortimer Chapman (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25), is described as "a handbook of religion for beginners." It consists largely of a defense of the churches and is written with suavity and breadth.

"The Topaz Story Book," compiled by Ada M. Skinner and Eleanor L. Skinner (Duffield & Co.; \$1.50), consists of stories and legends of Autumn, Halloween, and Thanksgiving by the world's famous authors. The selections are well made and with an eye to youthful readers of various ages.

Among late additions to the Loeb Classical Library are "Plutarch's Lives," with an English translation by Bernadotte Perrin, the fifth of eleven volumes; and "Dio's Roman History," with an English translation by Earnest Cary, Ph. D., the sixth of nine volumes. The Loeb Classical Library, equally fine in literary value and in workmanship, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "Tactics and Duties for Trench Fighting," by Georges Bertrand, Capitaine, Chasseurs Alpins, de l'Armée de France, and Oscar N. Solbert, Major, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. The book has received the high commendation of the War College Division and it seems to be absolutely complete. The explanations are much aided by diagrams.

Not only the golf enthusiast, but the lover of humor will find much satisfaction in "Dormie One," by Holworthy Hall, just published by the Century Company (\$1.35). Mr. Hall gives us eight stories of the links, but they are not so entirely linky as to be beyond the reach of the layman. Mr. Hall says: "If, for every ball I have driven out of bounds in tournament medal play, I were to be presented with one dollar, I should now have money enough to buy out Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and Charles Schwab, and still have \$5.65 left for incidentals."

### New Illustrated Edition

## THE DESERT

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Hill-Towns of France.

The war has given a peculiar interest to this careful and sympathetic survey of the hill-towns of France, since there are some among them that can never again be as they were. The author tells us that these towns are of four distinct types; first, the large town commanded by its walls and citadels; second, the feudal castle around whose walls a town has grown up; third, the fortified town with its fortified houses and churches; and fourth, the monastic hill-town primarily intended to defend a shrine. These four types have been welded into what is now the French nation, and they are united in the French ideal of democracy.

The author includes twenty-seven towns in her survey, touching lightly on their history, their genius, and their architecture. She does her work strikingly well, and she is measurably aided by the numerous illustrations by Roy L. Hilton.

THE HILL-TOWNS OF FRANCE. By Eugénie M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

## Tote-Road and Trail.

Mr. Douglas Malloch belongs to the vocational poets and his verse is of the lumber camp. His little volume contains about seventy short poems, and with every desire to be censorious the critic will find himself baffled. Rarely have we found poems of this kind so vigorous, so correct, or so musical. Mr. Malloch has something more than a gift of rhythm and rhyme. He can see beauty and tenderness and he can express them adequately. We should hear much more of him.

TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL. By Douglas Malloch. Indianapolis: Bohhs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

## New Books Received.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. By Joseph Schafer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

Early Northwest history.

THE ORKNEY MAID. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

UNDER FOUR FLAGS FOR FRANCE. By George Clarke Musgrave. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

An account of the war in France.

GARDEN STEPS. By Ernest Cobb. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 60 cents.

A manual for the amateur in vegetable gardening.

HILL-TRACKS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gihson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A volume of verse.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

RUBENS. By Louis Hourticq. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

The story of his life and work.

THE LUCKY 7. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40.

A detective story.

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS AND BOLERO. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35.

Two complete stories.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CORO. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35.

A detective story.

THE BROADWAY ANTHOLOGY. By Edward L. Bernays, Samuel H. Hofferstein, Walter J. Kingsley, and Murdock Pemberton. New York: Duffield & Co.

A volume of verse.

EN L'AIR. By Lieutenant Bert Hall. New York: The New Library; \$1.50.

Three years on and above three battlefronts by an American of the French Flying Corps.

THEORIES OF SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Arthur James Todd, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

A critical study of the attempts to formulate the conditions of human advance.

WESSEL GANSFORT. By Edward Waite Miller, D. D. Principal works translated by Jared Water-

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bury Scudder, M. A. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.

The life of a Dutch scholar of the fifteenth century who anticipated most of the teachings of the reformers.

MORE LETTERS FROM BILLY. By the author of "A Sunny Subaltern." New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

Letters to mother.

THE WAY OF SUCCESS. By William H. Hamby. Chicago: Laird & Lee, Inc.; \$1.

Stories of business experience.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## A Soul That Loved.

Up from my camp-fire's dying coals  
A dainty ribbon of smoke unrolls  
Till, topping the plumes of towering trees,  
It quivering wavers on evening breeze.  
Just so—I think as I see it whirled—  
A soul released in the wide, wide world  
Would faltering linger and hesitate:  
A thread still holding to its old mate;  
Now lying prone and mute below;  
Would halt, and wonder where to go.  
—Claudius Thayer, in Springfield Republican.

## Anthony Crundle.

Here lies the body of  
Anthony Crundle,  
Farmer, of this Parish,  
Who died in 1849 at the age of 82.  
"He delighted in music."  
R.I.P.  
And of  
Susan,  
For fifty-three years his wife,  
Who died in 1860, aged 86.

Anthony Crundle, of Dorrington Wood,  
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,  
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood  
Under the perry and cider tree;  
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,  
With cattle afield and laboring ewe,  
Anthony was uncommonly lithe,  
And played of a night to himself and Sue;  
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,  
And Susan for fifty years and three,  
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day. . . .  
May Providence do no worse by me.  
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

—John Drinkwater, in the New Witness.

## Margot of Alsace.

"You laid your little white veil away,  
Margot—  
The veil of your first communion day,  
Seven long years ago  
The veil that covered your smooth, brown head  
When first you knelt for the holy bread.  
Think you again to wear it so,  
That little white veil of yours,  
Margot?"  
"Oh, twice again shall my veil be worn,  
Grand'mere—  
When the flags of France shall spring new horn,  
Free to the sun and air:  
And raised in the arms of a million men  
Alsace shall come to her own again,  
Surely, that day, I would be fair,  
Worthy of France and Alsace,  
Grand'mere."

"But when again will you wear your veil,  
Margot?  
And why do you blush who were so pale,  
Red as a rose aglow?"  
"I shall wear it again when before the priest  
I take the bread of another feast,  
And a soldier of France shall raise it there  
For the kiss that he gives to his bride,  
Grand'mere."  
—Theodosia Garrison, in Everybody's Magazine.

## The Slacker.

Sometimes a pacifist, sometimes a socialist,  
Sometimes lost in a maze of words,  
Not knowing what you really were—  
You talked that whole long summer through  
In well-phrased words, ingeniously put,  
Of reasons why, and governments,  
Now explaining the rottenness  
Of English ideals;  
Now damning the Red Cross  
And futile far relief.  
Saying with blatant, easy bravery,  
"I'd rather hang than kill a man,"  
And yet  
Claiming exemption, not because you believe these  
things,  
But because you had recently married  
(A wife who has a private income!)  
Oh, empty words!  
For we who watched you knew  
How black the fear that seized you  
At sight of khaki—and headlines.  
Some day  
Your tiny soul, that buried its head  
Like an ostrich,  
Is going to turn and look at itself,  
And he sickened  
At sight of the yellow streak.  
—Boston Daily Advertiser.

## Courage!

Courage!—What if the snows are deep,  
And what if the hills are long and steep,  
And the days are short, and the nights are long;  
Courage! The snow is a field of play,  
And the longest hill has a well-worn way;  
There are songs that shorten the longest night,  
There's a day when wrong shall be ruled by right,  
So courage! Courage! . . . 'Tis never so far  
From a plodded path to a shining star.  
—Private Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the Camp  
Wadsworth paper.

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## TICKET SCALPING IN NEW YORK.

A California Visitor's Experience with a Galli-Curci Performance.

I was one of many thousands in New York who didn't pay \$12.50 for a \$2.50 seat to hear an announcement at the Hippodrome last Sunday evening that Galli-Curci would be unable to sing (writes a "California Visitor" in the New York Evening Post). But I was tempted.

On going to the box-office several days before the concert I was told the house had been sold out. Disappointed, I turned to walk away when a Yiddish urchin asked if I wanted tickets for the Galli-Curci concert.

"You can get 'em at the candy store 'cross street," he volunteered.

This roused my curiosity. The woman behind the counter informed me she had just sold her last tickets.

"But," she added, "Mr. ———, on Broadway, he have some tickets."

Still curious, I sauntered over to Broadway, in the trench district, crossing to the west side of the street in order to obtain a view of Mr. ———'s possible place of business on the opposite side. While thus engaged I was startled by a voice from an underground cavern, "Tickets for Galli-Curci?"

A small man, with small eyes and a small head adorned with red hair, was in the opening to the dugout.

"How in thunder did you know I wanted Galli-Curci tickets?" I asked in amazement.

"I never let a chance go by," he replied.

So I descended the steps. In a space about six feet square, hoarded off from the rest of what must have been a cellar, was another shrewd-looking gentleman cramped into an inconceivably small space behind a little counter. On the wall back of him were theatre tickets of every variety and color, and numerous soiled charts showing the seating arrangements of local theatres.

I asked what he had for the Galli-Curci concert. Two seats in the balcony at \$15 each. By chance I drew from my pocket two tickets for a coming performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the little red-haired man at my elbow immediately exclaimed:

"Those seats are rotten. Last row in orchestra circle. Big crowd stands back of you, coughing on your neck, shouting and clapping in your ears, and poking your wife's hat with

their elbows. I'll allow you \$3 each for your seats to apply on the Galli-Curci tickets. My seats are choice. All the musical people prefer the balcony. Your wife can keep her hat on undisturbed."

Evidently his seats were in the last row of the balcony. Discouraged and disgusted, I climbed to the street level with the redhead at my heels, trying to hold me with an offer of \$4.50 each for my Metropolitan tickets, which I had no intention of giving up.

Crossing Broadway, I stopped in a sort of no-man's land at a point near where the crowd of passers-by had to proceed slowly through a cattle runway which serves to keep people from being pushed into the subway excavations. From a doorway above the slow-moving throng droned a voice: "Tickets for Galli-Curci."

Watching my chance, I broke through the stream of pedestrians and reached the side of the ticket vender. Two seats in the balcony at \$12.50 each. I felt as if I had saved \$5 by crossing Broadway, and was about to enter the shop when another man pushed in ahead of me and immediately began to hargain for the seats. A few doors away another man was offering choice seats, and as I moved toward him I remarked aloud: "These scalpers all seem to speak the same language."

A gentleman with gray hair and carrying a cane overheard my remark.

"Scalpers!" he exclaimed bitterly. "That's too North American. These Broadway buzzards are the claws of the octopus that spreads its foul tentacles over New York's theatrical business, and New York is always full enough of suckers and fools to keep the voracious beast alive and flourishing."

With another exclamation of disgust he walked away and left me wondering. Not caring to make further effort to align myself with fools and suckers, I retreated up Broadway, running the gauntlet of several more "buzzards." Their number and activities seem to lend an atmosphere of "Mittel-Europa and world domination" to this thoroughfare.

Joseph M. Stephenson, secretary of the Agriculture Preparedness League of Scranton, Pennsylvania, has succeeded in crossing a tomato plant with a potato plant, so that he gets tomatoes on the vines and potatoes on the roots.



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THE CALIFORNIA TENOR.

Theodore Karle made his first San Francisco appearance on last Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Theatre, and won many plaudits from the discriminating audience there assembled. Mr. Karle has the physical robustness of appearance which so often characterizes tenors, and health and youth tell in his voice, which is of considerable volume and is fresh, smooth, and clear. It is suggestive of McCormack's tenor, which may turn out a fortunate thing for the young aspirant, to whom McCormack's success serves no doubt as an incentive. For America must be the field for some time to come in which musicians will glean the golden harvest. The new tenor in his programme gave an Italian group, a couple of Handel numbers, and one group of Indian and another of English songs. It was not a particularly well-balanced programme, but it had its points of interest.

Mr. Karle sings with such distinctness that his songs with English words were especially enjoyed, more particularly because they were congenial to his special line of interpretation. A tender and pensive sentiment—rather more pensive than tender—was most sympathetically expressed in the final group of songs, one of which, and that a particularly beautiful and appealing one, is a composition of Mr. William Stickles, who plays Mr. Karle's accompaniments. This the singer gave *con amore*.

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and the listeners loved it at once, because of its sweet pensiveness, because it made pictures for the imagination, and because it ended in a Pippa-like burst of gladness.

It was curious, in view of the sympathetic charm in the singer's rendition of this song—"Expectancy"—and also of "Twilight," that he failed in some degree to convey the exquisitely sad, reminiscent mood of "Autumn."

"The Joy Man," by Watts, displayed ringing and brilliant tones, but, judging from the Italian arias, the singer's rather calm temperament has hitherto prevented him from fusing those melting tones which express warmth and ardor. In this he is again like McCormack, who, to my taste, sings his operatic arias perfunctorily: just to show he can.

Mr. Karle's specialty will probably be as a ballad singer. The many sweet and long-sustained notes, in the line of numbers chosen, show that his breath-control, as claimed, is beyond the ordinary, and his vocal equipment is of a superiority that will tell. Which makes the second American tenor launched during the present season in whose future we are justified in feeling considerable confidence.

#### THE ST. FRANCIS LITTLE THEATRE.

The last bill of this now temporarily vanished playhouse contained a revival of "En Deshabille," in which we are supposed to luxuriate in a delightful sense of being shocked. I tried hard to reach that enviable state of mind, but I remembered too well that the timid adapter had contrived things at the end so that *les convenances* were duly preserved. For, after all, Gregory and Claire were already married. How disappointing! You may be sure, however, that the French made her in the original an ex-mistress instead of an ex-wife. If "En Deshabille" were other than a parlor fireworks display of epigrammatic artificiality one might cavil at the improbability of Claire's facile forgetfulness of her former partner, marital or illicit. But one does not take "En Deshabille" seriously enough for that. It is merely a whiff of epigrammatic dialogue huilt on a superstructure of carefully designed impropriety; and all intended to shock us entertainingly. So, let's be shocked, and let it go at that.

"Dies Irae," by F. W. Wendt, shows a Russian officer in the suspected quarters of a peasant woman who is mourning the capture of her revolutionist son. The author has crammed into his playlet a recognition—for

they were once lovers; a revelation—for the captured youth is his son also; a plea—for the mother begs the life of her son; a disclosure—for the youth has been executed; an avowal—for the officer still loved her; a death—for he unconsciously drinks the poison she intended for herself; a suicide—for she invites and receives the shots of the besiegers. Pretty intensive work, this; rather too much so, for it was not possible for one's emotions to keep abreast of so many tragic events.

The most interesting piece of the afternoon, and one particularly well acted by the four participants—Miss Sullivan and Messrs. Maitland, Morrison, and Yule—was "The Culprit," by Percival L. Weil, which is one of those playlets which captures your interest at once, and keeps you absorbed in guessing. It offered keen interest, suspense, and a surprise or two, and ended in a manner entirely acceptable to our sympathies.

Now comes the interregnum, during which Mr. Maitland will comb over the field of playlets with a fine-tooth comb, selecting pieces for our diversion for the winter of '18 and '19.

#### "SHOW OF WONDERS."

Well, what do you think? The girls were actually swathed, yes, swathed in folds and draperies and long skirts and things. This, however, was in the first act. They thought better of it in subsequent acts. But even when they uncovered them they did it cautiously and by degrees, as it were. Thus, in a subsequent figure display, each charmer's left leg was skirted while her right coyly revealed itself in tights; yes, quite coyly, for its upper half was bloomed. In this same costume liberal revelations were made of a bare left shoulder and contiguous territory, while the right remained in seclusion.

"The Show of Wonders" includes two acts and fifteen scenes. It is made up of girls in innumerable costume changes, quantities of alleged singing, some fairly good dancing, numerous gorgeous and really beautiful scenic effects, and the Howards. They have a new comic female impersonator in Charles Wright, who as Pansy imitates the robust-voiced George Monroe and like him is rather funny in a mildly vulgar way, with his bass voice and petticoat-lifting comedy.

The girls are very young. Some of them look as if they were children only yesterday. Little Flora Lea is a pretty creature and full of the spring of extreme youth. But she can't

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sing for sour apples. They have been selected for youth and shape and grace, but they all have the flat, toneless voices of their tribe. Not one of them can sing. Neither can Eugene Howard, for that matter. 'Genie simply hawls. So does his brother except when he imitates a ukelele, which he did very well, to the vast joy of all the soldier and sailor boys in the audience. Even the haldheads and the gray-haired ladies could not dissemble their rapture when they heard this rare pearl of vocal art issue from the accomplished lips of Willie Howard. In trying to revive my recollections of a show whose primary purpose is to stupefy thought I find, except for the witticisms of the Howard Brothers, the robust comedy of Charles Wright, and the alleged singing, it is all an appeal to the eye. But some of the scenes are so gorgeous that they insist upon being remembered. Only an artist could have designed them. The Adirondack forest was constructed on lines of beauty, and the colors of the costumes were gradations of all the hues of autumn. They ran from pale gold to frost-highlighted brown, and there was the

Russet and yellow of apples mellow,  
 And wheat and millet and corn.

There was another scene—the "Oriental Bazaar," I think it must have been—but this one poor head can't carry all it is supposed to know about these fifteen scenes. This was also very beautifully designed. The high lights were glowing gold, and there were rich contrasts of shadow, and effects of glimmer and gorgeous gloom. This led up by degrees to the Burmese Temple scene, which, except for the purple costume of Tamoura, offered another instance of a splendid arrangement of harmonious colors. I have sought in vain

# Don't fail to read the Amazing Diary of a German War Bride

The horror of the Kaiser's enslavement of women in revolting unions to increase the birth rate by force is vividly told by a girl who lived her part as an unwilling bride. The diary reveals such atrocious conditions existing in Germany, under sanction of the law, as existed by right of brute force in Belgian and French territory captured by the Germans. It is one of the most damning indictments against the German government that has ever been made public. Don't fail to read this astounding fact-proof story as revealed in this war bride's narrative.

San Francisco Chronicle  
 Sunday, March 10th



on the programme for the name of the artist who designed these scenes. I have found the names of seven men who are responsible for the composition and staging of the piece; also those of four business representatives; also of some ten firms who supply scenery, costumes, and accessories. It says scenery by Law and Young, who may be the artist-designers. If so, I would like to pay them my compliments. This hunting on the programme for the names of designers gives some idea of what sort of an attraction "The Show of Wonders" is. Every effort is made to surpass anything of the kind hitherto seen. For instance, in one scene, the pretty little chicks in the chorus are each of them semi-caged in a gorgeous gilded arrangement which stands up and behind them like a huge, conventionalized peacock's tail. In another the chorus girls wore a queer sort of a black-velvet headgear that resembled nothing so much in shape as an emaciated rooster all twisted up and dying in a fit. Yet it was striking and effective.

The Howards are great favorites, and the audience displays a miraculous swiftness in assimilating Eugene's jokes. There is another good comedian, though I would not dare to assert that I have correctly lifted his name from the voluminous lengths of the programme. However, I think it is Sidney Phillips.

GALLI-CURCI, NEW OPERATIC STAR.

Broadway is still raging with the name and fame of Galli-Curci, the newly-risen star, who at one bound achieved a phenomenal success, and set all New York talking. They are comparing the tremendous and thrilling hit made by the coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Association to the immense sensation that was created by Adeline Patti and Jenny Lind during the middle of the nineteenth century. Galli-Curci's instantaneous success has seemed to indicate not only that here was a singer of uncommon gifts, of sure artistic instinct, and with a natural dowry of musical refinement, intellect, and heart, but that the public was hungering for just the sort of music she was giving them. Her phenomenal success, it is thought, will restore

the vogue of old operas which will be revived, and with them the school of coloratura singing.

Mr. William Thorner of the Chicago Opera Association, who heard Galli-Curci in Italy five years ago, and through whose instrumentality she obtained the Chicago engagement, is authority for the statement that to her own self is the credit due for the improvement of early faults that threatened to mar her career. It seems entirely natural that a singer of her type should be an Italian; from Milan, in fact, where her people still live. She is married to the Marquis di Simemi, a painter whose wife is his favorite model. The marquis prizes his wife's beauty more than she appears to. "Singing is everything to me," she said. "One must be clothed, but it matters little what I wear." Fortunately the artist husband drives the cantatrice to the dressmaker, and makes her buy suitable and beautiful clothes.

Galli-Curci is naturally feeling very ardently drawn toward the city that has made her famous in a night; which is, no doubt, rather aggravating to Chicago, which for two years has been doing her so much honor that in that city alone one hundred and fifty thousand of her song records have been bought.

But New York has the say. One night's singing of "Dinorah" in New York, and the American press is husily engaged in spreading far and wide the news of the success of the diva, to hear whom New Yorkers have been standing in line when the temperature registered 10 degrees below zero, and who paid, some of them, as high as forty dollars per seat.

And we in San Francisco are to hear this marvel, of whom William Thorner, her first American sponsor, says: "From the lowest register to the top her voice is of one quality. She is perfect in everything. She has a wonderfully flowing legato, such as very few have possessed, and such as is the main basis for good singing. . . . She has a great facility on the highest notes; and she is a wonderful comedienne."

We are further informed that Galli-Curci began her musical career as a pianist—for she is not merely a voice, but has great musical taste and intelligence—and was reluctant to give up the piano when it was pointed out to her that she had career as a singer before her. Her late decision shortened her preliminary vocal training. Perhaps to this were due the faults which she later worked so hard to overcome. These faults caused New York to overlook her several years ago, and she then used talking-machine records of her own songs in order to detect and correct them. That they are now eliminated her recent spectacular leap into fame would seem to indicate.

Fortunately for public curiosity in our community and for true lovers of song as well, Galli-Curci was hooked for San Francisco a year ago by the perspicacious and fortunate Mr. Frank Healy, who has engaged the Exposition Auditorium for her concerts in May, and who states, in tones of unqualified cheerfulness, that the demand for seats has already begun.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Last Week of "Show of Wonders."

The engagement of the New York Winter Garden "Show of Wonders" will end at the Cort Theatre on Sunday night, March 17th.

The cast is an all-star one. Headed by Eugene and Willie Howard, it numbers among its principals such notables of the stage as Tom Lewis, White and Clayton, Sidney Phillips, Flora Lea, Charles Wright, Adèle Ardley, Patsie O'Hearn, Dan Quinlan, Ernest Hare, Edmund Mulcahey, Arthur Davis, Virginia Smith, Jacque Kujawski, Harry Wilcox, Myrtle Victorine, and Irene Zolar.

The scenery is as gorgeous as an Indian Durbar. Beginning with a simple pastoral setting in the Adirondack Mountains it hurries the auditor through a greater part of the world with stop-overs in New York union railroad station, the interior of a Pullman sleeping-car, a fashionable bathing beach, the lobby of a billion-dollar hotel, the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House, the famous public square of New York, behind the barbed-wire entanglements of a German trench, and the interior of a Burmese Temple in the Far East.

Of course no Winter Garden spectacle would be complete without its big scenic thriller, and in the "Show of Wonders" it is the German trench wherein transpires a bit of patriotic action called "Over the Top."

An ingenious Frenchman points out how disastrous is the number II to crowned heads who write it after their names. In the present day there are Abdul Hamid II, Nicholas II, and Manuel II, deposed—and there is William II, who can scarcely derive encouragement from contemplating their fate. In the past there have been Alexander II of Russia, assassinated; Louis II of Bavaria, insane and a suicide; Charles II of France, who was murdered; and, in England, Harold II, Richard II, and Edward II died by violence.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Last "Pop" Concert of the Season.

Alfred Hertz has excelled himself in contriving the programme for the afternoon of Sunday, March 10th, at the Cort Theatre, when the tenth and last "Pop" concert for this season will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Three soloists will be heard on that occasion—Horace Britt, Emilio Puyans, and Harold Randall, the distinguished violoncellist, flutist, and clarinetist, respectively, of the orchestra. Britt's contribution will be Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," for violoncello and orchestra.

Messrs. Puyans and Randall will have excellent opportunity to show their talent at best in Saint-Saëns' "Tarantelle," for flute, clarinet, and orchestra.

The orchestra alone will be heard in the overture to "Fra Diavolo," by Auber; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance"; the Pizzicato Ostinato, from Tschaiakowsky's Fourth Symphony; Bizet's "Carmen" Suite; the Prize Song from Wagner's "The Mastersingers," with violin obligato by Louis Persinger, and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasie."

On Friday afternoon, March 15th, and Sunday afternoon, March 17th, the twelfth and last pair of regular symphonies will be held at the Cort. The programme which Hertz has arranged for this pair follows: Brahms' Third Symphony, F major; selections from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," including "Minuet des Follets," "Dance des Sylphs," "Rakocsky March"; "Caucasian Sketches," Ippolitov-Ivanov; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakov.

"Mister Antonio" at the Columbia.

Otis Skinner is announced for the Columbia Theatre for a fortnight's engagement, beginning Monday evening, March 11th, in his latest comedy success, "Mister Antonio," written for him by Booth Tarkington.

In writing "Mister Antonio" Mr. Tarkington had in mind for the leading character a perfectly good man. For two years he pondered and finally made this good man an Italian organ-grinder. In this rôle of Tony Camaradonio, Mr. Skinner has scored a success fully equal to that gained by him as the beggar in "Kismet."

Tony is a most lovable character, a poet by nature, an optimist and a happy philosopher. He keeps a little flower stand in the winter, and when spring comes journeys forth with his hurdy-gurdy for a tour of the country. He believes all people are good, none of them mean, only asleep. When he finds a small-town magnate drunk in a New York, East Side bar-room, minus hat, overcoat, and money, Tony plays the good samaritan and lends assistance. Later in his journeying Tony comes to the town of Avalonia, Pennsylvania, where this same man holds sway as mayor. The lesson of compassion has apparently had little effect on the mayor, for he has just ordered from the town a young girl, a member of his household, who has stolen away and attended a dance the night previous. When Tony realizes the situation he plays an important part in the town happenings and it is needless to say heats the mayor at every turn.

Mr. Skinner is under the Charles Frohman management and comes here with the New York company intact. In the cast are Ruth Rose, Joseph Brennan, Robert Harrison, Walter F. Scott, John McCabe, Ernest Elton, Frances Landy, Sue Ann Wilson, Agnes Marc, and others.

Frieda Hempel's Appearances.

The concert and operatic stages know few sopranos in history of greater and more varied gifts than Frieda Hempel, the famous diva of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who comes to San Francisco for two recitals to be given at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and again a week from tomorrow. Her superb work in opera has been more than duplicated in concert, a thing as unusual as it is delightful. In reviewing the appearance of this great artist the most prominent American critics seem to have instinctively come upon one word when expressing themselves anent the art of Frieda Hempel. That word which they all seem to feel is most fitting is "exquisite," and it is difficult to discover one notice or criticism of Miss Hempel's concert or operatic work that does not contain the expression.

Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum concert office, who is bringing Miss Hempel to this city, feels sure that never in the concert history of San Francisco will music lovers be so thoroughly delighted as they will at the Hempel concerts. The great prima donna has elected to sing two mammoth programmes, each different, and each containing a liberal list of the finest creations of her vast repertory. These offerings will reveal the artist in every phase of her wonderful vocal attainments, and will at once establish her in this city, where she is making her first visit, as one of the greatest singers that have ever been here.

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The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Gertrude Hoffmann will enter on the second and last week of her successful engagement next Sunday matinée.

A great new bill will also be presented. J. C. Nugent, the famous author-comedian, will present his original oddity, "The Squarer," every line of which is worth while. Mr. Nugent, who is a splendid comedian, will appear in the name-part and will be assisted by that charming and clever young actress, Miss Jule York.

Charles M. McDonald and James G. Rowland will appear in the entertaining skit, "My Good Friend," in which they impersonate two genuine Irish types. The dialogue they introduce is bright and witty, the songs they sing are tuneful, and their act throughout is thoroughly enjoyable.

Henry Regal and David Bender will present their witty skit, "Drop Us a Line." After a routine of comedy and acrobatics they create a genuine sensation with a bit of gymnastic hazard and conclude with a feat that is positively startling.

Harry and Emma Sharrock in their skit, "Behind the Grandstand," not only prove themselves sterling comedians, but also give a perplexing exhibition of mind-reading.

The only remaining holdovers in this fine bill will be Leo Beers in his clever and witty monologue and Phil Kelly and Joe Galvin in their clever and humorous characterization of the actor and the Italian.

Max Figman Coming Back.

A young man somewhat conscience-stricken by the sharp practices of the stock brokerage business in which he is engaged, makes a bet with three associates that he can tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, for twenty-four hours running. They then try in all manner of ways to make him tell a lie, but he steadfastly adheres to the truth and eventually wins the bet. This is the main theme of James Montgomery's farce, taken from Frederick Isham's novel, "Nothing But the Truth," which the Maxmell Amusement Company will offer for the second time this season at the Cort Theatre, starting Monday, March 18th, with the well-known comedian, Max Figman, in the title-rôle. Mr. Figman will be remembered for his clever work in "The Man On the Box." The rôle of the young stockbroker is one if not the best of Mr. Figman's career as a comedian. The management has surrounded him with a carefully selected cast of metropolitan favorites.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is much to be feared that this dreadful war will exercise a leveling influence upon our social strata that we shall be the first to deplore when the remedy has passed beyond our reach. Theoretically we like the democratic idea and we hope that the world will be made safe for it. But there should be moderation in all things. There should be careful avoidance of extremes. A willing horse should not be driven to death. If our millionaires are to go to war just like mere people we can already see in our mind's eye, Horatio, the red flag steering the ship of state. Never mind the metaphors. They get mixed under the influence of moral indignation.

These reflections are called forth by an item in an Eastern newspaper anent the description of Mr. Harold Lee Judd, who is described as a "mbillionaire," a word that we can neither pronounce nor define. Its construction may be due to anguish, or it may be an abbreviation of multi-billionaire. Mr. Judd, it seems, is the husband of "the former Mrs. Charles Gates," and we are further informed that he is "many time millionaire and noted sportsman." So now we know all about him. Whatever has been left unsaid is inferable.

Mr. Judd, we are told, "trudged along" on his way to camp in an "apparently light-hearted manner" and actually carrying a small bag, "just the same as the rest." Now think of that. There's democracy for you. Imagine, if you can, a "mbillionaire" trudging along on his two feet—curiously enough he has only two—the same as the other soldiers. One would think that at least he would prance along, or gallop along, or cavort along. He might have proceeded, or advanced, or passed onward. It is painful to think that Mr. Judd should use his feet at all, that either extremity of his august person should actually be employed. But *trudged*. Positively he shudder.

A stranger, says the news item, would hardly have given Mr. Judd a second glance. But had he known who he was "the situation would receive a sudden and drastic change." The stranger would then have prostrated himself, he would have wriggled in the mud. He would have beaten his unworthy forehead on the ground. Mr. Judd, we are told further in a paroxysm of awe, "did nothing to attract special attention." Perhaps he thought he had done enough in this line by marrying "the former Mrs. Charles Gates." But one would think that he should have done something, some little thing to call attention to his social prominence and to his wealth. He might have scattered largess among the rabble. At least he could have assumed a haughty demeanor. He might have had a reporter or two along, or a society photographer. But no. The last picture to be imprinted on the tablets of our memory is that of Harold Lee Judd, trudging along with his bag just like any one else, and doing "nothing to attract special attention."

And now what shall we say about the poor crawling worm who wrote that paragraph of adulation, the miserable little cringing sycophant whose infusorial soul was stirred to a shimmering enthusiasm by the spectacle of a rich man going out to defend his country? Well, there is nothing to be said except by

way of surprise that he escaped from the ribbon counter or the butler's pantry.

Dorothy Canfield, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, describes the method of taking a bath in a French town. Of course there are no bathrooms in the houses and yet, says Miss Canfield, "the people take plenty of baths, and in big porcelain bathtubs, too, bigger, and deeper, and fuller of hot water than those we have in our houses."

All you have to do is to go to the *établissement des bains* and tell the old woman who is in attendance at what time you wish to bathe and what kind of bath you wish to have. It will be ready for you and it will be a luxuriously good one and you will pay 15 cents for it. You will say: "Yes, of course I prefer a bathtub in my own house. Everybody would. But suppose I haven't money enough to have one? At home, in a town like this, you can only get a bath, or give it to your children, if you have capital enough to buy, install, and keep up a bathroom of your own. Here you can have an even better one, any time you can spare 15 cents in cash. Which method produces the bigger area of clean skin in a given community?"

When we laugh at the absence of baths in French houses we are a little apt to forget that it is only in large American cities that one finds bathrooms built into the fabric of the houses. The small towns of America are no better supplied with baths than are the towns of France, and actually it is not so easy to bathe in America as it is in France.

Miss Canfield might have mentioned still another bathing system peculiar to France. In some of the large French cities you can have a bath brought to your house with an appropriate quantity of hot water, and at any time you name. An hour or so later the bath will be called for and taken away again, and the cost is quite small. Instead of sneering at these French we might imitate them.

A friend in need is always a friend indeed (says Harrison Rhodes in *Harper's Magazine*), but a friend in Washington—Washington hospitality is stretched almost to the breaking point. Exhausted hostesses rush to the peace and quiet of New York for a few days' rest and come back, only to find that in their absence friends have occupied all the spare rooms, having forced themselves upon defenseless butlers left in charge, who had known them as honored and welcome guests in earlier, less aggravated days, and scarcely dared turn them out to sleep in the near-by parks or gutters. There is a story—doubtless untrue—of one woman at bay who is actually having the workmen in to tear down partitions and reduced radically the number of bedrooms in her house. She expresses the fear, however, that her friends will merely convert the enlarged quarters into dormitories and come in even greater numbers. Every American who can must now live at the capital, every one who can not must constantly visit there. Washington is now the nation's housing problem, its congested district.

There is a feeling in Washington that if the excess tax upon war profits is properly adjusted it will be the real estate agents of the capital who will bear almost the greatest part. They themselves admit that a month's business now is worth what a decade's was. The crush for houses, furnished or unfurnished, and the prices paid for them, have been astounding. One Washingtonian who had just moved into a charming but modest new residence which cost her \$30,000 to build was sorely tempted by an offer of \$15,000 for it for this past winter's season! Prices were not so fantastic last spring; *terque quaterque beati* those who heard the call of the capital in April and closed with the owners then. As winter set in and in a passionate November the whole nation determined to live in Washington, house-hunting became a strenuous game. The forgotten, sleepy, pleasant parts of the town which lie toward the Capitol from the haunts of faction were invaded. The lovely older city across the ravine was remembered, and "combing Georgetown for houses," as it was technically termed, became a leading outdoor sport—fashionable ladies hunted a home as in other days a fox. And some, touched with hysteria, even spoke of the possibility of living in those unexplored districts northeast and southeast of the Capitol.

Any one having a furnished house to let is strategically in a very strong position, and can demand things of prospective tenants which are not ordinarily considered in these dull transactions. Three young men from Chicago were last autumn taking an apartment from an agreeable woman, who said to them with a light, coquettish laugh, just as the lease was to be signed:

"Of course you understand that I'm to be hostess at all your dinner parties."

They, laughing too, took up the joke. "Oh, of course," they answered. "Of course."

"But I mean it," she went on. "And it's been put in the lease."

And she did mean it, and they refused to sign and did not get the flat.

## THE DOOM OF GERMANY.

(The English essayist, Frederick Harrison, at the close of 1917, addressed the following open letter to his former friend, Emeritus Professor Lujo Brentano, of the Universities of Munich, Breslau, Strassburg, Vienna, and Leipzig.)

PROFESSOR BRENTANO: I did not think I could ever again address a word to any German. But, in resigning your offices, you seem to us to be the one eminent German who foresees the appalling doom into which the Tyrant has thrust your people. It is now nearly fifty years since you came to our country, mastered our language and our history, studied our institutions, and were received as a colleague and a friend. You and I of old have exchanged books, letters, and friendly offices. All England recognizes your learning, your industry, your devotion to the cause of economic and social progress.

Can you do nothing to open the eyes of your nation, intellectual and far-seeing as it is, to the awful moral isolation into which the crimes of your soldier-caste have doomed them? If you have not yet grasped this fact, I will try to explain it to you. I am in England, as you are in Germany, an independent student of society, a social worker, wholly detached from politics, party, army, or government. In extreme old age, your senior by so many years, untouched by those passions this war has roused in those who have to act and to fight, I tell you that for years to come the German name will spell shame to every true man and woman of English blood. We have no Hymn of Hate. One does not hate a mad dog or a hungry wolf. We guard our own, and close every door and wall against them. Henceforth in Europe a German will be taboo—outside the pale of civilized man.

Do you think any Englishman can take in friendship any German hand? I warn you that to us it would be like touching a thief or a murderer. Do you expect that we shall employ as before German men and women in our business or in our homes? Never again! We know now that the German servant, clerk, merchant, diplomat in Britain too often has been spy, rival, swindler, traitor. Do you think we shall trade again—"as usual"? No! If your great capitalists nurse such a dream, do not let them delude your workmen. It will not be.

This will not be an affair of treaties, laws, and governments. Our business men, our working men will see to it themselves. Do you think that our seamen and maritime laborers who have seen tens of thousands of civilians done to death with every form of wanton barbarism will ever again welcome your ships in our docks? Do you think your "pirates" will ever again enter our ports—dump on us their cargoes—reft from our stores—"all as usual"? Your crimes against human nature have been too vast, too general, too revolting to be forgotten. You are yourself not only a great economist, but also a great moralist—an eminent social reformer. You know how the deep passion of indignation against savagery sweeps away in honest men the baser instincts of gain. We may have, too, a few men mean enough to desire a return to the old trade conditions. They are not so many nor so strong as your Krupps and Ballins fancy. No! Our profiteers, such as there are, will find themselves overborne and boycotted themselves by the indignation of our true-hearted people.

This war will not end as all modern wars have ended. We have often fought other nations, and quickly returned to civil intercourse in peace. But this has not been war. It has been the inundation of barbarism upon civilization of a kind unheard of since Oriental and mediæval incursions. It is the deluge of a whole race, drunk with the lust of blood and booty, "running amok" upon their peaceful neighbors. In this orgy they have outraged every law of morality—defied every decency of civil life—destroyed the sacred relics of past ages—prostituted science to become the tool of torture—proclaimed terrorism to be the new code of nations. Every utterance of your Kaiser, of your staff, of your press has been false—slandrous, treacherous, brazen lies to conceal their own disasters, to accuse their enemy of fictitious crimes. The tolerance, the good faith, the magnanimity we show has been perverted to some new murderous device. And your people to a man, woman, or child, with one voice accept, aid, applaud these treacheries, mendacities, and infamies. The whole German people have made themselves the docile creatures of their military drillmasters, who dominate the nation, in war, in trade, in education, in morals.

I leave it to you to warn your people of the ghastly conditions into which their industry will have fallen—of the universal ruin when your huge war debt is at last proved to be waste paper, when your factories are empty of material, your docks void of shipping, your braggart dreams of plunder all gone into the clouds. Where are you to get cotton, wool, metals, corn, ships, and overseas products? Not from us—not from Europe—not from America—not from Africa! We English could not restore your colonies, even

if we wished or tried to do so. How, then, are the German working men to work? You are a great economist. Perhaps you can tell them. I have nothing to do with that. All I wish you to understand is this:

Professor, the German will stand outside the "Comity of Nations," which now he defies and ridicules, until he has shown the world that he is no longer the monster of ambition and cruelty which forty years of Bismarckism and Kaisertum have made him. I await your answer to all this.

The scene is a crowded bus in London. A soldier, back from the trenches, is sitting in a corner near the entrance and puts his hand into his pocket for his fare, and pulls out a shilling and some coppers. The bus jolts violently and, to the soldier's dismay, the shilling slips from his fingers just as lights go out, as they always do in London in these days when a bridge is being crossed. The passengers with one accord begin to grope for soldier's shilling. "Fraid it rolled off, mate," says the conductor. Then the lights go up again, and discover three passengers each holding out the shilling which they have found.

The cucumber is grown in great quantities in Palestine. A traveler visiting an Arab school in Jerusalem writes that the dinner the children brought with them to school "consisted of a piece of barley cake and a raw cucumber, which they ate, rind and all."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A foreign-born citizen and his wife were not living together. A fire destroyed their home. The insurance company was resisting the payment of the policy of insurance thereon. The husband, on cross-examination, was asked by the lawyer for the insurance company if he and his wife were not separated. He replied: "Not financially."

He had long known that the army was no place for him. Therefore it was no surprise to him when the colonel remarked: "You're a thorough had egg; your conduct's outrageous. How you ever came to be an officer I don't know." "No, sir. If it hadn't been for this heastly war I should have been in Holy Orders long ago," replied the culprit.

Rev. Charlesworthy was making his periodic family call, and while waiting for the lady of the house to appear in the parlor started a conversation with the little girl. "What is that, my little dear?" he asked. "My apron," replied "Little Dear." "I see goin' to put it in the wash. Mamma got it all dirty." "She did?" "Yes, sir; she took it up just now to dust the Bible."

"What are you doing in the kitchen, Thomas?" inquired the inquisitive wife. "I'm opening a can of tomatoes, if you particularly wish to know," he impatiently rejoined. "And what are you opening it with?" "Why, with a can-opener. Did you think I was using my teeth?" he added, savagely. "Oh, no, dear," she sweetly replied; "but I do know you are not opening it with prayer."

Johnny was at the grocery store. "I hear you have a little sister at your house," said the grocer. "Yes, sir," said Johnny. "Do you like that?" was queried. "I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play marbles with him, and baseball." "Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?" Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four weeks."

Dorothea's aunt was visiting with Dorothea's somewhat wealthy and particular parents, who had brought up their daughter after their own manner. The aunt and the girl were about to go out, when the girl observed: "Are you going out, auntie? You've got a hole in your veil." "Have I?" replied the aunt. "I'm afraid I haven't time to change it now." "Oh, well, it's not a very big one," replied the girl, "and, after all, I don't suppose any one will know you're my aunt."

A prominent New York broker was joking a friend about his recent removal to a certain lonely suburb in New Jersey. The conversation ran something like this: "What on earth possessed you to go out there, anyhow?" "So as to save money." "How? Is food any cheaper there?" "On the contrary, it is slightly more expensive than in Brooklyn."

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"And have you carfare to pay?" "Yes; and the coal is dearer, too." "How, then, do you expect to save?" "Well, no opera, \$200 a year; no café meals, \$500 a year; no theatres, \$400 a year; no taxi fares, \$50 a year; no distractions of any kind, \$75 a year." "See here, Old Top," broke in the other man, "couldn't you save money by dying?"

With the easy grace of those who are accustomed by long habit two persons swung and swayed upon the street-car. As they chatted pleasantly a man sitting near arose and offered his seat to a lady. And then one of the original two commented to his neighbor: "I've been riding on this line for eight years," he said, "and I have never given up my seat to a lady." "Then you have never had any manners," snubbed the friend, severely. "Not so," answered the first. "I have never had any seat."

A brave soldier having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his footgear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in hold, feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks."

In a small town where something of importance happens perhaps once a year signs were posted on every tree and pole which read, "He is coming. He is coming." About two weeks later new signs appeared proclaiming, "He is here. He is here. He is at the Town Hall tonight. Admission, 10 cents." All the townsfolk, enticed by the prospect of seeing a distinguished person, gathered at the hall at the time appointed. At 8 o'clock the curtain was raised displaying a large sign which read: "He has gone."

A local lawyer the other day recalled an experience of his when, as a newly fledged harrister, he was called upon to arbitrate in a compensation case in regard to certain slum property. Accompanied by an official from the City Hall he proceeded to inspect the houses—there were six of them—and directly they set foot in the first one they noticed a distinctly disagreeable smell. In the second it was the same—only more so. The third one they entered was even worse. The official sniffed and sniffed. "What an unpleasant—ahem—odor," he said at length. "Can it be the drains?" The owner of the property shook his head. "Can't be the drains," he replied emphatically, "there aint none."

The negro stevedores of the Southern States of the American Union have been conscripted and shipped in great numbers to ports in France for unloading the incoming American steamers. Their cheerfulness has quite captivated the gayety-loving French, who never tire of listening to their laughter and their rag-time songs. When the "hosses" want to get a dockyard job done in double-quick time (says a *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent) they usually order a brass band to play lively negro tunes alongside the ship. Every stevedore thereupon "steps lively," and apparently his heavy labor becomes to him a light and joyous task. One stevedore, to whom the Atlantic voyage had been a test, exclaimed: "Mah goodness, Ah never knew dere was so much water between dem two countries. Dere aint enuf scenery for me, no sah, an, if de United States don't build a bridge across dat dere Atlantic, Ah's gwine to be a Frenchman for life."

The man in the corner seat looked worried. At last he spoke. "Madam," he said, "will you kindly take this nickel and give it to the conductor when he comes around? I have been trying to catch his eye, but he apparently does not see me. Will you see that he gets it?" The woman sat bewildered in the presence of such extraordinary honesty, but she good-naturedly accepted the trust. After the man left the car she, too, attempted to establish a line of communication with the conductor, but failed. She was nearing her own destination, but conscience forhade her leaving the car until her neighbor's fare had been paid. Before that feat was accomplished she had been carried four blocks past her street. When she finally got home her temper was slightly damaged. "But you shouldn't have been so accommodating," said her husband. "You should have got off at your corner." "But how could I?" the woman argued. "With that man's honesty before me as an example of right living I simply had to turn his nickel over to the conductor." "Maybe you are right," said the man admiringly. "Women certainly do have fine notions about these things. But it is too bad. You had to walk back." "Oh, no, I didn't walk," she said. "I rode." "And that cost you another nickel." "No, it didn't," she said. "The conductor



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never even looked my way when he came through, and I got off without having to pay."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Breaking into Print.

Oh, Mrs. Prunella Mehitahle Jane

Was stalwart of muscle and able of brain;

She could knit, if she would,

And her biscuits were good.

The care of a household she well understood.

But of such things her home-folks did not dare to hint—

They never got any one's name into print.

She carried a hanner, and stood on the pave;

She laughed at policemen who said, "Please he-have!"

She retorted, "Oh, fudge!"

To the affable judge,

And obstructed the sidewalks, refusing to hudge.

She rejoiced in reproaches bestowed without stint—

She is certain of getting her name into print.

—Washington Star.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

(With apologies wherever needed.)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood

When Winter is here and the coal bin is low!

In dreams I go back to the deep-tangled wildwood

That gave us the hacklog we hurned long ago.

The jolly old hacklog, the mug of hot cider—

Of comforts like these did our grandfather tell,

When grandmother sat with her candle beside her

In that little old cabin that stood near the well—

That little red cabin,

That wood-heated cabin,

That old-fashioned cabin that stood near the well.

When Summer is hot on the wheat and the poppies,

And humbhees huzz in the gay-flowered balm,

How far from our mind then the plumber's big shop is!

Our modern conveniences work like a charm,

But oh, when the mercury drops like a rocket

And water pipes hurst, then I'm longing to sell

And go back to the house with its moss-covered hucket,

Its Winter-proof hucket that hung in the well—

That moss-covered hucket,

That ice-spangled hucket,

That hucket that never froze down in the well.

Then turn, O my heart, to the scenes of my childhood,

The coal is quite gone and the fire is dead;

Both meatless and wheatless, we long for the wild-wood

That yielded our measure of hacon and hroard;

No meters to pay, and no plumber's hill soaring,

No sneezing, no freezing, no funeral knell,

But a jolly old hacklog a-sizzling and roaring

And a never-leak hucket to hang in the well—

The old oaken hucket,

The iron-bound hucket;

Hurrah for the hucket that hangs in the well!

—Florence Boyce Davis, in *New York Times*.

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## PERSONAL.

### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Helen Clark of New York and Lieutenant Howard Park was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at Grace Cathedral, Bishop William Ford Nichols officiating. Miss Betty Folger was the maid of honor and the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Edgar Park, was the best man. Mrs. Park is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark of New York and the sister of Lieutenant Edward Clark, Jr. Lieutenant Park is the son of Dr. Charles Park and Mrs. Park of Santa Barbara. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Park and Mrs. Park will leave for American Lake, where the former is stationed.

The marriage of Miss Frances Rives and Mr. Peter Haury was solemnized Saturday evening at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley. None but relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edington Detrick, Jr., on Hillegas Avenue. Mrs. Haury is a sister of Mr. Allen Rives and Mr. Henry Rives of Nevada. She is a cousin of Mrs. Edington Detrick, Jr., Mrs. Mary Morton Rives, and Miss Lucille Rives. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Haury will reside at New Almaden, near San Jose.

Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a luncheon recently at her home in San Mateo, her guests including Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Robert Smith, and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a luncheon Saturday at her home in Burlingame. The guests included Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, and Miss Katherine Ramsay.

Dr. Morris Herzstein gave a luncheon Sunday at the Palace Hotel, complimenting Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A. The guests included Judge William Hunt, Mr. Evan Pillsbury, Mr. E. S. Heller, Mr. Homer King, Judge Erskine Ross, Judge L. M. Garrison, Dr. Wilson Shiels, Dr. John Galloway, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Clinton Worden, Judge James Cooper, Judge Frank Angelotti, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Edgar Walter, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Colonel Guy Edie, Dr. H. C. Moffitt, Mr. Julien Neltner, Mr. George Whittell.

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Mr. W. S. Miller, Judge William Morrow, Judge William Gilbert, and Dr. Thomas Huntington.

Mrs. John McMullin gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Palace Hotel, her guests having included Mrs. Clara Darling, Mrs. Henry Seal, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. James Langhorne, and Mrs. William Gwin.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Olivia Pillsbury entertained at luncheon Thursday at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Emily Pope. Those asked to meet Miss Pope were Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Miriam Beaver, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Alejandra Macondray, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Cornelia Clappett, and Miss Kate Crocker.

Admiral Charles Gove and Mrs. Gove were dinner hosts of Saturday evening, their guests having been Captain Randolph Miner and Mrs. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. Thomas Barbour.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue, complimenting Miss Constance Hart, the fiancée of Major Delos Emmons.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton entertained at dinner recently in San Diego, their guests having been Lieutenant-Commander Kirby Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Lord Dunsmore, Major V. E. C. Dashwood, Captain R. J. Pinto, Captain R. A. Danon, and Lieutenant Hugo Johnstone.

Miss Helen St. Goar gave a luncheon Monday at her home on California Street, her guests including Miss Helen Clark, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Miriam Beaver, Miss Kate Crocker, and Miss Flora Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Arthur Vincent gave a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Harold Cooke and Mrs. Harold Chase. Among the guests were Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mrs. Relda Stott, and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins.

Captain Mark Gerstle and Mrs. Gerstle entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Ross Curran gave a luncheon Saturday at her home in Burlingame. Her guests included Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. George Newhall, and Mrs. Robert Smith.

Miss Flora Miller entertained at tea Monday afternoon at her apartments at Stanford Court in honor of Miss Helen Clark, whose marriage with Lieutenant Howard Park took place Wednesday at Grace Cathedral. Those asked to meet Miss Clark included Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Miss Miriam Beaver, Miss Emily Pope, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Gretchen von Phul, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Jean Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood entertained a group of friends at dinner Thursday evening at the Claremont Country Club.

Miss Alice Griffith entertained the army and navy officers stationed about the Bay at a reception given Saturday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs.

Andrew Carrigan, Mrs. Charles Griffith, Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mrs. Florence Pinst, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, and Miss Sally Maynard.

A bridge-tee was given Saturday afternoon at the Peninsula Hotel for the benefit of the San Mateo Chapter of the Red Cross. Some of those who entertained at the affair were Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. Walter Chidester, Mrs. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. Harold Mack, Mrs. Walter Hyman, Miss Helen Footman, and Miss Lupita Borel.

## Musical and Reception.

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Mary Carr Moore entertained one hundred guests with a musicale at her home, 1334 Page Street. Assisting Mrs. Moore on the programme were Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, Mr. George Churchill Patterson, Miss Bernice Sternberg, Mrs. Gertrude Graham Adams, and Dr. Maurice O'Connell. Selections from among Mrs. Moore's own compositions were rendered by Miss Fox, Miss Sternberg, and Mrs. Adams. Mr. Patterson's rendition of Browning's "Saul" was read to the accompaniment of music written by Mrs. Moore and arranged for piano, violin, and cello. This number particularly displayed Mrs. Moore's talent as a composer and the marked success which attends all of her work in orchestration.

## Stabat Mater.

The eighth annual Good Friday "Sacred Concert" and performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will take place as usual this year in the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley. Paul Steindorff, the famous choragus of the college, will again be in charge of the important event, and, as has been his custom from year to year, he will maintain the exalted standards that have made this performance one of the most talked of music festivals in the country. Good Friday this year falls on March 29th, and Director Steindorff is now negotiating with famous artists to assist him in the solo rôles of Rossini's masterpiece, as well as to take part in the musical programme. Full particulars of this event, which is always filled with interest to local music lovers, will be made in due time.

The British papers are relating interesting anecdotes relating to the German assault upon the British lines at Cambrai on November 30th. Near Villiers-Guislain a general had his headquarters. He had gone there after a visit to some other headquarters farther south, and he was sleeping in his pajamas when suddenly he was startled by the noise of rifle shots and machine gunning. He rushed out and saw the enemy advancing close with open country behind them. The general shouted to his orderlies and cooks and signalers, and other groups of men who were near his quarters. Collecting a small party of them who were able to seize their rifles, and still in pajamas, he led them out to hold up the enemy's outposts. Every man except himself was killed, but he rallied more men, seventy of them, including a number of American railway men, and dragged up one field gun, which he got in action at close range and fired with such deadly effect that the enemy retreated a thousand yards before getting up supports.

In Rouen history seems to have rolled backward (says a writer in the *Red Cross Magazine*). The city where the English burned Joan of Arc seems almost as British today as Birmingham or Manchester. Acres of factory chimneys smoke busily beside the Seine; the river is full of British shipping—coal barges, transports, hospital ships, tramp steamers, and in the crowded city streets are thousands of Tommies in khaki, Scotties in kilts or scandalous "shorts" of the same loud-colored plaid as the kilt; Australians and New Zealanders, natty, public school-bred officers; Sikhs wearing khaki turbans, and scores of V. A. D.'s and other rose-checked British women in khaki or blue serge, or the white muslin of the Red Cross nurse. The Norman conquest has been reversed and the English have retaken Rouen. It is an impressive and noble example of the complete unity and power of the Allies.

Far up in the northern part of Greenland live the little Eskimos. The people have no books. But by looking into a bag they can tell you their age. When a baby comes to an Eskimo's house, or igloo, a fur bag is given to the little one to keep for life. Every year when the sun returns after the long, cold Greenland night, a bone is put into the little bag. So when you look into the bag and see seven bones, for instance, you know that the little owner is seven years old.

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## The New Democracy.

A class in books of the war, called the New Democracy is being held at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday mornings at 11. The book selected for March 7th was "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America," by Professor Charles Mills Gayley. The next subject will be "Conquest and Kultur," from the Bureau of Public Information at Washington, D. C.

Clinical thermometers have, in the past, been a feature of Germany's trade; and so, when the German prisoners in France were being sorted out last year, they were asked if any of them were thermometer makers, and if so, would they care to work at their trade. A large number stepped out, and now nearly all the thermometers for use in France are made by these German prisoners. Their workshop is in one of the old dismantled forts near Paris, and apparently they are most happy in their work. Possibly this is in part due to the fact that they are teaching their art to a number of Frenchwomen.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar have returned to their home on California Street, after a visit of several weeks in the southern part of the state with their son, Mr. Charles St. Goar.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara from their home in Berkeley.

Lieutenant George Baker and Mrs. Baker arrived a few days ago from Tacoma, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cushing at their home in Piedmont.

Captain Robert Bentley and Mrs. Bentley arrived this week from Southern California and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley at their home on Green Street.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and her little son left Thursday for Del Monte to remain there over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, have reopened their home in Menlo Park, after having passed the winter months in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Achille Roos are passing several weeks at the Hotel Huntington in Pasadena.

Dr. Henry Horn and Mrs. Horn have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after a visit in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have returned to their home in Monterey, after a visit of several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Charles Boettcher and his daughter, Miss Ruth Boettcher, arrived a few days ago from their home in Denver and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnstone have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after a trip to the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis, who arrived recently from their home in Portland, are in San Diego, where they are visiting Mrs. Lewis' sister and niece, Mrs. George Boyd and Miss Jean Boyd.

Mr. Joseph Redding returned last week to San Francisco from a tour of the southern part of the state with Mr. Cuyler Lee.

Admiral James Bull and Mrs. Bull will arrive shortly from Santa Barbara, the former having been ordered to active duty in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre are at San Antonio, Texas, having gone south to be with their son, Lieutenant Edward Eyre, Jr., who recently received his commission as a lieutenant in the Aviation Corps.

Mrs. John Drum has been spending several days in Burlingame as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Junius Browne has returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in Pasadena.

Mrs. Charles Mills and her little son, Master Billy Mills, are visiting in San Antonio, Texas, where Lieutenant Mills is stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule returned to San Francisco last week from a visit of several days in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline have taken an apartment at Union and Scott Streets, where they will reside in future.

Lieutenant-Commander David Bagley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bagley have gone to Pinchurst, North Carolina, on their wedding trip. At the conclusion of Lieutenant-Commander Bagley's leave they will reside temporarily in Washington.

Mr. Julian Thorne will leave in a few days for Washington, where he will remain for a brief visit before sailing for France.

Mrs. Wilder Bowers arrived a few days ago from American Lake, where Lieutenant Bowers is stationed, and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Meiere, at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery have gone south for a visit of several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. McCreery will visit Mrs. Charles Wright in Santa Barbara before returning to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Alvah Kaime, the fiancé of Miss Alejandra Macondray, has gone to Arizona, where he will remain for a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby are passing several weeks at Hotel Coronado from their home in Ross.

Mrs. Russell Slade has gone to Atlanta, Georgia, to join Mr. Slade, who is in the Aviation Corps of the army.

Lieutenant Wendell Kuhn has been passing several days in San Francisco with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn. Lieutenant Kuhn has been stationed at American Lake.

Mr. George Lent has arrived in England, where he will remain indefinitely, having taken charge of an executive department of the Red Cross.

Mrs. Gilbert Wymond arrived last week from her home in Salt Lake to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawson have closed their home in San Francisco and have gone to Tonopah, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Hjalmar Boyeson and Miss Veida Dodge left Monday for New York. Miss Dodge will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge, who have been in the Eastern city for several weeks.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow will leave soon for San Pedro to visit her sister, Mrs. Algernon Gibson.

Lieutenant Wakefield Baker, who has been stationed at Camp Kearny, has been spending a few days in San Francisco on furlough.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barker, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, St. Helena; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walter, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. C. Reynolds, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Evans, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Ferris, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wood, Sacramento; Mrs. J. H. Drinkwater and daughter, Denver; Mrs. E. D. Ford, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Richards

and daughter, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Frank, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. C. Holtaran, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Day, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rednar and family, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brewster, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Young, Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgar, San Francisco.

A French schoolgirl, responding to greetings from the schoolgirls of America, recently wrote the following beautiful picture of the unity of the Allies: "It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice. The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."

Shark leather may be used for practically everything now made of cattle leather, the hides having, however, one great advantage over cowhides in that the "splits" are amazingly strong. A split is simply a peeling of the hide—something like the veneer cut from a slab of wood. An advantage possessed by the sharkhide is that, as contrasted with cowhides, its grain runs in such a way as to form what might be termed a web, which prevents the splits from cracking. A split of sharkhide may be creased, folded, flattened, and pressed down, yet it will retain all the smoothness of the outer layer. As a result shark leather costs about 50 per cent. less per foot than cow leather—and \$3 will buy a very substantial, if not fancy, pair of shark-leather shoes.

Since Sweden does not mine enough coal of its own to supply its needs, and as it is compelled to import most of its coal from England, one of the Swedish cities, Norköping, has just completed a central station from which it will be able to supply the entire city with all the heat and power that it requires. This will be accomplished by means of gas, steam, and hot water. In this way greater efficiency in the use of coal will be obtained by eliminating the waste of heat and energy which is caused by the use of individual private stations. As a by-product, the Norköping station is expected to produce 100,000 tons of coke annually, which is to be used in smelting about 70,000 tons of pig-iron each year in a foundry which is to be added to the power station.

A few years ago the people of Utah built a monument to the sea gull in gratitude for the protection that bird gave against a pest of crickets in the early days of the Mormon settlement. In 1848, the year after the Mormons reached Salt Lake Valley, there was a visitation of crickets that destroyed the crops. Starvation was threatened. When the outlook was dark great flocks of gulls flew into the valley and feasted on the crickets. It was not long until the cricket pest was removed.

"Have you economized?" "I don't know. I have tried, but when I go without things I like I find that all the articles that can be substituted for them cost just about as much."—*Washington Star*.



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Domestic Economy in England.

Charles S. Grasty, the newspaper correspondent, writes of the wave of domestic economy sweeping over England. I went with Lord Northcliffe, he says, to see the Lord Chief Justice bid adieu to the English bench and bar. On the way we were to stop at the Northcliffe home, and instead of going to St. James' Place, as of old, the driver was told to go to 8 Buckingham Street. We went in front of Buckingham Palace and passed the Hotel Rubens, turning to the left and then left again into a street that was more alley than street. We drew up in front of a row of small tenement houses, and Lord Northcliffe got out, saying: "This is my home, and the one next door is Lord Lytton's." I was extremely interested, and went inside to see more of this change of state as compared with St. James' Place. On the ground floor there was a room about eighteen feet square which was the dining-room, furnished neatly and plainly; in the rear the "den," and then a large hall with a stairway. The house fronts about twenty-five feet and has three stories. I should say that \$100 a month would be a pretty stiff rent for it. "What did you do with the fine house in St. James' Place?" I asked. "We let it to a man who spent five million dollars building a fine house. It was too expensive to maintain in war-times, so the owner closed it up and came down to what he regarded as contraction and economy in St. James' Place. We, in turn, moved to this little house, displacing people who find a flat

good enough, and their predecessors in the flat doubtless now content themselves in lodgings. We keep three servants here when we can get them. With the money saved by living in Buckingham Street instead of St. James' Place Lady Northcliffe is able to keep and support a hospital of her own. So far from finding it a deprivation, my wife and I like it. It is less trouble and there are fewer complications."

An idea of what has been accomplished in the way of industrial efficiency in Italy may be gathered from the fact that whereas previous to entrance into the war the country had about 125 incompletely equipped factories, employing 125,000 workmen, today it has 3550 factories going and will soon have 4000, employing over 700,000 workers, of whom 160,000 are women and 45,000 are boys. Of these 3550 factories, 1750 are classified as auxiliary and 1800 as minor shops.

At least five varieties of winds are known to the people who inhabit the Pacific Coast, the Indian Ocean, and the part of Africa east of the Suez. Our friends in Sahara have the sirocco; in India the monsoon and the moon; in Japan the typhoon, and in British Columbia the chinook.

Doctor—Your daughter, madam, is suffering from constitutional inertia. *The Girl*—There, ma! And you've been saying I was simply lazy.—*Boston Transcript*.



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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why did your wife leave you?" "Force of habit, I guess. She was a cook before I married her."—*Boston Transcript*.

She—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once? *Young Soldier*—Yes, twenty at once, if they were all like you.—*Judge*.

"What did you do when you found your boat's course arrested by the incoming waves?" "Why, I hailed her out."—*Baltimore American*.

"I hear Smith came through his first gas attack unscathed." "Yes. He didn't mind it in the least. He used to ride home every night in the smoker of the 5:15."—*Life*.

"I want a pair of hutton shoes for my wife." "This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?" "Doesn't matter, just so they don't hutton in the hack."—*People's Home Journal*.

"Many engagements?" "Well, I've sung with every orchestra in New York this season." "Good! What did you sing?" "The 'Star-Spangled Banner.'"—*Musical America*.

"Whisky has ruined the reputations of many men." "Yes," replied Broncho Boh; "and at the same time I aint so sure that a lot of naturally no-account men haven't done their share to ruin the reputation of whisky."—*Washington Star*.

Friend (to cinema commissionaire, who has received notice)—I'm surprised you're leavin'. I thought you was a fixture 'ere. Commissionaire—Is anybody a fixture in these times? Look at the Czar of Russia, Tino, Tirpitz, and the rest of 'em.—*Punch*.

Stranger—Seventeen years ago I landed here in your town broke. I struck you for a dollar. You gave it to me, saying you never turned a request like that down. Citizen (eagerly)—Yes? Stranger—Well, are you still game?—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"They sent the marine reporter in the absence of the society editor to write up the wedding of the heiress to a foreign nobleman, and how do you suppose he headed it?" "How?" "Tied Up to Her Peer."—*Baltimore American*.

"Congressman Twohhle writes that he is my representative and wants to serve me," said Mr. Duhwaite. "What are you going to ask for?" "Nothing. The last time I visited Washington, with the fond expectation of hob-

nolhing with the great, he turned me over to his secretary, and the most important person I met was a hotel doorman."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Teacher—Now, Tommie, you remember I spoke of the word hetide. Give me a sentence with the word hetide in it. *Tommie*—The dog came into the house to be tied.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"No one understands me." "That's not to be wondered at, girlie. Your mother was a telephone girl before she married, and your father was a train announcer."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Road Commissioner—But who is to pay for such a fine road as you propose? *Citizen*—The motorists. It will tempt them to break the speed laws and their fines will pay for the road.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why did you discharge your cook?" "She said she wouldn't be reprimanded." "Did she express herself to that effect?" "Yes, hut what she really said was, 'I won't take no sass offen nobody.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What is your exact understanding of government ownership?" "I haven't an exact understanding," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "That's why I like the idea. I'm always willing to try anything once."—*Washington Star*.

"Think of the taxes the government will lose by prohibition!" "The taxes will be collected all right," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I'm inclined to think it looks better for the government to take its taxes straight instead of with whisky on the side."—*Washington Star*.

"I told Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton. "Did that please her?" "No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the hallo! in the first place."—*Washington Star*.

"Good-morning, judge," said the prisoner, cheerfully. "You seem in a good humor for a man who has spent the night in jail." "So I am, your bonor. I had a good night's rest and that always refreshes me. You see, my wife is a timorous woman and when I sleep at home I'm compelled to investigate many strange noises. No doubt there were burglars all around me last night, hut I didn't have to get out of bed and look for them."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## President Wilson Says: "The Public Utilities Companies Must Be Kept Up"

*In a letter to President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo writes:*

"I beg to hand you herewith papers which indicate the existence of genuine apprehension regarding the adequacy, under present conditions, of the services and rates of public utilities. The view is expressed that increased wages and the high cost of essential materials and supplies have affected them, as they have affected everybody else, and that united efforts will be necessary in order to meet alike the public requirements for service and the corporate financial needs upon which the service depends. As Secretary of the Treasury, I must take official notice of these matters. It is obvious that every part of our industrial and economic life should be maintained at its maximum strength in order that each may contribute in the fullest measure to the vigorous prosecution of the war.

**"Our local public utilities must not be permitted to become weakened."**

"The transportation of workers to and from our vital industries and the health and comfort of our citizens in their homes are dependent upon them, and the necessary power to drive many of our war industries and many other industries essential to the war is produced by them."

*The President replies:*

"I fully share the views you express regarding the importance of the public service as a part of our national equipment, especially in war-time. It is essential that these utilities be maintained at their maximum efficiency and that everything reasonably possible should be done with that end in view.

"I hope that the state and local authorities, where they have not already done so, will, when the facts are properly laid before them, respond properly to the necessities of the situation.

"I shall be glad to have you communicate with the local authorities whenever the information in your possession suggests that such a course is desirable and in the national interests."





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## FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Season.

The weather man, let it be admitted, is an uncertain prophet, yet we may with some confidence and a good deal of satisfaction accept his assurance that "with seasonable precipitation from now on" a successful season for California agriculture may be expected. The recent rains have come happily "in the nick of time" to save the state—again. We say again, for the thing has happened so often as to lie beyond the realm of novelty. Running over a long series of years we can not recall a season in which the alarmist has not had an inning. If rains have not come, or if they have come, or if they have come scantily or too abundantly, still we have suffered from the dismal forebodings of the habitual—we came near saying the professional—croaker. A few seasons ago it was the early rains that were lacking; the next year it was the inter-season dry season that threatened disaster; last year the late rains failed; yet in every instance something has happened to pull California through with generous if not bumper crops. Within recent memory, and what may be styled recent memory goes a long way back with some of us, there has been no failure nor any approach to failure. Nature, at all times kind to California, is even in least favorable years a fairly dependable quantity. Yet we

suspect the croaker, despite an unbroken record of broken prophecies, will continue to croak.

Measured by the amount of precipitation, this will probably rank among our "dry years," but with respect to the timeliness of the rainfall it becomes from the standpoint of the farmer a fortunate season, since one inch falling upon a growing crop is worth many times that amount at an earlier stage. The record for the season up to the evening of the 12th inst. is as follows:

Stations.	Seasonal to date.	Normal to date.	Seasonal Last Year.
Eureka	20.11	34.47	23.00
Red Bluff	9.05	19.16	15.45
Sacramento	6.77	15.17	11.99
Mt. Tamalpais	10.21	18.05	18.39
San Francisco	9.49	17.88	14.65
San Jose	7.01	13.07	11.81
Fresno	7.92	7.16	6.73
San Luis Obispo	15.58	15.57	22.21
Los Angeles	12.27	12.28	14.53
San Diego	6.66	7.89	8.74

### The Administration and the War.

A publicist whose patriotic participation in national affairs entitles him to be heard has put to the American people this pointed inquiry: *Can we under the leadership of a pacifist administration of military and diplomatic activities win the war?* The question is pertinent. It should be taken seriously by every citizen of intelligent and sober mind.

Answering for itself, the *Argonaut* does not believe that we can be a winning force in the war or, outside of our provision of food and other materials, a considerable factor in it under the leadership of a group of second-rate men whose thoughts are less of war than of peace. It takes men of war, of fighting spirit, to make war. This is not a time to weigh and measure calculations of peace, to consider after-war conditions. This is a time to make war in dead earnest, hammer and tongs, leaving after-war problems to a time when peace shall be won.

It is unfortunate that our President can not bring his mind and address his energies to the war—to the war and nothing but the war. It is unfortunate that he will not put experts at the head of the administrative departments. It is unfortunate that he can not see that peace is to be gained by fighting, and not by phrases. It is unfortunate that in his mind theory outweighs and subordinates fact.

We can only hope for his conversion to a state of mind matching the conditions. And we profoundly hope that his education will not be too costly—that it may not come through such failure and such cost of blood and treasure as may cause the nation to stand aghast and in its agony to rise in a demand for administrative reorganization so overwhelming as not to be denied.

### The Allies and Siberia.

In the matter of Siberia we are confronted, not by a theory, but by a condition. The facts are simple. At Vladivostok and in that vicinity many scores of millions of dollars worth of military and other supplies are piled up. We sold them to Russia, who paid with money borrowed from us. Now her heirs and assigns indicate that they will repudiate the loan. Obviously we are in the way of losing our money. But this is not the worst of it. There is danger that the supplies above mentioned may fall, if not actually into German possession, into hands unfriendly to us and our allies, and so be used against us. Thus Siberia has become a problem, a potential danger. Bolshevik rule there, none too certain a quantity, may be succeeded by Teutonic rule, which would surely be bad for us. Japan is adjacent to the scene. She offers to safeguard the military property and to keep the Germans out of eastern Siberia.

The condition cries aloud for action, but the Washington government up to this writing hesitates, albeit both England and France are ready and eager for Japan

to move on Siberia. Washington is seemingly afraid that if Japan should once find lodgment in Siberia she would never withdraw; and behind this apprehension there is the feeling that we may be bound to consent in respect of the fact that Secretary Lansing in his recent dealing with Ambassador Ishii conceded to Japan a free hand in the Orient. Then there are two serious facts in the situation. One, the President's doctrine of non-interference with the affairs of little peoples; second, that we have no navy in the Pacific Ocean and no means of transporting the 75,000 or 80,000 soldiers now in the Pacific States to Vladivostok. Clearly we are not in position, physically speaking, to take a very effective part in a movement to protect the stores at Vladivostok and to occupy Siberia. If undertaken at all, the movement must in its essential character be a Japanese enterprise.

But the most serious argument for inaction comes from Russia and from elements assuming friendship for the Allied cause and which declare themselves capable of holding back the Germans. Leave the situation to us, they say; give us the supplies at Vladivostok, with further help, and we will make it unnecessary for Japan or anybody else to move into Siberia. All this sounds fair enough and it would be an effective argument if faith could be placed in the assumptions and pretensions of those who make it. There are those who would yield to this argument; but, speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* has small confidence in the good faith and still less in the capability of those who thus maintain that Russia has within herself the power of her own redemption. There is little in the situation, political, military, or social, to inspire hope. Russia is plainly crumbling and falling piecemeal into the Teutonic maw. Before now we have heard it said that when the half-Teutonic frontier provinces should be passed, when the "real Russia" should be reached, then the German invaders would be met and overwhelmed by an embattled nation. But Ukraina, Courland, Finland, Poland have fallen before the advancing Teutons without effective opposition, if indeed any opposition at all. As we write, the German advance is within seventy miles of Petrograd and is still moving forward among submissive communities. The only pretense of opposition comes from the Bolsheviks, and there is only too much reason to fear that it is pretense merely. True, those who would have the Allies keep hands off are eloquent in assertion that Russia will rise against the invader. But Russia does not rise and there is nothing, at least on the surface of things, to indicate that there is on the part of the Russian masses the power or even the disposition to rise.

The situation is one in which prudence should be more concerned with what is happening in Russia than in what may happen. What is happening is that Germany is possessing herself of Russia as fast as days' marches may achieve that end. We can see no reason to hope that Germany, unobstructed by forces from without, will cease her advance until she has reached and possessed Vladivostok, where already she has a multitude of active agents. Russia, there is reason to fear, left to her own devices will throw up her hands to the Germans all along the line.

It must be remembered that Japan is in this war on the side of the Allies because of her engagements with England and of her aspirations for full fellowship with the Western nations, including the United States. Her immediate interests lie in the present posture of affairs not more with the Allies than with Germany. If she chose to break faith and make terms with the German she is in position to join with Germany in a wholesale division of Russia; and under such an arrangement Siberia would naturally fall to her.



share. Nations, Japan with the rest, are notoriously addicted in their policies to self-interest: and Japan may, if thwarted in her proposals towards Siberia, follow the line above suggested. It is asking a good deal that in the face of a clear opportunity, with Germany, to achieve a cherished dream. Japan should slight a great chance thrown in her path, at the same time accepting at the hands of her allies a direct and pointed snub inspired by an obvious distrust.

Upon review of the situation in all its bearings we are forced to believe that Germany has the intent and, unopposed from without, the power to do in central and in Asiatic Russia precisely what she has done in the frontier provinces. We have no faith in the spirit or the ability of the Russian people to rise in force and hold back the invader. Unopposed, Germany we believe will march first to Petrograd, then to the Pacific. Even if the Bolsheviks be sincere in its pretensions it will not be able to make effective protest. Thus if Siberia, including Vladivostok and the military supplies there assembled, are not to fall into the hands of the Germans, a movement must be made on the part of the Allies in protection of the exposed country.

Of course such a movement ought to be made in the name of the Allied nations, and in so far as practicable by combination of forces. It should be accompanied by a definite pledge of neutral purpose. Naturally Japan, being near at hand with assembled veteran forces, must bear the major share in the enterprise. But it should be given an international character by participation, however limited at the point of numbers, by the United States. We could send a few thousand men from the Philippine Islands and probably a considerable force could be drawn from China. Thus the prospective movement could be given not only nominal but actual character as an international project.

In our own interest, and in the interest of Russia as well, the German invaders should not be permitted to possess Siberia, much less the stores of military supplies at Vladivostok. Japan is in position to act immediately. She is our ally, and she ought to be treated as such. Any other course would be a reflection upon the integrity of her professions. To withhold from her permission to enter upon a movement obviously just and obviously in her own interest as well as ours will be to affront her mortally. Possibly, even probably, it would drive her to abandonment of her present alliance and into coöperation with Germany. Just as a man flouted by his friends may turn to affiliation with his enemies, so Japan, distrusted and snubbed, may in resentment seek both solace and recompense—where they may be found.

There is more sound than significance in President Wilson's message to the Soviet conference at Moscow. The Soviet is a species of peasants' union analogous to our labor-union organization. Its intelligence is limited and its powers nil. It is as little capable of interpreting and comprehending Mr. Wilson's fine phrases as a conference of Mexican peons would be. A message founded in lofty moral conceptions and addressed to high intelligence will in respect of its source be received no doubt with a thumping of boots and clapping of hands—and that's all. In the present posture of affairs there is one way, and only one way, to help the Russians, and that is for the Allies to go to their relief through the only door that is open. Japan stands at that door ready and eager to enter. She will do it if authorized by the Allies in the common cause. If authorization be withheld she will in all likelihood go in on independent account, or possibly upon an understanding with Germany. Russia will not be saved by phrases nor will Japan be denied by phrases.

#### An Embarrassing Inadvertence.

President Wilson is avowedly distressed, and we can easily believe not a little embarrassed, with respect to the fact that a paragraph offensive, and not unreasonably so, to a very considerable class of citizens has crept into the official Manual of Instructions for Medical Advisory Boards. The offending sentence is as follows: "*The foreign born, and especially Jews, are more apt to malingering than the native born.*"

Now the fact is that citizens of foreign birth have been quite as ready as native-born citizens to do their part in the war. Jews have been quite as prompt as Christians in tendering service to the government. Mr. Bernard Baruch is the head of the new War In-

dustries Board, and men of the Jewish race are to be found everywhere, conspicuously in the War Department. It is commonly understood that Secretary Baker is of Jewish descent. Local Jewish citizens have evidenced their patriotic spirit not only by promptly answering formal calls to military service, but by voluntary enlistment before the official call was made.

When the offensive paragraph was brought to the attention of the President last week he addressed a letter to the Acting Secretary of War from which we take the following sentences:

I am very much distressed that the sentence quoted in the inclosed telegram should have been contained in the draft instructions to the medical advisory boards. They, of course, represent a view absolutely contrary to that of the Administration, and express a prejudice which ought never to have been expressed or entertained. In all of this I am sure you will agree with me, and I hope that you will be kind enough to make an immediate excision of these sentences and instruct the medical advisory boards accordingly, letting it be known, if you will be kind enough, to the senders of the inclosed telegrams that you have done so.

This is not the first time President Wilson has found himself embarrassed in respect of offense to Jewish sensibilities. Some two or three years ago in an off-hand address to a group of college professors representative of "Christian education" he remarked that he could "recall no instance in the world's history illustrating advanced culture dissociated with the Christian system of education." Very promptly Rabbi Wise of New York called Mr. Wilson's attention to the fact that very much of human advancement in ethical and other forms of culture had come from other than "Christian" schools. It was a solar plexus knock-out; and Mr. Wilson, deeply chagrined, sought refuge in a renewed confession of inadvertence due to the possession of "a single-track mind."

#### America at War.

The United States has now a population of approximately 103,000,000. Of this total about 3,000,000 have been set actively at war work, including 1,500,000 more or less in the army, about 400,000 in the navy and marine corps and civil servants on distinctively war work. Approximately 1,700,000 railroad operatives are doing a sort of war work, though they can hardly be reckoned in the war roster, since in any event they would be doing transportation work. Actually, then, we have changed the employment of only about 3,000,000 men out of our total population of 103,000,000. To feed, supply, and transport these men from place to place, and to continue feeding our European allies as we were feeding them before we got into the war, is what the government is trying to do. What has actually happened is that we have diverted only 3,000,000 men from the ordinary business of peace to the new business of war. Yet in making this change, which affects less than one citizen in thirty, we have disrupted the whole economic, financial, commercial, and transportation organization of the country.

We have coal in the ground calculated to last at the present rate of consumption more than 4000 years, yet we have a coal shortage that has kept more than half the population of the country shivering for many weeks and that already is beginning to check industry. We have hundreds of thousands of tons of foodstuffs, last season's crop, stored or rotting in the agricultural West for lack of transportation to market, yet an actual food shortage exists in many of our cities. We have thrown at the shipbuilding industry hundreds of millions of dollars during the past ten months and we are not getting half as many ships as we were promised or as the expenditure should produce.

The one fine achievement of the war period is the youth of America in uniform. A visit to one of the camps—army, navy, or marine corps—is an inspiration. We are achieving a rebirth of patriotism. We are changing the spirit of go-as-you-please for discipline. America of the next generation is to be a better America than that of today. Generations yet remote will benefit from the sacrifice of this period, even if the greater number of young men now in khaki never actually engage in battle.

But the organization behind these young men, the organization existing solely to the end of directing and supplying them—for war organization reaches its apex in the individual fighting man in the trenches—is a grievous thing. The facts constitute a serious arraignment of American adaptability and efficiency. Somehow, with all our energy, with all our skill,

with all our pride in the material and moral excellence of our civilization, we have fallen short of meeting an emergency with poise and of adjusting ourselves quickly to new conditions. Obviously something is amiss with us; and it behooves us that we take stock of our deficiencies and find means of material and moral readjustment.

#### Ireland.

At this distance we may not with assurance appraise the effect of John Redmond's death upon the "cause" of Ireland. There are those who believe that Redmond, if he had lived, could have "saved" Ireland. There are others who believe with equal fervor that Redmond was an obstruction to a happy adjustment of the affairs of Ireland. But however partisans may differ, those who have viewed the situation from afar have had sustained faith in the patriotic spirit of the man and in the essential integrity of his aims and efforts.

To the neutral view it seems plain that in the present condition of affairs the true policy for those who hope for Irish "liberation" is to wait upon events. The spirit of the age is working for Ireland. Freedom in the sense that Canada, Australia, and South Africa are free is an assurance if only a way can be found to keep the Irish from flying at each other's throats. We say it is an assurance because the day of subordination and exploitation of subject countries is passing—not only for Ireland, but for all other lands in possession of civilized peoples.

There are few, we imagine, who wish for Ireland the status of absolute independence—of dissociation from that confederation of free countries styled the British Empire. Safety for Ireland, as well as safety for England, lies in maintenance of an affiliation which gives to each part of the empire the defensive strength of the whole. Ireland free in the sense of standing separate and apart from her traditional association would not endure a single year, probably not a single month. By her geography, if by nothing else, Ireland must remain bound up with England. But free she ought to be and surely will be if Catholic and Protestant shall contrive a way to live together in peace. The war, even though not yet won, assures thus much.

#### Editorial Notes.

Receipts by the *Argonaut* for Dr. Fewell's Eye Glass Fund since last report aggregate \$85. The donors are: Thomas A. Thache, San Francisco, \$5; "A Friend," San Francisco, \$10; Una H. H. Cool, Los Gatos, \$10; Dr. Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., \$5; P. McG. McBeau, San Francisco, \$20; Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company, San Francisco, \$10; Mrs. I. Lowenberg, San Francisco, \$5; A. K. Salz, San Francisco, \$10; A. R. Bell, Hotel Del Monte, \$10; total, \$85. Added to the previous total of \$601.60, this brings up the fund to date to \$686.60.

The purpose of Secretary Baker's visit to France is not apparent. He is not a soldier and can hardly be expected either to enlighten or inspire General Pershing and other of our military men in the war zone. He is not a diplomat, therefore not likely to be of service in the councils of statesmen. The hope is that Mr. Baker has been sent to France to the end of making room at home for greater experience and larger capability. If this be the purpose the method is roundabout and expensive. But any means by which the war office at Washington may be made more effective is to be commended.

Gossip has it that Thomas Mooney, the convicted bomb-thrower, is not as the name would indicate an Irishman, but that he hails from somewhere in Central Europe and that his true name is one of those Slavic monstrosities that begin with a snort and end with a sneeze. Mooney, it is declared, is an assumed name—just a bit of diplomatic camouflage designed to forefend prejudice. Possibly the fact, if it be a fact, may explain the active sympathy for "Mooney" on the part of the Bolsheviks, also the active interest taken in the case by the Central European colony whose habitat is the "East Side" in New York City.

With reference to the Siberian question, now vexing the Administration, the New York *Tribune* asks: "Shall Japan be trusted?" Passing the significant fact that Japan is our ally, duly recognized, accepted, and welcomed as such, and therefore entitled to con-



fidence, we find it easy to believe that she is quite as worthy of trust as the Bolsheviks or the Maximalists. There is a type of man whose propensities lead him invariably to slight his friends that he may curry favor with his enemies; but it is not in evidence that any notable political, military, social, or other form of success has been achieved by this species of diplomacy.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### The Mooney Case and the San Francisco Press.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1918.  
To THE EDITOR—Sir: The Supreme Court, all of the justices concurring, has affirmed the judgment against Thomas Mooney, "Preparedness Day" bomber, leader of the conspirators. It could not do otherwise. Even without the testimony of Oxman the evidence of his guilt was overwhelming. (Be it remembered: the much-assailed Oxman was afterwards vigorously prosecuted by the attorney-general for subornation of perjury growing out of that case and the jury promptly acquitted him.) Billings was tried first, found guilty, and sentenced. Mooney was then brought to trial. At once, after the jury had returned their verdict against him and judgment had been pronounced, came a howl of rage from his followers and sympathizers: "Railroaded to the gallows!" Never was a more stupendous lie. It was intended, like Hun propaganda, to purposely mislead an unwitting and credulous public. And never was a public press more supine than when it permitted that mischievous falsehood—fraught with embarrassment to public officers—to go forth to the world practically unchallenged! The trial court indulged all of the presumptions of innocence in Mooney's behalf to the extreme limit. Truthfully could the judge affirm there was no error in the record. As a fact the district attorney was hampered at every step, all rulings on controverted questions being against him. Nevertheless so wholly satisfying was the evidence of guilt that in a short time the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. Under their oaths and the law they, also, could do no otherwise.

On July 22, 1916, the world was at war. Patriotic citizens throughout the land, seeing our danger, had been urging preparedness. On that day, in this city, there was a "Preparedness Day" parade for the purpose of forwarding that object. Thousands marched in it; thousands viewed it from the sidewalks and other places of vantage. Suddenly came the death-dealing explosion, hurrying ten into eternity—without time even for an "Our Father"—dreadfully maiming and crippling forty others. Able detectives performed their work in sifting the awful crime with the greatest care, and in due course the cases against the bombers came on for trial. So, by reason of these circumstances, these cases assumed at once the importance of *causes celebres*, in which more than the community had a lively interest; for, if guilty, the accused were public enemies, enemies of society, of law, of authority, of government. The nation was interested. Supposedly, in such an emergency, the newspapers would be untiring, would work with a single, straightforward, inflexible purpose in aid of public justice—in every detail of the cases and their ramifications till they were concluded. That was and is their public duty. But, after the novelty was off, the occasion seemed to stale, to become of no more serious continuing import to them than a holiday tug-of-war where each might champion this or that team according to preference. Alas! from that non-performance of public duty have flowed, still flow, gravely mischievous consequences: the impression has been permitted to go abroad that these bombers are all innocent labor-unionites, prosecuted by wicked capitalists for private ends, in which prosecution the district attorney has been the willing capitalistic tool, and that the cases made against the bombers are "frame-ups." Against this there has been only an occasional, spasmodic protest. What a pitiful exhibition of press ineptitude! "Innocent labor-unionites," indeed! Billings had previously been convicted of bombing (both Billings and Mooney were "direct action" men, and Weinberg had continuously taught "direct action" in his anarchistic *Blast*); also Mooney had previously been prosecuted for bombing, escaping only by the skin of his teeth. "Frame-ups," indeed! In the cases made against Billings and Mooney the evidence of guilt was so entirely convincing that the Supreme Court in reviewing the testimony in the Mooney case—referring also to the decision in the Billings case—says: "We can not escape the conclusion that it" (the verdict) "is amply supported."

Notwithstanding, misinformed, misguided labor unions, with funds and *ipse dixit* resolutions, are seeking the enlargement of these criminals. Why? For what purpose would they have these wicked men turned loose on society? Why should society be subjected to such danger? What would he thought of a farmer, having children, who, discovering a den of rattlesnakes on his farm, turned away from it with an easy-going, negligent exclamation like this: "Oh, well! maybe there is no danger!" What may we reasonably assume the reflections of *Æsop's* farmer to have been after having been stung by the snake he had taken to his bosom in charity? For what purpose did *Æsop* teach such a lesson?

Isn't it plain—I am trying to make it appear so—that the prosecution of these bombers afforded a great opportunity to our newspapers to aid public justice—to thereby assist in the eradication of a nation-wide evil and danger? Why did they not do so—not give their best aid with perseverance, with entire unanimity, in every feature of the bombers' cases? Do they fear the labor unions? Your readers will form their own conclusions. This is the situation: the "direct action" socialists and anarchists—some of the I. W. W.'s also—hide behind the curtains of labor unions, partly to conceal their purposes, partly in the not vain hope that if caught in mischief they may by adventitious and camouflaged aids escape; because, when these miscreants bold labor-union cards, the labor unions come to their aid, willy-nilly. Of this the instances are abundant.

Are our newspapers mere money-getters? The evidence is very persuasive. To get money, and more money, to out-crowd the other chancier, would seem to be the near *summum bonum*, the far *ultima Thule* of these diurnals. Apparently, like the man with the muck rake, they can "look no way but downwards." Some wit has said of them: They possess only one emotion in common—covetousness, and only one recognizable zodiacal sign—the dollar mark!

*Dies irae, dies illa!* The days of bitterness and sorrow have come: we are gathering in the evil harvest of this press ineptitude—the prejudiced, unreasoned, uninformed resolutions of misguided or misinformed labor unions—dour and stubborn with class prejudice—seeking the enlargement of these murderers because, forsooth, they hold labor-union cards! And, not least interesting, is the fact that the sort of hodies that pass such resolutions profess to believe that the bombing of the executive mansion in December last "was the act of the watchman of the mansion, done at the behest of corporations greatly interested in the conviction of Mooney." (I copy from New York City Associated Press dispatches of

yesterday.) *Mirabile dictu!* What fertility of invention, what resources of imagination—these labor-unionites exhibit what time an assassin bearing one of their cards is on his way to the scaffold!

What a contrast is afforded in a northern city. In that city is a great newspaper; its interests are not individualistic, they are at one with the commonwealth; it stands for more than the lovely city where its publication office is located—it stands, *semper idem*, for the best interest of the entire state; its loyalty to the government is so perfect that no one has ever raised a query concerning it; its courage and straightforwardness is so well understood that every right-thinking citizen of that state knows in advance that its attitude upon all important public questions will be right. Its influence is mighty. Fancy what a different report would have gone out to the world if the Mooney case and the cases of his fellow-conspirators had been reported and editorially illuminated by the staff of the Portland *Oregonian*!

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

It is natural that the lengthening list of treaties exacted by Germany from her eastern enemies should create a certain feeling of despondency in those who have time to look only at the surface of current events. European Russia at the moment of writing is dismembered and impotent. Poland, Lithuania, and Courland are little better than German provinces. The Ukraine doubtless believes itself to be independent, but it will speedily be cured of that illusion if it should try to assert itself. Germany has signed a treaty with Finland, and Finland, too, becomes practically a German province with a German king. Turkey's Asiatic territories, so far as they were in Russian possession, are to be returned to her, and Turkish dominion over the Armenians is to be restored in full accord with the principles and policy of the Congress of Vienna. Finally we have a treaty with Roumania—or at least the promise of one—by which Roumania cedes the Dohrudja to Bulgaria, but is allowed to retain her king, who happens also to be a Hohenzollern. If Germany were able to give validity to these many treaties she would doubtless consider herself to be liberally repaid for all the losses of the war, as indeed she would be. Whatever happened to her elsewhere she would have won the war. She would be master of eastern Europe, and eventually master of the Balkans, and of the routes to the East. But Germany can not give validity to these treaties, and she knows it. They will become valid when she has crushed the French, British, and American armies, and not a moment before. Until then they are not worth the paper on which they are written. Germany, with the childish credulity that has always distinguished her diplomacy, doubtless believes that the possession of treaties will give her a certain status in the coming negotiations, that she will be the "man in possession," and therefore in the most favorable situation for trading. But herein she is mistaken. The President is unequivocal in his assertion that there will be no recognition of any treaties except those that have received the assent of all the belligerents. There will be no separate dealing. Germany must make terms with her enemies as a unit, and not one by one individually. Germany, of course, is incapable of believing that any of the powers could decline an advantageous offer, or shrink from an act of profitable treachery. She could not do so herself. She has reduced her great eastern foe to the point where surrender seemed the lesser of two ills, but she will not thus debase the moral intelligence of the West. And failing to do this, she may regard her later treaties as she regarded her earlier ones—as scraps of paper.

The fate of Roumania is a particularly hard one. She entered the war under the pressure of a Russian ultimatum, and in sending this ultimatum the pro-German government of Russia was actuated, not by the desire for an ally, but by the intention to supply Germany with a victim and a victory. The Roumanian people did not want war, and were ill prepared for it. Their armies had no real military strength. Their artillery, supplied by Krupps, had been tampered with and was nearly useless. None the less if Russia had given to Roumania the support that she had pledged herself to give, the entry of Roumania into the war might have been nearly decisive so far as Balkan territory was concerned. The Dohrudja was an open corridor connecting Russia with Bulgaria. If Russia had sent an army through the Dohrudja to cooperate with the Roumanian forces she could easily have invaded Bulgaria from the east and crushed her. She could have seized the mouth of the Danube, and so nipped a German ambition in the bud. A right-of-way through the Dohrudja seemed the one thing that Russia lacked to be able to strike one of the heaviest blows of the war. That Russia failed to seize the evident opportunity was one of the military puzzles of the day, and remained so until the perfidy of the Russian government became apparent. Then it was clear that Roumania was to be left to her fate, that she had been forced into the war, not to hinder Germany, but to help her, and that Germany might be supplied with an easy conquest and one that should enable her to build a still more effective wall in the Balkans from west to east.

The Dohrudja that Roumania must now temporarily relinquish is a strip of territory bordering on the Black Sea and constituting Roumania's only access to the ocean. It belonged to Bulgaria up to the time of the second Balkan war, which was waged between Bulgaria on the one side and Serbia and Greece on the other. This was the sequel to the first Balkan war, in which Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece were allied against Turkey and victorious over her. Immediately on the expiration of the first Balkan war, and after the signing of a peace with Turkey, the Bulgarian army, at the secret instigation of Austria, suddenly attacked the Serbians, and so began the second Balkan war, in which Bul-

garia was arrayed against her former allies. Bulgaria was beaten, and as a result she lost Macedonia. Roumania took advantage of the situation and of the exhaustion of Bulgaria to claim the Dohrudja. Turkey also took advantage of the weakness of all her Balkan enemies to reoccupy the whole of the European territory that she had lost to them, and so came once more into possession of Adrianople and her eastern fortifications. By thus instigating the second Balkan war, Austria achieved her double purpose of isolating Serbia, breeding hatred between Serbia and Bulgaria, and re-establishing the Turk in Europe and in possession of a vital portion of the highway to the East. It was the dread of Bulgarian revenge following on the second Balkan war that produced the mutually defensive treaty between Serbia and Greece, which bound either party to come to the aid of the other in case of attack. This treaty was broken by Greece when Serbia was attacked by Austria, under the pretense of King Constantine that it related only to the Balkans and not to aggressive action by any power or powers outside of the Balkans. It is the existence of this treaty, and its violation by Greece, that justifies the presence of the Allied army in Saloniki, and the vigorous action taken by Venizelos that led to the deposition of the Greek king.

A sudden flame of fighting along the western line is described by our newspapers as the beginning of a German offensive, but in that case it was a very weak beginning, and not of a kind to justify German optimism. None the less it may have been in the nature of a feint, and intended to mask other movements elsewhere, although we may reasonably suppose that it does no more than indicate an improvement in the ground after the winter mud. The German attack on the Belgian lines to the far north was easily repulsed, and by an inferior force. The British defense to the south was equally successful, although the Germans succeeded in penetrating the line at one point, but they were speedily ejected and driven far beyond their original holdings. German attacks were also directed against the French lines in the Bois le Pretre section, but these, too, were failures, as were other German movements on the Lorraine border near Nancy. On the other hand we are told of numerous British raids, but we are given no precise information as to the sectors. All that can be said at the moment is that these activities were no more than extensive raids, and that they were uniform failures. They may develop into something more, they may be the beginnings of a German offensive, but at the moment of writing there is no reason to suppose so. An actual offensive, if it should come, will be concentrated upon one point, and will employ a vast number of men. Moreover, the fighting will be continuous and on the largest scale. A true offensive would resemble the German attack at Verdun, or the British attack on the Somme, where the rival armies were locked in a continuous struggle for months.

I have always doubted that Germany intended to bring a real offensive on the western front. From the purely military point of view it is hardly possible that she should thus invite an inevitable and final disaster. But perhaps the military point of view is not the only nor even the dominant one. Of the internal condition of Germany we know very little. Germany knows how to keep her own counsel in these matters. But what we do know points to the fact of a misery almost beyond description, and to a demand for peace that is becoming uncontrollable. It is doubtless true that actual revolt is out of the question unless it should be sustained by the army, but there are other kinds of pressure that are nearly as formidable. If General von Hindenburg actually said that he would be in Paris in April 1918 we could ask for no more satisfactory evidence of a desperate need to reassure the public, and to wheedle them once more into patience, a need that is still further evidenced by the unanimous outpouring of dictated bluster and arrogance in the disciplined German newspapers. This sort of thing does not come from a confidence in victory, not even in Germany. It is precisely the course that would be followed by the military caste confronted with resolute disaffection, and eager above all things to be allowed one more chance before the public shall learn how slender is the aid that can come to them from the wheat fields of the Ukraine. Germany may be far nearer the internal breaking point than we suppose. It is only the voice of Junkerdom that we hear from the newspapers and the chancellor, because Junkerdom for the moment is at the top of the wheel, and can silence all other voices than its own. But it is an oscillating wheel, as we know from the Reichstag resolutions, from the now frequent and unprecedented speeches of warning in the Reichstag, and from the recent strike. Junkerdom, feeling its hold to be failing, knowing the hollowness of its eastern successes, would be likely to do just the things in the way of bluster and threat that it is now doing. It would implore the people for a little more patience. It would be prodigal in its assurances and its promises. By intimidation of its enemies it would console its friends. Given the requisite measure of desperation it might even decide to "put its fortune to the touch and win or lose it all" in a western offensive. If the situation in Germany is as there is reason to believe that it is, Junkerdom has no more to lose from a crushing failure on the battlefield than from the approaching Nemesis from its own people. If Germany should actually bring a real offensive in the west it will not be because she expects to win. It will mark her choice between the devil and the deep sea, the devil of failure in her fighting, and the deep sea of revolution at home.

It is hard to see why we should be in any way uneasy lest Germany shall win now where she has failed so often before. She could not reach Calais at a time when the pick



army and an enormous preponderance of her artillery were pitted against the raw forces of England with their ill-equipped of guns. When she met the French armies in the open on the banks of the Marne she was ruinously beaten. Her tremendous efforts against Verdun accomplished nothing except to create mountains of her own dead. Her continuous assaults on the Chemin des Dames were beaten back, and with an additional loss of territory to herself. The story of her western war is one of continuous failure unrelieved by even the semblance of success except at Cambrai, where she recovered a portion of the ground snatched from her by General Byng. Why should we suppose that success may now await her where she has hitherto met nothing but failure? That her lines have been somewhat reinforced from the east is true enough, but it is at best a small reinforcement, and even though she had withdrawn her whole eastern army it would still be insufficient for an attack upon such fortifications as those that confront her. But there is a single manoeuvre that she may perhaps attempt, and that would prove an embarrassment, although steps have already been taken to meet it. She might conceivably withdraw her northern forces now facing the British and retreat toward the Belgian frontier, and at the same time attack the French in the south. This would have the effect of throwing the British army out of action until they could bring themselves once more into touch with the retreating Germans. But this would be an enterprise of extraordinary difficulty and danger, although something very like it was done after the battle of the Somme and at the time of the formation of the Hindenburg line. The pursuit is always much more rapid than the attack, and in this case the flank of the retreating Germans would have to pass across the face of the French armies on the west-east line, and these armies might be able to break through to the attack. But the likelihood of this is not a large one. If Germany should be forced by her own desperation to bring an offensive in the west it will be due to her desperation, and to nothing else. It is an eventuality that we should welcome and not deplore. She will do so with a long record of failure behind her, and under the most disadvantageous conditions. There could be nothing so likely as this to bring the war to a sudden end. But unfortunately Germany is far more likely to "play safe." She may inaugurate plenty of hard fighting on the western front, and even considerable battles. But if she makes a move of major importance she will be tempted more by the lines at Saloniki or in Italy, where victory is at least possible to her, than by western lines, where victory is nearly impossible.

Rumor follows rumor from Russia, but with a background of the one unmistakable fact that German troops are still advancing into the interior, and that the signing of treaties has been as powerless as an incantation to stay their march. We even read of something almost like a battle about seventy miles west of Petrograd, which may mean either that the Russian forces are not wholly demoralized, or that the appeal for a holy war has not been entirely fruitless. But we may dismiss from our minds any thought of a real organized resistance on the part of Russia in Europe, although the possibility of a vast guerilla war is by no means to be dismissed as chimerical. So far as Allied interests are concerned we can afford to look with considerable equanimity upon whatever may happen to, or in, Russia. Indeed it is much to the Allied advantage that Germany should pursue her course of brigandage in the east. She can gain nothing more than she has already gained—except the distant and dubious advantage of a monarchical restoration—and with every step eastward she penetrates deeper into a country smoldering with hate. She increases alike her burden and her dangers. Nor perhaps need we extend much sympathy to Russia in the plight in which she finds herself, except such sympathy as may properly be due to ignorance, credulity, and cowardice. Russia, it is true, has suffered terribly, as we are so often reminded by her apologists. But so has France. And France went to war, and is still at war, in defense of Russia. Surely we shall do nothing to prolong the miseries of France out of deference to the susceptibilities of the Russian Bolsheviks. Russia can be defended, if at all, not on the ground of her sufferings, but of her incapacity to comprehend the challenge to her national honor. The utmost that we can hope from Russia is that she may prove a continuing incitement to German supidity and aggressiveness, and therefore a continuing employment and attraction for the German armies.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13, 1918.

SIDNEY CORVYN.

Paper string is being used for commercial purposes everywhere now, says a report of the British board of trade. Even tissue paper can be used in its manufacture. With regard to textiles, paper is being used for making sacks for commercial use in place of burlap, and these have been found to equal the former sacks in every way. Paper shoes are being manufactured on a small scale in England, the paper being used for the uppers. The material is plaited paper closely woven, somewhat similar to that used in the manufacture of paper hats. Paper fibre is also used in making a cheap grade of imitation felt hats for men.

The average aeroplane requires not more than two hundred feet of wood for its construction, but until the recent standardization in saving specifications was affected by the conference between the representatives of the spruce manufacturers and the aircraft experts of the Allied governments and the United States it had been necessary to cut approximately one thousand feet to get out the desired amount of timber for one aeroplane.

## THE SENATOR AND THE BEDTICK.

Senator Thomas Discusses a Domestic Problem.

In the Senate on March 4th, that body having under discussion the agricultural appropriation bill, the item under immediate discussion being a committee amendment to increase the appropriation for the eradication of the Southern cattle tick from \$620,420 to \$750,000, the following speech was made by Senator Thomas:

Mr. Thomas—Mr. President, like the senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Gallinger] I have tried on one or two occasions to limit the appropriations in the agricultural bill; but the only success—if success it may be called—that has thus far attended my efforts has been the adoption of every appropriation that I have opposed. Consequently, I have come to the conclusion that the only headway I can make, in view of my past experiences, toward reducing them is to advocate the bill, or to suggest their enlargement.

Now, the cow tick is a very insidious and prencious little insect. It interferes with the growth and prosperity of live stock, and particularly of cattle, and it should be exterminated; but it would seem that we are not making much headway in that direction, or that of the various other insects so long sheltered under the ægis of the agricultural appropriation bill. Indeed, the cow tick seems to thrive in proportion as our appropriations to extinguish it increase. It not only holds the trenches all the time, but frequently comes over the top; and whenever that occurs we cheerfully increase the appropriation, and so it goes with the others. The increase of cow ticks and the increase of appropriations to head them off are much like increasing salaries that employees may overcome the high cost of living. But the "H. C. of L." has better facilities for climbing than the salary enjoys. To keep pace with it is impossible.

Therefore, this bill should embrace something more than cow ticks. We should extend the appropriation to enable the department to investigate bedticks as well. They are the origin and the lair of a number of very pernicious insects, whose activities seriously decrease the efficiency of labor; and inasmuch as we can strike at the source of their creation, and possibly cut them off in their youth, why not make an appropriation not only for the investigation of bedticks as well as cow ticks, but also create a bureau to investigate the anatomy, the physiology, and the habits of the flea, the louse, and the nit? [Laughter.] I think it very important, Mr. President, if we are to develop our economic productivity to the biggest possible point of efficiency during the war.

Mr. Wadsworth—These are war measures.

Mr. Thomas—This is decidedly a war measure, and I think I can demonstrate it. Mr. President, no man can be as efficient when his body is infested with the louse or with the flea as when he is free from those parasites. They work while he sleeps [laughter], and the victim of their toil must necessarily scratch whenever the industry of the parasite becomes serious and irritating; and if accurate time were kept of every such interruption of the activities of the individual it would show that a man so unfortunately infested loses probably 30 per cent. of his efficiency.

There is another standpoint from which this subject may be considered. I have said that these pestiferous insects never stop their activities. They work all the time and overtime; and, as a consequence, the activities of the individual to get rid of them, or at least to mitigate their disagreeable attention, tend to violate the eight-hour law. When a man is bitten by these insects, no matter whether he has worked eight hours or not, he must stop to relieve himself of their attentions; and that requires an expenditure of physical energy. So I am sure that we should also utilize this bill to work both ends of the line—the insects which attack crops, and those which attack those who plant and who reap them. By that means, Mr. President, we shall reach the point of complete efficiency, which some departments and bureaus would do well to imitate. I therefore suggest an increase of this appropriation, with a view to doing everything possible to win the war; and certainly if we can add to the efficiency of the farmer by relieving him of these pests and conserving all his time we ought to do it.

Now, the flea is perhaps the worst of these pests, because he is superactive and his powers of locomotion are so infinitely out of proportion to all the other representatives of the insect world that in all probability if we could provide funds for the study of the little beast we might discover some way of bamstranging him, and thus, if we can not rid ourselves of him we could reduce his activities to the "nth" power. [Laughter.]

The suggestion is well worthy of consideration. Perhaps the flea should deserve our special attention at this time if we can not cover them all, for they are the most irritating of all these pests. Moreover, they feed other parasites. I think Dean Swift once said:

And little fleas have other fleas  
Upon their legs to bite 'em;  
And lesser fleas have other fleas,  
And so on ad infinitum.

Therefore the annihilation of the little flea would necessarily annihilate those infinitely microscopic parasites which, the poet says, infest the larger insect and is infested in turn by others. So why, Mr. President, should we make several bites at the cherry?

We have the assurance of the distinguished senator from Louisiana that the appropriations of this bill have been increased in the Senate by only \$1,115,150. What are \$1,115,000 between friends? I am surprised by the committee's exceptional conduct. I am really abashed of this meanly modest showing. It is completely out of proportion to the magnitude of our other increases, to one of which the senator from New Hampshire has just referred; and I have no doubt he feels, as to that increase of \$73,000,000, that the committee making it could well say with Lord Clive that it is astonished at its own moderation.

Indeed, Mr. President, in these times any Senate increase of less than \$100,000,000 is too trifling to arrest our attention; it amounts to nothing. I heard some time ago that the chairman of one of the House committees was visited by a constituent who had a tremendous scheme for relieving the government which required an initial expenditure of \$100,000,000. The representative said: "Go and see my secretary; I am dealing in billions; he will attend to your trifling affair, no doubt. I am too busy with billions to consider it."

Seriously, Mr. President, we have reached and long ago passed the limit of appropriations designed to investigate and destroy certain insectivorous parasites which do very seriously interfere with the growth of plants and with the healthy increase of live stock, because we do not seem to get actual results. Whenever an item of this sort, however small and insignificant, is designed to meet, study, and, if possible, remove these little plagues, it becomes a greater source of legislative concern and is far more deadly to the treasury of the United States than the pest is to the thing which it relates.

I think I can say that, without exception, if a solitary pest has been destroyed by these means, if the amount needed for

continuing the study of its habits, of chasing it from its lurking places, and killing it has ever been reduced in succeeding bills I ask the chairman to inform me what particular insect has been so unfortunate?

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither could nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean.  
Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;  
O we grudged her right sair  
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lings to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean;  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal! —Lady Nairn.

### Old and New Year Ditties.

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:  
Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day:  
Thy life never continueth in one stay.  
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to grey  
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?  
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:  
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay  
On my bosom for aye.  
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:  
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play,  
Hearken what the past doth witness and say:  
Rust in thy gold, a moth in thine array.  
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.  
At midnight, at cockerow, at morning, one certain day  
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay;  
Watch thou and pray:  
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:  
Winter passeth after the long delay:  
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,  
Turtle callethe turtle in Heaven's May.  
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray:  
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day.  
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear me say,  
Then I answered: Yea. —Christina Rossetti.

### Tommy.

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer.  
The publican 'e up an' sez. "We serve no red-coats here."  
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die.  
I outs into the street agin an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";  
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,  
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the bands begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me:  
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-halls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord, they'll shove me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";  
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,

The troopsbip is on the tide, my boys, the troopsbip's on the tide,  
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;  
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit  
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"  
But it's "Thin red line o' 'eroes" when the drums begiu to roll.

O it's "Thin red line o' 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all;  
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face

The widow's uniform is not the soldier man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Cbuck him out, the brute,"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;

An' Tommy aint a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees. —Rudyard Kipling.

Riga owes its foundation to the merchants of Bremen of some eight hundred years ago. In the year 1158 a few Bremen traders, desiring to secure a storehouse on the eastern Baltic for the produce and merchandise of Russia which offered itself for purchase to the merchants of the west, decided upon the place where Riga now stands as affording the best facilities for their purpose. A city was founded there, and from the first it seems to have prospered greatly.



## TWO YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Dr. Harry Stuermer Tells Us Something of War Conditions Prevalent in Turkey.

Dr. Harry Stuermer, fortunate in finding himself safely on Swiss soil, has written a book of experiences and impressions derived from two years residence in Constantinople as correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. He does so in order that he may "range himself boldly on the side of truth and show that there are still Germans who find it impossible to condone even tacitly the moral transgression and political stupidity of their own and an allied government."

German colonization, says the author, has always suffered from its narrow vision. There was always plenty of room for expansion and trade development, seeing that England had always welcomed foreign trade without discrimination:

It was this English people, that, in spite of all their egoism, have really done something for civilization, that the German of August, 1914, accused of being nothing but a nation of shopkeepers with a cowardly, narrow-minded policy that was unprepared to make any sacrifice for others. It was this people that the German of August, 1914—and his spokesman, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, who later thought it necessary to defend himself against the charge of "having brought too much ethics into politics"—expected to stand by and see Belgium overrun. It was this same England that we believed would hold back even when the chancellor found it impossible to apply to French colonial possessions the guaranty he had given not to aim at any territorial conquests in the war with France!

And so it was with all the more grimness, with all the more gravity, that on that memorable night of August 4th the terrible blow fell. The English declaration of war entered into the very soul of the German people, who stood as a sacrifice to a political miscalculation that had its roots less in a lack of thought and experience than in a boundless arrogance.

About the same time I was a witness of those laughable scenes which took place on the Potsdamer Platz in Berlin, where, in complete misjudgment of the whole political situation Japanese were carried shoulder high by the enthusiastic and worthy citizens of Berlin under the erroneous impression that these obvious arch-enemies of Russia would naturally be allies of Germany. Every German that was not blind to the trend of true "world-politics" must surely have shaken his head over this lamentable spectacle. A few days afterwards Japan sent its ultimatum against Kiao-Tschau!

Dr. Stuermer was a witness of the Armenian deportation, a diabolical crime that was due, he says, to the Turkish sense of intellectual inferiority. Deportation was no more than a polite term for racial extermination, and familiarity with these horrors gradually caused them to be looked upon as no more than political events:

This dire fate might befall any one any day or any hour, from the caretaker and the tradesman to members of the best families. I know cases where men of high education, belonging to aristocratic families—engineers, doctors, lawyers—were banished from Pera in this disgusting way under cover of darkness to spend the night on the platforms of the Haidar-Pasha station, and then he packed off in the morning on the Anatolian Railway—of course they paid for their tickets and all traveling expenses!—to the interior, where they died of spotted typhus, or, in rare cases after their recovery from this terrible malady, were permitted, after endless pleading, to return broken in body and soul to their homes as "harmless." Among these hands herded about from pillar to post like cattle there were hundreds and thousands of gentle, refined women of good family and of perfect European culture and manners.

For the most part it was the sad fate of those deported to be sent off on an endless journey by foot, to the far-off Arabian frontier, where they were treated with the most terrible brutality. There, in the midst of a population wholly foreign and but little sympathetic to their race, left to their fate on a barren mountainside, without money, without shelter, without medical assistance, without the means of earning a livelihood, they perished in want and misery.

The women and children were always separated from the men. That was the characteristic of all the deportations. It was an attempt to strike at the very core of their national being and annihilate them by the tearing asunder of all family ties.

Dr. Stuermer tells us that one day in the summer of 1916 his wife went out at midday to make some purchases. They had often seen bands of Armenian deportees and had grown used to the spectacle:

On this particular day, however, my wife came back to the house trembling all over. She had not been able to go on her errand. As she passed the "karakol," she had heard through the open hall door the agonizing groans of a tortured being, a dull wailing like the sound of an animal being tormented to death. "An Armenian," she was informed by the people standing at the door. The crowd was then dispersed by a policeman.

"If such scenes occur in broad daylight in the busiest part of the European town of Pera, I should like to know what is done to Armenians in the uncivilized interior," my wife asked me. "If the Turks act like wild beasts here in the capital, so that a woman going through the main street gets a shock like that to her nerves, then I can't live in this frightful country." And then she burst into a fit of sobbing and let loose all her pent-up passion against what she and I had had to witness for more than a year every time we set a foot out of doors.

"You are brutes, you Germans, miserable brutes, that you tolerate this from the Turks when you still have the country absolutely in your hands. You are cowardly brutes, and I will never set foot in your horrible country again. God, how I hate Germany!"

It was then, when my own wife, trembling and sobbing, in grief, rage, and disgust at such cowardliness, flung this denunciation of my country in my teeth that I finally and absolutely broke with Germany. Unfortunately I had known only too long that it had to come.

The food problem became a pressing one for Turkey at an early stage of the war. Bread tickets were introduced, but the government always favored the purely Mohammedan quarters of the city:

Then Talaat made speeches in the House on the food question in which he did all in his power to throw dust in the eyes of the starving population, but he did not really succeed

in blinding any one as to the true state of affairs. In February, 1916, when there was practically a famine in the land, he even went so far as to declare in Parliament that the food supplies for the whole of Turkey had been so increased by enormous purchases in Roumania that they were now fully assured for two years.

It was no doubt with cynical enjoyment that the "Committee" of the Young Turks enlarged on the privations of the people in such publications as the semi-official *Tanin*, in which the following wonderful sentiment appeared: "One can pass the night in relative brightness without oil in one's lamp if one thinks of the bright and glorious future that this war is preparing for Turkey!"

One could have forgiven such cheap phrases if they had been a true, though possibly misguided, attempt to provide comfort in face of real want; but at the same time as such paragraphs were appearing in the *Tanin* and thousands of poor Turkish households had to spend the long winter nights without the slightest light, thousands of tons of oil were lying in Constantinople alone in the stores of the official *ac-capareurs*.

The author is frankly outspoken on the subject of German propaganda, and to the stupidity of the methods adopted he attributes the revolt of the Arabs against Turkish rule:

It is a very difficult task for a German who does not profess to be a "World Politician," but really thinks in terms of true "world-politics," to deal with the many intrigues and machinations of our government in their relation to the so-called "Holy War" (Arah, *Dijhad*), where in their quest of a vain illusion they stooped to the very lowest means. Practically all their hopes in that direction have been sadly shattered. Their costly, unscrupulous, thoroughly unmoral efforts against European civilization in Mohammedan countries have resulted in the terrific counter-stroke of the defection of the Arabs and the foundation of a purely Arabian Chaliphate under English protection. Thus England has already won a brilliant victory against Germany and Turkey in spite of Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara, although it seems probable that even these will be wiped out by greater deeds on the part of the Entente before long. One could not have a better example of Germany's total inability to succeed in the sphere of world-politics.

The so-called "Holy War," if it had succeeded, would have been one of the greatest crimes against human civilization that even Germany has on her conscience, remembering as we do her recent ruthless "frightfulness" at sea, and her attempt to set Mexico and the Japanese against the land of most modern civilization and of greatest liberty. A successful "Dijhad" speeding to all the lands of Islam would have set back by years all that civilization so patiently and so painfully won; it would not have been at all comparable with the Entente's use of colored troops in Europe which Germany deprecated so loudly, for in the Holy War it would have been a case of letting the wildest fanaticism loose against the armies of law and order and civilization; in the case of the Entente it was part of a purely military action on the part of England and France, who held under their sway all the inhabitants, colored and otherwise, of those colonial regions from which troops were sent to Europe and to which they will return.

Germany spent millions of money in her efforts to promote a Holy War, and she did this without the least knowledge of the people with whom she was dealing. Any rascal could coin his worthless promises into cash at the German embassy in Constantinople:

I need not repeat my own opinion on all the machinations of the German embassy, but I will simply give you word for word what a German press agent in Constantinople (I will mention no names) once said to me: "It is unbelievable," he declared, "what a mob of low characters frequent the German embassy now. The scum of the earth, people who would never have dared before the war to have been seen on the pavements of Ayas-Pasha have now free entry. Any day you can see some doubtful-looking character accosting the porter at the embassy, whispering something in his ear, and then being ushered down the steps to where the propaganda department, the news bureau, has its quarters. There he gives wonderful assurances of what he can do, and promises to stir up some Mohammedan people for the 'Dijhad.' Then he waits awhile in the ante-room, and is finally received by the authorities; but the next time he comes to the embassy he walks in through the well-carpeted main entrance, and requests an audience with the ambassador or other high official, and we soon find him comfortably equipped and setting off on a 'special mission' as the confidential servant of the German embassy." But even the recognition of these truths has not prevented this journalist from eating from the crib of the German embassy!

Forcible Turkification of everything became the order of the day in the summer of 1915. All French and English notices, shop signs, and inscriptions were removed. Street names were changed to Turkish, and the destination of street-cars became illegible to all save the faithful:

Of the thousand inhabitants of Pera, not ten can read Turkish; but under the pressure of the official order and for fear of brutal assault or some kind of underhand treatment in case of non-compliance, the inhabitants really surpassed themselves, and before one could turn, all the names over the shops had been painted over and replaced by wonderful Turkish characters that looked like the decorative shields or something of the kind painted in the red and white of the national colors. If one had not noted the entrance to the shop and the look of the window very carefully, one might wander helplessly up and down the Grand Rue de Pera if one wanted to buy something in a particular shop.

But the German, as simple-minded as ever where political matters were concerned, was highly delighted in spite of the extraordinary difficulty of communal life. "Away with French and English," he would shout. "God punish England; burrah, our Turkish brothers are helping us and favoring the extension of the German language!"

The Pan-Islam idea, says the author, was a failure because it was actually the Pan-Turkey idea that was advocated. This is one of the reasons why the Holy War failed:

In little-informed circles in Europe people are still under the false impression that the Young Turks of today, the intellectual and political leaders of Turkey in this war, are authentic, zealous, and even fanatical Mohammedans, and superficial observers explain all unpleasant occurrences and outbreaks of Young Turkish jingoism on Pan-Islamic grounds, especially as Turkey has not been slow in proclaiming her "Holy War." But this conception is entirely wrong. The artificial character of the "Dijhad," which was only set in motion against a portion of the "unbelievers," while the others

became more and more the ruling body in Turkey, is the best proof of the untenability of this theory. The truth is that the present political régime is the complete denial of the Pan-Islamic idea and the substitution of the Pan-Turkish idea of race.

Ahdu Hamid, that much-maligned and dethroned Sultan, who, however, towers head and shoulders above all the Young Turks put together in practical intelligence and statesmanly skill, and would never have committed the unpardonable error of throwing his lot with Germany in the war and so bringing about the certain downfall of Turkey, was the last ruler of Turkey that knew how to make use of Pan-Islamism as a successful instrument of authority.

If Turkey had pursued a broad Pan-Islam policy toward Mohammedans everywhere she might have succeeded in the Holy War. But she acted with bitter hostility toward everything that was not Turkish, and the hostility was returned tenfold:

I should just like to give one small example of the fanatical hatred that exists even in high official circles against the non-Turkish element in this country of mixed race. The following anecdote will give a clear enough idea of the ruling spirit of fanaticism and greed. I was house-hunting in Pera once and could not find anything suitable. I approached a member of the committee and he said in solemn earnest: "Oh, just wait a few weeks. We are all hoping that Greece will declare war on us before long, and then all the Greeks will be treated as the Armenians have been. I can let you have the nicest villa on the Bosphorus. But then," he added with gleaming eyes, "we won't be so stupid as merely to turn them out. These Greek dogs (*kôpek rum*) will have the pleasure of seeing us take everything away from them—everything—and compelling them to give up their own property by formal contract."

I can guarantee that this is practically a word-for-word rendering of this extraordinary outburst of fanaticism and greed on the part of an otherwise harmless and decent man. I could not help shuddering at such opinions. Apparently it was not enough that Turkey was already at war with three Great Powers; she must needs seek armed conflict with Greece, so that, as was the outspoken, the open, and freely-admitted intention of official persons, she might then deal with four and a half millions of Ottoman Greeks, practically her own countrymen, as she had done with the unfortunate Armenians. In face of such opinions one can not but realize how unsure the existence of the Young Turkish state has become by its entry into the war, and can not but foresee that this race-fanaticism will lead the nation to political and social suicide. Can one imagine a purely Turkish Turkey, when even the notion of a Greater Turkey failed?

Curiously enough, the Turkish people are not at all pro-German. The author says that three-fourths of intelligent Turks and practically the entire female population have either remained perfectly friendly to England and France or have become so again through want and suffering:

The consciousness that Turkey has committed an unbounded folly has long ago been borne in upon wide circles of Turks in spite of falsified reports and a stringent censorship. There would be no risk at all in taking on a wager that in private conversation with ten separate Turks, in no way connected with the "Committee," nine of them will admit, as soon as they know there is no chance of betrayal, that they do not believe Turkey will win, and that, with the exception of the much-feared Russia, they still feel as friendly as ever towards their present enemies. "*Quoi qu'il arrive, c'est toujours la pauvre Turquie qui va payer le pot cassé.*" ("Whatever happens, it's always poor Turkey that'll have to pay the piper") and "*Nous avons fait une grande gaffe.*" ("We have put our foot in it") were the kind of remarks made in every single political discussion I ever had in Constantinople—even with Turks.

So much for the men, who judge with their reason. What of the women? The one sign of cultured Turkish women, up to the highest in the land—who should have a golden hook written in their honor for their readiness to help, their sympathy, and humanity in this war—is: "When shall we get rid of the Boches; when will our good old friends, the English and the French, come back to us?" Nice results, these, of German propaganda, German culture, German brotherhood of arms! What a sad and shameful story for a German to have to tell! Naturally the drastic system of the military dictatorship precludes the public expression of such feelings, but one needs only to have seen with one's own eyes the looks so often cast by even real Turkish cultured society at the German *Feldgrauen* who often marched in close formation through the streets of Constantinople—for a time they used to sing German soldiers' songs, until that was prohibited at the express wish of the Turkish government—to see how the land lies.

Enver Pasha, says the author, has been much overrated. He has courage and optimism, but he has neither judgment, power of discrimination, nor largeness of conception:

Regarded from a purely personal point of view, Enver Pasha is, in spite of the fulsome praise showered on him by Germans inspired by that most pliant instrument, German militarism, one of the most repugnant subjects ever produced by Turkey. Even from a purely external point of view his appearance does not at all correspond with the picture of him generally accepted in Germany from flattering reports and falsified photographs. Small of stature, with quite an ordinary face, he looks rather, as one of my journalistic colleagues said, like a "gardener's boy" than a vice-general and war minister, and any one who ever has the opportunity I have so often had of looking really closely at him will certainly be repelled by his look of vanity and cunning. It was really most painful to have to listen to him (he has always been a bad, monotonous speaker) in the Senate and Lower House at the conclusion of the Dardanelles campaign reading his report in a weak, halting voice, but with the disdainful tone of a dictator. Every third word was an "I." Even the Turkish press accorded this parliamentary speech a fairly frosty reception.

Dr. Stuermer was called upon to suffer for his opinion. He was compelled to give up his newspaper work and to leave Turkey, and of course he had to destroy all of his voluminous notes. But his memory is in excellent order, as this remarkable book can testify.

TWO WAR YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. New York: George H. Doran Company: \$1.50.

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## BUSINESS NOTES.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reported Saturday, March 9th, the clearings for the week at \$98,096,493.12, as compared with \$80,398,211.49 in the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$13,919,640.80.

Bills discounted by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco during the week just ended aggregated \$34,353,000, as compared with \$32,536,000 in the week ended March 1, 1918, thereby showing that a growing number of banks are keenly alive to the easy one per cent. to be made by loaning on commercial paper at 3 1/2 per cent. and passing it along to the Reserve Bank on a 4 1/2 per cent. basis. Total resources now stand at \$174,134,000, as against \$173,186,000 in the preceding week. The gold reserve now amounts to \$7.37 per cent. of net deposits and Reserve Bank note

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liability. Gross deposits amount to \$93,057,000, as against \$94,898,000 in the week before.

Oakland bank clearings for the week ending March 7th show a gain over the similar period of 1917 of more than three-quarters of a million dollars. The figures for the week ending March 9, 1918, were \$6,488,655, and for the corresponding week in 1917 were \$5,733,367.

The form in which the Railway Control bill passed Congress will probably encourage the better feeling in regard to the railways which has already been manifested on the Stock Exchange. Congress, it is true, rejected the amendment providing for return of the railways to their private owners in six months after peace is declared, and left the provision for twenty-one months of retention by the government.

But the truth is that no provision enacted today, and naming the date for returning the railways to their owners, can amount to anything more than expression of the wish of the present Congress. Any future Congress or any future session could amend or rescind

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it. The real importance of a specific declaration of the sort, in the present bill, is that it sets forth the individual purpose of the present lawmakers. It will dispose altogether of the possibility that the courts might hereafter construe the Railway Control act of 1918 as having implied an intention on the part of Congress to retain the roads indefinitely.

The more practically interesting parts of the Senate bill are its provisions—necessary in the circumstances—that the government in administering the roads need not be bound by existing restrictive legislation, and the further provision that changes in rates shall be initiated by the President, but reviewed by the Interstate Commission. Apparently this last proviso was drawn up with the idea of making possible prompt increase in rates, while still leaving the commission to pass on and correct inequities or injustices which might arise from such action. At all events, rates must apparently be raised at once, unless the government is to be a heavy loser through its railway-control experiment. The solving of urgent public problems, through such drastic orders and embargoes as have already been promulgated, represents an important achievement. But it was accomplished at the expense of the railways' earning power, and the same result is likely enough to follow future policies of the director-general.

Some recent annual reports have been most illuminating as to the progress making by a number of industrial corporations whose common stocks were never considered of much value before the war. American Steel Foundries, Baldwin Locomotive and Central Leather earned over \$30 per share last year, National Enameling about \$24, and so on.

Each year sees new groups and new specialties forging to the front. And there are still very many splendid opportunities. Common stocks like Corn Products, Allis Chalmers, Pittsburg Coal, Virginia Coal and Iron and Pittsburg and West Virginia, American Linseed Oil, American Can, Crucible Steel, Worthington Pump, Sloss Sheffield, United States Rubber and Wilson & Co. are on their way to dividends. Of course during hull periods in the market this situation for the time being may be over-discounted and then those who buy too many shares on borrowed money may face serious though temporary losses.

With an enormous government loan just ahead and the money situation tightening so that it costs rich corporations 8 per cent. or more to finance their maturing obligations, it is a question if we are not now near the end of one of those hull periods. This does not mean that here and there particular specialties under strong control may not be singled out for important advances, but merely as a suggestion that the general average of prices, having risen radically during the past few months, may now show a steady declining tendency.

Certainly war developments are anything but favorable to hope of early peace. The Germans are advancing into Russia with eyes bloated by dreams of greater conquests than they ever imagined since the collapse of their aggressive at Verdun. This means more and harder and longer work for the Allies, and perhaps not until the cry, "The Japs are coming," reaches from the East the Western cry about the "Yanks" will there be a really new light on the Russian situation.

In the circumstances the out-and-out war stocks offer new advantages which of course appear in manifold form in those stocks that represent also good peace propositions. The railway share list is still in the doldrums, and yet here and there we find rails that should certainly pay to buy and hold. Stocks of copper producers have lost their glamour owing to the fixing of the metal price at 23 1/4 cents a pound. When increased costs of production and war taxes are taken into consideration the copper stocks make a poor showing as compared with many industrials.

National and international markets—these are the field of the Sperry Flour Company, which has vastly widened the field of its activities in the last seven years of its sixty-six years of service.

A motorship running the gauntlet of German divers with a cargo of nothing but Sperry Flour, three laboratories where the chemical processes of making the staff of life are given the attention of men trained in science, five bakeries where flour is tested daily, a 600-acre experimental farm for helping to find the wheat that gives the best results and does the most for upbuilding the state—these are but a few phases and incidents of the company's work, work which has brought the firm name into homes from one seacoast of America to the other.

And these are among the reasons for the remarkable growth of the company's business, an increase in yearly production from 900,000 barrels to 2,000,000 between 1910 and the end of the fiscal year on June 30th last. Eight mills with a daily producing capacity of 12,000 barrels of flour are now pouring

out the Sperry output, which reach many parts of the world.

For many years the Sperry Company was recognized as one of the leading commercial institutions of the state. Then in 1910 the control was assumed by the present management, and the company rose from one of Coast importance to a national position.

The management today is headed by John H. Rosseter, Pacific Coast manager of W. R. Grace & Co. and vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and by S. B. McNear, the latter being vice-president and Mr. Rosseter president.

Old mills have been enlarged and reconstructed and new ones built, and the volume of business done by the company in the Southern section of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has increased rapidly, at the same time that a progressive plan of invading more distant markets has been put into effect.

Vast quantities of Sperry products have been sold to the Entente Allied governments, being shipped by rail to New York and there transhipped. It was such products that formed the entire cargo of the motor ship *George Washington* when it worked its way through the submarine war zones. And not only to Europe has this Pacific Coast label been sent, but to Central and South America as well.

So extensive did the export trade become under this policy of expansion that the company was forced to build at Vallejo an eight-story, reinforced concrete mill of 3000 barrels' daily capacity. This is not only one of the most up-to-date mills of its kind in the country, and probably in the world, but the largest in California.

Another eight-story mill, of the same type of construction, and having a capacity of 1000 barrels a day, is now under construction at Spokane, and within a year will be adding its output to that of the other plants in the big chain of Sperry mills.

An interesting and valuable object lesson in milling was given visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition by the model mill of the Sperry Flour Company in the Food Products Palace. This is now at work as a unit of the old South Vallejo mill.

Not only has trade expansion compelled the building of mills, but their purchase. A 500-barrel mill at Creston, Washington, bought not long ago, is being run at full capacity. At Tacoma there are two mills, and in California there are six, besides those previously mentioned—at Stockton, Fresno, and Los Angeles.

The distributive system is commensurately extensive, including forty-one bases in California, Oregon, Washington, and Nevada.

The experimental farm is at Farmington, near Stockton. Here there were originally sown twenty-nine varieties of wheat secured from the Australian exhibit at the Exposition. This work promises to do much for the state by evolving a type of wheat that will stimulate interest in its production.

One of the most interesting phases of the company's work is its establishment of an *esprit du corps* among its employees, fostered by a monthly magazine, the *Sperry Family*. The company voluntarily gave a 10 per cent. wage increase and the eight-hour day, and gives Christmas presents—\$5 for each child born to an employee—and has a roll of honor for veteran employees, with age pensions. Two employees have been with the company for sixty-one years.

The money market has shown but little change during the past month. Time loans are on a 6 per cent. basis, although a few are made at 5 1/4. The large banks are out of the commercial paper market, but a considerable volume of paper is handled the country over. The call rate in New York has ranged from 3 to 6 per cent., and been nearer the latter figure most of the time. There is no reason in sight for expecting any important change for the reserve banks can undoubtedly take care of any necessary demands and the government's necessities will prevent any general relaxation. Some disposition is manifest to raise interest rates on deposits for the purpose of attracting deposits, and the situation raises anew the old question whether a sliding scale on deposits, automatically related to Federal Reserve rates, or some other standard, would not be better than the flat rate, but there is little reason to believe that a sliding scale with the general agreement necessary to sustain it could be made permanent in this country. There is a competitive situation not only as between banks of the same city, but as between the banks of many cities, and the present does not seem to be a good time for disturbing the adjustment of rates which has been reached in the past. At present loaning rates are comparatively high, but this is following several years when they have been low, and it is probable that other years of low rates will follow the present situation. At this time it seems desirable that every tendency to inflation and to abnormal conditions should be avoided as far as possible. An increase of

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deposit rates if adopted generally in the centres will surely extend into all localities, and raise the general level of costs upon which the banking business is conducted. That in turn will increase the anxiety for earnings, and have an unfavorable effect upon the situation in many ways. The banks are carrying numerous subscribers to the government loans at low rates, and if deposits cost more these loans will naturally come higher or be discouraged. The government is the largest borrower at this time and if the cost of money is raised it will inevitably suffer. It would be unfortunate to have a general withdrawal of deposits from the banks for investment in the government loans, but on the other hand it is not desirable to have rates upon deposits which will tend to keep new capital from going into the loans. It is a very inopportune time for the banks to enter into a competitive struggle for deposits. The effect would be greatly to aggravate and extend the evils already resulting from the competitive struggle over labor and raw materials.

The Federal Reserve Board has given out a statement expressing its concern over the movement, and advising a conservative policy.

The volume of bank loans tends upward and this is not entirely accounted for by the purchases of treasury certificates. The reports of member banks to the Federal Reserve Board show that aside from loans upon or investments in United States securities, loans and investments on February 15th aggregated \$10,026,818,000, against \$9,862,409,000 on February 8th. These figures were for 670 banks on the latter date and 679 on the former. It is not a satisfactory showing, with a government loan looming in the near future, and doubtless the trying business conditions of the last three months are in large degree responsible. There is still a great amount of farm produce to be marketed, particularly in the Middle West, where the railways have been unable to move it as promptly as usual and the amount of soft corn has caused the farmers to fatten more live stock and feed it longer than is customary. There is reason to expect a great loosening up in that quarter in the next few months.

Railway traffic conditions have greatly improved in the last month and business reports are good from all quarters. Retail sales are large, and merchants have more trouble getting goods than in disposing of them. Price reduction sales since the first of the year have been smaller than usual, merchants holding that it is better to carry stock over than to run the risk of not being able to replace it.

United States bank clearings gained \$1,200,000,000 in the week ended March 7th over the preceding week, the aggregate of \$6,534,076,000 corresponding with the low of the week before of \$5,299,717,000 and with \$5,730,408,000 in the like week of last year. San Francisco clearings of \$112,668,000 were a gain of \$24,630,000 over a year ago.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York and Weil, Roth & Co. have purchased jointly \$2,225,000 Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company two-year 6 per cent. secured notes, dated March 15, 1918, due March 15, 1920. These notes are secured by first and refunding, now first mortgage forty-year 5 per cent. bonds, due April 1, 1956. A syndicate will be formed shortly to offer these notes.

American consul reports an agency is desired by a man in France for the sale of steel, iron, machines, and tools, and supplies for metallurgy. Refer 26,516.

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**RUTHLESSNESS AND EVOLUTION.**

By John Burroughs.

(Mr. Burroughs at the age of 80 takes as keen an interest in the issues of the world war as he did in the secrets of nature during his earlier years. In this brief article, which appeared in the New York Tribune, he examines the German militarist theory of frightfulness from the view point of evolutionary science and holds that it is both fallacious and suicidal.)

When a good thing, a great thing, has been turned to infernal uses, as science has been by the Germans in this war, one is half inclined to lay the blame on the thing itself. A pious friend of mine, thinking of these things, says science is the second fall of man and has resulted in expelling us from the paradise in which, but for it, we should still be living; it has filled our heads with forbidden knowledge and our hands with forbidden power, and is in a large measure responsible for the present world war.

But science is just as much on the side of peace as on the side of war. It is a two-edged sword, a tremendous instrument that the hand of man can turn to a multitude of uses, noble and ignoble, to build up and to tear down, to save and to destroy. It is certainly true that without science Germany could not cut much of a figure in this war, probably would not have begun it. It is equally true that without science the Allies would not be able to meet her on anything like equal terms.

The fundamental trouble is to be found in Germany's interpretation of scientific conclusions. She has perverted biological laws to suit her own purposes. The Darwinian conception of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, which certainly are great truths (but not the whole truth when applied to the world of man) got into her blood. They became her inspiration and the well-spring of her national philosophy. Her thinkers and teachers turn to the primary factors of evolution as they are operative in the non-human world as the final court of appeal in settling all questions of man's relation to man and the relations of one nation to another. They do not for a moment take into account that man is an exceptional creature in the animal kingdom, and that his true progress has been in reversing, or putting under his feet, the laws that rule in what we may call the brute stages of evolution.

When evolution gave man his moral consciousness and his concepts of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, justice and mercy, he was born again. Of course it was a long, slow, and painful birth, a true dystocia; but after the throes and the travail a new being saw the light, and man was differentiated from all the other animals, and obligations were placed upon him that were his alone. This new birth made him the fittest to survive. Only through the development and freer and freer play of man's moral consciousness was modern civilization possible. Only by more and more subordinating the rule of might to the rule of right—fair dealing, the common weal, justice to the weak as well as to the strong—was the rise of states and organized governments possible.

No matter how often states and governments have run counter to this great law and waged aggressive wars and ruthlessly pursued the rule of might, which nearly all states and nations have at times been guilty of, the principle stands. Man would not be man without it. Reversals to the laws of the jungle only prove how slow and painful man's complete evolution has been. The outbreak of Prussianism which has resulted in this terrible war is like the outbreaks of earth's primal energies as seen in earthquakes and volcanoes. Only the gradual subsidence and quiescence of these elemental energies have made the earth habitable and given us a stable soil upon which to build and plant and sow. If the primal seismic forces were once more to break loose and begin their mad career anew, where should we be?

The course of the German military power in beginning and conducting this war has been precisely analogous to the outbreak of nature's merciless forces—earthquakes, tornadoes, lava flows, and the like. All these things are a part of the nature of which we

ourselves are a part, and in the shaping of the earth and rendering it a fit abode for living beings their work has been immense.

The hattle of the elements through the long geological ages has given us a planet upon which we can hattle for existence with a fair prospect of success. So has the rule of might, in the long course of evolution—the supremacy of force and greed and selfishness among the prehistoric and early historic races—at last prepared the way for the rule and dominance of man's better nature. We say "better" because it makes life more and more attractive and worth while and leads to the greatest good of the greatest number. Again, meaning by "good" that which is in harmony with the human constitution and man's relation to his environment. It does not abolish struggle and the survival of the fittest, at least of the fit, but it enthrones justice, mercy, and truth, and arms us against tyranny, savagery, and the aggressive war spirit.

The appeal to nature for the justification of our conduct, whatever it be, is risky business. Nature is heaven on one side and hell on the other. In all creatures below man the rule of might prevails. The only sin is weakness and the only virtue strength. There is no question of right and wrong, of justice and mercy. The only questions are those of adaptation and power to survive. The trees in the forest, the plants in the field, the fowl of the air, the sea forms and the land forms are all under the same law of adaptation to the environment. The less adaptable, the poorly equipped for competitive struggle, defectives, unfortunates, the handicapped, fall out.

The law of variability, whatever he its cause, never ceases to act. Those that vary in the wrong direction suffer and fail; those that vary in the right direction prosper, and the more they vary in this direction the more they prosper. But variation in man brings in new problems and new factors. It is no longer a question of the survival of brute force, but one of force armed with the moral consciousness. The questions of fraternity, equality, liberty play prominent parts. Selfishness is tempered by altruism; instinct is guided by reason, power is wedded to conscience, and the strong in the long run prevail in proportion to their adherence to justice and truth.

During the last half-century or more the Germans have varied or developed remarkably in the direction of organization, of material efficiency, state supremacy, and so on, but they have varied less than their neighbors in the direction of true culture, of humanism, altruism, refinement of spirit, political liberty, and of the other virtues that make for a noble, disinterested people. Hence their advantage in this war, so far as military efficiency is concerned, and their disadvantage, so far as the sympathy and good opinion of the rest of the world are concerned. They are the fittest to survive by reason of sheer power; they are the least fit by reason of sheer brutality—their reliance upon the predatory methods and the lower aims of earlier times. They have gone forth to hattle in the spirit of their ancestral Huns, and in many ways in a worse spirit. . . . Wreckers of cathedrals, destroyers of libraries, despoilers of cemeteries, slayers of old men and women and children and priests and nuns, barbarians by instinct, pirates and incendiaries by practice, terrorists by training, slaves by habit and hollies by profession, void of humility, void of spirituality, resourceful but not inventive, thorough but not original, docile as individuals, but hrazen and defiant as a nation—ravishing, maiming, poisoning, burning, suffocating, deporting, enslaving, murderers of the very soul of a people, so far as it is in their power—the rest of the world can live on terms of peace and good-will with them only after they have drained to the dregs the bitter cup of military defeat.

The queue of waiters at a British food station was long and the waiting weary. One respectfully attired lady at length announced that she couldn't stand it any longer, her feet ached so. Then she began to question those about her as to their wants. "Marge," was the general answer, but one or two said "Tea." "Well," said the respectfully attired lady, "I can help you a bit. I've got some tea here, more than I want, and I'll let you have some if you like." From her bag she produced several neatly made parcels, and in a few moments disposed of them all. Then she stepped out of the queue, and was soon lost to sight. Not till she had been gone some minutes did the spirit of distrust and inquiry descend upon one of the purchasers. When it did, however, the woman found that her package was full of sawdust. There was an instant tearing open of the others, which were all filled with the same material.

A military road extending from West Point into the branch roads of the New England States, to be built by New York State, is proposed in a bill introduced in the assembly at Albany.

CURRENT VERSE.

Songs of His Lady.

Oh, I shall pluck the little stars  
And set them to her golden hair,  
And I shall pluck for her delight  
All things golden anywhere,

The little flowers of the earth,  
The little corals of the sea,  
The little dreams within my heart,—  
My love shall have them all o' me!

And I shall weave into a net  
The dreaming Pleiad sisters seven  
With all the jewels of all the crowns  
Of all the saints of heaven,—

A net of stars for her to wear  
To make her dainty and fair to see,  
So all the princes of the world  
Shall whisper and envy me.

But she shall dress more strangely still  
In all men's eyes she shall be seen  
To wear my little silver dreams  
Like tinkling trinkets of a queen.

Ay, queenlike, she shall move them all  
To adoration and desire;  
For she shall wear my golden dreams  
As though they were a robe of fire.  
—John McClure.

The Ragged Stone.

As I was walking with my dear, my dear come  
back at last,  
The shadow of a Ragged Stone fell on us as we  
passed:

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged  
Stone  
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor  
yet alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely  
dear and I;  
And we're to have a little house, and do not want  
to die.

But all the folks are fighting in the lands across  
the sea,  
Because the King and Counsellors went mad in  
Germany.

Because the King and Counsellors went mad, my  
love and I  
May never have a little house before we come to  
die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged  
Stone  
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor  
yet alone.  
—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Emilia.

Half-way up the Hemlock Valley Turnpike,  
In the bend of Silver Water's arm,  
Where the deer come trooping down at even,  
Drink the cowslip pool, and fear no harm,  
Dwells Emilia,  
Flower of the fields of Camlet Farm.

Sitting, sewing at the western window,  
As the too brief mountain sunshine flies,  
Hast thou seen a slender-shouldered figure,  
With a chestnut braid, Minerva-wise,  
Round her temples,  
Shadowing her gray enchanted eyes?

When the freshets flood the Silver Water;  
When the swallow, flying northward, haves  
Sleeting rains, that sweep the birchen foothills,  
Where the windflowers' pale plantation waves;—  
Fairy gardens,  
Springing from the dead leaves in their graves;—

Falls forgotten, then, Emilia's needle;  
Ancient hallads, fleeing through her braio,  
Sing the cuckoo and the English primrose  
Outdoors calling, with a quaint refrain;  
And a rainbow  
Seems to brighten through the gusty rain.

Forth she goes, in some old dress and faded,  
Fearless of the showery shifting wind;  
Kilted are her skirts to clear the mosses,  
And her bright braids in a kerchief pinned;  
(Younger sister  
Of the damsel-errant Rosalind).

While she helps to serve the harvest supper  
In the lantern-lighted village hall,  
Moonlight rises on the burning woodland,  
Echoes dwindle from the distant fall.  
Hark, Emilia!  
—In her ear the airy voices call.

(Hidden papers in the dusty garret,  
Where her few and secret poems lie,—  
Thither flies her heart to join her treasure,  
While she serves, with absent-musing eye,  
Mighty tankards  
Foaming cider in the glasses high.)

"Would she mingle with her young companions!"  
Vainly do her aunts and uncles say.  
Ever, from the village sports and dances  
Early missed, Emilia slips away.  
Whither vanished?  
With what unimagined mates to play?

Did they seek her, wandering by the water,  
They should find her comrades shy and strange!  
Queens and princesses and saints and fairies,  
Dimly moving in a cloud of change:  
Desdemona:  
Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Up this valley, to the Fair and Market,  
When young farmers from the southward ride.  
Oft they linger at a sound of chanting  
In the meadows by the Turnpike-side:  
Long they listen,  
Deep in faeries of a fairy hide.  
—Sarah N. Cloghorne.



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INTERPRETERS AND INTERPRETATIONS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50 net.

#### Eastern Red.

We can never understand how the mismatched couple of the popular novel ever came to mate at all. Why does the nice woman marry the boulder, and particularly the woman who is not only nice, but intelligent? Why?

In this story we have two mismatched couples as well as a young woman who nearly gets herself mismatched by proposing to the wrong man. Mrs. Elsie Harcourt has married a man about town of notorious infidelities, and so by way of making a right out of two wrongs she falls in love with Ralph Aston. The other mismatched one is a little singer, a sort of genius in her way, who has married a vaudeville performer for no better reason than his good nature and who now considers that he owns her in the grossest form of the term. Rose hears so much about freedom that she wonders if there is no freedom for women from that sort of thing, and she finds that there is not. The man says, "You're my wife, aren't you?" and that ends it. But why did those women marry those men and then demand from the novelist a presentation of their supposed grievances. Their only true grievance is a lack of common sense, and this seems to be a matter for prayer rather than for legislation. The author has given a nearly invisible background of war to her book, which of course is well written.

EASTERN RED. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### The Lost Naval Papers.

Who is Bennet Copplestone? It may be Conan Doyle, it may be any of several other well-known writers, or it may be some new literary genius. At all events under this nom de plume the author of "The Lost Naval Papers" has created a new detective character, William Dawson, that deserves to rank with the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes. His methods are entirely different. He is not concerned with the same forms of analysis or with the application of scientific research. His are the methods of detective organization and painstaking observation and diligence.

Although the exploits of Dawson are not as intellectually stimulating as those of Sherlock Holmes, they are quite as exciting, and in many ways give an impression of verisimili-

tude lacking in the latter. Every story in the present volume is a thriller and yet one finishes with the impression that there is nothing inherently improbable in any of them. They deal with the detection of espionage, and especially with the protection of the navy in the war, and in addition to the clever romance there is much of real value and interest of a more substantial nature.

THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

#### Bruno.

Giordano Bruno is one of the growing figures of history, and it is not a little remarkable that so impressive a character should be so unfamiliar to the present age. A French biography appeared in 1847, and Italian historians have given to Bruno a full measure of attention. Mr. Boulting's book should do much to relieve the English-speaking world of the reproach of being unacquainted with so bright a star.

The work is complete not only as a biographical study, but as an analysis of Bruno's philosophy. Bruno lived as a Dominican monk at Naples until he was forced into flight by his heterodoxy. He was expelled from Geneva because he was no better a Calvinist than a Catholic. He went to Lyons, Toulouse, Paris, and England, eventually returning to Italy, where he met his death by burning as a heretic.

Bruno's philosophy was that of a pure Pantheism. He believed in the unity of life, displaying itself under a myriad forms, and ceaselessly passing from body to body. There is but little of modern philosophic thought that is not to be found in Bruno, while his knowledge of science, and especially of astronomy, was far in advance of his day.

A review can give little conception of the charm of this book or of the contagious enthusiasm with which the author handles his subject. His success is shown by the extent to which he succeeds in inspiring us with a veneration for Bruno, for his lofty character, his boundless knowledge, and the sublimity of his death.

GIORDANO BRUNO. By William Boulting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.75.

#### Impossible People.

The impossible people are the Rev. John Templar and his wife Joanna, impossible because of their simple piety and invincible charity. The Rev. John preaches what he calls village sermons, in which he speculates on what Christ would think of the everyday sights of the village street.

Joanna has adopted a girl, Hope, who is receiving her finishing education in the city. It seems that one of the village women has also adopted a girl named Milly, and when Hope comes home she finds Milly installed at the vicarage as a sort of domestic help. Milly is beautiful and is also under a cloud. Naturally Hope hates her.

The story really concerns the two girls rather than the "impossible people." Hope presently discovers her true parents, the newest and the vilest of the rich. Being sordid and ambitious she leaves her foster parents and grasps her opportunities. We know just what her end will be. Milly excites the interest of an eccentric lady naturalist and presently discovers a new bird, as well as a lover and her true parents. Milly wins our hearts. We voted for her and against Hope in the first chapters and our instinct was unerring. A very charming story.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

#### The Lucky Seven.

Mr. Foote gives us seven short stories, all of them good, and all of them turning on some queer twist in human nature. Perhaps "Bolters" is the best. A bolter is a hunting dog who eats the bird instead of retrieving it and who must therefore be kept always well fed. In the same way a woman who has an inherited sexual taint must be kept well supplied by her husband with the good things of life or she is liable to become a bolter. The science is bad, but the story is good.

The next best story is "Opus 43, Number 6," which describes how a great pianist fell in love with a poor little music teacher and took pretended lessons from her in order to be near her. But he was found out. Oh, yes, he was found out. Unusual stories, all of them.

THE LUCKY SEVEN. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### The New Warfare.

This work by G. Blanchon has been translated from the French by Fred Rothwell, B. A., and we know of no work of its kind that gives so good a description from the popular standpoint of modern methods of war and the many devices of the defensive and the offensive. The author deals not only with the general principles of war, but also with mobilization, railways, motor-cars, aeroplanes, warships, blockades, submarines, artillery, small arms, and trench warfare. He briefly treats also of what have been called the im-

ponderables of war and the moral forces that are involved. There are no technicalities, and the information is conveyed with literary precision.

THE NEW WARFARE. By G. Blanchon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

#### Love Songs.

Only a poet can tell of the delicate virility, the fragile strength of Sara Teasdale's bits of song. Eight simple lines, two quatrains, containing only a few words of two syllables—none at all of three or more—reach the extremes of human feeling. Few of her poems are more than sixteen lines. The book may be read in an hour and remembered for a lifetime. After all, love transcends even the interest of war in these times. It has always been so and always will be so. One need not be able to understand classical poetry to interpret the lyrics of Sara Teasdale. Her messages of the essentials are couched in the simplest terms, and attuned to the music of a bird.

LOVE SONGS. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

#### The Man Who Killed.

Somewhat complex and confusing in the initial thirty or forty pages, Claude Farrère's novel, "The Man Who Killed," gradually emerges into the clear light of a strongly condensed, startlingly dramatic tale. Best of all the hero is of an unusually splendid type, a man who does the "big" thing at the opportune time in a matter-of-fact, unassuming way. Real heroes are few in modern fiction—any fiction, for that matter—and we are glad to have made the acquaintance of this one, the Marquis Renaud de Sévigné Montmoron.

THE MAN WHO KILLED. By Claude Farrère. Translated by Magdalen C. Schuyler. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50 net.

#### New York Verse.

Who would have thought that so many poems had been written about New York. Here we have a volume of 450 pages containing 446 selections, and we may suppose that the collection is not complete. Most of the great names of American poets are to be found in the table of contents—Scollard, Markham, Stedman, Sill, Whitman, Bunner, Whittier, Willis, Bryant, Adams, Gilder, Aldrich, Le Gallienne, Teasdale, Oppenheim, Untermyer, Carman, and ever so many more. The book is illustrated with many contemporary illustrations of excellent workmanship.

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK VERSE. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

At the theatre in Basra, when European films were shown, the Arabs always laughed very much at the amount of kissing that white folks indulged in. It seemed to strike them as an extraordinary way of passing the time. So writes Martin Swayne in his book, "In Mesopotamia," a highly interesting account of British campaigns in the East, recently published by the George H. Doran Company.

Mlle. Blum is a graduate of the University of Paris. For many years before the war she was a teacher of French to prominent Americans in Europe, among them Ambassador Myron T. Herrick and Mrs. Herrick. Expelled from Baden-Baden the day war was declared, she came to America to resume her life work of teaching French to Americans. Her first classes were at various cantonments, and the letters which she receives from the boys on the other side bear witness to the success of her method. "Your way of teaching us enlisted men is to my mind the best and only way," writes one grateful young private of the Rainbow Division.

Carolyn Wells received this appeal in connection with "Vicky Van," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company: "I've been told you will publish a new book soon—please lend it to me before it goes to the printer. I would like to read it at once." Miss Wells' charming Jersey home ought to possess a genuine ghost of its own by this time, so many thrilling mystery stories have been born beneath its hospitable roof.

Major William H. K. Redmond of the Sixth Royal Irish Rifles, and a brother of John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, was killed while leading his men in Wytschaete Wood during the battle of Messines Ridge on June 10, 1917. Major Redmond was Member of Parliament for East Clare. He was the author of "Trench Pictures from France" (George H. Doran Company).

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, whose new book, "The Glory of the Trenches: An Interpretation of War," will be published March 22d, has just returned to London from a visit to the American front line in France, where he was sent by the British war office. Lieutenant Dawson's next book following "The Glory of the Trenches" will be called "Out to Win," and treats of the United States' entry into the war and what the Americans are doing at home and in France. Lieutenant

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Dawson's first book of the series of three volumes, "Carry On: Letters in War-Time," has now been put to press nineteen times, and continues in large demand though published some eight months ago.

H. G. Selfridge, the American business man who went to London some eight years ago to open a big department store on American lines, which turned out, in spite of dire predictions, one of the biggest successes in the commercial history of that metropolis, has just paid a flying visit to the United States in order to deliver an important address and to consult with his publisher, the John Lane Company, with regard to his forthcoming book, "The Romance of Commerce," which John Lane of the Bodley Head, London, has recently issued with astounding success. The book covers the history of commerce from the earliest days of bartering with savage tribes down to the great department stores of the twentieth century. It is embellished with over a hundred illustrations, all of which, especially the old maps, are of extraordinary historical interest.

#### Briefer Reviews.

"Diabetic Cookery," by Rebecca W. Oppenheimer (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), is a volume of recipes and menus for the use of victims of diabetes. No book could be more practically suited to its purpose.

Laird & Lee, Inc., Chicago, have published "The Way of Success," by William H. Hamby. These four stories appeared originally in the Saturday Evening Post and attracted much attention by their enthusiasm and sound sense.

"Garden Steps," by Ernest Cobb (Silver, Burdett & Co.; 60 cents), is described as "a manual for the amateur in vegetable gardening." It contains practical and precise information as to the culture of all our principal vegetables.

"La France," by G. Guibillon (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1), may be described as a guide book to life in France. It is written in fine French and it tells the traveler just what he wants to know while avoiding the prolixities of the ordinary travel book.

The Loeb Classical Library, already of substantial size, now includes "Plautus," with an English translation by Paul Nixon, in five volumes, Volume II containing "Casina," "The Casket Comedy," "Curculio," "Epidicus," and "The Two Men of Samnium"; and "The Greek Anthology," with an English translation by W. R. Paton. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Youth Plucky," by Henry A. Shute (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35), is a continuation of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," usually accepted as the most faithful of all pictures of the American boy of the last generation. The boy is now a young man and with down upon his chin, but the delineation of his character is just as clever and just as delightfully humorous.

Those in search of information about the Moros, as well as those who love stories of adventure, should read "Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy," by Florence Partello Stuart. The adventures, we are told, are founded upon fact, and they are some adventures. The author knows her field thoroughly and she has also taken the trouble to study its history, which gives to her work a distinct historical value. It is published by the Century Company. Price, \$1.35.

Even under the hottest fire from German guns, reading of books or magazines serves to pass many a cheerless hour for the men in the dugouts and at billets behind the British lines in France, declares H. A. L. Fisher, the British minister of education. There was a good deal of consumption of light literature in the trenches and some serious study behind them, he said. Even during the progress of a battle reading was carried on. He had known cases in which Keats and Milton had been invoked as a sedative while under the heavy fire. As so many hours were necessarily spent in modern warfare in dull existence underground, the tedium of life would be almost unbearable but for the educational solace of print.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Understood Betsy.

Lovable common sense combined with sympathetic understanding is a quality that the poor old world is sadly in need of, and we are glad to record that Dorothy Canfield possesses a liberal quality for liberal dispensing.

In the pages of "Understood Betsy" the helpful author has generously packed this much-needed quality, and every reader may help himself to as much as he can use. Aside from this much-needed quality there is delightful entertainment in a human story of simple, human folk.

Growing girls who are not too intensely modern, which means that they have not yet discovered that they do not know it all, will enjoy the story of a growing girl and derive self-improvement in a larger understanding of the problems of life. Nor will grown folks find the story beneath them. That is one of the beauties of a truth, it can be assimilated, enjoyed, and profitably digested by the simplest mind as well as by the greatest.

We want more books by Dorothy Canfield for our young folks and for our old ones, too.

UNDERSTOOD BETSY. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.30 net.

## Facts, Thought, and Imagination.

This is not a work on psychology, but on the art of writing, a discussion of the practical requirements for handling facts and thought. It drills the student in the difference between fact and no fact or part fact. Then comes the study of the means and methods of thought development, illustrated from good writings and emphasized by the composition of articles, essays, editorials, and arguments. The book is admirably composed. Nothing could be more useful to the literary aspirant.

FACTS, THOUGHT, AND IMAGINATION. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph. D., Frederick Erastus Pierce, Ph. D., and Willard Higley Durham, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.30.

## New Books Received.

WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel.

THE HOPE CHEST. By Mark Lee Luther. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

AIRS AND BALLADS. By John McClure. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.

A volume of verse.

TRAVELS IN LONDON. By the late Charles Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

With recollections by Sir Edward Cook, J. A. Spender, and J. P. Collins.

THE ALL HIGHEST GOES TO JERUSALEM. Translated from the French by Frank Alvah Dearborn. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

"Being the diary of the German emperor's journey to the Holy Land."

TWO WAR YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

The sensational story of one German who dared to tell the truth.

THE MAD MONK OF RUSSIA ILIODOOR. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

Life, memoirs, and confessions of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff (Iliodor).

WONDERFUL STORIES: WINNING THE V. C. IN THE GREAT WAR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Stories of heroism. Illustrated.

AMERICA AT WAR. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A handbook of patriotic education references.

THE GERMAN TERROR IN FRANCE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

An historical record.

W. E. FORD. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

An imaginative biography.

WOMEN AND WAR WORK. By Helen Fraser. New York: G. Arnold Shaw; \$1.50.

A sketch of what women have done in England.

LA FRANCE. By G. Guibrillon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

French life and ways. In French.

THE BOOK OF THE ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTS. By A. D. Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS. By George Kibbe Turner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

DIABETIC COOKERY. By Rebecca W. Oppenheimer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Recipes and menus.

THE GOSSIP SHOP. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE SUNNY SOUTH AND ITS PEOPLE. By C. W. Johnston. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.; \$1.50.

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## BULGARIA IN THE BALKAN WAR.

By Maximilian Harden, Editor of the "Zukunft."

Greeks, Serbs, Turks, Roumanians, Austrians, German officials, doctors, and business men have written me or visited me; the latest were eight representatives of the city of Adrianople, Greeks and Turks, Jews and Armenians. Each one of them voiced the same note, every lip formed almost the same words, when we spoke of Bulgaria. We have been, every one of us, deceived regarding the strength of that country, its possibilities of civilization, and the value for humanity of its people, the most contemptible simulators that ever were seen.

Against this people, which has remained like Scythian heasts of prey, which is so utterly perjured and ready for any wolf-like ruse or lowdown treason, which with its lowering aspect looks exactly as it did in the thirteenth century, when it laid waste Thrace, against this race, this hideous product of the ancient Mongolian hordes, every weapon is lawful.

Everything that was reported to Vienna from Sofia since the beginning of the war of the Balkan League against Turks has been proved to be false—everything. The Bulgarians, as they did under their John and Simeon, fought bravely, even recklessly. But their artillery, their commissariat, their sanitary corps, were completely insufficient. At Kirk-Kilisse (which was not, as they untruthfully declare, strongly fortified) and at Lule Burgas they had opposing them the weakest Turkish contingent, men badly trained, had shots, who went to pieces under fire.

Against better trained troops (though two of the principal lines had been driven in by the Serbs), even before Tehataldja was reached, they could do nothing. Unless they had been supplied with Serbian munitions they could never have survived even the first quarter of the war. Without the modern heavy artillery of the Serbs they could never have taken Adrianople.

For a part of their success they have to thank the Russians, who had responded to their proclamation of a crusade against the Turk. When these left there was no more victory and glory. Their assertions that the Greeks and Serbs broke the treaty of alliance and plotted treason is untrue. That the Bulgarians desired to rob their allies (their helpers in time of direst necessity) of all the fruits of the war and not only plotted treason and treacherous attacks down to the smallest detail, but also carried them out, is proved.

With the orders for a night attack in their pockets, the Bulgarian officers on the Bregalnitz invited their Serbian comrades to a friendly meal, drank brotherhood with them in hypocritical celebration of the disappearance of all causes for dispute and formed groups of intimate friendship with them before the camera, and then treacherously attacked them. Not on the order of Deneff, now the scapegoat, hut of Ferdinand, the all-powerful.

This is unexampled in the annals of modern European war. It was, however, the only success of the Bulgarians in the second campaign. All their other deeds of derring do, the defeats and destruction of Serbian divisions, the final splitting up of the two armies, all are impudent lies, and lies made knowingly, against better knowledge. Untrue that Saloniki was fought, not captured, by the Greeks; untrue that the Serbs never rendered service equal to that of the Bulgarians; untrue that a league of five nations crushed the wrecks of Ferdinand's army (which was almost annihilated before the army of King Carol crossed the Danube or Enver had begun his march of triumph); untrue that the Bucharest treaty of peace reduced Bulgaria and hindered her from combating the Turks. The obligation to reduce her armies in the field against Roumania, Serbia, and Greece to a peace footing did not hinder, hut on the contrary facilitated Bulgaria in concentrating all her forces against the Turks, who were not parties to that treaty.

Roumania, which crawled like a whipped dog, was the only country against which Bulgaria had the right to be enraged and against which every Bulgar had sworn a blood feud.

But what can not be forgiven, what can never be prescribed, is the insult to humanity of such methods of warfare. That the Bulgarians destroyed with fire and sword everything they could (even in Thrace, where they

declared they came as liberators), that they forced the inhabitants to feed them for weeks without compensation, that they stole like greedy vultures, that officers plundered the houses where they had been quartered of the most precious carpets and ornaments, that they stole the trousseaux of the young girls and carried off wood-carvings and even pianos, is the least grave. The hero Ferdinand can be forced to give up, at least, the treasures stolen from the mosques.

But what about the men who were tortured and castrated, their eyes dug out, their entrails ripped from their bodies and thrust into their mouths, the mutilated and murdered children, infants and women, the ravishing of young girls and gray-haired women, by six or eight armed ruffians, horrors that can not even be imagined, perpetrated hundreds, thousands of times, crimes that never can be made good. No, those who commit such crimes have placed themselves beyond the pale of humanity.

They deny it; can they do anything else? They demand an international committee of investigation—a clumsy subterfuge. Can they in September dig up the dead bodies, hunt for the cripples and the dishonored women? But we do not need them. We have more credible witnesses than are necessary to form a judgment. King of Greece, serious doctors of every nation, and even Austrian officials. There is not the shadow of a doubt. A worthy citizen of Adrianople told me (and

brought other witnesses to confirm it) that an eight-year-old girl belonging to his family had been ravished by three Bulgarian soldiers, and that dozens of cases could be proved in that city.

I asked the eight delegates from Adrianople, who nevertheless hate the Serbs as their enemies, if any Serbian soldiers had behaved in this infamous fashion. The answer: "Not one; the behavior and discipline of the Serbs was perfect; they paid for every single bit of food they bought."

In both wars the Serbs have held themselves the best. No lies and no boastfulness. The most rapid mobilization, the most efficient army, the most capable sanitary corps. How we have been deceived!

At the annual sale of Ayrshire pure-bred hull calves in Scotland twenty-one hull calves were offered, and all of them were from cows whose yearly yield of milk was over 1000 gallons, which, allowing sixty days off for the dry period, gave a daily flow of three and two-thirds gallons. One nine-months-old calf brought \$2150, and another one-year-old sold for \$1500. Its dam had a record of 1156 gallons of milk in forty-eight weeks, yielding 3.67 per cent. of butter fat. Mention is also made of an Ayrshire cow whose flow of milk constitutes a world record. In nine seasons she gave 9500 gallons of milk and calved each year on an average within twelve months.

## A Happy Loss

Lose your grouch, you'll never miss it,

Though, at first, it may seem queer

To be just a little decent

To the people who are near.

But with very little practice

Sawing wood from day to day.

You can make yourself attractive

With a grin nailed on to stay.

There is little satisfaction,

Nor is life the more complete

If you bite the heads from people

Whom in daily rounds you meet,

And the mussup isn't pleasant

When that little trick you try—

They can never sue for damage

If you smile and pass them by.

You may think it lends distinction

If you jog along the way

With a grouch on exhibition

Every moment of the day;

But when friends who see you coming

Make excuse to turn away,

You will find the load is hardly

Worth the freight you have to pay.

Be the little ray of sunshine

To the people that you meet;

Let them feel when you are coming

That it brightens up the street.

It's the only way to travel:

Every smile will be a boost—

And you'll find it worth the trouble

When the chicks come home to roost.

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OTIS SKINNER AT THE COLUMBIA.

I place the name of the star as the more potent attraction than the play because it takes an Otis Skinner to make an Italian hurdy-gurdy man hold the audience during an entire play. Not but what Tony Camaradonio is the most lovable and genial of vagabonds, but as a general thing a one-act piece in vaudeville serves best to meet the popular demand for dramatic presentation of the Italian types. Booth Tarkington, however, is a great favorite with American readers of fiction, who like his point of view. He is very much of a sentimentalist, but not too much so to rap offenders against ethics pretty smartly over the knuckles. Mr. Tarkington is a soft-hearted fictionist, and the castigation is not usually very severe. At any rate, it wasn't really more than knuckle-rapping that the hypocritical mayor of Avalonia got as punishment for his little spree in New York.

What many will find particularly enjoyable in the play is the method employed by the writer to show up the smug, self-satisfied Pharisaism of those religious communities that minister to their own self-righteousness by the eagerness with which they suspect sin, and the ferocity with which they punish it. We in California, who are an easy-going, liberal-minded lot, are not liable to have our withers wrung by "Mister Antonio," but it seems as if the play might have served as a good aid in the propaganda of tolerance during its transit over the Eastern circuit. All the world hates a hypocrite as cordially as it loves a lover, and the mayor of Avalonia is a complete specimen of that class. Thus we have in Tony some one to love, and in the mayor some one to reprobate; two points in the play that are greatly conducive to the enjoyment of the average auditor.

The author, by shifting the action from Tug's flashy stronghold of metropolitan vice to the garden-lined streets of semi-rural and chemically-pure Avalonia has accomplished a most effective contrast; and one with considerable snap to it.

If those godly inhabitants of Avalonia had all been potential seraphs there would have been something altogether too stereotyped about it. But this goodly town of Avalonia, with its vine-wreathed, lawn-encircled, bowery homes, was the headquarters of a settled, churchy, inbreeding hypocrisy. And we were behind the curtain. We had seen the reputedly spotless mayor in Tug's, recovering from a particularly cataclysmic New York jag. What Tony had to do with all this is that he, too, was behind the curtain. Tony is a wanderer, and in his peripatetic excursions about the countryside with his donkey, his hurdy-gurdy, and his assistant, he makes friends with all kinds of people. Thus, although he can not soften the hearts of the Avalonians, he knows something that, if he put it into effect, could send their first citizen crashing down into muddy disgrace.

Tony, however, does nothing so spectacular. Tony loves and pities his fellow-men. He can not punish them. For he reflects the soft-heartedness of his American creator.

One would have liked the author to have devised something more painful than a mere scare for his venomous hypocrite, but he was particularly concerned in painting the geniality, the bonhomie, the instinctive compassion of Tony towards stumbling humanity; and his humorous resignation to the tyranny of that "little devil" in his breast which made him habitually act against his own interests.

Tony was, of course, in Otis Skinner's hands, perfectly played. He was all Italian, even to the lines of his features. There was even that liquid darkness to his eyes that is a characteristic of the Latins. And, with that great gift of magnetism that the actor possesses, he was able to endow Tony with the quality of loveliness that is thoroughly essential to the carrying-out of the author's idea. Tony's white-teethed, black-mustached smile was as Italian as they make it; as also

his accent, his shrug, his intonations, and the play of his flexible hands. Still the piece is far from being up to the full powers, or anything near them, of the leading actor of the American stage. So Mr. Skinner's sincerest admirers can but feel a mingling of regret that he has not found a vehicle worthier his powers, and of satisfaction that Mr. Tarkington's agreeable creation is so delightfully acted.

An excellent company assists Mr. Skinner in the representation of the Tarkington play. In the first act there was much more realism than in the others because of the humorous exaggeration employed in depicting the Pharisaism of the Avalonians; and this realistic treatment was most efficiently carried out by John McCabe as Tug and by Agnes Marc as Pearl. This young lady was particularly instrumental in causing our imagination to face the underlying dismalness of life as it is lived by the commercial haunters of the vice cafés of a metropolis. The Avalonian group are also particularly well represented as seen through a humorous haze, although Mr. Joseph Brennan gave a more serious interpretation of a hypocrite, with, however, an occasional turn of humor; a very good piece of work.

Two charming impersonations were those of the two young girls; especially the June Ramsey of Ruth Rose. This little black-haired blossom of youth expressed the prettiest wistfulness of the loudly condemned suspect who was no sinner, but the very essence of rural innocence; an innocence fully indicated in her delightful young countenance. The length of the cast prohibits further individual mention, but each and every member of the company merits praise for the finish and quality of his or her work.

Mr. Skinner, by the way, at the end of innumerable curtain calls made a speech; a very good one, and the actor in him had amused itself by putting it in the vernacular employed by Tony in the play. And it is quite needless to say that the speech made an unqualified hit.

#### A METROPOLITAN SONGBIRD.

Frieda Hempel strikes one as a prima donna de luxe. With her fair coloring and blonde hair, with her plump, snowy shoulders and arms, all jeweled and gleaming, with her pretty face and dainty person down to her little toes set off with the lustre of blue and silver brocade, she seemed something ultra-expensive and precious, like a jeweled ornament that has been lifted out of a satin-lined case. Seen and heard on the concert stage, in spite of the beauty and sweetness of several of her interpretations, there is little about her to suggest the grand operatic heroine steeped in woe. Rather is she like a bright-plumaged singingbird, rippling forth its summer joy out of a full and bubbling throat. There is about her a suggestion of the encirclement of wealth; of bare-necked, jeweled women, and white-fronted, black-coated magnates, paying high and paying delightedly to be entertained, thrilled perhaps, by the perfection of her art. What quality of art it is is perhaps best indicated by the nature of her programme, which was made of several bravura arias particularly calculated to exhibit the wonders of her coloratura, and of a couple of series of songs of a lighter calibre, which displayed the crystalline sweetness of her voice and the delicacy of her interpretations, and a number of which allowed for vocal exuberances, such as Taubert's "Bird Song." There were rapid runs, brilliant roulades, amazing staccato passages, revealing exceptional breath control. It is indeed an unusually brilliant and beautiful voice; a soprano of perfect intonation, of purest quality.

As to temperament, one can not always pronounce with authority after hearing an opera singer but once in the concert programme; but it seemed to me as if Miss Hempel's special province is to express joy, rather than sorrow; the joy of rhythm, of melody, the physical joy of pouring forth without effort an almost perfect voice of that rare type that was born, not made.

The owners of such voices are generally musicians by instinct. Miss Hempel is no exception to the rule. As we learned from the programme, she arranges compositions to suit her voice. She is the fortunate possessor of an infallible sense of pitch. She scales vocal heights in airy flights, taking run after run with ease; and arrives at the tiptop with perhaps the slightest lessening of the silvery beauty of her tones, but with true adherence to pitch.

Added to her vocal endowment the singer has a highly decorative stage presence. She evidently understands the art of dress, and has beauty, grace, charm, and the poise that is partly hers by temperament and partly as the result of being an assured favorite with the public.

She gave three florid arias that exhibited her brilliant work in coloratura: the "Ernani Involami," Proch's "Theme and Variations," and an arrangement made for the voice by herself of Strauss' "Blue Danube." Mendelssohn, Brahms, Tschakowsky were among the

composers represented, the singer showing not only with the less notable numbers, but in the lyrics by the more celebrated composers a preference for songs expressive of playfulness or coquettishness of mood. Among her encores were "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," and she greatly pleased her audience by giving an unprogrammed rendition of the national anthem. And not the least pleasure of the afternoon was the delight experienced by the audience in hearing a pure and perfect voice soar lightly and easily over its trying intervals.

#### OUR LITTLE PIONEER.

One could wish, since we have two little theatres in San Francisco, that the Players' Club would give its theatre a more distinctive name, so that people would cease demanding "Which little theatre?" For the name of this miniature playhouse is more and more often on people's lips, and its praises in their ears.

The March programme of the uptown little theatre is half sombre and half merry. Thus are varying tastes appeased.

Local playwrighting talent is represented in "The Unreturning," a symbolic piece by Mrs. Frederick G. Schiller, which shows the traditional woman sinner returning, only to find that return is impossible. The author has sought to indicate the inevitable conflict between the ideal and the real; for Erret, the boy, when she was pure, had loved the scarlet sinner so deeply that his conception of her admitted no possibility of befouling sin.

The characters are all types: the sinner, the idealist, those who metaphorically cast stones, are seen in a dim light, and remain merely typical. The audience responded so quietly to the play that I do not think they wholly grasped its underlying meaning. Symbolic pieces rarely attain popularity, as they often puzzle auditors. It is only the few who accept the challenge gladly, and carry away the memory of something to reflect over and which they appreciate the more because its meaning is not too obvious.

Strindberg's one-act drama entitled "The Simoon," a striking bit of Strindbergism, which, as usual, indicated the icy Scandinavian's profound conviction that human nature is essentially compounded of ruthlessness and ferocity, was well acted, with tempestuous accompaniments of curtain wavings and wind wailings from the wild sandstorm of the desert that raged without. In spite, however, of these adventitious aids, and the Oriental costumes of the players, in spite, too, of the externally impressive acting of Mr. Brunetto and Mrs. Tanner, I felt a lack of response, due, I am convinced, to the fact that there was nothing in a play so disagreeably motivated that could appeal to the imagination or sympathies of Occidental players. For "The Simoon" is the torture by suggestion of a dying Frenchman, and therefore a hated Frank. Overcome by the sandstorm, he is helpless to bear up against the mind-magic of Biskra, the savage desert girl whose mate has been killed by other Franks. For this crime of his race his nationality makes him subject to vengeance, and he dies suffering mental and physical torments, cunningly devised by the ruthless avenger.

"Big Kate" has been revived by request. The frank theatricalism of the Nirdlinger piece removes it from the category of dramatic truthfulness. But there is Catherine, the empress. After all's said and done, there is some historic truth and much humanness to that imperial Messalina, the vigorously humor-

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ous portrayal by Mrs. Gump remains the outstanding attraction of the play. "Big Kate" was beautifully mounted, Mr. Elmer Hader, the artist, having contrived by some artistic witchcraft to lend an appearance of greater spaciousness to the little stage, and to create an effect of sumptuousness and luxury by the tasteful disposition of several handsome accessories.

"The Price of Orchids" is one of those humorously sentimental pieces which make a double appeal, because the great majority respond eagerly both to sentimentality and to humor. Its action is located in a florist's shop, the presiding genius of which is Maude, the florist's bookkeeper, a delightful being who persists in putting sentiment to the fore, even while she keeps a practical eye on business in the background. Maude, as played by Mae O'Keeffe, captured our affections immediately. Who does not warmly approve of the soft-hearted being who still maintains a good mental balance? Such is Maude, even though she is discharged by her florist employer for sending "leftovers" to a customer whose orders are skimpy. But Maude is a philosopher. She knew what she was about, and events justified her policy.

Miss O'Keeffe played this delightful being delightfully, giving her such a delicious blend of shoppirl vernacular and general warm-heartedness that we hung upon her every accent with infatuation. Miss Emilie Parent was sympathetic and attractive in the rôle of a guileless and credulous spinster who is patiently waiting for a fifteen-year-old engagement to mature into matrimony. Mr. Arthur Keith's impersonation of the Jewish florist contained both truth and humor, while the three other rôles, played by Messrs. Pearson, Rinehart, and Miller, were given with a simple effect of nature that was both enjoyable and soothing.

#### THE AMUSEMENT MARKET.

In the Eastern press writers on things theatrical are telling a number of dismal facts about the theatrical business which make us realize afresh that the nation is at war. For theatres, like factories, are beginning to shut down. Read the announcements of opening nights in New York, and you will think of that metropolis as the usual core and centre of histrionic activities. But read the obituaries of those same attractions, headed, many of them, by well-known stars of the acting profession, and you will begin to realize that New York is rapidly becoming the graveyard of new productions. Seventy-six productions have been put on in New York since the beginning of the season and, to quote from one of the recent obituaries, "forty-one . . . have expired with low gurgles." The same

## The Crocker National Bank OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business March 4, 1918

#### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$19,169,462.11
U. S. Bonds.....	1,929,200.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	3,308,242.25
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	2,920,773.42
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	11,041,291.41
	\$38,518,969.19

#### LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,107,460.74
Circulation.....	1,968,900.00
Letters of Credit.....	2,948,448.29
Deposits.....	27,494,160.16
	\$38,518,969.19

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writer tells of ten shows that closed simultaneously on a recent Saturday night; and, to make one's realization of the situation more acute, the names of many prominent players are connected with these withdrawn attractions: Billie Burke, Grace George, Alice Nielsen, William Faversham, and Marie Doro among them.

At first the business of the movie men seemed unaffected, but even here—for California is the last to fall in line in the matter of war economies—they are beginning to note with alarm a decline in the size of audiences. The war tax has hit them, as well as the regular theatres. There are at present many calls on the resources of heads of families, for the realization is slowly but surely coming that our country is at war, and that our men are even now entering the shambles. And, with many, amusements are among the first luxuries which a nation at war will deny itself.

Yet perhaps we never needed it more than at present. War realizations are not cheerful and theatrical amusement is. San Francisco has been fairly faithful to its love for the theatre. It patronized Kellard in Shakespeare sufficiently to send him off encouraged, supported a season of old-fashioned opera at the Columbia, made a success of Evelyn Vaughn's three-weeks season at the Alcazar, crowded the Cort to the door to see "Cleopatra" as a picture play, encouraged Yvette Guilbert to play a return engagement, has been turned away by the hundred from the concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and supplied an audience of ten thousand at the March 5th concert at the Exposition Auditorium, and so the list goes. Our theatre men have not yet been hit in the solar plexus, and, in spite of transportation difficulties, good attractions are still coming our way. For the "Show of Wonders," gorgeous, costly, and beautiful, is crowding the Cort, while Otis Skinner's admirers are rallying around him at the Columbia.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

She—How is your youngest daughter getting on with her music. He—Splendidly! Her teacher says she plays Mozart in a way that Mozart himself would never dream of.—*Boston Transcript.*

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Last Symphony Concert of Season.

The farewell concert for this season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 17th, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Friday's programme will be repeated in its entirety, though at a popular scale of prices. For the final concert Hertz has programmed as the principal number Brahms' sublime Third Symphony, in F major.

Three selections from Berlioz' most popular opera, "The Damnation of Faust," will follow. They are extremely effective orchestral pieces and embrace "Minuet des Follets," "Dance des Sylphs," and "Rakocsky March."

Two of Ippolitow-Ivanow's Caucasian sketches will be played, "Dans l'Aoule" and "Cortège du Serdare." They are decidedly Slavonic in character and most interesting orchestral.

The concluding number of the programme will be Rimsky-Korsakow's "Capriccio Espagnol," a colorful caprice on Spanish themes.

With the conclusion of this concert the seventh season in the history of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra terminates.

Frieda Hempel.

No more glorious concert was ever given in San Francisco than the one by Frieda Hempel at the Columbia Theatre last Sunday afternoon, and the Geary Street playhouse will be crowded to its doors tomorrow (Sunday), when the wonderful soprano of the Metropolitan sings again. It is no exaggeration to say that San Francisco was given a real surprise on finding that she was in fact the peerless artist of the day. Not one dissenting note has been heard against the superiority of Miss Hempel in her profession. All of the reviewers of the daily press and the hosts of music lovers who were present rejoiced in the afternoon of song which gave them the greatest pleasure of the entire season. To more properly present her art, Miss Hempel has somewhat rearranged her programme for tomorrow's concert, adding to the original list Handel numbers and in many ways improving the offering. Paul Eisler will again officiate at the piano.

Tickets for this event may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the theatre today, or tomorrow (Sunday) at the theatre.

Max Figman at the Cort.

Max Figman will return to the Cort Theatre on Monday night, March 18th, in "Nothing But the Truth."

As will be remembered, "Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He gets a friend \$10,000 that he can do it.

Max Figman will bring back his original company with him, including Lolita Robertson, who is very popular here.

Sunday night, March 17th, will mark the concluding performance of the greatest of New York Winter Garden spectacles, the "Show of Wonders."

Last Week of "Mister Antonio."

Otis Skinner as Tony Camaradonio will continue to play the hurdy-gurdy at the Columbia Theatre for another week. Skinner's latest vehicle, "Mister Antonio," written especially for him by Booth Tarkington, is such a cheerful comedy that in these times of war it is just the tonic people need. Skinner's portrayal of the Italian hurdy-gurdy man who tours the country bringing sunshine into the lives of others ranks with the greatest characters he has ever created.

The company is a most capable one. Seats for the second and last week of the engagement are now selling. There will be no Sunday performance, while the matinees will be on Wednesday and Saturday.

May Robson will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in her latest melodramatic farce, "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned," for eight nights and two matinees, beginning with Sunday night, March 24th. It is said that "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" is by all odds the cleverest play in which this gifted actress has yet appeared. Pathos and humor are ingeniously blended by the author, Anna Nichols. Miss Robson is surrounded by a splendid cast in "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Next week's Orpheum bill will be an exceptionally fine one and will include several of the most famous headline attractions in vaudeville. Seven out of the eight acts to be presented will be entirely new.

"Vanity Fair of 1918" will be produced with that clever comedian, Jack Trainor, Olga de Baugh, a prima donna of the ingénue type, and a company of twenty people, mostly girls, under the direction of Boyle Woolfolk.

Sarah Padden and a clever company will appear in Lewis Beach's one-act play, "The Clod." The great success achieved by Miss Padden as the harassed, mentally humiliated,

but finally awakened mountaineer woman in this tense little drama last season has already been written in the history of histrionic achievements.

Nellie V. Nichols will be a special feature of this delightful bill. She excels in almost every known dialect and her characterizations are as perfect as they are entertaining.

Will Oakland, the famous lyric tenor, and his company will appear in an entirely new act entitled "Danny O'Gill, U. S. A." Its story tells of an Irish-born American who returns to his native land and revives the loves, romance, and associates of his youth.

Nick Basil and Dick Allen will contribute a novelty comedy called "Recruiting," which demonstrates the patriotism of the foreign-born of the immigrant class. Mr. Basil is the writer of the sketch.

Phina, an attractive, buxom girl, will, with the assistance of a trio of clever boys and girls, sing, dance, entertain, and generally make merry.

Val and Ernie Stanton describe themselves as "the Men Who Laugh and Make the World Laugh with Them," and all who have witnessed their efforts agree that the description is not misapplied.

The only holdover in this remarkable bill will be Harry and Emma Sharrock in their skit, "Behind the Grandstand," which is an excuse for their wonderful exhibition of mind-reading.

Jomelli to Sing in Stabat Mater.

Paul Steindorff has prevailed upon the famous French operatic star, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, to sing the soprano part in the great oratorio on Friday afternoon, March 29th. She will render Bachelet's "Chère Nuit" for the first time here in the sacred concert, and will sing the entire soprano rôle in Rossini's composition, including the lovely "Inflammatus." Lydia Sturdevant, a contralto, who has won merited success with the Chicago Opera Company, has also been engaged. Howard E. Pratt will be the tenor, and the bass part will be in the hands of Godfrey Price. This quartet will vie with the famous lists of singers who have rendered this oratorio in the past, and with the orchestra of sixty under Steindorff and the well-trained chorus of one hundred and fifty, which he has been coaching for many years, a memorable Good Friday programme will be given.

The full programme of the sacred concert will be announced in due time.

Robert Mantell Coming to the Cort.

Robert Mantell will play an engagement limited to two weeks at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, March 31st. Mantell's repertory includes those Shakespearean plays in which he has won his greatest triumphs.

Mail orders are now being received at the Cort. Following is the arrangement of plays for the first week: Sunday, March 31st, "Richelieu"; Monday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Tuesday, "Hamlet"; Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "Richelieu"; Thursday, "King Lear"; Friday, "Macheth"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Saturday evening, "Richard III."

When Cyril Maude, the famous English character actor who scored so heavily here last season with his performances of "Grumpy," returns to the Columbia shortly he will do two plays new to this city, as well as repeating his appearances in "Grumpy." In connection with the presentation of the comedy of modern Irish life, "General John Regan," Mr. Maude may give the screen scene from Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," enacting the rôle of Sir Peter Teazle.

More than 100,000 women and girls are now employed by the Prussian state railways, as compared with fewer than 10,000 before the outbreak of the war, according to data given in an article written by the Prussian minister of railways and found in a copy of a Leipsic paper recently received in London. The minister says that in purely manual labor the efficiency of women is from 50 to 75 per cent. that of men, that in work which requires a combination of mental and physical abilities women can not compete with men, but that in the simplest forms of railway service women are perfect substitutes for men. Although women have largely replaced men as hank clerks in Germany, it is only recently that the first case of theft by a woman clerk was reported. It was the case of a girl named Rosa Neumann, who stole \$6250 in Russian securities from the Dresdner Bank in Berlin and was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. She pleaded that she had spent the money for theatre tickets and in making food-foraging trips to neighboring towns.

The fire department of Paris has twelve "casernes" or barracks and twelve supplementary stations distributed throughout Paris. There are, throughout the city, 540 telephonic alarm stations, at a distance of about 400 metres (1312 feet), one from another. There are also 555 private alarm stations.



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The Religion of Punch.

Frank Aydelotte in his "The Oxford Stamp and Other Essays" relates his experience as a professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in making English studies more like humane letters. Perhaps the best of the essays is "The Religion of Punch." Punch he defines as bluff raised to a higher power. "It survives 'calling'—at least for a generation." It is not so much "the faculty of getting results as of getting the appearance of them." The present confusion in education gives the man with punch his opportunity. He is a real menace to the right development of our educational institutions, a danger all the greater in this time of ferment.

Against the religion of punch, with its charlatanism and flashiness, its catchwords of "efficiency," "scientific management," and "practical method" must be triumphantly opposed the realities of education: honesty, thoroughness, solidity, faith in substance more than form, thought rather than administrative machinery. If we learn that the main purpose of education is to train men how to use their minds, how to think, and think for themselves; if we come to see that information, accumulation of facts, is only a means (neither the sole nor maybe the best) toward this end; if we make power of thought our aim rather than so-called practical knowledge or the learning of some trade or vocation (sure that if we teach our children to use their minds they will soon become good mechanics, or something better than mechanics)—the Rhodes scholarships will not have been in vain.

The French are said to have outbuilt the German "big Bertha" of 42-centimetres calibre, and their artillery now includes the 52-centimetre mortar. The length of the new gun is such as to render this piece practically a howitzer. One of these pieces was used in the Verdun surprise attack last August, and also in the Chemin des Dames attack in the neighborhood of Laon, where its huge projectiles wrecked the entrances to the quarries and prevented the men inside from reinforcing the first-line troops engaged with the enemy. Two shells from the "52" sufficed to wreck Fort Malmaison.

The Indians along the Columbia River make a kind of bread from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water, and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.

During the period in which the population of Paris tripled the number of fires increased sevenfold. In 1841 there was a fire, on the average, every forty-one hours, whereas at present there is a fire every six hours. The number of large conflagrations has changed but little.

The Supreme Singer of the Age

FRIEDA  
HEMPEL

Columbia Theatre  
TOMORROW

(Sunday) APT. at 2:30

Programme contains Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Franz, Brahms, Tschalkowsky, Bellini, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Dvorak, Arne, Alabieff, Meyerbeer.  
Tickets, \$2.50 to \$1, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and theatre.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cort Theatre

SUNDAY APT., March 17, at 2:30 Sharp  
Programme—Symphony No. 3, F major, Brahms; Selections, "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; "Caucasian Sketches," Ippolitow-Ivanow; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakow.

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
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A Great New Bill of Headliners

SARAH PADDEN and Company in "The Clod"; NELLIE V. NICHOLS, Will Some One Name My Nationality; WILL OAKLAND and Company in "Danny O'Gill, U. S. A."; BASIL and ALLEN in "Recruiting"; PHINA and Company in a Singing and Dancing Act; THE STANTONS, Men Who Laugh and Make the World Laugh with Them; HARRY and EMMA SHARROCK, "Behind the Grandstand"; "VANITY FAIR OF 1918," Featuring Jack Trainor and Olga de Baugh.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.  
Next—March 31, ROBERT MANTELL.



## VANITY FAIR.

Men, says Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman in a burst of despondent confidence to an exclusively feminine audience in New York, could get along very well without women, but women could not get along without men. The man, says Mrs. Gilman, can do everything that the woman can do and do it better, with the one exception of having babies, and here his skill is much inferior. The best cooks are men, and so are the best milliners. Mrs. Gilman says so, and she knows. All the big work of the world is done by men, and they play all the big games. If all the women in the world should be carried off tomorrow by a pestilence the men would be quite unaffected except sentimentally. The work of the world would go on just the same for so long a time as the population lasted. Women, says Mrs. Gilman, are essential for producing children, and for absolutely nothing else. They contribute nothing to invention, not even in their own so-called sphere. There is nothing that women alone can do with the one aforementioned exception. It is true that they do things, but in every instance those same things are done better by men. Mrs. Gilman seems to have no remedy to suggest so far as one may judge from the report of her speech. She just states the facts.

Women like Mrs. Gilman always find a curious solace in the contemplation of the animal world. They always drag it in. Look at the spider, says Mrs. Gilman. Personally we would rather not look at the spider, perhaps as the result of an evil conscience, but in order to oblige a lady we will do so. It is the female spider, says Mrs. Gilman, who spins the web. It is. And here, we may remark diffidently, the spider has nothing over the woman. When the diminutive male spider approaches the female she gives him one appraising glance, and if she does not like the color of his tie or the hue of his hair she slays and eats him. When she finally accepts the advances of a suitor it is only for a time. He is reprieved, but not pardoned. She eats him, too. The analogy is exact, but unfortunately Mrs. Gilman did not mean it for an analogy. She meant it for a contrast. So far we can not see that nature has in any way reversed her processes during her upward evolutionary toil.

Mrs. Gilman seems to think that male dominance is due to male aggressiveness. Men fight for the love of fighting, and even little boys will fight just to get acquainted. The

male of the animal world is always ready and eager for a scrap. Women will fight, but it is always for something definite. They do not like to fight.

Now the reason of male dominance is much more simple than Mrs. Gilman supposes, and we will magnanimously disclose it. We hinted at the cause on a previous occasion, but it seems to have escaped Mrs. Gilman's attention. Man owes his superiority to his power of continuous and sustained thought. Woman has the same power, but it is latent. It is strangled by her corsets. It is the price that she pays for her false conception of beauty.

Sustained thought is impossible without slow and deep breathing. Mental fluctuations, timidity, nervousness, fear, are instantly expressed by shallow and short breathing. Reversing the process, we find that inadequate breathing is fatal to mental concentration and mental continuity. The singer and the actor overcome their nervousness by breath exercises before going on the stage. The woman who wears corsets can not think. Her mind can not remain on one point for more than a few seconds.

The man is a better milliner than the woman because he directs his mind continuously upon the problem. The woman can not do this because of her corsets. The woman's mind is a zig-zag mind, and therefore the details of her task evade her. As was once well said, the woman milliner thinks in quarters of an inch, but the man milliner thinks in eighths of an inch. The woman cook thinks in terms of "spoonsful" and "cupsful." The man cook thinks in terms of ounces and degrees of heat. His mind runs in a straight line because he can breathe freely. He ponders upon the detail. He is exact and precise. The woman's mind will not rest upon a point. Her corsets will not allow it. We make no charge for this information. It is a part of our effort to make the world safe for democracy.

We were under the impression that bigamy was an offense against the laws of the United States, but it seems not, at least when committed by a girl. A seventeen-year-old damsel has just made her appearance in a San Francisco court with a record of having married three men within as many months. She appeared as an applicant, not as a defendant. She asked that all three of the marriages be annulled in order that she might remarry the third on the list, upon whom she had finally conferred her blushing but experienced affections. One of her husbands was a sailor, another was a marine, and the third was a soldier. She had not yet ventured into the aviation and submarine services, but we will give her time. We will watch her grow. She is young yet. She may finally decide on the civilian life. The judge annulled two of the marriages, but not the two that she wanted. He said that he would make up his mind later on about the third, but incidentally he told her that she was "an exceptionally beautiful girl," with "dangerous charms," and this of course was calculated to intensify her naturally humble and retiring disposition. If she were liberated from all her entanglements, said the judge, she would probably marry a few more men within a week or so, but surely his honor's reasoning was faulty. A few previous marriages had not deterred her in the past. Why should they do so in the future?

But is it really lawful for a girl to have three husbands at the same time? We were under the impression that it was a punishable offense, but possibly the last session of the legislature attended to that little matter under pressure from some league for the freedom of women or something of that sort. One never knows.

Turkey has reformed her marriage laws, but the gallant Turk may still have a multiplicity of wives if he wishes, which usually he does not. But the marriages must be civil as well as religious, and this applies alike to Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews. Moreover, a Turk may not divorce his first wife at the request of his second. He must show cause before a court appointed for the purpose. The legal age of marriage for girls has been fixed at nine years and for boys at twelve years, which seems a little young, but perhaps it is a good thing to have the rising generation settled in life.

Experiments made by the British ministry of food with a view to eking out the available supplies of butter and oleomargarine by mixing in other food substances show that excellent potato butter, costing only about 10 cents a pound, or less if oleomargarine is used, can be made. The process is rubbing through a fine sieve into a warmed basin hoiled or steamed potatoes, and adding to every fourteen ounces of mash two ounces of butter or oleomargarine and one teaspoonful of salt, and stirring thoroughly with a wooden spoon until quite smooth. Butter coloring and preservative should be well mixed in before making up. Potato butter thus prepared will keep for a considerable time.

## FLYING IN THE EAST.

From one end of the eastern front to the other was chaos, everything and everybody. The French officers who had been sent over were doing what they could to bring about order, and in spots things were cleaned up, put in shape and organized to some extent. It made me want to laugh and weep at the same time. My work took me from a point about one hundred miles south of Riga to the north to the very end of the Roumanian line on the Black Sea at the south. I had a chance to see what was going on everywhere, and I mixed with the officers and men of both armies. The Russian and Roumanian. I certainly was impressed with their ideas of war after my two years on the western front. No system, no anything. They have eighty-eight national holidays in Russia and no soldier will fight on a holiday. The kind of fighting they do on the other days is a joke.

In the Russian aviation things couldn't have been worse. I found that the men would fly only when they felt like it. They almost never passed over behind the German lines. The average Russian aviator aims to fly six hours per month. His pay is two hundred rubles and after his six hours he takes a good long rest. When I started in to really do some flying they thought I was a patriot and a fool. In fact, they didn't make any bones about telling me so. They let the German machines do what they pleased; they flew all around our lines and were never molested by the Russians.

Socially the Russian aviator is certainly a good fellow. They can all play a good game of poker and can put away a lot of drinks. I think they have the Germans beat in these branches. But as fighters they are nil. No patriotism, no enthusiasm, and not too much courage. About all they did in the aviation corps was to drink champagne, play poker and "66," a German game. The men always say "tomorrow." They are never in a hurry and they don't worry. The Russian has no idea of what war means in the air. They are well equipped, having all the latest types of fighting machines. But the Russians are not air fighters. They were very frank, almost childlike, in expressing their feelings to me.

"Oh, we would be just as well off under German Kultur as we are now."

I have often heard things like that. Russia means nothing to the average Russian, although I met a few, a very few, patriots among them.

From the north I went on down to the Caucasus front, and there I met the Grand Duke Nicholas. He is a remarkably able soldier and a patriot. He is fighting for Russia and is one of the few men who had any real influence with the soldiers. He is worshiped by his men.

One instance, a thing which happened to me, will show better than a description what the fighting was like here. It happened when I brought down my first Boche on the eastern front. I saw him come over in our lines at about 1500 feet altitude and I went after him. I suppose that he thought I was a Russian, as he did not pay any attention to me. I proceeded to shoot him down. When I returned I was very much surprised to find that my comrades did not approve of what I had done. They said:

"We have been here a long time and the Germans have never bothered us. Now they will get mad and come and drop bombs on us and may kill some of us."

I thought that this was a little too steep, so I moved on to another squadron, but I found that they were all about the same. Soon after I was proposed for the Cross of St. George, a decoration for officers only, which is very rare in Russia. I received it by the Czar's order only four days before he abdicated. It was the last one given out by him. I also received the St. Vladimir, which is the Russian Legion d'Honneur.

From the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas I went on south into Roumania, where I joined what was then the combined Russo-Roumanian army. I never would have believed such things as I saw there, and I doubt if the terrible story can ever be told. Out of the 650,000 men in the Roumanian army only about 90,000 were on the front. Everywhere the country and the people were in a most horrible condition. The greater part of this vast army had died of disease, although thousands of sick had been sent back into Russia to recuperate. Typhus did most of this slaughter. There was plenty of cholera, but that was fatal in only about ten per cent. of the cases. But here in Roumania under war conditions typhus was sure death both in the army and to the wretched civil population. The only chance you have with typhus is to be strong and well nourished. But there was not a man, woman, or child in Roumania at this time who was in good condition, or anywhere near it.

The railroad station was converted into a hospital and in it were about three hundred beds. In each bed were three wounded men, and on the floor lay fully a thousand others. I knew the French doctor here and he told me that they had no medicines and no food

for the men. One day I went with him as he made his rounds in the station hospital with his orderlies. They went along among the men, tapping them with a cane. If the man grunted they said:

"All right; he's alive."

If there was no response the orderlies would take out the body. Box-cars were used, the bodies being loaded into them and hauled out of the city. I saw three hundred at one time piled up awaiting burial. A great many died of hunger and from cold because there was no wood for heat. There was about three feet of snow on the ground. All winter communications with the outside world were nearly cut off. Only one railroad line ran to Russia and there was no organization on even this. It was not the same gauge as the Russian railroads and all stuff had to be transferred to Roumanian cars.

I often talked with French doctors who had been through the Serbian campaign and they told me that conditions in Roumania surpassed Serbia for misery and suffering.

The Roumanian private is a good soldier, but the officers—zero. It happened that I arrived just in time to see General Souchev degraded and sent to prison for four years. Colonel Sturtza shot, and a good many others punished. Colonel Sturtza was going over to the Germans with his entire regiment when he was caught by a sentinel and made to confess. The French mission straightened out a great many things like this. The mission was headed by General Berthello, who did some wonderful things for Roumania. Otherwise the Germans would have taken the rest of the country. Fourteen Roumanian officers of different ranks were executed. In the end a plan was adopted by which one French officer was attached to each Roumanian regiment. Their own officer had no value of any kind, only to paint his lips and powder his face. I will venture to say some of them go so far as to carry matches almost like men. They never go near the trenches. The Germans said that when they wanted a Roumanian officer prisoner they put up a barber's sign and he walked right into their trenches. There was no fighting on this front. You could go out and walk around the trenches and no one would molest you.—From "En l'Air," by Lieutenant Bert Hall. Published by the New Library, New York.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Blinks was always in an impecunious state. His bill to Mr. Dunn had been running for several months. "But," said Blinks, "you can't get blood out of a turnip." "True," retorted Mr. Dunn, "but the law has been known to get blood out of a beat."

Two Kansas farmers met at the county seat shortly after a cyclone had visited that neighborhood. "Well, sir," said one of them, "she shook things up out my way, to be sure. By the way, Henry," he added, "did that new barn of yours get hurt any?" "I can't say," replied the second farmer. "I haven't found it yet."

Lucinda was testing the devotion of Erastus. "S'pose it is night and we are in a deep, black woods. There come a bo'er constricter a-wriggling through the grass; an' a wildcat a-bounidin' through the bushes; an' a lion roarin' an' makin' for us a mile a minute. What are we a-gonna do?" "There aint gonna be no we."

The other day two youngsters were walking along the street together. The father of one of the boys was a policeman, and his companion, who knew this, said to him: "What is your father's number?" "No. 25," replied the boy. The questioner then said: "I nearly saw him last night." "How was that?" asked the policeman's son. "I saw No. 24."

Farmer Hawbuck, who never had been any too considerate about bringing the livestock in before dark, kept arriving at the corral later and later each evening. Finally his wife's patience began to break. "Hiram," she exclaimed, "it takes you twice as long to drive in the pigs as it used to." "I know it," replied Farmer Hawbuck. "You wouldn't expect me to speak harsh to a lot of critters worth \$50 apiece, would you?"

A man had taken into his confidence an intimate friend touching a most important moment of his life. "I can," said he to his friend, "marry a rich girl, whom I do not care for, or a penniless girl, whom I love dearly. I am in great doubt. What shall I do?" "Follow the dictates of your heart, old man," was the prompt response, "and be happy. Marry the poor girl. And, say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"

The cornerstone laying had been a brilliant success. The weather was fine, the speeches eloquent, the music impressive. The master of ceremonies was very well satisfied with himself, yet with the disposal of the crowd he became strangely excited. Hurriedly he sought the master mason. "Is it possible to lift the cornerstone again?" he asked. "I am afraid not, sir," said the mason. "Have you any particular reason for asking?" "I have," said the master of ceremonies. "I've left my hat in the receptacle along with the records."

An Ohio man whose son was an applicant for a position in the Federal civil service, but who had been repeatedly "turned down," said: "It's sure hard luck, but Bill has missed that civil service again. It looks like they just won't have him, that's all!" "What was the trouble?" asked the friend. "Well, he was kinder short on spellin' and geography, an' he missed a good deal in arithmetic." "What's he going to do about it?" "I don't know," said the father. "Times are not so good for us, an' I reckon he'll have to go back to teachin' school for a livin'."

A certain Irish sergeant in one of the home regiments was exceedingly wroth when he discovered that one of his men had paid a visit to the regimental barber and was minus his mustache. He immediately went up to him. "Private Jones," he roared, "who on earth gave yez permission to get that mustache off?" "Nobody," answered Jones unconcernedly, "only I thought it would improve my appearance." "Improve your appearance wid a face like yours!" bawled the enraged sergeant. "If yez don't hiv it on again at the afternoon parade today there'll be trouble!"

Frank A. Vanderlip, chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee, said recently in New York: "The loan machinery was made easy, simple, and informal, so that all could come in. We didn't want to scare the plain people away, you know. Some of our past loans did scare

the plain people. They were like the swagger seashore hotel. This hotel was so very swagger that the guests all felt like inmates or prisoners. There was a little man who arrived there one night and rang the bell for some ice water. No answer. He rang again. Still no answer. Then he put his finger on the button and held it there till he heard foot-steps. A knock, and a majestic maid entered. She looked at the little man scornfully. "Did you ring?" she asked. "Yes," he said. "Humph," said the maid. "Who lifted you up to the bell?"

A prominent deacon in a well-known church was seriously ill. As he was very popular among the congregation, a bulletin board was posted in front of the church to inform his friends of his condition. It read: "One o'clock—Deacon Jones very ill." "Two o'clock—Deacon Jones is worse and sinking rapidly." "Three o'clock—Deacon Jones is dead." A wag passing by that evening read the bulletin, and, seeing no one in sight, added at the bottom: "Seven o'clock—Great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones has not arrived. The worst is feared."

There is going the rounds in Paris a characteristic story of M. Caillaux. The other Sunday afternoon he appeared for the last time before the committee of eleven charged with investigating his case. He had, as usual, staggered every one with the absolute coolness with which he met all charges. But when he left the chamber, in the darkness and falling snow, no cab was to be found. "Sapristi," cried the deputy, as he looked in vain for a friendly "fiacre." Then an idea struck him, and he approached a motor-car containing detectives. "It is you who are shadowing me?" he questioned. "Yes, monsieur." "Very well, then; take me home," said M. Caillaux, as he entered the police car.

A new lodger had arrived at Mrs. Jenkins', and, like the majority of his fellow-boarders, he had to be early astir. The next morning he stumbled over a tin bath on the top stair. Lodger and bath rolled with a frightened clatter down the stairs, and as the man picked himself up, he heard a drowsy "Right-o" from one of the other residents in the house. The victim of the accident complained of the carelessness of the individual who had put the bath on the stairs, and was astonished to hear his landlady chuckle. "That was Mr. Brown," she explained, genially. "E's such a 'eavy sleeper that only a noise like somebody falling downstairs can wake 'im. That's what 'e calls 'is alarm clock."

In a Western town there lived a man who was so noted for his conversational abilities that his acquaintances avoided giving him unnecessary opportunities to talk. One cold morning he rode up to a hotel in the neighborhood just as the guests were finishing breakfast. He walked in, saluted the landlord in his usual loud tones, and declared that he was so cold that he could scarcely talk. Just then a nervous traveler who was present stepped up to the landlord and, taking him by the coat, said: "Have my bill brought as soon as possible." "What's the matter, my dear sir?" inquired the landlord. "Has anything happened?" "Nothing, nothing! Only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

A Southerner in one of the cantonments below the Mason and Dixon line, when called up for examination, was asked: "Who is your nearest living relative?" "What you mean, 'relative,' mister?" returned the recruit. "Oh, I mean your nearest living kinsfolk." "Wal, that's my aunt you're talking 'bout." Several other questions were answered satisfactorily, when there came: "In case of death or accident, who shall be notified?" "My mother," immediately from the selectman. "But you told me just a few minutes ago that your aunt was the nearest living relative that you have," objected the officer. "You asked me who my nearest living kin was, didn't you? Wal, that's Aunt Liz—she lives jest two miles from where I been livin'; mother lives five."

Solis Solomon O'Hanna presented himself at the United States Marine Corps recruiting headquarters and said he w-wanted t-to enlist. He said he was a Sp-panish-Irish-J-Jew, b-born in Tangier, M-Morocco, C-C-North Africa, but w-w-was an American C-c-c-citizen now and wanted to j-join the United States m-marines. The preliminary examination showed that Solis Solomon O'Hanna stammered s-s-slightly, and he was about to be p-passed up when he caught the drift of what was being done, and it stirred his Irish fighting blood. "L-look here," he cried, "d-d-d-you w-w-want a t-t-talking m-m-man or a f-f-fighting m-m-man? I'm a f-f-fighting m-m-man, b-but I c-c-c-can't g-g-get my words out q-q-quick enough to s-s-say 's-s-surrender' if the whole d-d-d-damned H-H-Hun army's on t-t-top o' me." Solis Solomon O'Hanna was accepted.



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### THE MERRY MUSE.

#### T. Lynch's Questionnaire.

I, Timothy Lynch, do solemnly swear, I'm the registrant in this questionnaire. Thirty years old is my age, sir, today, I live near this school, a few blocks away. I'm a motorman, and also please add I live with my wife, and she with her dad. I work for the road and truthfully say I run over people ten hours a day. So skillful am I in this kind of work I know I can kill both Teuton and Turk. Military training I never had, I was put out of school for being bad. I speak English well, both pure and profane, German or French never entered my brain. And here let me say, and put this in rhyme, That never was I convicted of crime. I stand six feet in my—estimation, And weigh 200 without—exaggeration. I'm physically fit and feeling so fine, I'll sign my name at the end of this line. It has never been my fortune or fate To be employed by this nation or state. Am I a minister? You make me smile. A Divinity student? Wrong by a mile. I'm not in the naval or military service. It was my neglect, and not that I'm nervous. I'm a citizen and am proud to say I'm ready to fight for my flag any day. Though born in Ireland thirty years ago, I've been in this country ten years or so. I left one fine day from fair Queenstown port, Aboard the Celtic and here I was brought. I came here alone. My parents stayed home, They were too feeble this wide world to roam. I got citizen papers in City Hall, I love this country; I await its call. I have dependents. I'm married, you see, There's Bridget, my wife, and our child, Marie. We all live together, wife, child, and me. It costs a whole lot to care for us three, But I'm a fighter, and if it must be, My wife will work hard and let me be free To do my full share for democracy. I waive all claim for any exemption, I want to fight for freedom's redemption. —From a document filed with the New York Draft Board by Timothy Lynch.

#### End of a Perfect Day.

When you come to the end of a perfect row, And you sit alone with your wool, And your bosom heaves with a rhythm slow, For the joy that you've followed the rule, Do you think what the end of a perfect row Can mean to a tired heart, When you've dropped each stitch you learned to purl And you lost three more at the start? Well, this is the end of a perfect row, And the end of a sweater, too, Though it's for a man that is big and strong. It will be pretty tight, 'tis true. But toiling has rendered this perfect row A nice piece of the knitter's art, And 'twill stand at the end, still strong and firm. When the whole thing comes apart. —Milwaukee Journal.

"Is he a credit to his family?" "No; a debit."—Concord Herald.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton gave a dinner recently in San Diego, their guests having included Brigadier-General Leroy Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, Rear-Admiral William Fullam and Mrs. Fullam, Major-General Frederick Strong and Mrs. Strong, Major John Valentine and Mrs. Valentine, Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott, Major William Devereaux and Mrs. Devereaux, Lieutenant-Commander Kirby Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey, Lieutenant Robert Ervin and Mrs. Ervin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Miss Susan Mullally, and Captain R. J. Pinto.

Mrs. Whipple Hall entertained a group of friends at a Red Cross tea Tuesday afternoon at the home of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, in Oakland.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Broadway, complimenting the Misses Leonore and Emma Llach of Mexico.

Mrs. Oliver Wyman entertained a group of friends at tea Friday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Miss May Colburn gave a luncheon last Tuesday at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Ruth Boettcher of Denver.

Mrs. Theodore Stedman entertained a group of friends at tea last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel, her guests including Miss Doris Durrell, Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Catherine Wheeler, Miss Mary Gorgas, and Miss Edith Kynnersley.

The members of the Children's Hospital Auxiliary gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis for the group of men who assisted at the Mardi Gras ball. Among the guests of honor were Colonel John Haines, Paymaster Walter Izard, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Edgar Walter, Mr. Leroy Ryone, Mr. John Plover, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Walter Stettinheimer, Mr. Edward Eyre, Mr. James Woods, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. William Humphrey, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Andrew McCarthy, Mr. John Walter, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. William Lange, Mr. Frank Maroney, and Mr. Samuel Morse.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rothschild entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Robert Smith gave a luncheon and bridge Monday at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William Taylor gave a luncheon and bridge recently at the Francisco Club, her guests having included Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Max Rothchild, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Robert Smith, and Mrs. Fentress Hill.

Mrs. William Sharon entertained a number of friends at luncheon last Thursday at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Bullard gave a reception Saturday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of the army and navy officers stationed around the Bay.

A recent estimate places about 4,000,000 automobiles on United States roads and puts cost of upkeep for the year at \$8,080,000,000.

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John Masefield.

Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer will jointly present in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday night, March 26th, the eminent Englishman, John Masefield, known to so many as the sailor poet. Masefield, who comes here to speak on his war experiences and on his war ideals, has been held up as an example of the spirit of the British people. Back in August, 1914, there appeared to poems: one, by Ernest Lissauer, we know as the German Hymn of Hate. The other was by John Masefield, and is called "August, 1914." The two admirably show the opposites at war in the world today. One is full of hatred and bloodshed, the other has not one word of hatred for anything, not even the enemy. It is instead full of intense love, love of home, children, and of country. It is Masefield, the author of this wonderful poem and the author of many more remarkable writings, that is going to speak to us. His subject will be, "War, and the Future."

George Sterling, California's most famous and representative poet, will act as chairman of the Masefield lecture and will head the committee to receive the English writer. Those who remember Masefield's virile writing of the official history of the Dardanelles campaign, a work which has been published under the title of "Gallipoli," and also his marvelous story of "The Battle of the Somme" in his book, "The Old Front Line," will be more than anxious to hear the remarkable man.

Tickets for this interesting event may be purchased at either Paul Elder's or Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Along a portion of the Italian coast line sailors are fighting most effectively from railway trains, and from them operating naval guns. Describing their work, the commander-in-chief says: "Imagine, if you will, a railway train equipped with guns of several calibres, some of them rather heavy, protected by such armor as may be used in circumstances of the sort, supplied with wireless apparatus, and with searchlights manned by sailormen, and you will have a picture in your mind which probably will not be very accurate—for the problem we had to solve was hard and new—but which at least will be unusual. Such trains are today a part of the Italian navy. Some of them have gone through many serious engagements."

A writer in a German chemical paper says that commercial asbestos, contaminated with iron compounds, may be purified by treatment with a two per cent. aqueous solution of oxalic acid for forty-eight hours, followed by washing with water; the strength of the asbestos is not affected. A hand of asbestos twenty millimetres wide showed at fourteen different places an electrical resistance of 60,000 ohms; after treatment as described, the resistance increased to 150,000 ohms. An alternative method consists in heating the asbestos for twenty-four hours in a current of hydrogen or carbon monoxide at 309-400 degrees centigrade and then washing with dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid and afterward with water.

Experiments in New Zealand have demonstrated the practicability of producing pig iron from iron sands. The development of the industry has reached the stage where iron is actually produced at the rate of fifteen tons per day. The experiment is so successful that plans are now making for greatly enlarging the plant so that the furnaces can be kept going steadily.

Figures recently published show that China broke all her previous foreign trade records in the year just closed, the total foreign trade amounting to more than \$800,000,000. This record was achieved in spite of shortage in tonnage, scarcity and high price of silver, and disturbed domestic conditions.

### CHINESE ARE NOT WOODEN.

In his botanical explorations of Tibet, searching for flowers new to modern science, Reginald Farrer is said by Sir Francis Younghusband to have kept steadily to his business of searching for flowers, but to effect his object he had to deal with men, and his observations on men are no less valuable than his descriptions of flowers. He refuses the general impression that the Chinese are a wooden, insensitive race, and declares, on the contrary, that the philosophic calm that they deliberately cultivate is their necessary armor to protect their excessive susceptibilities to emotion. Their apparently lethargic stoicism blinds us to the underlying tremulous excitability of their nerves which that wooden manner has been expressly devised to safeguard.

In the Chinese in his employ he found an unflinching keenness to collaborate. If you offer the Chinese the smallest chance of a share in your work they seize it eagerly and grow as deeply interested as yourself, he says. Shut them out from it and they turn cold and hored and useless—as might reasonably be expected. A little friendliness, a bit of explanation, gives your servant a community of interest with yourself, and in a little while you probably have a workman whose skill is greater than your own in your own job, and whose enthusiasm is no less. No investment in the world, in fact, pays better than a little humanity with your Chinese servant.

Of the Chinese official, too, Mr. Farrer has observations of great practical value to make. No functionary in the world so well repays and understands the amenities of life and the laws of politeness in controversy. Meet him in his own spirit, and unpleasantnesses are ironed out automatically. It is certainly a marvel that Mr. Farrer and his companion, Mr. Purdom, were able to overcome the opposition of these Chinese officials to Europeans traveling in Western China, for at this very time the "White Wolf" hand was ranging through the land, and in one town they deliberately set themselves to destroy every living thing within its walls, not only men and women, the cattle and horses, but down to the very dogs and cats in the lanes.

Mr. Farrer found it hard to make the Tibetan monks understand anybody voluntarily coming so far after useless weeds. This pretense, they thought, must merely mark the search for gold, which is the present monopoly of the church, and if foreigners came after gold they would certainly be followed by other foreigners with fire and sword, escorting alien creeds and discords and attacking the inviolable authority of the church. But the news of his own creed made a certain effect, and he was proclaimed as a sort of Western Lama engaged in procuring Tibetan flowers to beautify the shrines of Europe. He was received with the utmost friendliness by the Living Buddha at Nalang. The face of this revered personage was marked by good breeding and alert interest, and his whole presence radiated rather learning and balance and kindness than that extraordinary emanation of impregnable felicity which is the unmistakable sign of that happiness incarnate which is the Buddhahood, the perfected wisdom, that stands forever beyond reach of sorrow or uncertainty.

Those who pay fabulous prices for Turkish and Persian rugs and carpets will doubtless be shocked by the disclosure made in a recent consular report that many of these products of the loom are actually made in Bulgaria, which, we are told, is really the home of the finest rugs and carpets produced today. Carpets have been woven in Bulgaria for 150 years, but it is only in the past few years that the industry has become important. The Bulgarian government has stimulated the industry by maintaining a school for weavers, and carpets produced at this school have taken the first prizes at recent international expositions. However, the Bulgarian rug is comparatively unknown because all the exquisite productions of the country are sold as Turkish or Persian rugs.

In every encounter which has so far taken place between British and German naval light forces of approximately equal strength (points out the London Engineer) the latter have been worsted, and it is reasonable to infer that the uniform result is due in part to the stronger batteries of the British ships. British superiority in this respect is revealed by comparing the armaments of the latest light cruisers completed before the war. The Birmingham, of 5400 tons, carries nine 6-inch 100-pounder guns, while the Karlsruhe, of 4900 tons, twelve 4.1-inch 35-pounders.

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### The Zuloaga Exhibit.

Director Laurvik has arranged to have the Zuloaga collection remain on view two days longer than originally scheduled. The exhibition will remain open until March 17th, giving the public one more Saturday and Sunday in which to see the work of this very remarkable Spaniard. Already the paid admissions far exceeds the total paid admissions attained by the exhibition when it was shown in New York City.

Arrangements are now being made for its shipment next Monday to Philadelphia, where it will be exhibited in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, from whence the collection will be returned to Spain.

The Sunday afternoon half-hour musicales are to be resumed next Sunday with a fine Spanish programme arranged by Mme. Emilia Tojetti.

Traveler (in London hotel)—I'd like a room on the third floor. Clerk—Up or down, sir?—Life.

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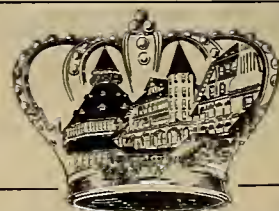
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did the prisoner strike the witness in the heat of passion?" "No, sir; he struck him in the jaw."—*Baltimore American*.

"She seems to be a very happy bride." "Yes; she parted with her husband a few hours after the ceremony."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Young Wife*—There isn't a thing to eat in the house, dear. *Young Husband*—What! Have you cooked everything?—*Taxon Topics*.

"I never knew Phuniman to tell such tiresome and stupid jokes before." "I guess this is one of his witless days."—*Baltimore American*.

*Her*—Thanks so much for this caudy. You know I have a sweet tooth. *Him*—I—er—het you also have a sweet mouth.—*Florida Times-Union*.

*Kindly Man*—Sonny, you'll be a great man some day. *Bright Boy*—That's what some one told father when he was a little hoy.—*Buffalo Express*.

*Knicker*—The Kaiser says the Germans must have the will to endure. *Bocker*—Well, they certainly have the William to endure.—*New York Sun*.

"Say, John!" "Well?" "Did you feed the furnace?" "You could hardly call it feeding."

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I did give it a little light lunch, so to speak."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Captain*—Your rank, sir. *Raakie*—Don't rub it in, cap! That's just what the sergeant told me.—*Yale Record*.

"Where do you suppose that street-car motorman learned to be so independent?" "Oh, I think that he's the husband of a former cook of ours."—*Buffalo Express*.

Bessie went with her mother to the meat market the other day, and, seeing sawdust on the floor, she whispered: "Mamma, does he butcher dolls?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Does your grocer attempt to explain high prices?" "He did at first. Now he merely shudders as he accepts the money, and I groan."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Grandma*—Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts? *Debutante*—Yes, I'm terribly interested, but I can't quite understand how you fix the inner tubes.—*Milestones*.

"He proved himself a young man of remarkable erudition." "Yes?" "He filled out both his questionnaire and his income-tax blank without assistance."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Is that picture one of the Old Masters?" "I believe so," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "But we had it varnished and framed in a way that makes it look almost as good as new."—*Washington Star*.

*Guest (in New York restaurant)*—What day is this—wheatless or meatless day? *Waiter*—No, sir; this is just an ordinary day. *Guest*—Oh, I see. This is the day when you just make a regular profit.—*Life*.

"What's the proletariat, pa?" "It's that part of Russia they're all fighting so about. You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to read the papers, son, about what's doing in the world."—*Baltimore American*.

*Owner*—You say this car you sold me has gone only one thousand miles? *Dealer*—Just look at the speedometer. *Owner*—Well, I wish you would take that speedometer off the car and put it on my gas meter.—*Life*.

*The Sweet Young Thing*—There goes our minister. He is very poor. I wish I could hand him a five. *Timid Youth*—Er—allow me to do it. *Sweet Young Thing*—Oh, Archie, this is so sudden.—*Florida Times-Union*.

*Patience*—And Bob's over in the trenches, is he? *Patrice*—That's right. *Patience*—Having an awful time of it, I suppose?

*Patrice*—He is that. He's studying French. *Yankers Statesman*.

*She (noticing individual in front)*—Good gracious! Seeing Mr. Meager reminds me I forgot to order the soup bones from the butcher.—*Passing Show*.

"Josh Billings said he was an honest man because jail life didn't agree with him." "That was frank, wasn't it?" "No, it was Josh. Never heard of Frank Billings."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Who's in the parlor?" "Mr. Fluhduh, miss." "I am not at home to him, Fifi." "Yes, miss. And the box of honhons he has with him—are you at home to that?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Here's a question I'd like to propound," remarked the Observer of Events and Things: "Does a how-legged soldier become knock-kneed when he faces the enemy for the first time?"—*Yankers Statesman*.

*Edith*—Jack's been calling on me every evening lately. What do you suppose it means? *Morie*—Can't say positively, dear. Either he loves you or his landlady has run out of coal.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you break these sets?" asked the shopper in the chinaware department. "No, I'm sorry to say we don't, madam," replied the polite salesman, "but if you keep a servant girl she will probably do it for you."—*Town Topics*.

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me, papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that papa. I was so afraid you wouldn't."—*Yankers Statesman*.

*Wife (returned from overnight visit)*—Did you get yourself a good dinner last evening, dear? *Hub*—Yes, there was a bit of steak in the ice-box and I cooked it with a few onions I found in the cellar. *Wife*—Onions? Jack, you've eaten my bulbs.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul is bad business," said Mr. Duhwaite. "So it is," replied the impecunious citizen. "In my case I find it exceptionally bad business." "Why should it be worse for you than for anybody else?" "I have the dickens of a time finding Peter."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Mrs. Flatbush*—Did your husband make any resolutions the beginning of the year?

*Mrs. Bensonhurst*—Oh, yes. *Mrs. Flatbush*—How's he doing? *Mrs. Bensonhurst*—Splendid. *Mrs. Flatbush*—But this is only the third day of the year. *Mrs. Bensonhurst*—I know, but he never kept them one day before.—*Yankers Statesman*.

"So you've given up drinking, have you, 'Rastus'?" said the grocer. "Yes, sah," said the old fellow. "I aint teched a drop in fo' weeks." "Well, you deserve credit for that." "Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I was jus' gwine ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."—*Boston Transcript*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Assault Upon Secretary Lane.

For some time there have been indications of jealousy and ill-will on the part of certain members of the President's cabinet towards Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. So long ago as last October slurring remarks were whispered about in Washington. Very notably when Mr. Lane had arranged with the coal operators of the country for supplies of fuel at fair rates—at rates, by the way, which would have brought the whole productive power of our coal fields into activity and so avoided the coal famine—Secretaries Baker and Daniels in their superior wisdom and virtue combined to repudiate the contract and thus to put a slight upon their colleague of the Interior Department—incidentally involving the country in grievous loss. More recently a direct assault has been made upon Mr. Lane in his official conduct by one Kearful, an assistant in the Attorney-General's office, in the charge that he (Lane) has "violated the statutes" in administration of the public lands. Testifying before the House Public Lands Committee, Kearful in effect made the broad charge that Secretary Lane was protecting fraudulent claimants to governmental oil lands through entering

into agreements with these men that barred prosecution by the department, and further that when the oil leasing bill was enacted the Secretary intended to make these agreements permanent, allowing the claimants to escape with the fruits of their frauds. Mr. Lane, in commenting upon this charge, has said simply that Kearful's statement is not true. Even this much was superfluous. If there be in the public life of the country one man who above all others is scrupulous at every point of public and private integrity that man is Franklin K. Lane. And if there is sought at Washington under the inspirations of jealousy and malice to put upon him slight or injustice it will encounter a protest of such magnitude as will surprise the little men who have instigated it. Nor will it be a matter of politics, since Republicans will unite with Democrats in support of one whose character stands above suspicion and whose high repute in public life is an established quantity at home and abroad.

### The Casualty Reports.

There is widespread criticism of a new rule of the War Department prohibiting the printing of anything save a soldier's name in the casualty lists. While the order is officially approved by army men, in private almost to a man they resent it. The public will be heard from later, when relatives and friends of men killed or wounded shall find it impossible to get details.

Unofficial explanation is to the effect that the rule was adopted at the request of the French military authorities. But this statement is not satisfying in that it is not accompanied by any justifying reason. Further it is observed that a similar rule is not applied to the Canadian army in France. Ottawa receives daily a casualty list with careful details in the case of each man, and all is given to the public through the newspapers.

It is believed by many that the offending order is merely a blind following of Prussian precedent. Under the German system no information is given out. But there are sound military reasons which do not apply in our case. The German armies are made up of units from different sections of the empire, and the regiments from each of these sections fight in different ways. For example, a Saxon regiment may be counted upon to act in one spirit or fashion, while a Prussian regiment is certain to act in quite another spirit or fashion. Then there are differences naturally between line regiments and landstrum regiments. The enemy is familiar, of course, with these variations in temperament, spirit, and discipline, hence it is desirable that there shall be no betrayal of the composition of units holding particular sectors.

In our case there are no marked differences between our various fighting organizations in Europe. A so-called regular regiment diluted with sixty per cent. recruits and having none but field officers in it with more than three or four years' experience in the army is not in character or effectiveness dissimilar to a National Guard regiment wherein the majority of the enlisted personnel had Mexican border experience in that same unit with the same officers. Between the Sixteenth Infantry, United States Regulars, for example, and the One Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Infantry, National Guard, there is no great difference, since both regiments acquired their training in warfare very recently in France in the same manner. It is of no marked advantage to the Germans to know that at a certain point it is the Sixteenth and not the One Hundred and Sixty-Sixth that confronts them.

All that we are to have hereafter under the new rule is a statement that Captain Jones or Sergeant Brown or Private Smith has been wounded or killed. There are to be no details, not even such as may serve to identify the man where names are identical or similar. This

will not prove satisfactory to relatives or friends of the men killed or injured. There will be a general demand for more than bare facts, and it will be justified in view of the fact that there can be no military advantage in withholding particulars.

### The United States and Russia.

It is not unlikely that the Siberian issue will be settled within the week; nor need there be serious doubt as to the mode of settlement. Japan, either alone or with contingents from the Allied warships, will take possession of Vladivostock and of so much of eastern Siberia as may be necessary to prevent the possibility of Germany's obtaining a foothold in the Far East and on the Pacific Ocean. The United States will, we believe, give this occupation its rightful character by adding her quota of men from our own warships to that of her allies, as was done in the joint movement of troops on Peking, or at least give public official sanction to the occupation. Anything short of this would be playing directly into the hands of Germany.

For whatever else may remain obscure in the Russian situation, certain facts are publicly known. The Bolshevik leaders, Lenine and Trotzky, obviously have been and probably still are under German pay. They still are unless the spoils of local office have satisfied them; and creatures of their stripe are not easily satisfied. Trotzky is reported to have garnered some millions of rubles and to have placed them safely. He has resigned office and is prepared to flee at the first sign of personal danger. That Lenine has taken like precaution, personal and financial, there is every reason to believe. Still further it is established that the slaughter of officers of the Baltic and Black Sea fleets and of prominent army men and civilians was done under orders and from lists given to the Bolsheviks by Germany. It was desirable to eliminate the bravest and best of Russian patriots; Germany ordered it done and it was done. Old Rome's leaders in her civil war furnished the precedent, though it is not meant to imply that Germany needed a precedent. Again when Lenine and Trotzky ordered the army to disband under the opera bouffe period—when they declared that while there was no war there was no peace—loyalty to their own country and decency to their former allies alike dictated that their warships and such munitions as the army could not remove should be destroyed. Yet this was not done. The result, officially announced by Germany, may be read in the list of captured property—2400 heavy guns, 5000 machine guns, 6000 automobiles and their rubber tires, besides stores of ammunition and other war material beyond computation. Whatever Kerensky's faults may have been, at least he gave assurances that Russia under his guidance would never conclude a separate peace. It is curious that there are those to denounce Kerensky and to applaud the Bolsheviks—this in the face of the fact that everything done or left undone by the latter has directly served the interest of Germany. Stranger still that there are those who in indecision or fear would permit the conspiracy between Germany and the Bolshevik leader to proceed unchecked in its courses, reckless of the fact that it would give to Germany the vast stores of munitions piled up at Vladivostock and turn that fortified port into a Pacific base. It is still further curious that the indecision which would surely permit all this to be done is in the capital of the country which, after Japan, is most directly interested. Happily England, France, and Japan will not have it so.

We have been told that German diplomacy is clumsy to the point of the ridiculous, but as time goes on and as its manifestations appear, it develops through the course of its American agents a notable subtlety. Russia was our ally. By a revolution anarchists came into power and the country was plunged into a war



condition. No Allied nation recognized the Bolshevik rule, because it did not rule. It was anarchy, and anarchy is the antithesis of rule. While Russia is thus in agony, no international law is violated by an occupation of her territory to protect her own interests and the rights of humanity. But, follow Mr. Hearst's counsels, recognize the Bolshevik "government," and what happens? First we recognize as a government with which we may have official dealings a group of usurpers with no legal or moral title to authority, a group avowedly holding doctrines not only in opposition to any principle upon which the United States exists; but on the other hand avowing doctrines committing them to overthrow the government of the United States. Second, once having recognized the Bolsheviks as a government with which we are at peace, our landing at Vladivostok becomes immediately a violation of the territorial rights of a friendly nation. In this view Mr. Hearst's clamorous call for recognition of the Bolsheviks is subject to a simple interpretation—one entirely in keeping with the record made by Mr. Hearst's publications since and before our entrance into the war. After all, German diplomacy would hardly seem the stupid thing it has been declared to be.

Next, Mr. Hearst would dissuade the United States from consenting to the Vladivostok landing upon the ground that the Japanese are not trustworthy and will hold what they seize; also because such landing will throw Russia into the arms of Germany. From the official silence of our government up to this writing it would appear that these curious presentments have impressed themselves upon the mind of the Washington administration. The significance of it all, if it shall be permitted to attain its logical development, is plain enough. Germany, permitted to take possession of Vladivostok, will gain a double advantage; she will have a fresh supply of munitions at our cost and concurrently establish herself in a strong position on the Pacific Ocean. As for the Russians, they are now about as much in the interest of Germany as they can ever be. Germany is in possession of much of her territory, all her army stores, all her warships and transports. As for Japan, to plain thinking there would appear to be no surer way of making an enemy out of a friend and ally than to declare by word and act that she can not be trusted.

President Wilson has apparently come to believe that his own utterances have the effect of force of arms. Having sent to the all-Russian Congress of Soviets a finely phrased message, he waits calmly and serenely in the faith that Russia will flame again into a war of resistance against the German. But the President has overlooked the fact that this congress of Soviets is representative, not of the Russian people, but of the Bolshevik conspiracy. The reply of the Russian congress ought to make plain to the President the type of men and the type of mind with which he is dealing. First this reply addresses itself less to the American government or to the American people than to "all the laboring and exploited classes of the United States." It places the United States in this imperialistic war as one of the imperialistic powers. It conveys no word of hope or cheer for us, no expression of appreciation for what we have done and offered to do. It does not even remotely touch upon our repudiated war loans by virtue of which the Bolsheviks with Germany are still holding power. It frankly tells the President that it holds the "firm conviction that the happy time is near" when our government, like Russia, shall be torn up by the roots, the capitalist class destroyed, and the United States of America be Bolshevikized. The message merits thoughtful attention from every American. After the insult of addressing itself first to the "exploited class" in the United States it says:

The Russian republic uses the occasion of the message from President Wilson to express to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all bourgeois countries will throw off the capitalist yoke and establish a socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and well-being of all who...

It was only a few days ago that Mr. Lloyd-George said: "One must not be misled by mistaking phrases for facts. I could invent phrases about peace which even a Prussian war lord would hail with satisfaction."

He was not even remotely referring to our President, but what a happy hour it will be when that mighty truth shall sink deep into the President's mind.

#### An Experiment at Vallejo.

The city of Vallejo, which, under orders from the Navy Department, went "dry" last week, has not actually closed her saloons. Of the twenty-two establishments hitherto doing business in varied forms of liquid damnation seventeen opened up on Monday morning upon a "soft drink" basis. Your soft drink is any form of "belly-wash"—lemonade, soda water, orangeade, root-beer, and ginger-pop. Here we have the suggestion of a practical solution of the saloon problem. It is truly a problem, since, while it is an obvious evil, the saloon really serves a legitimate social purpose in the sense that it provides light, warmth, and comfort for the "man in the street." Long ago the saloon would have been put out of business if its function had been limited to traffic in liquors. It has continued to exist because, while exacting a frightful price for these benefits, it has in fact provided for the man without home or club or other place of refuge and social privilege certain elementary needs.

Some two or three years ago there was developed under beneficent auspices at Stockton a soft-drink institution which has thrived and become, we believe, self-supporting. Such places are logical substitutes for the saloon. They give or should give all that the saloon has hitherto provided, minus the tremendous mischiefs of the saloon, with its demoralizing influences and its exorbitant charge for such benefits as it has afforded.

In the case of Vallejo we find that the saloon-keeper has turned public entertainer and provider of light, warmth, and comfort for the man in the street. He is the proper man for this function. He knows the man in the street and his requirements through experience in catering to them. He is commonly of the social grade of the man in the street and of similar social sympathies. On his part it is strictly a matter of business; with his caterership there is involved no spirit of condescension, no voice of conscious charity. Such entertainment as he provides for the man in the street will be paid for and it will work no damage to him who receives it, since in manful fashion he will pay for it—though not the terrible price exacted by the saloon.

We shall observe the Vallejo experiment with interest as a product of natural causes, as a provision for the man in the street on a business basis, as a possible solution of one of the great problems of the day.

#### The Latest German "Annexation."

Beyond an ocean of cold water, 400 and odd miles north of the North Cape of Norway and only 700 miles from the North Pole, there lies the dark and bloody no-man's-land of Spitzbergen. We say dark and bloody because it is actually dark through a large part of the year and has literally been soaked with the blood of rival adventurers. Curiously enough Spitzbergen, though rich in coal and in certain forms of bird life valuable to commerce, has no settled population, no domestic government, and no official connection with any country. Literally it is a no-man's-land in which since time out of mind rival exploiters have camped for more or less extended periods and contended with each other for squatter privileges.

About ten years ago two Americans, Frederick Ayer of Massachusetts and James Longyear of Michigan, outfitted an expedition to explore Spitzbergen for iron ore. They found no iron, but did find large deposits of coal. Now for several years they have been supplying coal in large quantities to the Norwegian government. Recently they have found a competitor in the business, the Northern Exploration Company, under British auspices. Still another company, representative of Norwegian enterprise and capital, entered the Spitzbergen field a few years ago.

In view of these developments the government of Norway in 1909 invited the governments of Germany, Denmark, Belgium, the United States, France, Great Britain, Holland, Russia, and Sweden to co-operate in the establishment of a system of government and social order in the Spitzbergen Archipelago. The proposition of Norway was based on the idea that Spitzbergen had in the past been the appanage of no state; that this status should be preserved, and that the land should be open to men of

all nations. The United States accepted the invitation with the reservation "that all the interests in those islands should be protected and that there should be equality of opportunity for the future." Also—to quote President Taft—our acceptance was qualified by the consideration "that this government would not become a signatory to any conventional arrangement concluded by the European members of the conference which would imply contributory participation by the United States in any obligation or responsibility for the enforcement of any scheme of administration which might be devised by the conference for the islands."

Despite this agreement, nothing was actually done looking to the establishment of a governing system for Spitzbergen. An American representative, Mr. H. H. D. Pierce of Massachusetts, attended two conferences, which resulted in nothing because it was found impossible to agree upon a joint commission or commissioner to rule. Also over the exact terms of the rulership. No determination had been reached when the great war broke out. But now comes Germany and the Russian Bolsheviks, claiming authority over this no-man's-land. In the agreement adopted by the Brest-Litovsk conference they blandly determined to share Spitzbergen between themselves—in other words, Germany assumed ownership of the country and of the rich coal deposits there which are under development by American, British, and Norwegian citizens. It is, to say the least, a cheeky assumption. The coal supply of Spitzbergen is now of real importance, and one of the immediate problems of the times relates to its conservation for the Allies as against the pretensions of Germany. While the latter country was a party to the compact above described, neither the government nor anybody representative of it has had any part in the development of the country. The same is true of Russia. If any country has special rights in the matter it is Norway, whose claim might properly be based upon geography in conjunction with historic visitation and exploitation. But however this may be, it now becomes an immediate duty to save Spitzbergen from German aggression.

#### "Higher Command" in France.

An important matter which must soon press for adjustment is that of the personnel of the higher command of the American forces in France. Our army in the field is growing; it is made up of several unconnected divisions and a number of auxiliary troops. To put it in another way, we have no tactical unit larger than a division. But as the divisions multiply we shall have need for another form of organization—the grouping of divisions into corps and field armies. Then we shall have to have lieutenant-generals.

By all the rules of seniority the first lieutenant-general should be Leonard Wood. There are reasons for believing that Pershing might desire to thus at once honor his old commander and gain for himself a sound associate and counselor. But it is not likely that Wood will be selected. Even before we entered into the war he was given a minor post in the military organization and it is not believed that any opportunity of distinction will be allowed him in the immediate field of war. Nor is it likely that any officer known as a Republican and whose name has in any way been exploited as a "political available" will be placed in a position to gain laurels.

The common opinion at Washington is that the first lieutenant-general to be chosen will be General Hunter Liggett, now a division commander. General Liggett has been doing more actual field work than any other general officer of our army in France. He is a very capable all-around soldier, skilled and diligent in the trade of war, and—warranted immune to the distemper of political aspiration.

#### Editorial Notes.

Subscriptions to Dr. Fewell's Eye Glass Fund since last report aggregate \$65. The donors were: L. W. Shodair, Los Angeles, \$10; Miss Emilie M. Connelly, Sacramento, \$5; C. W. Felton, San Francisco, \$10; Mrs. Rudolph Samson, San Francisco, \$20; Mrs. W. H. Chickering, Piedmont, \$5; additional collected in the town of Los Gatos, \$15.

It is understood at Washington that Secretary Baker's visit to the war front in Europe is only the first of a series of official pilgrimages to be made by members of the cabinet, theoretically to study war con-



ditions. Every mother's son of the group wants to go; and each can give a hundred reasons why it would be to the public interest for him to go. The real underlying motive is that of having a look-in upon the European world at war, under conditions of personal distinction. The understanding at Washington is that the President will authorize visits to France and England by such members of his official family as he may wish especially to compliment. Lansing and Daniels, it is reported, have already been given assurances to their satisfaction. The other seven, as yet unassured, are more or less hopeful; yet after school hours they are reported to foregather back of the woodshed to mingle their resentment toward teacher's pets.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Appreciation Combined with Generosity.

LOS ANGELES, March 13, 1918.

THE ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO—

Enclosed find check for renewal subscription for one year for the best paper published on earth. At least after twenty years' reading I think so. Also ten dollars for subscription to the cause of glasses for our soldiers. L. W. SHOOAIR.

### A Word from an Irishman.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The coming of Mr. T. P. O'Connor to our city should be made the most of by our people. Although it is alleged that he is coming here for rest and recreation there is no doubt that he will be glad to give our citizens some information at first hand on many subjects upon which even the English press is somewhat reticent. More than anything else we want to know what is being done to induce that large body of first-class fighting men now lying idle, so to speak, in Ireland to go to the front. There is some doubt about the number—it has usually been stated at about 400,000 men, exclusive of a large and efficient body of constabulary. A recent evening paper states under the signature of Hugh Daly that "the English premier says there are over 300,000 able-bodied men in Ireland available for war service." This is an extremely important fact if true, and we are in a way just as much interested in it as the English premier or the Irish people themselves, for if those 300,000 men and the four or five million able-bodied men which were to be found in the British Empire were armed and placed properly in August, 1914, then this terrible human slaughter would not have taken place. And the whole American people would not be disturbed over the matter of raising and equipping a few hundred thousand men. So Mr. O'Connor must not take it as a breach of hospitality if some of his fellow-countrymen ask him to throw some light on that vexed question.

If what Mr. Daly says further on be true—that there are more than 500,000 men that the allies can have to fight for the liberty of all the other small nations that will remain unfreed if they "include Ireland among them" and begin by removing the English yoke—if this be true it discloses a terrible state of affairs, for it shows that all those weary months when the French and British soldiers were being decimated on the west front there were 500,000 fresh, strong, able-bodied Irishmen within sound of the guns that held the line where their liberties and ours were defended—sulking in their tents, so to speak. They were waiting then and they are waiting now until the doctrinaires of the De Valera type decide as to what is the exact kind of document the "Sinn Feiners" will accept for the organic law of the new Irish republic. The result of the deliberation of the Bolsheviks in Petrograd ought to be sufficient warning. But it is to be feared that men who would risk and are risking the control of the power that has crushed and starved Poland, overwhelmed and debauched Belgium—a power under whose control the Zaberne incident is an everyday occurrence. This is the control that those 500,000 men in Ireland are doing their best to welcome. When we want to cite some act in human history as peculiarly horrifying we usually mention the conduct of Nero, who calmly indulged in a musical effort while Rome burned at his feet. Hereafter when anything comes up to excite our horror let Nero rest. And for a dastardly deed let us just mention the terrible fact recited by Mr. Daly—that 500,000 Irishmen refused to take part in the fiercest and most relentless struggle in all human history until the quibbling of De Valera and his parliament of Sinn Feiners was accepted as the organic law of a most important portion of the territory of the British Empire.

The folly of the Sinn Fein conduct is evident when it is apparent to the whole world that there must be a radical change in the political relations of the whole world after the end of the slaughter. I quote, Mr. Editor, what you said in your last issue on the matter of the freedom of Ireland, viz., that "the spirit of the age is working for Ireland" and that "safety for Ireland as well as safety for England lies in maintenance of an affiliation which gives to each part of the empire the defensive strength of the whole. Ireland free in the sense of standing separate and apart from her traditional association would not endure a single year, probably not a single month."

Mr. Daly quotes the British premier as saying that "England would never stand for the independence of Ireland." This is common sense and we of Irish birth or descent may just as well accept it without further discussion. Ireland is territorially the keystone in the arch of the British Empire, and the British people never will consent to its removal. So the Irish may just as well admit the stern fact that Ireland is indissolubly connected with England and that so long as men continue to turn plowshares into machine guns there will be justification for the connection. Ireland is such a strategic territory that in a world war the nation possessing it can not under any condition afford to lose it. In fact if England could not defend Ireland it would be our duty in defending the principles of government upon which our country is founded to risk every man and gun that we have in its defense. This war has already expanded our ideas on geography and before it is over we shall probably know much more. Upon such points as these Mr. O'Connor may enlighten us. P. J. HEALY.

German statistics show at least two-thirds of the stammering schoolgirls to be free from the trouble in adult life. Scientific considerations, taken in conjunction with these statistics, indicate that of the girl babies who contract stammering nine-tenths recover before middle age.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The week has witnessed a flurry of small fighting up and down the length of the western line. The Germans attacked in considerable force on the Messines Ridge and won a momentary foothold in the British trenches, but they were speedily ejected and driven back beyond their original positions. Various British raids were carried out successfully, and the Americans made an excursion to the southeast of Verdun and succeeded not only in entering but in holding a small section of German trench. Heavy bombardments were reported from various points, and a German bulletin informs us that British long-range guns were throwing their projectiles into the town of Cambrai. Other German bulletins speak of a damaging British bombardment all the way to St. Quentin on the Hindenburg line. But this fighting, so far as it has gone, seems to have small significance. The forces on either side are taking advantage of the hardening ground to move their artillery to new positions, and to discover the strength and the dispositions of their opponents. But there is nothing here that be said at present to threaten an offensive. There is no indication of a concentration of troops, nor of intense artillery fire. These things may actually be going on. They would not necessarily be reported if they were. But so far as the bulletins afford us a clue to the immediate future there are no signs of anything of a formidable nature on the part of the Germans in the west. Even the vague stories of transfers from the eastern front seem to have died away.

As I have already said, with a frequency that must have proved tiresome, I do not believe and I have never believed that a German offensive in the west was pending. The fact that the Germans themselves had announced such an offensive seemed in itself to be sufficient proof that no movement of the kind was intended. Military commanders do not announce their plans in advance. If they seem to do so it is in order to deceive, and to divert attention from their real operations elsewhere. Even General Ludendorff is now reported as speaking of the German army as on the defensive, and as fully prepared to meet any attacks that may be brought against it. Six months ago it was universally admitted that the Allies had a large preponderance of strength in the west, both in men and artillery. During the whole of last year the Germans were on the defensive. They won no successes on the western front with the single exception of Cambrai, and their success there was no more than an abbreviation of the preceding British victory. There was hardly a point on the line that did not show a German retreat. An Allied attack and an Allied success became synonymous. Even the German bulletins made no claims to victory. Now what has happened since then to persuade us that the balance has been reversed? It is true that Russia has collapsed, but none the less the German armies are still in Russia. Not even the most doleful of our military pessimists has contended that Germany has been able to transfer more than two or three hundred thousand men, although of course there are all kinds of melancholy forecasts of what she will be able to do in the future. The best military statistics available from Paris give the German strength in the west six months ago as about 2,200,000 men. The same authorities estimate the transfers from the east as being about 200,000 men. Colonel Repington makes nearly the same calculation, and it is confirmed by various press correspondents in touch with military headquarters. Now it is obvious that an increase of less than a quarter of a million men can not change the whole face of affairs as we are asked to believe that it has. It can not change an army compelled to stand on the defensive into an army ready to take the offensive, a despondent and beaten army into a confident and aggressive one. In armies so colossal as those now arrayed against each other it is not possible that such a miracle of transformation should be wrought by a quarter of a million men, even if we were to suppose that the Allied forces had done no more than maintain their old strength. And we know that they have substantially added to their old strength. That Germany should thus be able to play at will upon the nerves of her enemies by the simple process of blatant assertion and threat is not a little remarkable. And up to the present there is not a scintilla of evidence that these assertions and threats have any foundation except the intention to terrify and deceive. And they have been eminently successful.

I am naturally pleased to find some confirmation of this opinion in the *North American Review's War Weekly*. Colonel Harvey—presumably it is he who writes—has a little gentle fun at the cost of the Secretary of War, who "week in and week out for months has been warning us of the impending conflict and bidding us prepare for the best preferably and for the worst possibly." In order to obtain some authoritative opinion Colonel Harvey says that he has addressed a question to the foremost authority on military tactics in America. He asked him, "If you were a German strategist what would you do?" The answer received by Colonel Harvey is as follows: "Were I a German and planning the German campaign, I would publish far and wide the information that the Germans intended to break through the western front this spring and summer and I would have them make a big bluff to do so; and, while doing so, I would concentrate a powerful army either against the Italians or against the Allied army at Saloniki, preferably the former. And in the attack against the Italians my plan would be to attack them strongly along their whole front, making a particularly strong effort against the Asiago plateau, and at the same time send an army of several divisions from the Tyrol down the west side of Lake Garda to cut the Italian communications. Such

a movement would be almost certain to force the Italians back from their present line, and also from the line of the Adige, and would most probably result in their total defeat." The expert in question adds, "The plan we are now attempting to carry out is the very one which Germany would wish us to adopt," that "we are playing her game exactly as she wants us to do," and that "unless the Allies change radically their strategical plan the coming year will probably witness their defeat."

Now without sharing in so lugubrious a prognostication of defeat I may say that this is practically the view that has been put forward over and over again in this column. It is a view that needs no more than an estimate of probabilities to commend it. As the *War Weekly's* expert says, "It all seems so clear to me, so clear; why is it that those in authority can not see?" Perhaps they can see. Let us at least hope so, because otherwise it will go hard with them. Personally I am inclined to think that an attack on Saloniki is more probable than an attack on Italy, and for the simple reason that Germany has much more to gain from it. A successful attack upon Italy would remove a foe, but it would not substantially advance the German territorial ambitions. Moreover, the Allied armies in Italy are probably stronger than the Allied armies in Macedonia, and they are more easily reinforced through France. An attack upon Saloniki has everything to commend it to the German eye. However interesting and spectacular may be the struggle in the west, we must always remember that the actual gage of the war is in the east, and for an eastern highway to Asia. It is the final situation in the east that will determine the winners of the war. Germany is already in possession of the highway to Asia, although its terminus has been bitten off by the British armies at Bagdad and Jerusalem. None the less the Allied army at Saloniki is a continual threat to the occupation and use of that highway, and it prevents its consolidation. With Greece in German possession the work would be complete, and the whole of eastern Europe would be a German province and with Asia ready to drop into the German maw. Moreover, we may remember that the German emperor has a domestic grievance in relation to Greece. His sister and her husband are exiles from Greece, ignominiously expelled from their thrones by the orders of a French deputy, the only crowned heads among the Central Powers—for we may consider Greece as having been included in the Central Powers—to be forced into abdication. We may remember also that with Greece in German hands the whole of the eastern Mediterranean becomes a harred zone and that the Suez Canal is once more directly menaced. There may be other and invisible circumstances that would dictate an attack upon Italy rather than upon Greece, but the balance of visible probabilities points to Greece.

The status of the Saloniki army is something of a mystery. To say that it has been wasted is by no means true. Greece would have been overrun long ago but for its presence. But that it is strong enough to resist a determined German attack is quite another matter. We may even entertain some uneasy doubts whether its danger has been recognized. It is true that the British and French authorities have seemed to accept the German assurances of a western offensive, but this is by no means proof that they have actually done so. If German military policies dictated the attempt to deceive in this respect it may have suited the plans of the Allies to seem to be deceived, to seem to fall into the trap, in order to mask their defensive efforts in the east. At the same time we may feel somewhat uneasy when we remember the long list of blunders and disagreements that have conducted so much to German success in the Balkans. We have heard nothing of reinforcements for the Saloniki army, although we know that considerable British forces have been sent southward into Italy. In the meantime we may watch the situation with some disquietude. If Germany actually intends a western offensive it will be an act of desperation and one to be heartily welcomed by her enemies, since her ruin will then be assured. But it is impossible to say as much for a German assault either upon Greece or upon Italy. The utmost that she can possibly do in the west is to head the line and to pile up new hecatombs of her own dead in the process. But it is quite possible for her to strike a crushing blow in the east, and one with almost incurable results. If the Saloniki army has been greatly strengthened it may be able to ward off such a blow. It may also be forestalled by an Allied offensive in the west, and so far from this being impossible—as German propaganda has persuaded most of us—it is both possible and probable. In spite of much nonsense that has been written to the contrary the Allies in the west have a great preponderance of strength. France is in better shape than she has ever been before. Great Britain has been piling up her forces during the winter, and drawing steadily upon her nearly inexhaustible resources. And yet at the mere clanking of the German sabre we allow ourselves at once to picture the Allied armies as waiting defensively in their trenches, with the balance of advantage turning rapidly against them, and with no resource but to try to parry the blow that is about to fall. The real danger is not in the west at all, but in the east and south.

That Germany is not quite so confident as she pretends to be, indeed that she is very far from being confident at all, is shown by her evident desire for a peace based upon the present situation. There is no doubt that peace could be obtained tomorrow at the cost of Russia and if the Allies were willing to sacrifice their quondam eastern ally to German ambitions. Lord Robert Cecil, asked in the House of Commons if peace proposals at the expense of Russia had been received, made the significant reply that "no such



proposals are being considered or would be considered." That is to say he evaded the question while answering it practically in the affirmative. Writing a week or so ago, I suggested that the continued invasion of Russia was due first of all to a German resolve to crush a Russian democracy on her eastern frontier and secondly that she might secure a sufficiency of cards for trading purposes whenever the time for negotiations might come. If Germany proposed a peace at the cost of Russia she certainly expected that the proposal would be accepted, as she would be incapable of believing that the Entente could be actuated by a sense of honor of which she herself has no conception. That the proposal was not accepted will account fully for the new explosion of rage directed chiefly against America, whom she believed to embody the forces of moderation and a peace by compromise and negotiation. Germany is well aware that she can not hope to retain an inch of western soil. Her announced intention to do so is merely to give an increased value to its eventual renunciation. She knows, too, that she will not be allowed to hold Serbia, since the whole world now knows the part that Serbia has played in the preservation of human liberty, and is therefore solemnly pledged to her redemption. But Germany does not now need Serbia for her Oriental schemes. She has found a way round by the back door. She can make a road to Asia Minor along the Danube and through Roumania without touching Serbia at all. Or she can go north through the Ukraine and so directly into Persia and southward. Germany's policy in regard to Russia is quite transparent if we will only remember that she went to war in order to reach India and Egypt and so to dominate the world. Her every field of war is subordinate to that end. If she can not go one way she is quite willing to go another. Barred from Serbia by Entente resolve, she hews her way through Roumania with an alternative route through Russia and the Ukraine. Of course she would be willing to make peace on the basis of a free hand in Russia. She would make peace on any conditions that allowed her an open road to Asia. But in that case Germany would have won the war, no matter though she must evacuate France and Belgium and Italy. In fact there is nothing that Germany would not do, no sacrifice that she would not make, so long as she is allowed to reach Asia. But that would be the triumph of the whole scheme of *Mittel Europa*. The trouble with Germany is that she always sets the snare in full view of the bird under the erroneous conviction that the bird can not see it. But the bird can see it.

There may be obscure reasons of international policy based on a far-sighted view of future problems why Japan should be discouraged from an invasion of Siberia. There may be bridges still undisclosed that must eventually be crossed, but the only bridge now actually in view is the defeat of Germany. To say that the German armies are thousands of miles from Vladivostok is beside the point. German influence is already enveloping Vladivostok. Its impalpable tentacles have been extended to the Pacific Ocean and may even reach across the ocean. An undue deference to Russian susceptibilities—one would hardly suppose that Russia had any left—may easily open a new field of war disastrous to ourselves. German submarines are haunting the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The Siberian railroad may easily carry them to the Pacific.

If America has assumed obligations toward Russia it may be assumed that Russia also has assumed obligations toward America. The President has definitely stated that there can be no peace treaty that shall leave any nation beyond the shade of its justice. America, in other words, has assumed the burden of the ultimate liberation of Russia from the German yoke, and this is a tacit implication that Russia shall not make that burden more onerous than need be, either by further and needless surrenders or by resentment against the particular measures adopted for her liberation. If Germany shall be able to exert a domination over Vladivostok it means not only that she owns Russia from Warsaw to the Pacific, but it means also that the war is brought directly into the sphere of American maritime interests on the western coast. Not only a policy of beneficence toward Russia, but also a sense of self-preservation seems to demand the protection of Vladivostok by a Japanese force acting in conjunction with troops from the United States and from China.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

One of the last acts of the New Brunswick Parliament, lately prorogued, was the unanimous adoption by a non-party vote of a motion favoring a union of the province with Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The motion as carried states that, as the growth and development of the western provinces of Canada have been much greater than the Maritime Provinces, and are likely to be still greater after the war, and as the representation in the Federal Parliament is likely to be decreased, there should be unity of aim and action between the eastern provinces of the Dominion.

The name "Esterreich," or "Austria," literally means "Kingdom of the East," or "Eastern Country," from its position relative to the rest of the old Germanic Empire. It occurs for the first time in history in 996, in a document signed by Emperor Otho III, the last of the Saxon dynasty of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation." At that time it was a frontier district and served as a buffer land between the Western Empire, as the "Holy Roman Empire" was then sometimes known, and Hungary, an unchristian nation only begun to be proselyted.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Appearances are proverbially deceptive," says a writer in a London paper. "and I find that many people, misled possibly by M. Venizelos' snow-white hair and beard, imagine him to be among the veteran statesmen of Europe. Doubtless he is as regards experience, but in the matter of years he is still a comparatively young man, as statesmen count their age nowadays. M. Venizelos is only fifty-three, having been born at Murnies, near Canea, in 1864."

Just as French journalists were quick to discover in General Pershing a descendant of Lorraine, so newspapers like the London *Chronicle* remind their readers that "many of the great qualities of President Wilson are traceable to Scottish ancestors. He claims kinship with several prominent families, being descended from the Rev. Robert Woodrow, the well-known historian of the Church of Scotland, and distantly related to the Archbishop of York."

Major-General Peyton C. March, who has recently been made chief of staff of the United States Army, has the reputation among army officers of being a man of energy, great executive ability, courage, excellent judgment, and strong prejudices. He has no respect for red tape, and showed it while he was in charge of recruiting work at the outbreak of the Mexican trouble. As the ages of general officers go, he is still young, being just over fifty-three. He is full of physical and mental vigor.

T. Coleman Du Pont, of the noted powder family, who has recently extended his New York holdings by buying the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, is said to have received \$20,000,000 in cash and securities when he retired from the head of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company. He is a liberal public benefactor. Three years ago he gave \$2,000,000 to Delaware to help build a system of highways. He has given more than \$1,000,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and large sums to the Y. M. C. A.

Rear-Admiral Sydney R. Freemantle is deputy chief of staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, first sea lord of the British admiralty. He is the only naval member of the new admiralty board who did not serve under Admiral Jellicoe. The Freemantles are another of England's many sailor families, for the new staff officer is the son of Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Freemantle, who added to a highly distinguished career on the seven seas the fame of authorship, with several historical and technical hooks on naval matters and naval heroes.

Mrs. Hilda Muhlhauser Richards, chief of the new Woman's Division of the Federal Department of Labor which is to look after the employment of women during the war, is a young woman, but has had a wide experience in the line of work which she will do as head of the Woman's Division. From the position of associate head worker in a social settlement in Cleveland she was put in charge of the Municipal Women's Bureau. She has been for the last two years an employment expert of the United States Department of Labor, being the one woman on the committee of twelve.

Professor Harry Luman Russell of the University of Wisconsin, who has been sent for by Mr. Hoover, the United States Food Administrator, to coördinate the production problems of the Department of Agriculture and the Food Administration staff, has been dean of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture and director of the experiment station since 1907, prior to which he taught. He is highly rated among authorities of this country as a finely educated and practically tested explorer in all departments of agricultural education and the use of applied natural science for economic ends. Wisconsin's dairying and farming interests are said to owe him much for the success he has had in relating the agricultural college to the life of producers living on the farms.

Since the war Mascagni has been heard from at the front. He once told how the opening chorus of "Cavalleria" was composed on the night of February 3, 1889, when his first child was born. That son, Mimi, is now or was recently driving a motor truck for the Italian army, and a second boy, Dino, became a private in the Engineer Corps, blowing up Austrian barbed-wire barricades. On a visit to the young soldiers Pietro Mascagni saw his first battle. "This is indeed music," he wrote. "It seems as if all the big drums in my orchestra had been multiplied by a million and suddenly gone mad." The composer gave open-air concerts in the trenches, on one occasion attended by the king, and he set himself at work on a great patriotic symphony, designed to be a musical apotheosis of Italy's "war of redemption."

Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard, who has been appointed chief of the British air staff, is little known to the public, yet, after David Henderson, he is quite the most prominent of the British airmen, having had the executive command of the Flying Corps in France since the day when the B. E. F. crossed the Channel. Though not yet forty-five years of age, he has had a versatile career, having fought with mounted infantry and Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa before he went

to the West Coast for employment with the West African Frontier Force. He got his brevet-major in South Africa, and a D. S. O. for his services in Nigeria, where he saw a lot of bush fighting. Then he took to flying, and was assistant commandant at the Flying School when, war breaking out, he was nominated as executive commander of the Flying Corps. He was promoted major-general on New Year's Day, 1917, and this year he was given his K. C. B.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### A Madrigal.

Crabbed Age and Youth  
Can not live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure,  
Age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare:  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O! my Love, my Love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee—  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.  
—William Shakespeare.

### Silent Voices.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,  
Brings the Dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent Voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone!

Call me rather, silent Voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,  
On, and always on!  
—Lord Tennyson.

### Summons to Lova.

Phœbus, arise!  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red:  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed  
That she may thy career with roses spread:  
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing:  
Make an eternal Spring!  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead:  
Spread forth thy golden hair  
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,  
And emperor-like decore  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wished day  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn  
And fates my hopes betray),  
Which, purely white, deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.  
Fair King, who all preserves,  
But show thy blushing beams,  
And thou two sweeter eyes  
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams  
Did once thy heart surprise.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:  
If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay:  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play.  
—The winds all silent are,  
And Phœbus in his chair  
Ensafroning sea and air  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:  
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with Orient gold spangle their blue:  
Here is the pleasant place—  
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!  
—William Drummond.

### Days.

Daughters of Time, the hypocrite Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will.  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my peached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee  
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
Yet shall some tribute of regret he paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.  
—William Wordsworth.



## THE ARMY AT SALONICA.

G. Ward Price Describes Life, and Death, with the Allied Forces in Macedonia.

Mr. G. Ward Price throws light upon a field of war that stood much in need of it. The situation at Salonica has always been a mystery. Macedonia may be, probably it will be, the scene of the next German offensive. Why is there an Allied army at Salonica? What has it been doing there? How strong is it? Of what is it composed? What is the attitude of the Greek people toward it? These are among the questions that all the world has been asking, and most of them are answered by Mr. Price.

Germany has always mocked at Salonica as the "biggest internment camp" of the Allies. None the less she resorted to something more practical than mockery. She sent a Zeppelin to survey the ground, and this was promptly destroyed by a shot from a British warship:

Rumors, that are always more popular when they are grisly, alleged that two men of the crew had been pinned underneath the wreck and burned alive. A midshipman, in fact, burrowing in the mud, even found what he proclaimed in triumph to be a "charred human hand." It certainly had that shape. Though blackened by fire and covered with ooze, the form of the clutching fingers could be clearly seen. Their crooked grasp seemed to have been straining in a last agony for something solid to seize upon amid the spongy slime. The grim trophy was bottled in spirits of wine and much admired, until one day its owner consented, at the entreaty of a friend, to cede him one finger of the blackened relic. The ship's surgeon was asked to perform the operation of severing the finger, but, to the surprise of every one, his knife sliced through it at one cut. It then transpired that the clutching hand of the burnt Boche was nothing more gruesome than an empty glove singed by the flames and tight-filled with caked mud.

The Greek army under the inspiration of King Constantine was a perpetual menace to the Allied forces until Venizelos improved matters by his revolution. The officers were outwardly correct in their manner, but many of them were working ceaselessly for Germany:

A simple parable will perhaps convey, as well as anything, an idea of the situation we found on arriving at Salonica. Imagine that you were a parliamentary candidate going down to fight an election in a town where there is only one possible hotel. The manager of this hotel, who is a friend of yours, and a thorough adherent of your party, offers you a set of rooms at the hotel and you take the offer. The manager promises, too, to help in every way he can with your campaign. Just as you are arriving, and when all your arrangements have been made, you learn that the managing director of the hotel, who is a bitter opponent of your political party and devoted to the other side, is furious that his manager has let you the rooms and has dismissed him in consequence. It is too late for him to prevent you taking the accommodation that you were offered, but the managing director gives strict orders to his staff to make you just as uncomfortable as they can. They will not answer the bell; they cut off the light and water; they will not serve you with food in the hotel, on the plea that there would otherwise not be enough for the other guests; they open and read your letters; they spy upon you in every way; they communicate your plans to your political opponent so that he can anticipate them; and, the election becoming a rowdy one, you receive information that the managing director has the intention on the first occasion that you try to address the crowd from the balcony to have you sandbagged from behind. Now, under those circumstances, who could give full and undivided attention to fighting the election and refuting the political arguments of his opponent; who would not be at the same time very much preoccupied in taking precautions against the troublesome managing director of the hotel?

The Greek government, ostensibly for purposes of record, demanded a return of all material landed for the army, and this information was passed on at once to Germany. Railroad officials were also required to report all troop movements that they observed, and this also was transmitted to the enemy:

For the spy, Salonica is Paradise. He thrives and multiplies there like a microbe in jelly. If a spy had the chance of creating an ideal environment to work in he could not improve upon Salonica. Imagine a town where the languages commonly and regularly spoken are old Spanish, much adulterated, Greek, Turkish, Italian, Bulgarian, Serb, Roumanian, and French; where every one has changed his subject at least once during the last five years—from Turkish to Greek—and where before that several thousands of people had all sorts of claims to European nationalities, based on the complicated Turkish system of the Capitulations (under which one brother in the same family would be "French," another "English," another "Italian," perhaps without one of them being able to speak a single sentence in the tongue of the nationality he claimed; where the old part of the town is a maze of densely inhabited alleys, most of them without names, where the houses, Turkish fashion, present usually nothing but a blind wall to the street, and have a high-walled, stout-doored courtyard in front of them; where there is no directory, and where the people living in a street have no dealings with or knowledge of other people living in the same street who are not of their race, language, and religion; where you are up against the traditional Eastern idea of the seclusion of women, and where many women—Turks and Dounmehs (Mohammedans of Jewish race), always go veiled; where there is an unknown number of secret underground rooms and passages, as you might expect in a modern town built on the ruins of an ancient and prosperous city; and where at first the local authorities of the place were not at all ill-disposed towards the spy, but inclined to protect him if possible against our military police; where many of the town's richest and most influential inhabitants had strong personal reasons for sympathizing with the enemy—Jewish money-lenders of Salonica held mortgages on estates in Hungary and Austria, and the town had always swarmed with Austrian agents spreading the idea that its future prosperity depended on its becoming linked with Austria-Hungary as the outlet of the Central Empires to the Mediterranean. Imagine but a fraction of these conditions, and you will realize something of how easy it was for enemy agents to work against us and how hard it was for our counter-spy service to hunt them down.

The author gives us a typical account of the arrest of a spy, in this case a Turk:

"This is the place," whispers the native agent who guides the party. A low doorway of gray wood, which leads evidently into the small courtyard that separates each of these houses from the street. The heavy hand of a policeman beats a tattoo upon it, that soon brings a gabble of frightened Greek or Turkish from within. "Open quick," calls an officer in reply to a torrent of inquiries, and then, "Well, we can't give him time to get away. Just push the door in, one of you." A heave from the shoulder of a fourteen-stone policeman sends it flying with a crash, and a neat little stone-flagged courtyard with a sycamore tree rustling in the corner and the blue-washed wall of a house on the other side lies open before us. Figures with candles in their hands are peering anxiously out of the doorway, and when it is a British uniform that steps into the courtyard a wall goes up that testifies to uneasy consciences. The business of making the arrest is soon over. No resistance is offered. It would so clearly be futile.

"Is Hakki Mehmed here?" Hakki Mehmed admits his identity quite unconcernedly. The Turks certainly show character and self-possession under these trying circumstances. They never raise their voices or get excited. They suggest, as one gentleman to another, that the privacy of their harem shall be respected, and they reassure the weeping black-veiled figures who crane from its doorway with the confident statement that they will certainly be back again tomorrow. Then a military policeman closes in on each side of them and off they go. Perhaps they will come back, as they say; perhaps penal servitude in Cairo will be their lot before they see the little blue-walled courtyard again.

Some strange scenes are witnessed on these occasions. The women are shrouded in black, the men wear bright garments. The places look clean, but the walls are swarming with vermin:

Sometimes arrests have to be made in Turkish houses of a better class, and there the additional complication of a part of the house being supposed to be strictly barred off as the harem makes the search more difficult. The servants, with the ingenuity of the Levantine mind, are expert in lying to conceal their master's whereabouts. "Since you must know," said the butler of one suspect, "my master is unfortunately addicted to excessive drinking, and often stays downtown all night getting drunk with his friends. He has not come home tonight, and I expect that that is where he is." And this plausible story, told with the shamefaced air of a faithful servant letting a stranger into the family secrets, might have been believed if one of the search party had not happened just then to notice a small door that had not been opened. It led into a little private garden belonging to the harem, and there, standing in his nightshirt among the bushes in the middle of a flower-bed, was the supposed secret drinker and master of the house, who was so badly wanted by our police.

Mr. Price pays a well-deserved tribute to the Serbians, who have suffered more tears than any other nation now at war, but who are inflexible in their resolve to make no inglorious peace:

The unbroken spirit of these big-built men simply astonished one. They had gone through more than any nation among the Allies. In each of the six years from 1912 to 1917 they had been at war. Their losses have been terrible. There is very little of the manhood of the nation left.

The whole hope of the regeneration of Serbia lay, in fact, with those hundred thousand men who landed at Micra pier, and so heavily have the Serbs lost in the fierce fighting that they have since waged among the rocky hills on the banks of the Cerna that the repopulation of their country, when it has been won back again, will be a problem of the lack of fathers.

Yet it is rare to see a despondent Serb. "Those are my wife and children," a Serbian officer will say, showing you a photograph. "I have not seen them or heard of them since we left Belgrade in October, 1915. I have tried to get in touch with them by advertising in Swiss papers, which the Germans allow to be imported into Serbia, but I have had no reply. Whether they are alive or dead, whether they have money or are starving, even whether they have been allowed to remain in Serbia at all, I haven't the vaguest idea."

It is with such heavy griefs weighing upon each individual's mind that the Serbian army has fought so stoutly and that it yet rejects the offer, which the Bulgars and Austrians have held out, of bringing this suspense and separation to an end on the inglorious terms of national surrender.

The rival armies in Macedonia are now deadlocked and facing each other behind impregnable fortifications:

The holding up of the Bulgar offensive on the Allied left wing at the battle of Ostrovo was followed by a lull, which lasted until the middle of September. The Bulgars did not retire; they and the Serbs sat and looked at each other from behind their stone parapets, which ran about the hillsides, where it was too rocky to dig trenches, in a way that resembled those loose stone walls which divide the fields in North Wales. I say "looking at each other" advisedly, for the Serbs, at any rate, were extraordinarily casual in the way they exposed themselves. "Just stand up here," a Serbian officer would say, with the whole of his head above the parapet, when you visited their front-line trenches. "You see that line of gray stones about 100 yards down the hill? That's their front line. Now just watch the edge of that, and you'll see their heads show now and then. There! See that one?" One always professed to detect a head very quickly, this entertainment being trying for the nerves, but I have often noticed that the Germans have not taught the Bulgarians to be anything like as good at sniping as they are themselves.

The fighting for Monastir was of the fiercest kind. The Bulgars lost so heavily that one battalion mutinied. Behind the shelter of heaps of stones these two Balkan armies fought each other with savage and bitter hatred under the fiercest weather conditions of cold and exposure:

Not for days only, but for weeks after, dead Bulgars lay there, preserved in the semblance of life by the cold mountain air, looking with calm, unseeing eyes across the battleground that had once been the scene of savage and concentrated passion and activity, and then lapsed back again into its native loneliness, where the eagle is the only thing that moves. Some still held in their stiff fingers the bandage they had been putting to a wound when death took them; here was a man with a half-eaten bread-crust in his hand. On others you could see no sign of hurt. They must have been killed by the shock alone of the explosion of that aerial torpedo whose black fragments lie among them—killed, too, at night probably as they waited for the dawn to start fighting once more. In other places you would find bodies of Serbs and Bulgars mixed together where they had met with the bayonet.

Yet on none of the dead faces that you looked into did you see the trace of an expression of anger or fear. They slept dispassionately, calmly, as if finding in death the rest and release from suffering that war had so sternly denied them.

We have an amusing account of the suppression of a royalist meeting at Volo by what may be called the weapon of publicity. The captain of an armed auxiliary was informed of the meeting, but as he had not men enough for a landing party he resorted to an even more effective expedient:

He was advised in a rather apprehensive manner by the French consul that an anti-Ally demonstration was about to be held on the sea-front, and asked if he could not have a "landing party" ready to protect the lives of the subjects of the Entente, if necessary. The small ship's company was not strong enough for enterprises of the magnitude of landing parties to be undertaken, but the captain asked exactly where on the quay the meeting would take place. It was to be held after dark, for in Volo every one sleeps all the hot afternoon, and the evening is the liveliest time of the day. So about 10 p. m. the anti-Ally demonstration was in full swing. Excited, stubbly chinned Royalists had begun one after another to address the crowd. Who were these dastardly aliens who were violating the territory of Greece? they asked. "Remember the glorious victory of the Balkan wars. Remember how these same foreigners were drugged at Athens on December 1st. Zito, King Constantine! Curse Venizelos! Down with the dogs of Allies!" The submarine caterers and government-paid roughs, fortified by a series of glasses of raki, were full of sound and fury, when, as suddenly as a blow, there shot out of the velvety blackness of the Aegean night a dazzling white beam of illumination which fell full upon the meeting—and stayed there without flickering. It came from the searchlight of the English ship, and its unwavering stare seemed to be looking into the face of every man of them as if to see who would speak next. But words died away on their lips. The unique spectacle was witnessed of a crowd of Greeks all silent. The die-hards who had been most vociferous a moment before found a strange difficulty in uttering more curses; the worst desperado of a royalist last-ditcher ceased to advocate armed resistance to the Allies and fixed his disturbed gaze on the persistent shaft of light that from its unseen source held them like an apparition from the next world. They simply could not talk with that thing staring at them. They fidgeted and smiled uneasily and whispered to each other (as if they might be heard as well as seen), and then, individually and inconspicuously, they slipped away into the grateful obscurity of the surrounding darkness.

The spirit of the men, says the author, is admirable in spite of the terrible monotony of their lives. One division's pantomime played to 20,000 people during its run, and it would have gone with as great success on a London stage. A "Palace Hotel" was supplied for officers who had to stay the night after the performance:

It was remarkable how every unit that produced a show invariably found some one to fill excellently the part of principal girl. The leading lady of the high successful revues, "Hullo, Salonica," and "Bonjour, Salonique," at the Ordnance Base Depot, was a marvel of feminine grace and beauty. There was a charming brunette in the Durham Light Infantry's "Aladdin" who rolled most captivating eyes at her audience, while the "Kitty" of a divisional pantomime was the flapper of a dream—dainty, modest, with eyes, and a smile, and ankles that made it seem impossible, as you looked across the footlights, that she should be a corporal in a field ambulance who had been wrestling in the mud with refractory mules all day. Kitty and the Beauty Chorus which supported her were dressed regardlessly, to the full extent of the resources of the dressmakers and lingerie merchants of Salonica, and somewhere in the archives of the Salonica army there is a telegram sent down from the front to an officer of the division who was on three days' leave in town, in approximately these terms: "Urgent. Bring back with you without fail tonight the following: Three pairs silk stockings size seven and one lace-embroidered camisole for Kitty, five yards pink satin for Abanazar's second wife and a black stuff dress for Mrs. Twankey." And scrawled across the telegram is the indignant endorsement: "G.H.Q. demands an immediate explanation of this idiotic rubbish passing over army wires."

Gardening is another diversion of the British army in the Balkans. It is, indeed, officially enjoined, with the aim of raising as much as possible on the spot in the way of vegetables for varying and expanding the rations of the troops, and prizes are offered for the best produce in a brigade or divisional area. I remember one quaint meeting I had with a stolid old fellow up at the front, elderly for a private, who, but for his khaki trousers, would have been the type of a family gardener at home. His little patch was in a nullah that was shared by a battery of sixty-pounders, whose particularly violent discharges filled the echoing ravine with din about once a minute. Yet, undisturbed, he leaned upon his rake and looked at his plants in that resigned way beloved of gardeners. "Yus, the tomatoes is doin' well, I don't say but what they ain't. Them beans now—'Cr-r-rash' from a sixty-pounder—them beans won't never come to no good. Sun's too 'ot for them. Want a bit o' rain, that's what they want. That air spinach now seeded afore it was three inches high. Too thin, the syle is; that's what it is,"—and another eruption of the guns punctuated his dreary monotone.

The Bulgars flooded the Allied lines with circulars describing the luxuries awaiting prisoners of war and these were answered by picture postcards illustrating the easy life led by the Bulgar captives:

The Allied propaganda took a more artful form. The French had a lot of picture postcards taken showing Bulgar prisoners lining up for their midday ration, each with a half-loaf of bread under his arm and a steaming pannikin of soup in his hand. These they got Bulgar prisoners to sign, with the addition of a little message about the good treatment they had received, and they were then dropped over the enemy lines as a corrective to the stories which Bulgar officers used to tell their men about the certainty of execution which awaited them if they fell into the hands of the Allies. The plan met with much success. Deserters kept constantly coming in, and many of them brought these postcards with them, evidently considering them as a sort of safe-conduct or prospectus. One man said he had paid fifteen francs for his copy to another Bulgar who had found it.

It is an amazing picture that the author paints for us, and a most welcome one in view of the mystery of Macedonia and the part that it seems destined yet to play.

THE STORY OF THE SALONICA ARMY. By G. Ward Price. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$2.



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## BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ending Saturday, March 16th, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports clearings amounting to \$97,337,522.30, as compared with \$82,645,881.29, the total for the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$13,444,960.46.

The report of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco for the week ending Saturday, March 16th, shows total resources of \$171,808,000 and gold reserve amounting to \$91,598,000, which is 59.71 per cent. of net deposits and reserve note liability. Total gross deposits last week amounted to \$88,715,000 and the Federal Reserve note circulation is now \$77,580,000.

Trade of the United States with Cuba in 1917 was \$445,000,000, against \$198,000,000 in 1913, the year preceding the war. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the United States is now supplying

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76 per cent. of the imports of Cuba against 53 per cent. in 1913, and taking 75 per cent. of its exports against 80 per cent. in 1913. This reduction in our share of the exports is due to the heavy European demand for Cuban sugar, attributable to the shortage of beet sugar in Europe since the beginning of the war.

The most attractive, entirely tax-exempt offering which has been made locally of late comprises \$100,000 State of California Highway 4½ per cent. bonds, maturing 1923, which the bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank are offering at 99½ and accrued interest. At this price the yield is approximately 4.60 per cent.

The \$6,000,000 deficit reported by the great Pennsylvania Railroad in January illustrates the extraordinary burdens the railroads were under during the winter. To the weaker companies the action of the Federal government in taking over the railroads at the close of

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December must be of material financial assistance. With the government in control of the financing and the increased efficiency which has resulted from operating all roads as one nation-wide system, important benefits should result. The roads must make heavy outlays, however, for cars, locomotives, rails, and equipment. The provisions of the railway bill, giving the President the right to fix freight rates, stipulating that the great properties shall be returned to private ownership eighteen months after the war ends, and guaranteeing net income during the war period equal to the average for the three years ending June 30th last introduce new experiments in the relations between government and industry. Although government operation is looked upon as purely a war measure, there is understood to be a unanimity of effort to make the test highly successful.

Unusual interest has been excited by the discussion in Congress of the War Finance Corporation bill. This measure has been amended in important details in answer to the criticism that undue inflation might result and that too great power had been conferred upon the five directors. Such a corporation should be useful at a time when the money markets are naturally burdened with having to provide for immense outlays of war material. Organized relief of this sort can be dispensed with less danger to the country than might result from an attempt to remove the whole-some restrictions of the rediscounting function of the Federal banking system. The new institution, equipped to finance undertakings to the extent of \$4,500,000,000 may wield a far-reaching influence, and it is to be hoped that the government will select men of the highest standing for its management. The proposal is based primarily on the assumption that the government must have first call upon the country's production, as its chief business is making effective American participation in the work of winning the war, and hence the need of organizing the nation's resources, that our whole force may be utilized for the war.

The increased firmness in money rates throughout the country is reflected in the cost for short time loans to corporations of high credit, 7 per cent. and upwards having been paid on two-year notes. So far as the general money market is concerned, the outlook is for firm interest rates for several months to come. Recourse to the rediscount facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks has made it possible for the principal markets to respond liberally to the requirements of mercantile borrowers. The governing influence must be the impending Liberty Loan. The house-to-house canvass which these great flotations involve is educating the American people as to the value of bond investments. Up to the time that the First Liberty Loan was offered last June there were scarcely 200,000 people in the United States who were familiar with bonds as investments. The bond market in those days was confined largely to rich men and strong financial corporations.

The situation has changed materially in the last nine months, however, since almost one in ten of the population of the continental United States is today a holder of a government bond. This extraordinary absorption may be attributed, of course, to the unusual efforts put forth by the Liberty Loan Committees to place the bonds with investors direct. Intensive selling methods will be an important feature of the next offering and the probability is that the lists of government bondholders will be largely augmented. These estimates of the present number of bondholders do not take in, of course, the many thousand subscribers for Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates. It stands to reason that this government must, as a war measure, restrict the sales of other securities just as the great European governments have done. It would be against public policy to allow corporations and other borrowers to absorb funds through the sale of securities which are not designed to cover outlays essential to the carrying on of the war.—*The Business Outlook, Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.*

It seems to many financial observers scarcely probable that the next Liberty Loan, though it should bear an interest rate of 4½ per cent., will prove as depressing as were its predecessors to prices in the general bond market. The country has grown more accustomed to and is less easily disturbed by the government's vast financing, and values of desirable corporation bonds are now so low that they are a profitable purchase for even the heaviest payers of income sur-taxes. The new issue will not be tax-exempt and thus on merely a yield basis could not compete with dozens of good senior securities. It will be bought for absolute safety and for patriotic reasons, but not for net returns.

We are, and are likely to remain, at a long distance from the 7.30 per cent. tax-exempt bonds of the Civil War. The present war would have to last several additional years before history would repeat itself in that particular respect. There is a pleasing possibility that the third Liberty Loan will prove the last. It certainly will if peace is restored within

the next few months. Hopes of peace this year may prove delusive, but, on the other hand, they may be suddenly realized at any time. In that event there should be almost a boom in bonds and a corresponding profit for buyers at current figures.

But if further declines should occur the purchasers of well-selected bonds of prosperous organizations need have no anxiety. There will be no danger of defaults in interest and their reward will only be deferred. Indeed advantage might be taken of such a contingency to average up and thus lay the foundation for still greater eventual profit. Not a few investors have already been doing this, strengthening their position materially. It should not be overlooked that while the better class of bonds are at this time the soundest of investments they are also the safest of all speculations.

The bond market of the past week has been without any special features, but has maintained a generally steady tone. Notwithstanding the continuation of the low level of prices which present a sound base upon which a future advance may be predicated, we find it a source of satisfaction that quotations refuse to recede further in the face of the gigantic physical task and steadily increasing financial responsibilities to which we are committed. For two months now the preponderance of those desirous of selling over those willing to buy—except at recessions—has no longer been in evidence, and while there is a prevalence of short-term note issues put out both because of the desirability of limiting to as short a time as possible the payment of the high interest rates now demanded and because of timidity of many investors towards long-time issues, there has been sufficient demand from the far-seeing, courageous class of investor to at least counterbalance the selling. With regard to the selling side of the market it may be noted that a reported source of liquidation is through the Alien Property Custodian, who has under his control the considerable bond-holdings of German insurance companies formerly operating in this country, and other enemy-owned securities. It is possible that where a fairly large amount of any one issue so held is sold a decline may result which will afford a very special investment opportunity. In analyzing the investment situation we have come to the conclusion that the recent nearer approach to certainty in a number of matters previously in a more or less indeterminate state has much to do with maintaining the present quiet steady tone. We have, for one thing, an apparent decision that the next Liberty Loan will bear a 4½ per cent. rate, if we may judge by the advance from a 4 per cent. to a 4½ per cent. rate for the Certificates of Indebtedness. An increase in the government bond rate has been regarded as a bearish influence upon the corporation bond market, but we think the 4½ per cent. payment has already been largely discounted. There is also this consideration: An issue which is intrinsically attractive, which will find its way to the greatest possible extent among individual investors, will impose the least strain upon the banks and leave us in the soundest financial condition. The passage of the Railroad Control Bill by both houses of Congress in forms leaving no important differences removes a second element of uncertainty. There has never been, of course, any real doubt that the President's proclamation on this subject would be enacted into law in some form, but until the actual passage occurred there was always the chance that some modifications of importance might creep in.

Relief has been a long time in coming to the railroads, but let us be most thankful that it was not further delayed. Imagine the effect upon the market for railroad securities of the appearance of the January income accounts now coming to light, had we no assurance of either higher rates or government guaranty. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, long regarded as the premier American system, reported a deficit of \$2,930,789 for the month after payment of operating expenses and taxes only. By comparing this result with those of previous years we can see to what extent high prices for wages and materials, aided by congestion and bad weather, have slashed the earning power of our trunk lines. Operating income, month of January—1917, \$3,484,339; 1916, \$3,869,857; 1915, \$1,175,072; 1914, \$1,472,043.

The holder of railroad securities should indeed be glad to be able to contemplate figures of this sort with the realization that the loss will not fall upon him directly.—*The Equitable Trust Company of New York.*

The Sperry Flour Company began business with one small mill in Stockton, California, in 1852. Since that year many mills have been added to the Sperry chain, small mills and big mills have been taken into the fold to make Sperry Flour. It is fitting that special mention should be made at this time of the crowning achievement of the Sperry Flour Company, the completion of their big eight-story reinforced concrete plant at Vallejo.

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California. All the perseverance, all the resourcefulness, and all the energy which has been embodied in the building of Sperry Mills for the last sixty-six years are exemplified in the building of these new mills at Vallejo. The new Vallejo mills, together with the old mill, produce a volume of 5000 barrels daily, which is a splendid capacity for a Pacific Coast plant. On November 22, 1917, the first unit of the new plant, known as Mill A, started making flour. On February 1, 1918, the other unit, Mill B, was ready for operation. When Mill B was finished the new office and laboratory were ready for occupancy. The laboratory is equipped with the latest improvements in testing and baking apparatus, so that the uniformity of Sperry Flour and Cereals will be maintained.

The combined resources of the twenty-six state banks in San Francisco and their thirty branches, as shown in figures compiled by the state banking department from reports submitted in answer to the call for statements of condition as of February 23d last, were \$423,988,506. This compares with \$409,753,254 on November 20, 1917, showing an increase during the three months' period between calls of \$14,235,252.

Individual deposits as of February 23d totaled \$348,044,793, as compared with \$335,449,680 on November 20th, showing an increase in this item for the state institutions located in San Francisco of \$12,595,113. Of the total individual deposits on February 23d, savings institutions were credited with \$277,903,177, and commercial banks with \$70,141,616. This compares with figures on November 20th of \$265,450,230 for savings banks and \$69,999,450 for commercial banks.

Nearly twelve million dollars was loaned out to farmers of the United States by the Federal Land Banks during the month of January last.

On February 1st the total amount loaned out to farmers by these banks since they were established was nearly \$50,000,000, the number of loans closed being 24,000. The amount applied for at that date was \$260,000,000, representing over 100,000 applicants.

California's output of gold for the calendar year 1917 was 1,006,969 fine ounces—value \$20,815,900, which was \$1,160,000 less than 1916, while the total mineral products showed a considerable increase. In mining, as elsewhere, there is difficulty in obtaining skilled and reliable labor. Continued activity in government work and taking of so many men from their ordinary pursuits by the draft has created a shortage of labor which will undoubtedly be felt more as the season advances.

The railroads are still devoting almost their entire freight equipment toward serving the government and are therefore unable to furnish private shippers with full requirements. The Southern Pacific advises that at the present time it is carrying out a programme on an unprecedented scale for the construction of new equipment. They say, "We are able to get material for the programme we have so far mapped out, but we have not overcome the labor problem."

The sharp decline in the volume of this country's foreign trade during January reflected the unprecedented barriers imposed by the freight blockade on the railroads and the reduced carrying space available on outgoing ships. A fall of 15 per cent. as compared with the month before was shown in exports.

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TENDER TOMMY.

The British Soldier and the Native.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CORPORAL—A very large, very fair man of the Anglo-Saxon type, obviously has been a yeoman farmer. In civil life would be fleshy. He looks stolid and morose; clean shaven.

ALF—Also a large man, with a big moustache, rather like the "Fed-up one" in Bairnsfather's "So Obvious," or the "Hair-cutter" in "Coiffure in the Trenches." He smokes a pipe resolutely when he is not eating "bully."

WALT—A much smaller man, with a small neat black moustache. He is quicker than the others, who are very slow and stolid, probably town bred.

THE ARAB—A Bedouin rebel. Tall and incredibly thin, all his bones showing. He has a longish, straggly grizzled beard and very dark face; he walks with a queer shuffle.

HIS WIFE—An oldish woman. Very ugly, much pock-marked face, with dirty blue cast marks on the cheek bones and underlip, a thick blue line runs down the chin from the lower lip.

HIS DAUGHTER—Aged about ten; incredibly thin. Same blue cast marks.

HIS SON—Aged about six; also very thin.

DRESSES—The Arab is dressed in a very ragged, very dirty garment, like a very large bath towel thrown over the back and held together in front by hand. A fold of it goes over his head like a cowl. It reaches about to his knees. He has also a ragged sack across his back, the ends of which come over his shoulders. Barefooted.

His wife has on a very ragged specimen of the usual black native woman's dress. Her head is covered by a sack, which falls down her back like a dustman's. Barelegged and barefooted. She has a baby slung in a cloth over her back.

The children are clothed in a kind of dirty blue overall, reaching about to the knee. Shredded and tattered. Bare arms, heads and legs.

SCENE—An outpost on the frontier of —; sand in all directions, dotted with little tufts of coarse scrub. A low hummock of sand at left of stage and on it a sentry lying at full length looking over the top to left of stage. On right three men sitting round a little heap of equipment—haversacks, water-bottles, ammunition, and rifles. They are very busy killing mosquitoes. All the men are deeply tanned, and their clothing is very dirty and torn. Many buttons are missing, they wear sun helmets, and their tunics are unbuttoned. One of the men in front is a corporal. They kill mosquitoes as they bite quite automatically and unconsciously throughout the action.

Corporal—Got the bully, Alf?

Alf—Ah! (He pulls a tin of bully out of his haversack in silence. He begins to open it by turning the key. The key breaks. He swears. The others pay no attention, but go on killing mosquitoes and storing morosely as nothing. Alf fishes for his clasp knife, opens the tin opener and digs it viciously into the tin. He progresses a little, and then the knife slips and gashes his finger. He swears again.)

Walt—Ere, land it 'ere. You'll never do it with that knife. (Walt takes the tin and fishes for his bayonet in the heap of equipment. He puts the tin on the ground and stabs it violently with the bayonet, then he picks it up and works the bayonet about, then he bangs it on a rock, then he puts it on the ground, puts his foot on the tin and levers the bayonet.) 'Ere, lend us your rifle a minute, Alf. (He takes the rifle, and still standing on the tin hammers the bayonet with the butt. All this with morose solemnity, complete absence of anger, and perfect silence.) There! It aint very grand, but you can pick it out now with a knife.

Alf (having picked out a lump with his knife and began eating it, with his mouth full)—Jones' again. Why the 'ell can't they give us Fray Bentos. The animal wot this came out of was fed on banjo strings.

Corporal—Got the jam, Walt?

Walt—Ah! (He produces a tin of jam from his haversack, looks morosely inside it, puts in his finger and thumb, and produces a large beetle. He flings it viciously away.) Them

ruddy beetles is everywhere. 'Taint fit to live in this country aint, what with beetles and things.

Alf—Let 'em 'ave the ruddy country, that's what I say. It aint no good to anybody. Look at it! All sand and fleas! One pint of water per day, it aint enough to wet your nose in if you got it, which you never do. An' full of dead camel at that.

Corporal—Ah, you're right there. They can have it as far as I'm concerned, an' welcome. If you wanted to punish anybody you couldn't do worse than give it 'im and make 'im live in it.

Walt—Fleas aren't the worst neither. They don't do company drill all over your chest at night like them other things. And look at that scorpion that came crawling out of Alf's 'aversack the other day. 'E couldn't a' yelled worse if the 'ole snoozy army 'ad bin after 'im. 'E never was one for insects, Alf wasn't. 'E used to go all funny like when he saw a earwig at Home. Laugh! 'E'd got all our biscuits in there, too.

Alf (viciously)—Let 'em 'ave it if they want it, scorpions and all. What's the good of fighting for it, it's just like us messin' about. It didn't 'urt the biscuits, neither. These countries aint fit to live in, look at that blinkin' beetle. (He makes as if to kill it with his foot.)

Walt—No, don't kill it, Alf! Give 'im a bit o' bully and watch 'im bury it. (He gives it a piece of bully, and they all crane over to watch it.) 'Uman! Look at 'im. 'E's just like Alf, carrying rations. Look at 'im getting up on the top to 'ave a look over and see what's getting in 'is way. Look out, Alf, 'e's going up your leg. (Alf gives a frenzied jump and shakes himself. The others start back.) All right, Alf, it aint a scorpion! 'E never was one for insects, Alf wasn't. Laugh!

Alf (bitterly)—Call this a country! They ought to do something about 'em. What's the sanitary squad for? I dunno what we wants with a country like this.

Corporal (politically)—Well, it's like this 'ere. What about Alexandria and Cairo. That's why we can't let 'em in 'ere.

Alf (steepling)—Well, they can 'ave Cairo and Alexandria, too, far as I'm concerned. They're no better than this, except you can get something to wash in there. And dirty! Look at that Wasseh! 'Ow they live I can't think. And the stuff they call beer aint no better than muddy water. Give it to 'em I say.

(A shot off left. A bullet whistles over, and they all duck.)

Walt—Well I'm blowed. Shove yer 'ead down, Bill. That's right, in the jam. Laugh!

Alf (scrapping for his rifle and ammunition)—Fancy firing at us. These black devils 'avent' arf got a face on them. They want teaching a lesson they do.

(They run up the hillock near the sentry who has already fired a shot. They fire a few rounds.)

Corporal—Cease fire, it aint no good; 'e's too far off.

Alf—Shall we go after 'im?

Corporal—'Taint no use. You can't see 'is back for dust now.

(They return morosely to their original place. They resume their meal of bully beef dug out of the tin in the centre with their clasp knives, biscuits and jam.)

Alf—Shoot 'em. That's what I'd do to 'em, quick, and no more said. I can't understand their letting 'em go the way they do. The first one I meets I shoots. Killing our wounded the way they do.

Walt—Ah! And killing's not the worst they do neither. You should 'ave seen them two pore fellows of ours what was found. You wouldn't be taking no prisoners after that.

Alf—If I 'ad my way I wouldn't take no prisoners. 'Taint safe for one thing. That was 'ow pore old Bill got done in. Went to take a white 'eaded old devil prisoner as might have been his grandfather, and he up and strafed 'im in the stomach with a shotgun. Don't care 'oo it is. They says the women's as bad as the men.

Corporal (darkly)—Ah! Shooting's too good for 'em, I say. After what they done.

Walt—They do as say 'ow they're starving now. Living on grass 'alf of 'em. Specially after that lot of camels we captured.

Corporal (darkly)—Ah! Let 'em starve, I say. Starving's too good for them after what they done.

Walt—That's just it. They won't let 'em starve. As soon as they've finished killing our wounded they comes into our camp with all their families, and we feeds 'em up with dates and biscuits, and probably lets 'em go again.

Alf—We're too soft-'earted, that's wot we are. Them Germans wouldn't carry on like that. They'd shoot 'em quick, and no more said, like a nest of weasels.

Walt—Ah! that's right, and when we gets home the first thing we shall find will be a relief fund to provide for the pore starving Snoozies.

Corporal—Well, they'd better not come near this post. They won't get no dates 'ere.

Sentry—Corporal, I can see arf a dozen of them blighters coming along about a mile away. Shall I give 'em one?

Corporal—No, you fool. Let's 'ave a look at 'em first.

(They go up the hillock to the sentry and look off left. From left enter a middle-aged Arab in the most indescribable rags and the last stages of exhaustion. The Corporal, Walt, and Alf come down to meet him. The family stand on the edge of the stage anxiously watching his reception. The sentry remains looking out.)

The Arab (falling flat on his face at sight of the Corporal)—Bimbashi. Bimbashi. Mongeries, mongeries.

Corporal—Yes, I'll bash yer alright. Gray 'eaded old reprobate. You ought to know better. I suppose it was your young 'opeful wot came shooting at us arf an hour back.

(They all stare at him with much the same amused interest as at the beetle.)

The Arab (in an agonized voice)—Mongeries, mongeries!

Alf—Lord, 'e do look thin, pore beggar. Mongeries! that means food, don't it? 'E looks as if 'e 'adn't eaten nothing for weeks. 'Ere, 'ave a biscuit, old sport.

(The Arab devours the piece of biscuit greedily, while they watch him, and makes a spasmodic wriggle towards Alf.)

Walt—Look out, Alf. 'E's going to bite your leg.

Alf (with dignity)—No, 'e aint. 'E's going to kiss my boots. Gorbliney, 'e's a rum old devil.

Corporal (suddenly remembering his duty, pointing to the rags)—'Ere you, take your clothes off. Strip. Efta, agyry.

(The Arab lets go his rags, which fall to his waist. He shakes them out to show there is nothing concealed.)

Alf—Blimey, Walt, look at 'em. I never see such a thing in my life. Look at that big one on 'is neck!

Walt (after contemplating him in silence for a moment, suddenly)—I say, old cock, don't you never 'ave a bath?

Alf—Lord, though, aint 'e thin; 'e's a fair skeleton.

The Corporal (picking up something from the ground and shaking it at the Arab)—Where did you get that, eh? It's an army sock, you old devil.

(The Arab moans slightly and shakes his head. He readjusts his clothes, moans again, and sinks to the ground utterly exhausted.)

Corporal—Poor old fellow. 'E's fair done; give 'im another biscuit, Alf.

Alf—Try 'im with some bully. They say they won't eat that though.

Walt—Won't 'e! I never see the stuff go so quick. 'Ere, old fellow, don't eat the tin.

Corporal—Don't give 'im any more, or 'e'll kill 'isself. Let's see if his family can do the disappearing trick as quick as 'e can. Poor devils, they've been through something. 'Ere, you family Bints, Mongeries, Tala Henna!

(The family approach timidly, and are fed with the day's rations.)

Walt (discovering a boby in the bundle on the woman's back)—Lord, Alf, look at this kid, 'is legs aren't as thick as my finger. Cries 'just like they do at 'ome, too. 'Ere, 'ave a bit of jam.

Corporal (to Alf)—Take 'em back to camp, and 'and 'em over. (To Arab)—Come on, old son, you're all right. Lord, aint they pretty near done; lucky they found us when they did.

(Alf puts on his equipment and takes the family off right. The Corporal and Walt sit down again by the equipment. The Corporal begins to search his haversack for another tin of bully. There is a pause, he begins to open the tin, the key breaks, he looks at it glumly.)

Corporal—Ah! Shooting's too good for 'em. After what they done.

Walt—Ah! (Shakes his head.)

CURTAIN.

—From "Soldier Men," by Y'co. Published by the John Lane Company.

An officer on the Lake Doiran (Saloniki) front when in England on leave recently took with him on his return some webbing "pockets" and small composition billiard balls. He has since opened a "billiard saloon" for his men in a specially constructed dug-out, and, writing home on the subject, says: "I made a thirty-two break on the 'table' here the other night. It is rare fun. The table is six feet by two and a half; a blanket stretched across it and tacked down is the 'cloth.' The cues are made of bivouac poles cut down and 'turned,' and the scoreboard is the lid of a box. Playing right up the line, too, adds to the excitement. The 'saloon' is crowded nightly."

A new kind of gun has appeared in England. It is called, by the Canadians at least, and perhaps by others, a "rubber" gun, the name doubtless owing its origin to American slang. This gun "rubbers" in any old direction and shoots twenty-three miles. It is used to make officers uncomfortable in their headquarters and render it necessary for them to move.



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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### Modern Novelists.

Some of these literary essays by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the *Yale Review*. Others appear now for the first time. But they have what the authors call a unity of intention. They illustrate tendencies, and the modern tendency of fiction is toward a "fuller sense of the continuity in things," a sense of "living in the whole." If modern fiction is actually doing this it must be reckoned as a religious force, and the greatest of them all.

These essays fall into two main divisions, the novelists of yesterday and those of today. In the first class we have George Meredith, who proclaims the unity of things, the brotherhood of man, and the interlocking of destinies. And there is Henry James, who imparts "the lesson of the sensitive conscience expressing itself in social terms." Sometimes the authors seem to be not quite sure of what their novelists did mean, or indeed if they meant anything in particular—William De Morgan, for example, but wherever a central idea may be found it is pointed out with singular precision and lucidity.

The novelists of today are Eden Phillpotts, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, and Joseph Conrad. Of Bennett we are told that he does actually persuade us that life is worth while. Wells teaches of the state conscience, that majorities do not determine right and wrong. Conrad does something, indeed much, to wean us from the conviction that the world's greatest problems are economic. He is "too great to be comprehended in any one glimpse." We know of no volume of literary valuations more unerring than this one, or more pleasant to read.

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

#### Pelle the Conqueror.

Our current English literature has not been greatly enriched by translations from the Danish. With the exception of Brandes, present-day Danish writers are little known to us. It is therefore of more than passing interest to have placed before us in excellent translation an important work of fiction that gives us a glimpse of the trend of Danish thought and taste. In "Pelle the Conqueror" we have more than a sample of fiction that is popular in Denmark; we have something of an insight into sociological problems there and the way in which they are viewed by the people.

The author of the novel, Martin Anderson Nexø, was almost unknown, even in his own country, when the first part of his work appeared in 1906. He was born in 1869 in one of the poorer quarters of Copenhagen and spent his boyhood on the island of Bornholm. The story itself, dealing with the life of a poor peasant boy who passes through all the vicissitudes of poverty and toil to success both as an artisan and as a labor leader, is considered to be more or less biographical. At any rate the pictures which the author gives of proletarian and farm life could only have been written by one who had been a part of them. The novel had instant success in Denmark, but how much of this was due to the author's style and how much to the human interest of the phases of life with which he has dealt it is impossible to judge in a translation.

"Pelle the Conqueror" consists of four separate stories: "Boyhood," "Apprenticeship," "The Great Struggle," and "Victory." In the English translation they make two stout volumes. As a picture of Danish life among the poorer classes and the growth of the labor struggle they unquestionably furnish valuable material. The story of Pelle's life and its struggles is not without dramatic interest, but it is dragged out to a length that will tax the patience of the American reader, for whom

the "three-volume novel" is a thing of the past. Judicious compression and excision would have added greatly to its interest for the busy reader who would like to have placed before him this phase of Danish life, but is loth to wander through page after page of discursive incident.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. By Martin Anderson Nexø. Two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$4 net.

#### The City of the Discreet.

The literary renaissance of contemporary Spain is scarcely realized in America, yet from time to time we get some inkling of it in sprightly translations of novels and dramas of some of the new writers. One of the most recent to be introduced to American readers is Pio Baroja, and we owe to a gifted young scholar, Mr. Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., a most excellent translation of his spirited romance of Cordova, entitled "The City of the Discreet."

The novel relates the adventures of a certain Quentin, the illegitimate son of a marquis and a woman of humble birth. He is an unruly lad who, after being educated in England, returns to his native city and enters upon a series of adventures that one after another set before one all the diverse aspects of life in that fascinating city in vivid and colorful style. The romance moves like a cinema drama, and if sometimes the design of the tapestry is a trifle confusing from the very riot of color, there is nothing dull or tedious. We can only ask for more examples of the Spanish romance of today.

THE CITY OF THE DISCREET. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50 net.

#### The War Cache.

This is a story of the German secret service in England. A hom from a Zeppelin has fallen upon the house of a German spy, fatally wounding him and killing his wife. Under this double calamity he reveals to his nurse the whereabouts of a German treasure cache, and then we have a spirited description of the search for the treasure by two Englishmen and the efforts of the German secret service to hide and defend it. The story might be improved by a greater attention to the probabilities.

THE WAR CACHE. By W. Douglas Newton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### Briefer Reviews.

A wonderful story for children who love romance has been written by Gertrude Crownfield and illustrated by Willy Pogany. It is

called "The Little Tailor of the Winding Way," and it is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, 60 cents.

Under the title of "My German Correspondence" the George H. Doran Company has published the letters exchanged between a German professor and Professor Douglas W. Johnson of Columbia University. The letter from the German professor is almost enough in itself, but his opponent's crushing rejoinder is good to read and to remember. The price is 50 cents.

The Oliver Ditson Company has published "How to Master the Violin," by Pavel L. Bytvetzski. It is described as a practical guide for students and teachers, its concentration being on the one main purpose of presenting definitely the most direct paths to those acquisitions coveted by every earnest student of the violin. The illustrations are numerous and practical. Price, \$1.25.

A thoroughly practical little book and one that may be commended to the vocalist is "Practical Singing," with lessons on the rendering of their songs by Claude Arundale, William J. Fenney, Gustave Ferrari, Henry E. Gehl, Monk Gould, Bruno Siegfried Huhn, Noel Johnson, Frank Lambert, Claude Landi, Ernest Newton, Herbert Oliver, and Ivor Warren, with musical illustrations and nineteen figures. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Frederick Fairchild Sherman has written and privately printed in New York an attractive volume on "Landscape and Figure Painters of America." Mr. Sherman devotes his chapters to "The Landscape of Homer Dodge Martin," "Robert Loftin Newman: An American Colorist," "Blakelock's Smaller Landscapes and Figure-Pieces," "Some Paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder," "An American Painter of the Nude," "Elliott Daingerfield," and "Landscape Painting." There are twenty-eight fine reproductions. The price is \$1.75.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Evidence that our public think the Russian situation far from settled may be indicated by the fact that "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," by Moissaye J. Olgin (Henry Holt & Co.), has already gone into a third printing. Olgin is not only a Russian revolutionist himself, but has been an intimate of Trotsky, selections from whose "Our Revolution" he has just translated, for ten years.

Joseph Shuter Smith, author of "Over There and Back" and "Trench Warfare," was born in Philadelphia in 1893 and taken by his

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father to Alaska in 1898. He lived up and down the north Pacific Coast, working as a lumberjack, miner, surveyor, etc. When the war broke out he was employed as a cowboy on a ranch in British Columbia. In the summer of 1914 he enlisted in the Seventy-Second Seaforth Highlanders of Canada at Vancouver, British Columbia. Transferred later to the Twenty-Ninth Vancouver Battalion (Tohin's Tigers), he was with them successively at Vancouver, Digby Plain, Lydd, Otterpool, and finally Flanders.

At a recent dinner of business men the question was raised as to how people in Germany managed to keep themselves alive by trade, when exporting and importing was almost prohibited. The question got the reply, "Oh, the Germans are all right; they trade among themselves." Mark Twain used to tell a similar tale regarding the natives of Bermuda. Some one put the question to him and he replied, "Oh, they live by taking in one another's washing!"

Mme. Adam, the famous French woman of letters, who has been an influence in the French literary world for more than half a century, has written a book on Wilhelm II called "The Schemes of the Kaiser," which will be among the spring publications of E. P. Dutton & Co. It is said to give a clear, graphic, full-length portrait of the Kaiser, of the man himself and of his restless ambition.



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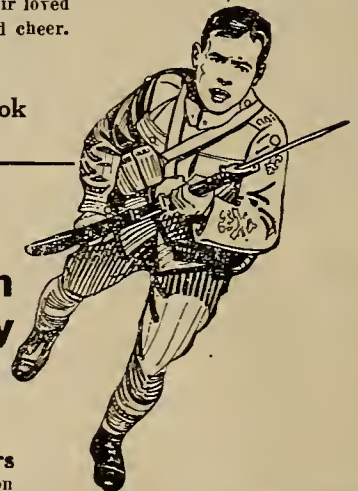
not to "give 'em hell" this time—but to give our boys here and "over there" the benefit of his experience—words of advice and wisdom that will safeguard their lives—words to their families and friends, telling what they can do to lighten their loved ones' burden—stirring words of help, hope and cheer.

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# THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Return of the Soldier.

This astonishingly clever story describes the home-coming from war of a British officer who is suffering from shell shock. The memory of his marriage and home life has been obliterated, and he reverts to the time when he was engaged to a village girl and quarreled with her through a misunderstanding. It is to her that he writes of his recovery and return, and his wife has become no more than a meaningless stranger. But the sweet-heart of fifteen years before is married, and is living in poverty and external vulgarity, but with a beauty and delicacy of mind and sentiment that the author depicts with exquisite art. The little story is a masterpiece, one of the finest that the war has produced.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER. By Rebecca West. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

## George Frederick Munn.

It is to be hoped that this brief yet comprehensive volume may draw some measure of public appreciation to an American artist who would certainly have achieved large fame if his life had been prolonged. George Frederick Munn died in 1907 at the age of fifty-six years, after enriching the world of art by many noble paintings. Something of his life and accomplishments is now told by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot, and J. Forbes Robertson supplies an appreciative introduction. The volume contains a biographical sketch, extracts from his written memoranda on art, reproductions of many of his more important paintings, and a catalogue of his known works.

THE ART OF GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN. Edited by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25.

## New Books Received.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. By Martin Andersen Nexø. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 each.

THE ROO OF THE SNAKE. By Vere Shortt and Frances H. Matthews. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR. By Ida Clyde Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

MY TWO KINGS. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

THE WAR CACHE. By W. Douglas Newton. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40.

THE HOUSE OF CONRAD. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

THE BEST IN LIFE. By Auriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

EIOOLA. By Frederic Manning. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

THE HUNT BALL MYSTERY. By Sir William Magray. New York: Brentano's; \$1.40.

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS CHRIST. By Lyman Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE: THE ART AND PRACTICE. By Ernest Bergholt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

DANCING WITH HELEN MOLLER. New York: John Lane Company; \$6.

JEWISH THEOLOGY. By Dr. K. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

SOLDIER MEN. By Yeo. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

NINETY-SIX HOURS' LEAVE. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

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SELLES EXPEDITION. By Lewis Einstein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

THE STORY OF THE SALONICA ARMY. By G. Ward Price. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$2.

LOVE AND HATRED. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40.

THE QUESTION. By Edward Clodd. New York: Edward J. Clode.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE. By Ernest Bergholt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

THE BOOK OF ARTEMAS. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

THREE ACRES AND LIBERTY. By Bolton Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

THE GREAT SIOUX TRAIL. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35.

CHRONICLES OF ST. TID. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD WAR IN RELATION TO HUMAN LIBERTY.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### Ganhardine's Song.

When my lady climbs the stair,  
From the wet, surf-beaten sands,  
Loosening her cloak of hair,  
With her slender, foam-white hands,  
All my soul cries out in me:  
What fair things God maketh be!

Praise her white, and red, and gold;  
Praise her lips made sweet with mirth,  
Her grave eyes, that dreaming hold  
Tears, which tremble ere their birth!  
Yet what song shall snare the feet  
Of white dawn upon the wheat?

Surely earth's swift-changing grace,  
Starry waters, starry skies  
Fallen in some flower-loved place,  
Speak such peace as speak her eyes;  
There earth's sudden wonders are  
Glossed, as waters glass a star.

When my lady climbs the stair,  
Every wandering golden tress  
Streams out, through the living air,  
Like a flame for loveliness,  
And my soul cries out in me:  
What fair things God maketh be.

—From "Eidola," by Frederic Manning. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

### Almost 21.

The sad eyes of little French minnettes  
Are going to brighten at sight of you,  
O, brown young person  
With your first wrist watch!  
So gorgeously young, so fine to look upon,  
And when I ask how you really feel  
This week that you leave for France,  
You look at me with those melting brown eyes  
And say:  
"First, scared to death,  
Second, scared to death of being scared to death,  
Third, awfully vain."

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

### The Scythe Tree.

Farmer Johnson strode from the field  
With an eager step that was long and lithe;  
The summer sun, like a blazing sky,  
Burned on high, in the hazy sky.  
A forked bough, as he hastened by,  
Seemed a fitting place for his scythe.  
So he swung it up in the balsam tree;  
"There let it hang till I come!" said he.

Then he homeward hied him, humming a tune,  
But he heard a word at the farmstead gate  
Under the fervid heat of the noon,  
A ringing call to each volunteer,  
For all the land was alive with fear,  
Doubt and fear for the country's fate.  
So Farmer Johnson shouldered his gun,  
And left his scythe to the rain and sun.

Fifty years have sped since then,  
Fifty hastening years and more;  
By southern wood and brake and fen  
Faithful he fought, and in gallant wise,  
Fought and died, and now he lies  
By the far off Carolina shore,  
Where the long trades blow, and the grasses wave  
Over the loam of his sunken grave.

"There let it hang till I come!" he said  
Of the scythe he left in the balsam tree,  
And they let it hang, as the fleet days fled,  
Till the small holt, fed by the kindly earth,  
Clasped the scythe with a mothering girth.  
Today whoever so will may see  
The starry emblem of freedom flow  
Over the tip of the scythe below.

He gave his all, and he never came,  
He that was strong and young and lithe,  
But the balsam boughs seem to name his name,  
Name his name both late and long  
To the tuneful beat of a summer song.  
To the undulant sway-song of the scythe:  
And the banner swings to the rhythmic bars,  
The banner he loved, the Stripes and Stars.  
—From "Ballads," by Clinton Scollard. Published by Laurence J. Gomme.

## THE PASSING OF MOCCASSIN JOE.

It was the height of June when Moccasin Joe left his low-browed winter-house above the snow-line of the starkest and steepest mountain in Idaho. He could never understand the why and how of his unwonted indolence, when spring set the snowslides rushing down day after day into the dark, enforested valleys. Day after day he would lie between sleeping and waking with eyes fixed on a far-away diamond peak in the white and blue sky—a sky in which large plump animals, utterly unlike any that ever visited the salt licks in the foothills, passed on and on incessantly. Presently the remote point of light would twinkle like a star, then suddenly vanish in a rush of darkness—and once more the heavy winter's sleep enveloped him. The truth is that it was not until the noonday sun, that great twinkling eye, was able to stare into the narrow doorway that he was really wide awake and able to understand the meaning of the hot ache in his side and remember the cure for it. After all there had been no change in the order of things since he had climbed into that familiar fastness. He was still alive. Because hunger was burning in him like the old wound he had received when he earned his world-wide kingdom. It is well to be hungry when you know how to cure your hunger. For somewhere between being hungry and not being hungry there is a daily joy—for the oldest and for the youngest. Once there had been a strange and piercing other joy. What was it? He had forgotten; he did not mind forgetting.

He crawled out of the winter-house and sat in front of the door for half an hour by the clock (if there had been a clock). Sat wagging his heavy head to and fro and trying to think. A crowd of shrill flies came round his head; he snapped at them and they were off in a wave of the air, to return again in a moment. There was a way of killing these sharp-nosed flies—the only living things that were not afraid of him—hut how is it possible to remember plans and plots when one is too hungry to be angry? First of all he must eat. Eating was a duty, the first and the last, in that mountain. It was necessary to descend into the broad wet meadows far below. In the past a singing came up out of that pleasant place. Why was there now no singing? Perhaps the stream and the waterfall were still asleep. If so, there would be no fishing. Better go to the tiny meadow where the shooting-star weed grows with the leaves that cure hunger. His friends would be there, but they would not stay when the owner arrived. The little porcupine could stay if she liked, but the black beggars knew better than to run the risk of a cuff. Let them climb trees and squeal at him, if they chose to do so. Nobody respects a climber of trees; all such are known to be black cowards or else foolish birds, no good for eating, because nobody can pull them down out of the air. Nobody? Nobody except—that wouldn't be there! Hough!

So he shamled down the endless hillside. The poor old fellow's clothes were a terrible misfit; if anybody there had known how to laugh, the mountain would have been full of

gusto of laughter. In that mountain, however, there is no laughter, only weeping in the night-season. It is well for the new overlords of the land that it should be so.

The woe of creatures manifold  
Lies heavy on the midnight cold.  
Each joyless pensioner of God,  
His soul as water in a cloud,  
Weeps out that soul at man's high throne  
Confuting mercy with a moan.  
Were any tilt of laughter heard,  
The utterance of beast or bird,  
Lean-visaged beast in dingy coat,  
Or bird no bigger than a mote,  
The terror of so faint a sound  
Would cast Man's temples to the ground,  
And bid Man's mightiest sceptres fly  
From servile war in earth and sky.

But things were not as they had formerly been for Moccasin Joe in the meadow of the shooting stars, the flowers that droop in a dying fall—like the last scattered notes of a dirge. The little porcupine was there with her friend, who set up his hristles and uttered an angry "woof" when Moccasin Joe tumbled into the meadow. That was no matter at all. Nobody, least of all a king in moccasins, takes porcupines seriously. Porcupines forsooth! But there were four black creatures there, a he and a she and two ridiculous children. When they caught sight of Moccasin Joe they bundled out of the place. But they did not climb trees. No, they all came back again and went on feeding as if the place belonged to them. No good hinking at the truth. Nobody was afraid of Moccasin Joe any more. Everbody knew his time was up.

When he began to reascend the hill one of the black cowards—the she, if you please—made an insulting noise, and pretended to be driving him away. But Moccasin Joe was too deaf to hear and almost too blind to see what was happening. Who shall say how he managed to climb up to his winter-house? The very mountain took sides against him and tried to fall and crush him. All the husy flies in the meadow followed him in a cloud, driving him to his lofty grave with a thousand tiny goads. The sun was setting when he reached the door of the winter-house and crawled in to sleep. Next day a snowslide sealed the entrance forevermore. No hunter has ever yet found the grave of a grizzly bear that died of old age. These go out on trails where the heaviest footfall leaves no print, no mark like that of a vast man's moccasined feet.—From "The Maid with Wings," by E. B. Osborn. Published by the John Lane Company.

For a long time after the introduction of the potato into Europe there was a superstition that it was poisonous. When the English army was in Flanders in 1713 the soldiers were seen eating potatoes freely. Still it took some time for the prejudice to subside, and it was not until 1740 that the potato was sold publicly. Bruges had the honor of leading the way. Then the monks took the question in hand, and in order to popularize the cultivation they compelled their tenants to pay some of their dues in potatoes. When the people saw that the monks at St. Pierre, at Bruges, and other places threw on the new diet the old fears vanished.



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### THE ORPHEUM.

"The Clod" is again the headliner, as it deserves to be. Three times I have heard this piece and at each time when we reach the culmination with the same thrill of intense excitement. Sarah Padden strikes me as a natural actress, and when she bursts into hysterical weeping she does it so like nature that we enter thoroughly into the feelings of the poor, hangered woman. If she had howled and heat the air with her arms it would have reminded us that she is an actress, whereas we quite forget that fact. To us she was Mary Trask, and Thad, perfectly acted by George Cameron, was her husband, and the one thing to which she clung with affection and understanding in this bewildering world. The author, Lewis Beach—we must try to remember that name—has contrived so well with his two Southern soldiers to make us keep step by step abreast with Mary's growing revolt. The personality of the two men does not intrude on our consciousness. To us they are merely two human hornets, each possessed of a deadly sting.

Next in merit to "The Clod" was another return act, "The Fair-Ground Fakery" of the two Sharrocks. We have ceased now to marvel at these mind-reading acts that go with such marvelous swiftness and certainty. They are becoming an old story. But there is a zest and a snap about these two performers that makes them stand head and shoulders above their fellow-telepathists. They are an intelligent couple. It is written in their faces, and their comedy is good, especially that of the man's, which has a touch of the legitimate.

So has that of Nick Basil, the little man who so cleverly impersonates the guileless Italian recruit in the skit called "Recruiting." I feel quite sure that the little comedian has found or will find occasion to see Otis Skinner as "Mister Antonio," and that the face of the famous star will be seen some afternoon this week taking in with an appreciative smile the Italian traits of the little comedian.

Nellie V. Nichols also does a pretty good Italian impersonation, although her red velvet act fell rather flat. Will Oakland's popular style of vocalization—for his voice is sweet and his appearance comely—pleases, and so does Ruth Parry as Peggy; and John Carmody as the old Irish father seems what he purports to be. The two Stantons do some good fooling, and one enjoys the purity of their accent, which, although not exaggerated, stamps them immediately as not Americans. Indeed the smaller one, with his curly head and big blue eyes, suggests a young Briton at Eton. "Phina & Co." are a family of jocular singing and dancing darkeys, and "Vanity Fair of 1918"—a one-act musical comedy with plenty of shapefulness, pretty girls, pretty costumes, fine scenery, and vulgar jokes—rounded out a programme quite varied, and with collective merit rather above the recent average of the popular vaudeville house.

### THE SECOND HEMPEL CONCERT.

In rose-pink and silver touched up with black velvet the dainty prima donna from the Metropolitan on last Sunday made a second effective appearance before an appreciative audience at the Columbia. Her programme was laid down on the same general lines as the first one, and indeed she horrified numbers from the first for several of her encores. She had drawn quite a large audience, but I was, nevertheless, rather surprised it wasn't larger than the first. For she is, indeed, a

singer of unusual gifts. The one thing lacking seems to be depth of temperament, and that is compensated for by her musical intelligence and the delicacy and perfect taste of her interpretations. The "I Puritani" aria, "Qui la Voce," and the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" were chosen to show her remarkable abilities in coloratura, but we had several treats, such as "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "The Lass with the Delicate Air." She repeated the darling little darky lullaby, "My Curly-Headed Baby," singing it so deliciously in such pure and perfect tones of tenderness that I could hear her voice singing it for a couple of days afterward, partly because the simple melody insisted on being remembered. When she sings simple music, and one ceases to marvel at her bravura effects, the other marvel is her perfect intonation and the delicious heauty of her voice as voice only. It seems in some numbers to have the lustre of diamonds, or rather of water dancing in the sunshine.

Henry T. Finck, the well-known authority on matters of music, pronounces the voice of Miss Hempel to be superior to that of Galli-Curci, and as New York is at present insane over the latter diva, a soher judgment is worthy of being heeded. It may be that Galli-Curci possesses that vocal magnetism which singers who can richly color their tones with warmth of feeling possess. Yet no; the same critic declares her voice to be less beautiful than Tetrassini's was ten years ago, and also asserts—and others have said the same—that she occasionally deviates from pitch. In fact what she shines in is in Miss Hempel's specialty; her chief asset is her almost flawless execution of bravura. It will be rather surprising to me, however, if it doesn't turn out that this acclaimed singer has some special gift of magnetism or temperament; for New York gave her its ovation on her opening night before she had sung her principal numbers; before she had sung at all, in fact, which is one for Chicago.

### ZULOAGA DRAWS THE CROWD.

While it is no doubt true that soldiers at the Presidio swelled the numbers amounting to thousands of those that went to see the Zuloaga pictures, still one heard intentions expressed on all sides to see them, which showed that the interest was widespread. It was a pilgrimage that not to make argued one's self a duh. And now that the exhibit is over we may indulge in the hope that the general interest may encourage other public-spirited art patrons to send more exhibits our way.

The Zuloaga pictures have been universally admired and appreciated, and I am convinced that one reason why is that the subtleties in them lay in their technic, and not in what they expressed. What with the Exposition display by the Cubists and Futurists, and with later exhibits from the same school, and what with the Arthur Davies collection and other instances of the art of the symbolists, the public seems to have finally acquired a taste for the direct in art. There has been some straining to evolve symbolism from Zuloaga's pictures, and also to deduce intentions on his part to indicate certain national tendencies of the Spanish people. But there is something so forthright about Zuloaga's method of expression that a good many of his admirers put no stock in such conclusions. He impresses them preeminently as a straight-ahead painter with the intensity of observation instinctive to the prehensile eye of the horn artist, and with an artist's itch for expression. Those peasants in the "Women of Sepulveda" have strength and character in their faces. They attracted the observation of the artist just as the strong-seamed face of the wool-carder or the Basque peasant did, and it is very probable that the symbolism deduced by a certain proportion of those who have devoutly studied the pictures and propounded theories is purely imaginary.

Like all artists Zuloaga has an infallible eye for a face with character to it. The spirituality in the countenance of the peasant posing as a cardinal accounted for the choice of a model who, in other respects, failed to show the patrician refinement that we like to imagine attaches to a prince of the church.

The extremists in art would, of course,

leave Zuloaga off their map. In "Modern Painting" (John Lane Company; \$2.50 net) Willard Huntington Wright merely alludes to him incidentally, referring with disapproval to his having, in common with Shannon, Whistler, Sargent, and Alexander, joined in the epidemic for illustrative pictures "the titles of which were derived from the flowers held in the hands of the principals, a howl of goldfish in the background, or the color of a lace shawl."

Zuloaga, in fact, is so restfully simple and direct as to incur the disapprobation of a radical who believes that no painting should ever contain a recognizable object. As to what lies in the future of the art of painting we on the outside are as oblivious as we are of the linear arrangement or the balance of light and shade in what pleases us. Some power the artist has that reaches our perceptions; a sense of heauty or truth that wins response. That suffices for the public, which is naturally democratic in respect to art; a high crime and misdemeanor in the eyes of the critic referred to, who asserts that "any attempt to democratize art results only in the lowering of the artistic standard."

### AMERICAN THEATRICALS IN EUROPE.

Depression over the war, and the inevitable war economies entailed in the helliger nations has had at times some tendency in both Paris and London to discourage the business enterprise of the theatre men. Now, however, things are different. It has been recognized by governmental authorities that there is nothing more efficacious in combating the depression induced by a prolonged state of war than providing the masses with theatrical amusement. And besides over in Paris there is a steady stream of men on leave from the trenches who are hungry for amusement. And now that the American army is figuring on the front and the joyous American lad on leave is whooping it up in Paris, there is a decidedly American tinge to the entertainments at the lighter line of theatres. They even have turns in English, with much facetious comment in tentative French from the exhilarated American lads in front.

And even in conservative London American productions are much in evidence. Although for that matter it has come to be more and more of a settled thing that America is always well represented in the dramatic life of London. American comedy and American sentimentality please the British, who, we now know, are confirmed sentimentalists of the deepest dye. George Bernard Shaw gave them away first in "John Bull's Other Island," and any doubters who might have been influenced by the camouflage of imperturbability put up by the British race have divined the truth since the coming of the world war.

Two American pieces that have been made familiar to San Franciscans have been, and possibly still are, running in London. One, Edward Sheldon's "Romance," made a hit at the Alcazar. It is compounded of a mingling of romance and sentimentality, which is so much to the taste of the British—as also its highly moral and conventional conclusion—that the piece is now entering upon its third year at the Lyric Theatre.

"The Thirteenth Chair," which in spite of a poor company had a successful season at the San Francisco Cort Theatre, and which during its New York run set the theatre-going population of that baughty metropolis all agape with interest, has been having a very successful run in London with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as an attraction in the leading rôle. Other American pieces that have been very successful in London are "Inside the Lines" and "The Willow Tree."

### NUDES—ZULOAGA AND OTHERS.

When an artist paints the nude he usually seems to lose all sense of humor. This is because to him the nude is the matter-of-course in art that it can not be to the general public; which brings up a realization of the inconsistency in the whole subject. Painters really paint for each other, but the public must be won to purchase their works. The public is quite on the outside of a great many mysteries in art which are quite clear to the artist. To paint beautifully is quite enough for the artist, while the public has been wont to demand that the completed picture be the representation of a harmonious arrangement of beautiful objects. Now Zuloaga painted his nudes and the accessories in the pictures beautifully, but nobody seems to take kindly to the principals in these paintings. They are a hard, brassy pair of hussies, lacking even such heauty as voluptuousness can suggest, for their expression is purely calculating and commercial. When the refined lovers of beautiful paintings linger before those pictures you will find that they are overlooking the fleshly attractions of the brazen pair and dwelling with æsthetic delight over the artist's method of painting his curtains, or couch draperies, or other acces-

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sories. As for the dame with the copper-colored integument seated in front of her toilet table, people fairly bristle with repugnance at something inexplicably nasty about her. "I hate her," said one woman in a tone of personal animosity, "and anyway she is fifty if she's a day." Perhaps, on the whole, Zuloaga is playing a joke on the public by painting into these three special pictures an aversion he entertained for the models.

Many artists wish only for simple realism in nudes, but the general public—aside from the prurient-minded—like them to be idealized. That was why many people at the Exposition loved Puvis de Chavanne's virginal little "Hope." Those pallid, decadent ladies in the "Chamber of Horrors," as it was dubbed—the gallery which contained the Henri pictures—were the subject of innumerable witticisms, and the irreverent found much food for mirth in that large, flashy, reclining nude by Bastien-Lepage, and said disrespectful things about the way it spread over a ten-acre lot.

The fact is that there is a suggestion of immodesty in the pallid, uncovered body of a highly civilized being that is not felt when one regards the brown skin covering of nude or semi-nude natives of warm countries. There the kindly sun paints the human skin with beautiful hues of its own devising. We have become so accustomed to the house-blanch skin of the urban dweller that we fail to realize the real heauty of a sun-warmed, sun-browned skin. And yet have you noticed how gaol-pallid and unhealthy our downtown young civilians look beside the bronzed young warriors who are living in the open?

I remember once reading a passage by Lafcadio Hearn in one of his books in which he



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dwelt with an artist's delight on the rich colors of the skins of natives of several races at some Oriental port. They were chocolate brown, or a mulatto yellow; some of them a glossy near-black, others a tawny reddish hue; some a pale gold, and others a leather color; and each one gave him the impression of being garmented by nature in something that was far more goodly to the eye than the fabrics chosen by man to cover his nakedness, which reminds me that one of the most beautiful nudes in the Exposition was Sargent's golden brown "Egyptian Girl."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

May Robson.

"A Little Bit Old-Fashioned," May Robson's new play, in which she appears at the Columbia Theatre beginning Sunday night, March 24th, for one week, is a considerably livelier offering than its name would indicate. At the very rise of the curtain the mysterious circumstances surrounding the theft of a rare emerald of fabulous value are unfolded and a swiftly moving story ensues, in which a criminal lawyer, detectives, a bewitching adventuress, the guardian of the emerald in question, and the latter's hutler figure prominently.

In this unusual assemblage, partly through accident and partly a "premonition," becomes involved the wife of the big criminal lawyer in charge of the investigation, an inveterate homebody and inclined to be "a little bit old-fashioned," but nevertheless possessing sufficient mental alacrity, or perhaps intuition, to succeed in clearing up the mystery of her own old-fashioned way after all about her have failed.

Needless to say, Miss Robson is the old-fashioned wife, in the portrayal of which she uses all her subtle interpretative ability, all her keen judgment of comedy values, in fact all those inimitable talents that make her—well, just May Robson.

Final Week of Max Figman.

With the performance of Sunday evening, March 24th, at the Cort Theatre, Max Figman begins the second and final week of his successful return engagement in James Montgomery's merry farce-comedy, "Nothing But the Truth."

Figman's excellent company is the same as seen here before, headed by Lolita Robertson, and including Clem Bevine, Mac M. Barnes, William Freind, Frederick Trobridge, James Bryson, Adelaide Hastings, Margaret Allen, Emily Murray, and Nellie Bryson.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great vaudeville show for next week.

Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown, who for several years have been a headline attraction throughout the United States, will present "Nurseryland," a beautiful scenic production, which introduces several well-known characters from the Mother Goose story book.

Fradkin, the renowned violinist, with the assistance of Jean Tell, soprano, will be heard in a fascinating musical programme. Fradkin is the owner of a \$20,000 Stradivarius, which came to him as a token of appreciation. For the last three years Fradkin has been the violin soloist with the Imperial Russian Ballet, and it was he who played the solo, "Scheherazade," which helped to make that ballet so successful. This is his first appearance in vaudeville, and he is fortunate in having with him Miss Jean Tell, a soprano of high attainment and the possessor of a beautiful and well-cultivated voice.

"The Corner Store," a hilarious rural com-

edy, produced under the direction of Ardath and Allman by a specially selected company, will be heard highly diverting.

Marion Harris, a pretty, sparkling, and vivacious girl, will sing songs in the catchiest kind of a way and outrag the immortal "Topsy."

J. C. Nugent will appear for the first time in this city in his latest comedietta, "The Meal Hound," which is a complete novelty. The Meal Hound is a genial girl whose particular form of graft is a dinner. She moves in mysterious ways her wonders to perform, but invariably her object is the same, and almost invariably she succeeds.

The remaining acts on this varied and attractive bill will be Nellie V. Nichols, the gifted and versatile singing comedienne, in new characterizations; Nick Basil and Dick Allen in "Recruiting," and the successful musical comedy, "Vanity Fair of 1918."

Robert Mantell Coming to the Cort.

Robert Mantell will play a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, March 31st.

The distinguished star's company is headed by the young and beautiful Genevieve Humber, and embraces such well-known players as Fritz Leiber, Genevieve Reynolds, Guy Linsdley, Frank Peters, John Burke, Edward Lewers, and John Wray.

Mail orders are now being received at the Cort. Following is the repertory for the first week: Sunday, March 31st, "Richelieu"; Monday, "Merchant of Venice"; Tuesday, "Hamlet"; Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "Richelieu"; Thursday, "King Lear"; Friday, "Macbeth"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Saturday night, "Richard III."

Mr. Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."

Following May Robson at the Columbia Theatre Mr. Cyril Maude will begin an engagement of four weeks, opening Monday, April 1st, in his international success, "Grumpy." Not only will Mr. Maude play "Grumpy" during his engagement, but he will stage Tom Robertson's classic English comedy, "Caste," and "General John Regan," a keen, witty satire set in present-day Ireland.

Stabat Mater with Jomelli Next Friday.

This year's "Stabat Mater" at the Greek Theatre of the University of California will have the distinction of featuring the Metropolitan soprano, Jeanne Jomelli. On Good Friday afternoon Paul Steindorff of the university will conduct one of the finest ensembles ever gathered together to interpret the Rossini work. Besides Jomelli, who will appear in the soprano rôle of the Rossini composition, rendering therein the famous "Inflammatus," the singers include Lydia Sturdevant, Robert Battison, and Godfrey Price. A full orchestra of sixty picked musicians will respond to Steindorff's direction, with the "Stabat Mater" chorus of one hundred and fifty specially trained voices.

In the concert preceding the Rossini work Mme. Jomelli will render Bachelet's "Chère Nuit," given for the first time here, and the orchestra will be heard in specially selected compositions.

A Santa Fe Bureau.

There are some Far West trips, such as to the Rainhow Natural Bridge, more than two hundred miles from the railroad, that have been taken by less than a hundred white people. Theodore Roosevelt made the bridge trip in 1913 and Zane Grey went later to get material for one of his most popular novels, "The Rainhow Trail."

Every year a greater number of busy business men, as well as those who love the out-of-doors, are making trips in the Southwest off the beaten path. They climb mountain peaks. They descend cañon trails. They cross painted deserts, visit prehistoric cliff ruins, and see Indian pueblos. They really rough it or camp out de luxe.

The great difficulty has been to get first-hand and reliable information as to trips, time consumed, distances, and cost, and to get in touch with dependable outfitters and guides.

The Santa Fé has established in its advertising department, Chicago, a Camping-Out Bureau to help the tenderfoot in arranging trips by pack and saddle animal, team or auto, away from the railroad. Mr. C. J. Birchfield, manager of the bureau, has covered New Mexico, Arizona, and California most thoroughly. He not only knows the country, but knows personally most all the men who will outfit and guide parties.

Strange names have often been given to postoffices in the United States. The latest list shows a place called Ace in Missouri, an Affinity in West Virginia, a Barefoot in Georgia, a Bigfoot in Texas, a Blowout in Idaho, a Braggadocio in Missouri, a Chuckle in North Carolina, a Difficulty in Wyoming, and a Mud in Texas.

A WAR CYCLOPEDIA.

A "War Cyclopaedia" is the latest special war publication of the government issued through the Committee on Public Information. It is a handbook for ready reference on the great war, and contains in some 300 pages a great mass of information simply arranged and clearly stated. It is issued in response to an insistent demand from many students, writers, clergymen, lawyers, business men, and the public at large for authentic statements of the outstanding facts concerning the war in alphabetical arrangement.

The "War Cyclopaedia" was edited by Frederic L. Paxton, University of Wisconsin; Edwin S. Corwin, Princeton University, and Samuel B. Harding, Indiana University, the editors drawing freely upon the time and the patriotic good-will of a large number of special writers from all parts of the country. Because of its special value and the high cost of printing a small price of 25 cents a copy has been fixed by the government to cover the cost of production and distribution. It may be obtained from the Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

An indication of the character and the wide range of the information provided may be had from the following citations made at random through the alphabetical arrangement:

The term "Boche," now so commonly appearing in American newspaper dispatches as a familiar designation of the Germans, is shown to have originated before the war in Paris. The German assistants of Paris printers were so designated. The term "Boche" was probably also used in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, for Zola in his novel "La Débâcle," put the term in the mouths of French soldiers to designate Germans. The term "ce hoche" was used, before the Franco-Prussian war at least, as equivalent to "that chump." "Tête de hoche" is the French slang for "wooden pate" or "hock-head."

The "War Cyclopaedia" gives a remarkably succinct and comprehensive story of the execution of Edith Cavell.

All of the great war measures in the United States, such as the Espionage Act, the various acts concerning alien enemies, the Selective Draft, the Voluntary Censorship of the Press, etc., and all of the institutions that have been created to carry on the activities of the war, such as the War Trade Board, War Risk Insurance Bureau, Red Cross Service, Council of National Defense, Food Administration, etc., are comprehensively explained. There is also a wealth of information of value to students of military affairs concerning the army and navy and all their ramifying branches of service.

"Poilu," the word used affectionately by the French to designate their soldiers in the present war, is shown to have originated from the French word "poil," meaning hair. It is supposed that the term Poilu came to be applied to French soldiers because they were in the trenches and did not shave, as the British soldiers did.

"Bolsheviki" is shown in the cyclopaedia to be a Russian word meaning "belonging to the majority." The Bolsheviki were originally the left or radical wing of the Russian Socialist Democratic party. In 1905, at the time when the split in the party occurred, the radicals, led by Lenin, were in the majority, and hence called themselves Bolsheviki.

An abbreviated history of the Russian revolution, from the overthrow of the Czar, through the Kerensky régime, and the Bolshevik control, to the opening of separate peace negotiations with Germany, is contained in the Cyclopaedia.

Added to the alphabetical arrangement of general war facts, there is presented a chronology of the principal events of the war, from June 28, 1914, when the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was murdered at Sarajevo, to December 29, 1917, when the British National Labor Conference approved the continuation of the war for aims similar to those defined by President Wilson.

The "War Cyclopaedia" presents a map in colors under the caption, "Why Germany Wants Peace Now." The map delineates the Pan-German plan as realized by war in Europe and in Asia. The Central Powers have a population of about 146,500,000. The occupied territory in Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania possesses a population of 40,500,000. Hence Germany today controls lands in which live 187,000,000 people. The map makes clear the German plans and conquests.

The Chinese ideograph, or character, for coolie means, literally, "plenty loose talk," or "unreasonable muttering"; the character for farm laborer means "rented muscle"; and the character for farmer is allied to the word which means Heaven, Celestial One, reverence, and also suggests abundance and endurance. In fact, "Hushandry and letters are the two chief professions" is an ancient Chinese proverb.



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De Vally Concert.

Antoine de Vally will give his next concert at the Masonic Temple, Palo Alto, on the evening of March 25th. Among the vocal selections to be rendered by Mr. de Vally will be the aria from "Sigurd" and the following melodies: "Si les Fleurs Avaient des Yeux," "Printemps Nouveau," and "Indian Love Song." There will also be a vocal trio by Emile Joullin, Theo. Marc, and John Manning. Theo. Marc will render some fine cello selections, Emile Joullin will play three violin compositions by Kreisler, and John Manning will preside at the piano.

The New Statesman of England observes that it is literally true that there were at all times more people hungry in England in the years of peace and prosperity that preceded the war than there are now in the fourth year of unrestricted conflict and expenditure.

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At the expensive restaurants there is, of course, an abominable waste of food, but it is

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at these restaurants that one does not have to "fill up" on bread. A distinguished Eastern visitor to San Francisco said last week that she was amazed at the prodigality of the food furnished in the West at the more expensive establishments. She and a friend on one occasion had ordered salmon, and the portion supplied weighed not an ounce less than two pounds, and everything else was furnished with an equally disgusting liberality. What ever is unconsumed is thrown away. It would not be an exaggeration to say that three-fourths of the food served at the tables of our expensive restaurants is literally and actually destroyed. But of course there is no waste of bread. It is the diner of humble means who leans somewhat heavily upon the staff of life. It is he who must look wistfully upon the tiny oases of bread set forth on the barren desert of the bread plate.

Marie Antoinette, when told that the people had no bread to eat, is said to have expressed surprise that they did not eat cake. Of course she said nothing of the sort, but that does not matter. Veracity must not be allowed to spoil a good democratic story. Perhaps the Food Administration is laboring under a somewhat similar delusion. Why, it seems to say, should poor people object to a short bread ration while pâté de foie gras is plentiful?

A writer in an Eastern newspaper begs us not to amuse ourselves with war themes. He thinks it indecent to display mimic trenches on the stage with chorus girls going "over the top" at the psychological moment lustily singing the latest war song. He objects to the announcement that "the military effect dominates spring fashions," and to luncheon favors made in the form of bayonets, grenades, and gas masks. He reminds us that we are not looking at a gladiator show in Europe, and that submarine sinkings on the stage are not "historical trophies of a legendary conflict in which sea-monsters fought."

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, who was once a curate and who is now in the course of mental and moral evolution a journalist, gives us some good stories illustrative of the inconsequential way in which some of the London poor regard marriage. He tells us that on one occasion a curate, having several couples to marry, accidentally united two of the swains to the wrong brides. Filled with consternation he sent to the vicar, who asked if they had signed the registry yet. On being answered in the negative he said,

"That's all right, then; I'll marry them again." But just then one of the happy bridegrooms solved the problem in what was, after all, the most sensible of ways. "Well, sir," he said, "we've been talkin' it over like, and we've made up our minds to keep as we are." And who can doubt that his chances of happiness were in no way diminished. If we were to leave our marital fate to these accidents of fortune perhaps it would be better for us all.

Mr. Blathwayt tells some good stories of Lady Dorothy Nevill, friend of Mortimer Menpes, the painter. On one occasion Lady Dorothy said to him: "I had such fun yesterday. I was lunching with —," mentioning some rather exceptionally *nouveau riches*, "and the lady apologized to me for only three footmen instead of the usual four being present. 'Oh, don't apologize,' I said. 'I never eat more than two.'" Lady Dorothy told Mr. Blathwayt of a friend of hers to whom she was always lending money. On receiving a request for a further loan she said, "My dear, in order to let you have that last money I lent you I had to go without my carriage." "Oh, my dear," was the reply, "I am sorry; if only I had known you should have had mine." On one occasion Menpes said to her, "Lady Dorothy, you ought to write your reminiscences." "My dear Menpes," she replied, "it's rather dangerous that: once you begin your recollections of other people, they start in with their recollections of you."

Incidentally Mr. Blathwayt gives us some of the reasons for the failure of the churches. He tells us that he has known within the last twenty years or so four archbishops and at least half a dozen bishops "whose ferocity of temper was something little short of satanic."

On one occasion he was summoned to see the bishop of his diocese. He had to travel a hundred miles in icy weather. The bishop kept him waiting an hour and a half and then not only did he make no apology for his rudeness, but he never even asked him to sit down. And when the luncheon bell rang the bishop marched off without a word and left the poor curate to go home fasting. He tells us of another bishop who was to make a speech on some public occasion. A celebrated singer sang the national anthem and on the conclusion of the proceedings a press photograph of the group was taken. But the bishop ordered it to be suppressed. He did not think it decorous that he should appear in the same photograph as a public singer, although she was a woman of world fame, of exquisite disposition, and of a spotless reputation.

Early in 1910 seven electric furnaces were at work in Great Britain. Eighteen months later the number had increased to 16, which figure remained stationary for another year and a half. At the beginning of 1916, 46 furnaces were in operation, and during the year an additional 42 furnaces were set to work, making a grand total of 88 in operation or under construction at the beginning of 1917. This amounts to about 19 per cent. of the world's total. The corresponding figures for the United States are: At the beginning of 1910, 10; in July, 1913, 19; in January, 1915, 41; January, 1916, 73; and at the beginning of 1917, 136. During the last three years Germany has increased her furnaces from 34 to 52, and Austria from 10 to 18. According to a booklet issued by the Society for Electrical Development, of the furnaces installed, the Héroult type leads, the number installed being 181 out of a total of 471. The Rennerfelt comes next, with a total of 70. The induction type takes the third place with 50, and the fourth place is taken by the Grönwall-Dixon (Electro-Metals) type, with 29. Among the remainder there are 24 Stassano, 23 Girod, and 20 Greaves-Etchells furnaces.

Twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of borings and turnings from machine tools were collected and sold in 1917 by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The railroad considers nothing too small to reclaim. Old boiler tubes, for example, are made into locomotive pilots, or are flattened and bent into angle iron, or cut into washers. Exhausted dry cells are stripped of their brass fittings and the carbon in them makes an electrode for electric welding. Station agents send in scrap car seals so that the lead can be recovered from them. Section foremen pick up the lead straps from exploded torpedoes for the same purpose. Old and greasy waste is treated in a steam vat and separator, which not only yields back the serviceable fabric, but also reclaims the oil for warehouse trucks, handcarts, etc. Even the old brooms are turned in. Section foremen can use the stubs for cleaning switches and the handles are made into bails for buckets.

Napoleon, North Dakota, with 600 inhabitants, has a man who is editor, auto agent, solicitor, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. chairman, phone company manager, president of the school board, justice of the peace, United States agent, and lineman. Five hundred and ninety-nine other inhabitants are thus released for war work.

## Rebuilding Jerusalem.

Speaking at the Royal Institution of London, Professor Flinders Petrie urged the necessity for rebuilding Jerusalem on lines entirely different from those that were followed at Athens and Rome. There must be no building on top of the ancient city. Suburbs should be laid out on either side about two miles from the centre of the city, with which they would be connected by electric trams. People should be prohibited from building in the old city, and the whole population would move to the suburbs in a generation or two. Ultimately public offices might be put up among the ancient buildings, and there might also be a rest house for pilgrims and a hospital in which Jews could die within the boundaries of the old Jerusalem.

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**STORYETTES.**

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In his recent book, "From Gallipoli to Baghdad," "Padre" William Ewing tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field hospital suffering from many wounds. "What are you?" asked the doctor. "Sure, I'm half an Irishman." "And what's the other half?" "Holes and bandages."

"Do you want the leaves raked off your grass?" asked the incipient captain of industry, aged about ten, as he rang the doorbell of a house. "Why, we haven't got any," replied the woman. "We haven't a single shade tree in front." "Oh, but you've got four big baskets of leaves out here," protested the boy. "Me an' 'nother boy dumped 'em here early this morning, and I'll carry 'em away for a nickel."

The match shortage in England is used by the British press to recall a story of the well-known firm of Bryant & May, match manufacturers. One day when they were in the heyday of their prosperity the senior partner, Mr. Bryant, dressed in the height of fashion, drove a spanking team on to the Ascot race-course. "Halloa!" exclaimed a wit, pointing to the horses, "Bryant's got his match there." "Yes, and Bryant himself looks very striking on the box."

Messrs. Grab & Wincase, the noted firm of lawyers, were busy, and the head clerk was nearly run off his feet. A portly lady sailed into the office and demanded to see Mr. Wincase. The clerk replied breathlessly: "Tend to you directly, ma'am. Take a chair." The plump one raised a lorgnette and glared. "Do you know who you are addressing, young man? I am Lady Slitherspoon." "A thousand pardons!" said the clerk, still more hurriedly. "Take two chairs, I beg of you."

Louis Hill of the Great Northern Railway has over his desk in his private office a picture of a cow. "It is the only common cow that has ever been killed on our tracks," explains Mr. Hill. "A large number have been killed, and we have always found, when we came to adjust the loss, that the animals were full-blooded prize-winners. This cow happened to belong to an honest Norwegian, who, when the claim agent asked him what he valued her at, answered: 'Vel, Ay tank she ban vort' about \$37.'"

The orator at the street corner told the audience of the blessedness of humanity, and while he was speaking two little dogs strayed into the middle of the crowd. "Now," said the orator, "here we have an object lesson thrust right into our hands." He turned to a grubby youth. "My little man, if these two animals were to fight, what would you do?" An impressive silence settled upon the crowd while the unwashed youth studied the problem. "Well, guv-nor," he said at last, "I think I'd put a quarter on the black 'un."

Mary was a very serious-minded young miss of ten, and was keenly interested in the religious education of her young sister Dorothy, aged six. Indeed she felt that the little sister's education in biblical stories had been sadly neglected. One day she confided to her mother that Dorothy was very ignorant on the subject of the Crucifixion and the Resur-

rection, and should be enlightened before the next Easter-time came around. The mother suggested to Mary that she be the one to tell the sister the stories, and to make them just as vivid and real as she could. This Mary did, and at the close of the recital the only comment made by Dorothy was this: "Say, were those men Germans?"

He was calling on the one and only girl. "William," she said softly, expecting the usual answer, "William, dear, have you any idea what heaven must be like?" "Well, I'll tell you, darling. Until today I had never given the matter a thought, but now I believe I have a very good idea of what heaven is like." "Yes?" she murmured, breathlessly, "tell me what gave you this idea." "Well, it's this way," said dear William, softly, "I was listening to a recruiting officer's description of life in the army."

Harold, the only son of a wealthy widowed mother, was selectively drafted and duly arrived at the camp where he was to receive instruction in the manly art of warfare. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he was detailed to what is known as K. P. duty. In this he became quite proficient, however, as the following quotation from his letter shows: "Dear Mother—I put in this entire day washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds, and peeling potatoes. When I get home from this camp I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife."

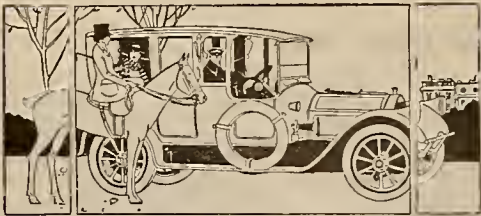
When the result of a certain Derby reached a Yorkshire mining village one of the colliers remarked to his chum: "Ah've made a nice little dinner out of that race, and by sheer luck, too. Ah chalked all t' names o' t' horses on a revolving target, an' took it into a field, an' got my old woman to shoot an arrow at it while it wor spinning." "An' it stuck into the winner, did it?" queried his friend. "No, it didn't," said the collier. "It struck into a fine fat duck that was waddling along at t' side o' t' field, an' we had it for dinner today wi' sage and onions."

Solomon J. Solomon, the London artist, has announced his intention of living in Palestine, now that England has won the country from the Turks. Mr. Solomon is rich and famous now, but he was poor a few years ago, and admission to the Royal Academy had not yet given him the right to add the coveted "R. A." to his name. At an Academy exhibition in those days Mr. Solomon's picture was so excellent that it cast all those about it in the shade. It is said that the king, pausing before the masterpiece, declared: "Exquisite! And yet Solomon, in all his glory, is not R. A.'d like one of these."

Major Frederick Palmer, the head of the military press bureau in Paris, was visited at his office in the Rue Ste. Anne the other day by an ex-reporter of the old school. The ex-reporter said from his cloud of tobacco smoke: "Palmer, I want to do my—hic—bit. I want to be in at the finish of the Hun. I've got alcoholic sore throat, a tobacco heart, and a hardened liver. It would be difficult for me. I'm afraid, to give up my soft habits and live in the cold mud of the trenches. Still, Palmer, I'm determined to do my bit. There's surely some hillet I could fill with honor. Well, what—hic—is it?" "George," said Major Palmer, "the only suggestion I can make is that you go to the front as a tank."

Addressing some public school boys recently on the subject of "Tact," the Archdeacon of London remarked somewhat sadly that even the church can not invariably be depended upon to say, in all the circumstances of life, the appropriate word. For instance, he continued, there was once a certain vicar who had long been eager to see an extension of the parish burying ground. At length his wish was gratified. Soon after the opening he felt called upon to speak a few words of condolence to a widower who was setting out tributes of flowers. "Good-afternoon, my dear sir," said the vicar, approaching breezily, "good-afternoon." He gazed around in a contented way. "Our new cemetery," he went on, "seems to be filling up nicely."

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. "If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute." He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the pal, who was waiting for him, saw a tear glisten in his eye. "I can't rob that house," he said; "it reminds me of home."



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### THE MERRY MUSE.

The Doubtful Date.  
In motley clad, the fool of old  
Oft whispered in the kingly ear,  
He tossed dull fact aside and told  
His master what he wished to hear.

Came ominous rumors from afar  
Of angry peoples, battle's roar,  
The fool would drink to wine and war  
And hail his lord as conqueror.

Today before his foolish King  
The captain of his armies prates,  
"Beneath the Double Eagle's wing  
We pass through Paris' ruined gates.

"On April first!" The King confers  
The Order of the Imperial Ghaul.  
Upon Olympus laughter stirs,  
The high gods chuckle, "April Fool!"  
—Lee Hingston, in New York Herald.

The Difference.  
Some folks was tellin' me how fine  
They do things t'other side the Rhine,  
How everbody's trained to do  
Just what Bill Kaiser tells 'em to  
And consequently they're all fit  
And chuck full of git-up-and-git.

Then they went on to say how we  
Fall down forever-and-b-gee,  
Because instead of actin' spry,  
We allus argy bow and why,  
And so monopolists and sich  
Just let us talk, while they get rich.

"Well, yes," I says, "it's doubtless true  
That Germans know a thing or two,  
And I'll admit it, if you please,  
Our Yankee dog has got some fleas.  
But—here's the peek-hole thru the log—  
The German fleas! they've got the dog!"  
—Edmond Vance Cooke.

Our Uncle Samuel.  
He rarely starts off at top speed;  
In fact, his legs are often tangled;  
And there are other times indeed  
When everything he does is jangled;  
But though he founders over the slope  
With awkwardness that won't diminish,  
You'll find, on looking up the dope,  
They rarely hook him at the finish.

Uneven? Yes, as any rhyme,  
And although moving on, intently,  
He seems to waste a lot of time,  
And does—to break it more than gently;  
And though at times, through awkward fits,  
He seems to have no thought of winning,  
He has a knack of bunching hits  
Before they reach the final inning.

A queer old duck, our Uncle Sam,  
Now busily pot-hunting junkers;  
For form he doesn't give a whoop,  
So long as he can clear the bunkers.  
His style may be a trifle rough,  
And though he seems to move by inches,  
The old boy's got a lotta stuff  
When he is called on in the pinches.  
—Grantland Rice, in "Songs of the Statuett."

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Joseph Jessop of San Diego has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Linda Jessop, to Dr. Seth Anderton. Dr. Anderton, who is stationed at Camp Kearny, formerly lived in Burlingame. He is a brother of Mr. Gayle Anderton. The marriage of Miss Jessop and Dr. Anderton will be solemnized in April.

Mrs. Max Rothschild gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisco Club, her guests including Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr.

Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., entertained a group of friends at luncheon Tuesday at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Cora Smith gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on California Street, her guests having included Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. Dudley Cates, Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Miss Margaret Holmes, Miss Elvira Mejia, Miss Coralina Mejia, Miss Louise Bullock, and Miss Augusta Foute.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Assur of Cincinnati gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham of Chicago.

Mrs. Anson Hotelling gave a dinner recently at her home on Franklin Street, her guests having included Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. Benjamin Rivett, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. J. B. Wright, and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. Edwin Eddy, and Mr. Richard McGrann.

Mrs. Douglas Short entertained a group of friends at tea last Tuesday. Among her guests were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan,

Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Florence Bandmann.

Mrs. Tyler Henshaw gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Joseph Coryell.

Mrs. Charles Nichols entertained a number of friends at tea last Thursday in honor of Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, who has been visiting in San Francisco from Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Watt gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisco Club, complimenting Mrs. James Reed of Mare Island. The guests included Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Andrew Griffin, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Charles Nichols, Miss Grace Buckley, and Miss Elizabeth George.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton White and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sherman entertained a number of friends at a dance last Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. White in Oakland.

Mrs. Sigmund Stern has given the use of her hall room in her Pacific Avenue residence for Red Cross work, a group of the smart set meeting there every afternoon. Among those who have been engaged in Red Cross work at Mrs. Stern's home are Mrs. Jesse Lillenthal, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Benno Hart, Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Charles Goodall, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. S. W. Heller, Mrs. Edward Brownell, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Constance Hart, and Miss Anne Peters.

Miss Florence Bandmann gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home in compliment to Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan. Those asked to meet the guest of honor included Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Douglas Short, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Jeannette Berthe, Miss Doris Kilgarriff, and Miss Julia Van Fleet.

Captain Mark Gerstle and Mrs. Gerstle gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner and theatre party last Wednesday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Miss Marion Zeile, and Mr. John Plover.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained a group of friends at dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained the following guests at the tea given for the benefit of the wounded Italian soldiers Monday afternoon at the Palace Hotel: Mrs. Charles Tremont Pond, Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. Charles Stanton, Mrs. W. K. Gaddis, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. Van Coenen Torchiana, Mrs. G. G. Weigle, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, and Mrs. Jane Martel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood are being congratulated upon the birth of a son—February 27, 1918.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in New York.

### The Late Joseph M. Quay.

To few is it given to live and to die as did Joseph Madison Quay. It would be extravagant to say that life for him was an unbroken procession of joys; yet it is true that in all the days of his long life he walked a joyous pilgrimage. It is no extravagance to say that his death is to all who knew him a personal bereavement. The secret was in the man himself. He was a veritable spirit of understanding and sympathy. He sought and found the best in all with whom he came into human relations; and so seeking and finding he discovered the best in himself. Yet he was no mere emotionalist. There was in him nothing of the moral flabbiness which ignores and capitulates unworthily. He saw men and things as they were—none more definitely or truly! But his instinct was for what was good; and for whatever was amiss he found in his own heart the grace of clemency.

Much for which men commonly strive had for Mr. Quay no appeal. There was in him no vice of selfishness or vanity. Valuing the respect of good men and good women, appreciative of the real blessings of life, cherishing both the substance and the grace of character, he gave small heed to what was artificial or superfluous. Yet seeking nothing, he was by a wide circle—a circle which included the mighty and the humble—a man well beloved. Truly was it said of him when a multitude were assembled in compliment of his seventy-fifth birthday: "Here is a man whom we are delighted to honor, not because of great powers, not in respect of fame or riches, not because of any super-personal circumstance or condition, but because in himself he embodies the qualities of vital manhood in combination with the character of a gentleman without fear and without reproach. In this community there are men of larger achievement as the world measures achievement, of larger repute as the world appraises distinctions, but there is none other among us who so commands and holds our hearts as does our gentle and kindly friend."

It would be difficult to conceive a happier fortune in life than that illustrated in the career of Mr. Quay. Could more or better he asked than to live a long life under conditions of health and material comfort, to sustain always the atmosphere of friendly appreciation, to be a prop and comfort to those bound in the ties of affinity and affection, at the end to pass out in fullness of years without pain—even "as one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams?"

In the death of such a man after such a life there is no sound motive for grief. Yet on Tuesday many eyes were dim when the body of "Joe" Quay was borne from Grace Church and started upon its mute pilgrimage back to the old home where the light in the window has ever burned bright—"back to Hudson."

A. H.

March 21, 1918.

### Urgent Need for Y. W. C. A. War Work.

In establishing a Hospitality Centre at 125 Stockton Street, where men of the service may meet women relatives, the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco is doing a most important work. The hostess of a Y. W. C. A. Hostess House soon learns that there are those who are making even greater sacrifices than the young men who are laying down their lives for their country. This will remain true just as long as human affections are so organized that there can be objects dearer to one than one's own life—and as long as there are mothers. It is for this reason that the Y. W. C. A. claims for its work a place alongside that of the Y. M. C. A. and not less important than that of the Y. M. C. A. It is to meet the need of these women—mothers and other relatives of men of the service—that the Y. W. C. A. has established in so many cantonments sources of advice, help, reassurance, and comfort to women in what is often the most trying and difficult experience of life. Incidentally the Hostess House has been a tremendous satisfaction to the men themselves, but it stands primarily as an offering to the one who started the young soldier on his "great adventure"—who first sacrificed that he might live, and who cherished for many years the ideal that he might carry on the spirit and purpose of her life when she has laid it down. Now that the spirit and purpose of these mother lives has called their sons to "carry on" in a sterner sense, the country can not fail to stand behind her mothers, and behind the Y. W. C. A., which is standing behind those mothers.

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### John Masfield Speaks Next Tuesday Night.

John Masfield will appear for the first time in San Francisco next Tuesday night, where in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis he will discuss "The War and the Future." When you hear John Masfield speak on this topic you find in the speaker the same simplicity, the same love of beauty and search for truth that is in the most beautiful of his poems. Masfield has returned to America to interpret the war ideals of the Allies, after months of actual field service in France and at the Dardanelles. George Sterling will act as chairman of the Masfield lecture, which is under the management of Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at Paul Elder & Co.'s.

### Open House.

The week's Open House is Mrs. Margaret Sudden's, 3730 Washington Street, March 23d, when Mrs. S. R. Gwynn will be joint hostess.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Frank Judge returned a few days ago to Burlingame, after a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

Lieutenant-Commander David Bagley and Mrs. Bagley have concluded their wedding journey and have taken an apartment in Philadelphia, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Henry Dutton has returned to San Francisco from a visit of two months in San Diego.

Dr. Washington Dodge has returned to San Francisco from New York. Mrs. Dodge and Miss Veda Dodge will remain for some time longer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin will leave for the East in April, planning to join Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Saba in New York.

Mrs. Stephen Peabody has returned to San Francisco, after a prolonged visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy is passing several weeks in New Orleans and will visit in the South and East before returning to California.

Miss Dorothy Starr, who returned recently from San Diego, is visiting in San Francisco as the guest of Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

Mr. James Van Allen arrived in Santa Barbara Thursday from New York, planning to pass the summer in the southern city, where he has taken a house.

Lieutenant John Parrott has returned to American Lake, after a brief visit in San Mateo with his mother, Mrs. John Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher have returned to their apartments at the St. Francis, after a visit of several weeks in New York and Washington.

Mr. Edward Hutton, Mr. Richard Mulcahy, and Mr. Franklyn Hutton left Pasadena Sunday for New York. Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy will return to California in May.

Lieutenant-Commander Spencer Eddy, who has been stationed in Florida, has been ordered to New York and with Mrs. Eddy has taken a house on Park Avenue.

Miss Mary Gorgas has been passing several days at Mare Island as the guest of Miss Elizabeth George.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney has returned to San Francisco, after a visit in the East with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant-Commander Francis Pryor and Mrs. Pryor.

Mrs. Laurance Scott returned a few days ago to her home in Burlingame, after a visit to San Diego.

Mr. Robert Coleman, who enlisted in the navy several weeks ago, arrived in San Francisco last week and has joined Mrs. Coleman at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, who have been guests at the Fairmont Hotel, left Friday for their home in New York.

Lieutenant Victor Cooley, who has been in training in San Diego, left last week for Washington en route to France.

Lieutenant Howard Park and Mrs. Park returned last week from their wedding trip and have been spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel before leaving for Tacoma, where they will reside temporarily.

Mrs. Marshall Welborne arrived in San Francisco Saturday from her home in Los Angeles and is the guest of Mrs. Alexander Field.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto has returned to her home on Washington Street, after an absence of several weeks in the East.

Mr. Harry Miller has entered the signal corps of the army and left yesterday for Camp Fremont, where he has been ordered for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Power Hutchins have taken an apartment in New York where they will pass the summer season.

Mrs. Peter Martin and her son, Mr. Charles Martin, have returned to their home in New York, after a visit of some weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has been spending several days in San Francisco from her home in Mon-

terey and while in town has been a guest at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline are passing several weeks in Seattle and Tacoma.

Lieutenant Brooke Sawyer, who has been stationed at Camp Fremont, has been ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Miss Harriet Gerber of Sacramento has been spending several days in Santa Barbara as the guest of Miss Lolita Armour of Chicago.

Mrs. Renie Schwerin and Miss Arabella Schwerin, who are passing several weeks at Palm Beach, will not return to California until the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and their daughters have reopened their home in Menlo Park, after having passed the winter season in San Francisco.

Mrs. Thomas Rees, who has been residing at Fort Mason, left for New York last Thursday to join General Rees.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent are in New York, where Mrs. Lent will remain until after the departure of Mr. Lent for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Gray have taken a house in Chevy Chase near Washington, where they will reside during the period of the war.

Commodore James Bull and Mrs. Bull arrived last week from Santa Barbara and have been guests during the past week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Livingston have returned from a two months' trip to Southern and Eastern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert John Evers have left Shanghai and are now in Feking. They will probably remain there for a year.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb Hotel are Mr. H. M. S. de N. Romeny, Batavia, Java; Mr. Sanford J. Ellenburg, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Henry Peterson, Gallup, New Mexico; Mr. R. P. Lockhart, Kennett, and Mr. R. D. Marco, Sacramento.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mitchell, Galisburg, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. T. Burke and Mrs. J. J. McGulvia, Seattle, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. R. Davis, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Reder, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. C. Reynolds, Los Angeles; Miss E. Stevenson, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Day and Mrs. A. E. Clive, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Thompson, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dille, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Morton, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. Rorten, Santa Cruz; Captain H. B. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, Fremont; Mr. and Mrs. R. Winterton, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Estes, Sacramento; Dr. T. B. Rice and Mrs. Rice, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kinsella, Buffalo; Mrs. E. C. Bandwin, New York; Mrs. M. A. Byrne, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Franir, Portland.

#### Mischa Elman Plays Here Next Month.

Mischa Elman will make a special tour in California during the coming month, and will give concerts in this city and Los Angeles. The demand for Elman concerts in the East are so insistent that but one week will be devoted to this state, after which the great violinist will hurry back to New York for his final Carnegie Hall concert of the season. When Elman was in this city nearly two years ago he made a definite promise to return this spring, and in deference to this pledge to Manager Oppenheimer he will be here. Two concerts will be given in this city on the Sunday afternoons of April 14th and 21st at the Columbia Theatre, and extensive programmes will be rendered.

The total mechanical power in the United States is estimated at 120,000,000 horsepower. This includes 19,400,000 horsepower in manufacturing industries, 7,700,000 in central light and power stations, about 7,000,000 in isolated plants, exclusive of manufacturing, 3,400,000 in electric railways, 50,000,000 in steam locomotives, 4,000,000 in steamships, 22,500,000 in automobiles, and the balance in miscellaneous services.



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#### Mesopotamian Valley.

Accompanying the victory of the British in the Mesopotamian valley, it is announced that already steps have been taken which will render the once fertile soil of the Tigris and Euphrates the abiding place of a newer and better civilization. British engineers have completed the work of throwing a barrage across the delta of the Tigris. Thus a relatively large area has been made fertile, and all the necessary cereals, poultry, and dairy articles sufficient for supplying the entire British army are now produced on the spot. In this almost incredible message from Mesopotamia one is irresistibly reminded (says the *Christian Science Monitor*) of the statement of Herodotus that the fertility of the river was such that it was called upon to furnish one-third of the total supplies necessary for the maintenance of the household and the armies of the great king. In those days the Tigris was dammed, and when Alexander the Great determined upon sending his fleet up the river he had to cut these earthen dams. How history persists in repeating itself is shown by the similarity of the ancient and modern schemes for the reclamation of Mesopotamia. The prime mover in these later plans is the great engineer of the Nile, Sir William Willcocks, who is responsible, furthermore, for the amusing theory anent the flood that had Noah built a means of escape for the Euphrates waters through the Pison channel, instead of building an ark, he would not merely have saved his own family, but his own country. As if to make up for the patriarch's remissness, Sir William, together with the engineer of the lofty Andes railway, Sir John Jackson, has been putting the ancient Hindia Channel of the Euphrates on its best behavior. Except in floodtime, all the water of the Euphrates has flowed down this canal, leaving the original bed, passing by Babylon, dry in summer, and forcing the Arab farmers to move to the banks of the canal. The body of water from the river, however, was too large for it, and much good land was turned into swamp. The Englishmen have at length succeeded in constructing a barrage which regu-

lates the flow and forces the water back into the original bed. The full significance of this work becomes apparent when it is borne in mind that the disastrous floods have now for the first time been prevented, and that, though it may require a century to reclaim the hill country of Palestine from the blight of Turkish control, the transformation of Mesopotamia will surely be affected in this generation.

#### War Stories by Three Wounded Soldiers.

Three wounded soldier boys—Signaler Tom Skeyhill, the blind Anzac orator and poet, Sergeant-Major Robert Carnie, and Private Cyril Povey—carrying credentials from the prime minister and many leading organizations in Australia, have come across the seas to tell us about the war as they have actually experienced it. One has lost his sight, another his leg, and the third has lost an eye and the partial use of one arm, and they have fought both the Turks and Huns. They make a living link with our own American boys and are going to tell the story of Gallipoli and France, the most wonderful story ever told, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

Labor is the crux of the agricultural difficulties in France. The government, realizing this, last year released from military service for agricultural work 274,130 soldiers of the older classes, of which 193,274 were proprietors and 80,856 farm laborers. Besides this, 770 Indo-Chinese, 4500 Tunisians, 740 Russians, 2100 interned civilians, and 45,409 prisoners of war were assigned to agriculture. Temporary agricultural leaves were also granted French farmers, which amount to perhaps 30,000 more "hands" a year. A total of 357,680.

Mrs. Gaiby—Does your ex-husband ever get behind in his alimony? Mrs. Golitely—No indeed! I've threatened to go back to him instantly if he did.—Judge.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Jones was educated at Harvard, wasn't he?" "No; he merely went there."—*Boston Transcript*.

"How'd you like to be on Easy Street?" "Been there all my life. Any peddler can stick me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The motorist upset his car to save a little girl." "Oh, well," said the cynic, "maybe it was a last year's car."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Those are pretty looking trees over there. Are they deciduous?" "Indeed they're not. They're the healthiest sort we've got on the place."—*Baltimore American*.

Teacher—Tell me something about Job. Modern Bible Scholar—Well, they took away

everything else he had, but they never got his goat.—*Life*.

"Foh de life o' me," said Uncle Eben, "I can't see no hardship in food regulations dat puts it up to folks to eat mostly corn bread an' chicken."—*Washington Star*.

Orderly Sergeant—Lights out there. Voice from the Hut—It's the moon, sergeant. Orderly Sergeant—I don't care a dang what it is. Put it out.—*Manchester Guardian*.

"What did you think of the technic of the prima donna last night, Mrs. Comeup?" "Why, it was an old style. It even was buttoned down the back."—*Baltimore American*.

"Military costumes are becoming common among the women." "Yeh. My wife wears a gas mask at breakfast whenever I have to explain why I was out late the night before."—*Buffalo Express*.

Mrs. Exc—We must have the Biggsbys to dinner. We owe them one. Exc—That's so. We passed an awful evening there, and it's nothing more than right that they should pass one here.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you believe in heredity?" "Yes," said the schoolteacher. "There's a little boy in my class who has to return home every day for his books, pencils, and pens. His father's a plumber."—*Buffalo Express*.

"These crowded street-cars are spoiling my oratorical style." "How can that be?" "Every time I put my arm into the air to make a gesture I paw around as if I were reaching for a strap."—*Washington Star*.

Agent—This vacuum bottle will keep anything hot or cold for seventy-two hours. Mr. Tipples—Don't want it. If I have anything worth drinking I don't want to keep it seventy-two hours.—*Boston Transcript*.

Tommy—Half of 'em we got with machine-gun fire, half of 'em with the rifle, then we fixed bayonets and killed another half of 'em. Funny Man—And what happened to the rest? Tommy—Oh, we took them prisoners.—*London Opinion*.

"That's the flag of my country," declared little Daisy, pointing to the flag-button on the visitor's lapel. "And what's the name of your country?" asked the visitor, unexpectedly. "Tis of thee," answered Daisy, promptly.—*Harper's Monthly*.

"And this tumble-down cottage?" "Was the home of a poet. He's dead now." "The path to the door is overgrown with weeds,"

## What's Your Crop?

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"Yes. It has been some years since the postman quit delivering returned manuscripts at the poet's door."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Just what is meant by a euphemism?" "I'll explain," said the erudite person. "When a widow who has been married three or four times ropes in another man it is announced that she was 'led to the altar.'" "Exactly." "That phrase, 'led to the altar,' is a euphemism."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Was your boy Josh much of a help to you around the farm?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I didn't realize how much of a help he was. He didn't do much work. But he could play the jewsharp an' tell riddles an' keep the farm hands entertained so that some-

times they'd stay for days at a time."—*Washington Star*.

"I'm so glad to see good golf weather at hand!" said young Mrs. Torkins. "I didn't know you cared for the game." "I don't. But I'll be glad to have Charlie out playing the game instead of staying home talking about it."—*Washington Star*.

"Will you give me a crust of bread an' a cup of water, mum?" "Certainly. I'll fix you up a nice lunch. But why didn't you ask for something substantial?" "I'm a student of human nature, mum. It's mighty seldom I strikes anybody what's mean enough to give me just a crust an' a cup of water."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Vallejo; Wet or Dry?

It seems that the private citizen of Vallejo is still in doubt whether he will be giving aid and comfort to the enemy by drinking a glass of beer or whether he must cease his potations altogether during the progress of the war. The first order that was issued by Secretary Daniels on March 6th prohibited the shipment of liquor to any place within the zone "except to private homes, registered pharmacists, licensed physicians, or medical officers for medical purposes." But by March 20th Secretary Daniels had apparently turned his attention to some other branch of his social settlement work and had forgotten the terms of his original order with regard to Vallejo, for on that date we find him expressing regret at the inconvenience caused to householders, and explaining that "I think it necessary to protect the navy interests even if the prohibition order causes some hardship to private families. If beer could be shipped in to civilian consignees it could not be kept away from the enlisted men." On the same day we have a ruling from the United States attorney that the order does not apply to private houses, but later on that same

order is placed in abeyance pending the necessary steps to find out what the Secretary does mean, and the householder is advised to restrain his naturally libidinous instincts until the oracle shall speak again. The oracle has now spoken, and in a way quite unlike his previous utterances. Persons are now permitted to take liquor into the zone for their own use, but they may not have it sent to them. And they must neither sell it nor give it away. But it is evident that there are still ambiguities. May a chauffeur, for example, bring in liquor for his employer, or a housemaid for her mistress? May a man give a glass of beer to his chauffeur, or to his own son, or to his wife? One would have supposed it an easy matter to make a clear and definite ruling in the first place. Any bank clerk could have done it in five minutes. But let us hope that the citizens of Vallejo have now become so used to sarsaparilla that they will take no other.

### Our First Year in the War.

We have been in the war one year and from it there is no withdrawal. We must conquer or be conquered. The deadliest of its battles is now being waged and not an American is in it. Still is our national existence safeguarded by the English and the French. Our casualty list of fifty a week is confronted by theirs of more than as many thousands a day. And this is but the opening of the most savage campaign of all these savage years. It is a fitting time for the American people to turn a retrospective gaze on that year and mark its failures and accomplishments. Only by our past can we with certainty gauge our future. For the men responsible for that past may control our destinies in the agonizing days to come.

The submarine menace has not been overcome and a vital need is ships. Our announced programme for 1918 was nine million tons. The President in January reduced it to six million; Mr. Hurley hopes it will be four million and thinks it will be three; Lloyd's places it at two and a half. Japan, whose yards could launch and whose builders would give us a million tons a year, can not secure from us even the plate purchased from us before we entered the war, and her shipbuilding is about to come to a standstill. We are haggling with her over prices; insisting on buying ships from her at \$175 a ton for which England is offering her \$400 a ton. Japan can not build without American steel. We wasted months of invaluable time over the wrangle of a California politician with a proved executive officer not a politician; and to "save the face" of the former the President tardily called for the resignations of both.

The army scandals have been numerous and shocking. They go not alone to criminal extravagances, but to criminal disregard of the lives of our soldiers, to wanton waste of time in manufacturing ordnance, small arms, and ammunition. Our aero promise was an army of 20,000 planes in France by April and 50,000 by July. The performance will be less than 300 by July. Our balloonists are untrained for lack of balloons and schools and are being ordered to other branches of the service. Yet a balloonist is one of the most necessary and valuable eyes of the army. But even more serious than all this is the fact that our Secretary of War, a self-satisfied ultra-pacifist, publicly said, "From the moment the *Lusitania* was sent to a watery grave the United States had only two choices. The United States could have become Germany's vassal or it could fight. We chose to fight." Yet from the day he took his portfolio until our formal declaration of war he did nothing to prepare us for the struggle.

Finally, contemplate a war Secretary who for weeks has been solemnly advising us that German war preparations in the west were all "bluff" and that she would never attack, when every one knew that she must

attack before America could make its man power felt because in a war of continued attrition she was doomed.

In the navy affairs have not been so bad. But it must be remembered that England was holding the high seas safe for us before we entered the war and is doing so still. So that our navy has not been called on to fight. Secretary Daniels, another ultra-pacifist, seems to have drawn his concepts of sailor efficiency from opera bouffe:

Fingers bring up smartly to the hat;  
You smile and simper slightly,  
You always how politely,—  
All that sailors have to do is just like that.

It will not be forgotten that when asked whether a greater efficiency in guns and gunnery was contemplated he replied, "That will depend on whether we are to wage an offensive or defensive war." Nevertheless he has had the belated wisdom to leave the practical management of the navy in competent hands.

In 1916 our railroads handled without confusion or delay more tonnage than they were called on to move in 1917. Yet last year hopeless confusion and final breakdown resulted from numberless conflicting unco-ordinated orders to the roads for the moving of designated freights—preferential orders. Secretary Lane fixed a fair fuel price under which coal would and could be mined and shipped without the slightest profiteering. Secretary Baker as a bit of smug under-hand politics set aside this order, with the immediate result of shutting down the smaller producers and inciting the larger to make up loss by inferior quality so that during the winter our ships burned "slag," as the marine stokers called it; the locomotives "real estate," as their firemen termed it. Then a college professor, ignorant of coal and transportation, evolved the theory that we could add to our efficiency by stopping work, and he decreed heatless days, to the appalling retardation of work in war productivity, and to a most unnecessary and grievous loss to private employer and employee.

In Washington are "dollar-a-year men," men of proved capability and efficiency. One by one, like the Arab, they are silently stealing away in hopeless despair. They are men trained to accomplish things and they find they can accomplish nothing. They went there expecting to exercise a power commensurate with their known abilities. They found they had no power. Their most urgent requests, petitions, demands are met with a "Yours of even date received and contents noted." After that, silence. Only a favored few have any actual authority—of these latter Dr. Garfield stands as the type. The others stay on in the hope openly expressed that, now that the white light of criticism is being turned on, some order may come out of chaos. For Washington today is as though you had set your spade in an ant's nest and turned it over.

And the President by his inaction must be convicted of countenancing and approving and standing responsible for all this. Over him has come a change difficult to understand. Long since has gone his bonhomie, his daily chats with the press representatives, his publicly expressed horror over secrecy as the poison in the cup, the axe at the root of democracy. He keeps his own counsels and takes no other, unless they be those of Colonel House. Where are the great men of our nation, men of achievement, of reputation, of popularity, patriotism, and power? Not one in Washington. Colonel Roosevelt's great influence is scorned and discarded. Elihu Root is sent on a mission which should have saved Russia, but a mission foredoomed to miserable failure because the President withheld from it every vestige of power. The destinies of the United States are controlled by a President dissociated from his countrymen and guided by an obscure Texas



politician, whose name no man in the nation had ever before heard, and the record of whose achievements is still a blank page. For of what this moulder of our destinies has done, has thought, has said neither he nor the President has ever informed us. We are ruled as darkly as Germany, whose servitude we deplore.

Yet more depressing than all is the fact that when urged to seek the counsel of our wise and trusted men the President's only answer is to demand for himself powers dictatorial, and such is his splendid isolation that when the *Tuscania* was sunk it was published the next day that he was not informed until his return from the theatre to the White House, "so as not to spoil his evening."

Ninety per cent. of labor in England is organized as against ten per cent. in the United States. Yet loyal labor in England has agreed on wage scales, waived union requirements as to apprentices, women workers, and limited output and is earnestly helping to win the war. England lost but about five million working days last year from strikes. The United States lost over fifty million. The only terms the United States has reached with organized labor are tacit, but well understood. All its demands will be acceded to under direction of its socialistic mediation board, the socialistic Justice Brandeis, and the equally socialistic Mr. Gompers. The President has manifestly been inspired with the fear that if he treats any of these problems bravely he may stir up a social revolt. The amazing Bisbee and Mooney reports are but expressions of that ignoble fear. The result as to labor is that it gets all it demands for as little as it chooses to give. In many instances it idles away two days a week, because the wages of the remaining four are enough. Our boys may be conscripted to lay down their lives, but Mr. Gompers solemnly warns the President against attempting to conscript labor (even under these enormous wage scales) to help save their lives.

We have put a small expeditionary force in France, the moral effect of whose arrival was great. But that effect has waned as time has passed and it is observed that the American force must be armed with Allied weapons and protected by Frenchmen in French aeroplanes.

What is the balance? The moral effect of our declaration of war discounted by our failure to follow through with national effect; the breakdown of boasted American efficiency, as all effort must break down unless properly directed, since incompetency for guidance can never produce competency for result; a secluded idealist who can not distinguish between phrase and fact; the bleeding beads of the dollar-a-year men who have been butting them in vain against the stone walls guarding the privacy of departments and bureaus; the discouragement of all the great and loyal men of the nation over this glorious reign of incompetency triumphant.

Sad indeed is all this to us whose boys are going and gladly going to lay down their lives for their country. It is well enough to have an idealist who can beautifully picture the future blessings to flow from success in this war. It is sad enough when that man is only an idealist. For ideals will not win the war. Must our President forever theorize the future and never visualize the present? Will he never see this war as it is and the needs of the nation crying to high heaven for attention ere we can hope to win the war? Can he not picture the graves of soldiers—our best blood—stretching endlessly on through the prolongation of this war, graves which the inefficiency of his administrators is now digging?

From every house of worship, from every home in the land, goes up the prayers of his people that the President be given wisdom and strength to guide our destinies and save our youth from needless slaughter. Shall those prayers be transformed into pæans of rejoicing, or converted into jeremiads of lamentation and wrath? The decision rests with the President alone.

#### August Thyssen.

The pamphlet issued in Germany by August Thyssen and reproduced elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut* will add nothing to our own well-established convictions as to the origin of the war, but it may have some effect upon the German people. The pamphlet was read in the United States Senate by Senator Owen. Its author was described as in the front rank of German financial

and commercial magnates. He says that he and others of his own standing were directly notified by the German chancellor a year or so in advance of the outbreak of the war and that they were promised the plunder of Canada and India if they would guarantee their financial support. When Thyssen eventually refused to throw good money after bad he was threatened with the loss of his contracts and he did actually lose them and was otherwise punished for his obduracy. So far as Thyssen himself is concerned we need not waste much sympathy for a man who frankly admits that he set sail under the skull and crossbones for the sake of prospective plunder. If the plunder had been forthcoming we should have heard nothing by way of protest from Mr. Thyssen. Nemesis seems to have overtaken him, at least a foretaste of it, and we need not join our tears to his. None the less we may hope that his revelations will not be wasted where they will do the most good, which is in Germany, and we may also draw some satisfactory inferences as to the state of public opinion in Germany from the fact that he has dared to publish such a pamphlet and that he seems still to be alive. Certainly he could not have done this a year ago.

#### Builder versus Submarine.

There is only one way to understand the struggle between the submarine and the shipbuilder. The problem is neither difficult nor obscure unless it is deliberately made so by more or less well-meant efforts to play alternately upon our hopes and our fears. It is a matter of definite statistics that are easy to obtain and easy to comprehend. There does not seem to have been any attempt to deceive the public so far as the admiralty boards are concerned, although we are constantly assured of deep and dark conspiracies to hide the horrid facts which, if they were half as horrid as they are painted, would point unerringly to a lost cause.

The actual figures have just been furnished by Sir Eric Geddes. During the last quarter of 1917 the losses from submarines and from natural causes were 1,200,000 tons. The construction during the same period was 932,000 tons, leaving a balance in favor of the submarine of 268,000 tons for the three months, or about 90,000 tons a month. The construction total of 932,000 tons is made up of 420,000 tons built in British yards, and 512,000 tons built in foreign yards. And there we have the precise situation so far as the two main factors of destruction and construction are concerned.

None the less it is not the whole picture, since there is still a third factor—that of acquisition other than by building. During the last few days there has been a seizure of Dutch ships amounting to about a million tons, an operation, it may be said, that is entirely legal and much to the advantage of Holland, and probably much to her satisfaction. There is also the seizure of the great German liners interned at the beginning of the war and now busily employed in carrying men and food to Europe. So far as America alone is concerned her merchant shipping is much larger than it was at the beginning of the struggle.

Now this may be a good showing or it may be a bad showing, according to our individual expectations. That, at the moment, is not the question. The point is that it is correct, that it is a picture of existing conditions, and that it is not based on the mendacious "average" with which the alarmist is wont to make our flesh creep.

The average is, of course, the favorite weapon of the alarmist, and he uses it in a way that is practically untruthful. He takes the average for the year 1917 and presents it to us as a picture of existing conditions, whereas it is nothing of the kind. It is a picture of past conditions. It is the picture of a period which includes those dark months when the submarine had it all its own way, when every ship attacked was a ship sunk, and when all the many weapons of defense were still unborn. When we are told with spasms and writhings of journalistic agony that during the year 1917 the submarine sank three vessels for every one built the statement may be literally true, but it is none the less the *suggestio falsi*, seeing that we are allowed—indeed invited—to infer that the submarine is still sinking three to one, whereas she is doing nothing of the kind, nor anything like it. And it may be said that there is a great deal too much of this sort of thing, and it is not all of it journalistic. A good deal

of it is official. The world of officialism, news bureaus and the like, has an invincible conviction that the public mind must be played on like a piano, sometimes in the bass and sometimes in the treble. Is the public inclined to be apathetic? Then here is some alarmist news carefully selected to correct that tendency. Is the public prone to dejection or discouragement? This, too, may be remedied by a due choice of information. Why not let us have the facts, all that ought to be published, unadorned with the paintbrush? We want neither the *suppressio veri* nor the *suggestio falsi*. We are not children, nor idiots.

The shipbuilding ought to be vastly greater than it is. That goes without saying. It would have been vastly greater than it is if the official mind had been able to rise to the height of entrusting shipbuilding to shipbuilders. But we must not expect too much. Things are not done in that way. We construct programmes and imagine that we have constructed vessels, and awake with a start of surprise to the fact that programmes will transport neither men nor munitions, and that even a congressional vote leaves much to be desired for the sternly practical work of war. Mr. Micawber, faced by a debt, was wont to give his I. O. U. and to say, "Thank God, that's paid." We, too have been giving our I. O. U.'s to the war and thanking God for duties done. None the less we are beginning to do them, although haltingly. A single recent day witnessed the launching of 30,000 tons of shipping from yards in California alone. We are about to complete a deal with Japan that gives us control of a large number of new vessels. Our own home-built ships ought to be passing in a stately procession from our yards, and they would if our performances were in any way equal to our pretenses. But this is no reason why we should accept lugubrious summaries of a situation that is clearly expressed by statistics.

#### Society and War.

John Masfield speaks understandingly when he describes the social revolution in England that has already been caused by the war. It could hardly be otherwise. The system of caste stands doomed in the democracy of the trench, where there can be no superiority save of proved and tested merit, and where the servant commands the master by indisputable right of capacity and experience. When England's seven million fighting men return to the ways of peace they are likely to look with leveling eyes upon all grades and distinctions that stand on no firmer basis than the accidents of birth and fortune.

Indeed there are likely to be some awkward questions asked by all the soldiers now in the field, and there are some twenty millions of them. For four years they have lived outside of the competitive system. Every material need of their lives has been furnished by the simple process of a requisition on the commissariat. They have been freed from all the grinding anxieties of the normal existence with its greeds and jealousies. They have had no fears except of wounds and death, and these speedily merge from fear into the commonplace. A paternal government has become the universal source of supply, for all government in war-time must be a paternal government. In return they have done the work of the army, whatever that work might be—sometimes arduous, sometimes easy, but always the work that had to be done, and no more. And it was imposed under a rule of rough and ready justice and of unfailing comradeship. The soldiers are likely to ask why they must go back to the competitive life, the life of the economic cutthroat. The sociologist will doubtless know of a dozen reasons, but they may not commend themselves to the mind of the soldier.

The soldier will also have something to say about religion. We are told by a recent well-informed writer that the soldier loathes everything that goes by that name and that is represented by the chaplain. But he has developed a religion of his own. Its main tenet is an instant readiness to share everything that he possesses with whomever needs it, even with a German prisoner. He must also be ready to give his life smilingly for his comrade or his officer, and he must do it without hesitation. He does not consider that these things have anything to do with religion, nor does he believe that there is any hell in the universe worse than the German guns.

A religious newspaper says that one of the great tasks of the future will be to bring the soldier into con-



ciliation with the church. We are inclined to think that the greater and more pressing task will be to bring the church into conciliation with the soldier.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour is to be congratulated on his effort to let the public into the secret of prices and profits so far as his own particular trade is concerned. If his figures are incorrect they will be challenged and disproved. He admits that hogs are bought by the packer at 17 cents a pound and that bacon is sold to the consumer at 60 cents a pound. But on the other hand a large part of the hog is sold for considerably less than its cost price. By way of concrete example we are told that the average American eats 230 pounds of meat a year. The retailer pays for this meat the sum of \$39.10, and the total profit of the packer is 80 cents. Every hand through which the meat passes demands its profit, but it is not fair to assign the aggregate of these profits to the packer. Now Mr. Armour's figures may be right or wrong. If they are wrong we shall certainly hear of it. But if they are right they ought not to be ignored.

The state dental law badly needs amendment, and the proposals now under consideration seem to meet the situation. Certainly it is absurd that a dentist who is fully qualified under the laws of New York should be required to pass examinations in California as though he were a boy fresh from college. Such an imposition as this was not intended to safeguard the public. Real efforts to safeguard the public are so rare as to be practically non-existent. No one cares anything about the public. Its object was to lessen competition, that is to say to mulct the public. If we can attract good men to California we ought to do so—not shoo them away. Another good proposal is to remove the ban on professional advertising. It is not a disgrace to advertise. On the contrary. Professional ethics are not higher than commercial ethics, perhaps not always so high, and if the merchant may make himself known in a regular and orderly way, openly and honestly, there is no conceivable reason why the doctor should not do the same. If he is not allowed to do so by direct means he will do it furtively in some of the hundred ways at his disposal.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### A Straw in the Wind.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Proverbially straws show which way the wind blows. Even when President and at the top of his phenomenal popularity there was one place in the country where endorsement of Theodore Roosevelt was restricted to clearly defined metes and bounds, and that place was New York City. Yet it was in this self-same New York at the Winter Garden that within a fortnight the name of Theodore Roosevelt evoked one of the most remarkable patriotic demonstrations that the war has yet brought forth.

The annual Revue at the theatre has proved so popular as to nightly hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign to exasperate and disappoint the helated. Al Jolson is the comedian, and in one of the scenes is handed a so-called "wishing lamp" which if he will but hold it in his hands while making a wish, that wish, whatever it may be, will be straightway granted. The wish can and of course does change nightly with changing events, and on the night in question Jolson made the hit of the season.

"I wish, I wish," he repeated slowly, "I wish Theodore Roosevelt was well again."

There followed a moment of breathless pause, and then as though that particular audience had been a powder magazine that flame had touched the house exploded into a roar of approval that brought every one in the great audience to their feet in as spontaneous and remarkable an outburst of enthusiasm as any of our blasé city has ever been treated to.

Mob or crowd psychology is not as yet an exact science. The crowd seldom knows why it does things. It merely does the thing and does not think of the why or wherefore of the doing. The onlooker, however, can sometimes make a shrewd guess at the cause lying at the back of the crowd's mind that was really responsible for the effect.

The Winter Garden tribute, while undoubtedly in part due to the admiration and affection in which T. R. is ever more widely held, also owed its origin, at least in part, to the feeling that the American people undoubtedly have that while the Colonel may not as yet take place in the popular mind as a philosophical statesman he has always and essentially been in dealing with public affairs a man of, in, and for action.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

India at one time was the home of a prosperous ship-building industry of an indigenous character. At the Bombay government dockyard many generations of the famous Parsee family of Wadia turned out the wooden walls of India—the splendid old East Indiamen, which, as sea-going ships, had no equals in the period in which they were built. Some of the most celebrated of the East India Company's fleet a century ago were vessels which had been built in Bombay.

Among the many new departures which the war has forced upon England is the decision to erect some 200,000 subsidized cottages for laborers. The government is to build and lease them at low rates.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

At a moment when the issues of the great battle in Picardy are at their most critical stage, and when already we are speaking of victory and defeat, it may be well to clarify our ideas of the actual meaning of those terms. We are all more or less mesmerized by the headlines of our newspapers, and therefore hurried into conclusions that at least are premature. Comparatively few of us have either the time or the inclination to visualize clearly the ultimate goal, or to measure the distance between an initial military success and the final destination that implies a conclusive victory. An army that is in retreat is not necessarily a beaten army. Some of the greatest victories in history have been won after a retreat. Nor is it safe to assume that an aggressive army that has forced its enemy backward has thereby advantaged itself, or brought itself measurably nearer to an actual victory. In other words before we can measure the true results of a battle we must first ask ourselves what the aggressive army was trying to do, and then determine to what extent it has done it.

The issue of such a battle as the one now being fought may be said to turn on the ability of the attack to penetrate the defensive lines. But the word penetration is frequently used in a sense that is vague and misleading. The penetration of a line of fortifications may have no other result than to cause its evacuation. If the evacuation is carried out in an orderly way and without excessive loss, if the defenders can maintain an unbroken front, if they can retire fighting to new lines, their disadvantage is comparatively a small one. They have met with a reverse, but in no sense with a defeat. Their reverse may even be largely minimized by a shortening of their line of communications, while the advantage of their enemies may also be minimized by a corresponding lengthening of their line of communications, and the necessity of moving their artillery to new and untested positions. But the actual penetration of the army lines is a very different and a much graver matter. It is to avoid such a calamity as this that the retreat is usually undertaken. To hold on to a line in the face of a force that is evidently overwhelming may seem to be heroic, but it is likely to mean not only defeat, but destruction. It is by unflinching retreat that the Germans have saved themselves a dozen times on the western front. By giving elasticity to their lines, by falling back under pressure, they have prevented the envelopment of their armies. It is the retreat that snatches the army from annihilation, and perhaps the very movement to the rear that we hail as the proof of victory may be regarded by the successful commander with something almost akin to disappointment as he sees his enemy evade his grasp. The actual penetration of the fighting line means that it has been cut in two, and that an enemy force is at its rear. If the line has been cut at more than one point it implies the envelopment of the intervening section, and this is the favorite German method, and one that has been tried—so far unsuccessfully—in the present battle. It is the rigid line that exposes itself to the danger of penetration, and a consequent rush of cavalry through the gap. On the other hand it is the elastic line, that exposes a yielding but coherent front to its enemy, that avoids penetration by ceding territory. Battles are not to be measured by the loss of territory, but by the integrity of the armies. Foch, perhaps the greatest of living strategists, has been applauded for nothing so warmly as for his recommendation to the officers of the Ecole Militaire many years ago to forget their maps so far as the great issues of the combat were concerned, and to think of nothing but the morale and the cohesion of armies. The army that preserves its integrity is an unbeaten army, no matter how rapid its retreat.

These considerations are necessary if we are to understand the present situation. We have first to ask ourselves the ultimate aim of the present German offensive, and then the extent to which it has been achieved. We may take Foch's advice and disregard all anxious measurements as to the extent of the British retreat, as these have very little significance so far as ultimates are concerned. We may be sure that the German commanders are not wasting much time with the footrule except for the concoction of bulletins for home consumption. They are concerned with one question, and with only one question. Nothing will avail them at this stage of the game except the penetration, not of the British fortifications, but of the British armies. Unless they can penetrate and envelop the fighting forces they may win successes, but they will still be a long way from winning victories. And if the computation of their losses is a correct one they have paid a price for those successes wholly incommensurate with their value.

We are still largely in the dark as to the actual situation. The German operations were over a front of some fifty miles in length, and stretching from Croiselles, just to the south of Arras, nearly as far as La Fère, where the line begins to turn to the east. The whole of the territory to the westward far past the present position of the British retreat was formerly in the possession of the Germans and they were driven from it. If the Germans were to advance westward for fifty miles, instead of for nine or ten, they would still be on ground that they once occupied and lost. The object of the German attack is now quite clear from the nature of their operations. They attacked directly to the west of Cambrai in the vicinity of Croiselles, and they attacked also to the south of St. Quentin, the two areas being about fifty miles apart. Their intention was not to push back the British lines. Indeed their wishes were largely frustrated by the fact that the British lines fell back. Their object was to penetrate the army line—not the fortifications only—at these two points, and so to outflank and envelop the intervening areas, with their de-

fenders. But in this intention they seem to have failed, although it need hardly be said that we may expect other titanic efforts in the same direction within the next few days. The British commander, seeing the unprecedented and irresistible masses of men that were being hurled upon his lines, ordered a general retreat in order to avoid penetration. The reports say that the retreat was carried out in good order, that the British front was solid and unbroken, and that enormous destruction was effected by massed artillery firing at point blank range. At the moment of writing the British are reported to have ceded about two miles at the northern end of the line, and about twenty miles at the southern end, that is to say they have evacuated a strip of ground in the shape of a wedge two miles broad at the tip. But it does not seem that the fighting line has actually been broken, or that the extremity of the line has been forced away from its contact with the French. Now it does not matter what claims the German bulletins may make. The enumeration of captured towns has no bearing on the larger issues, nor have measurements of territory. The only question that we need ask in our search for essentials is whether the British front has been penetrated or whether the British and French flanks have been forced apart. If these questions should be answered in the affirmative, then the situation is of the utmost gravity, but nothing short of this can be described as a German victory. If the front is unbroken and undismayed the Allied armies are unbeaten. It would be inaccurate and unfair to say that the German armies have failed, but it would be both accurate and fair to say that they have not succeeded. They may do so eventually, but they have not done so yet. We may expect some terrific struggles within the next few days, but we may remember that every hour from now onward must tend to shift the balance of advantage from the German to the Allied side.

To attempt to predict the remedial measures that the Allies are likely to adopt would be futile without an unattainable knowledge of conditions. But it is obvious that there are many possibilities. The German line that has now been advanced to the west of St. Quentin forms a salient, that is to say a protrusion, and one not wholly unlike the British salient at Cambrai that has now, of course, been obliterated. It can be attacked from the north and the south, just as the Germans so successfully attacked the salient at Cambrai. Or the pressure may be relieved by an attack upon some other part of the line. Or the British may find themselves in a position to counterattack on the present battle lines as soon as the German momentum loses its weight and force. And it must lose its weight and force very soon. Such a fury of assault can not possibly be maintained. The German army must succeed in its main objective speedily or it must fail in it altogether. Even an army of nearly a million men can not for long sustain so tremendous an attack where every mile of advance means an increasingly heavy burden of communications, and where its reserves are being devoured with such frightful rapidity. It is a time when we must avoid either optimism or pessimism, and confine ourselves to ascertainable facts, and the legitimate inferences to be drawn from them. The main fact is that the Germans have not succeeded in reaching their main objective of a penetration of the fighting lines, and that their chance of doing so is not now so good as it was during the first hours of attack. But they may succeed in some future attack. All that we can say is that they have not yet won a victory, and that their chance of doing so is now somewhat less than it was. Everything seems to depend on the British ability to preserve their front, and to retreat—if further retreat should be necessary, as probably it will be—in good order. But further retreat should not be regarded as a calamity. A retreat must always be judged in the light of the added embarrassment that it causes the enemy. Nothing is more severely limited by conditions than the power to pursue without danger, and this may be said with some assurance, since it is the French and the British who have so far suffered the most severely from this disability. We may also remember for our satisfaction that the whole of the west front is dotted with the battlefields where the German armies have met with reverses as serious as this one.

I am still inclined to believe that the German attack was brought unwillingly, and as the only possible alternative to the peace proposals that unexpectedly failed. That peace proposals were actually made we need not, I think, have much doubt. Germany's position in Russia was in itself almost a guarantee that they would be made. So long as she was allowed a free hand in Russia, so long as she was allowed to digest what she had swallowed, there was hardly any concessions elsewhere that it would not be profitable for her to make. Her situation in the east gave her two alternative routes to Asia Minor, one by way of the Ukraine and Persia, the other by way of Roumania and the Danube. It was for an open road to Asia, and therefore to India and Egypt, that she went to war. If she could secure these she would win the war. Lord Cecil, asked if Germany had made proposals for peace at the cost of Russia, made a strikingly evasive reply, and one that was practically an affirmative. Hindenburg announced at the same time that Germany's peace offer having been rejected the offensive would proceed. At the same time we have assurances from various newspapers in neutral countries that peace proposals were then in progress. We may add to these facts the significant statement that a wave of hatred against America, inspired by the government, has suddenly passed over the German people. Naturally it would be so. Germany would confidently believe that American influence would be on the side of peace at Russia's expense. America, she would argue, is not yet bleeding very freely. There is no actual blood feud between her and Germany, and none of the personal animosities



ties to be found in countries where every woman is in mourning. Her interest in European affairs, and especially in eastern European affairs, has never been pronounced. She has the reputation for moderation, and for detachment, and for pacific sentiments. Her weight would be thrown on the side of peace upon such terms as these. That America should feel an obligation of honor toward Russia would be incomprehensible to the German mind. Her rage at finding that she could expect no support from America would be intense, as it seems actually to be. All these facts seem to indicate that Germany was making peace proposals as recently as two or three weeks ago, and that it was only under stern necessity that she determined to throw the dice of battle.

Unless Germany shall now win a real, a complete, and a decisive victory, there do not seem to be any more dice that she can throw. If the momentum of her armies shall presently exhaust itself, if entrenched lines shall once more be laid down, no matter how many miles to the west of their old positions, we can hardly believe that the German people can be restrained from imposing some sort of rough and rude veto upon further struggles. They will find no compensation for their half-million of new casualties in the study of large-scale maps, or in a situation that actually brings them no nearer to victory than they were before. Even German spokesmen seem to regard the present struggle as the last, although doubtless they are assuming that it must end in a German triumph. It was by promises of a speedy victory that the German people were lulled into a further season of patience after the great strike, which seems to have come perilously near the edge of revolution. Russian successes are doubtless believed to be glorious, but they offer no food for a long time to come, and the average German may be pardoned if he now measures all successes by that yardstick. The submarine is confessedly a failure, and must become ever more of a failure as America gets into her shipbuilding stride. But of what value are Russian annexations and open doors into Asia if the Allies persist in ignoring them, or of openly avowing that they will recognize no treaties that are entered into between pairs of hellegerents? Germany, with the eastern prize apparently within her grasp, finds that it has neither substance nor validity without an Allied recognition that is denied to it, and that will continue to be denied to it so long as Allied armies are in the field. Small wonder that Germany, nearly at the end of her strength, should turn in desperation to the western field to strike a blow intended to take from her enemies the power to veto her eastern acquisitions. Probably it would have been much more profitable to her from the military point of view to strike at Saloniki or at Italy. I fully believed that she would do so. Here she might have been reasonably sure of victory, but it would not be a final victory. It would have been no more than a move in the game, and there would still be plenty of opportunity for reply. She has preferred to risk the larger chance in pursuit of the larger aim. But such a choice brings its own liabilities with it. A failure here is a final failure, and perhaps she knows well that her own internal condition points to finality in any case.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27, 1918.

For highly specialized administrative tasks resort has, of recent years, been increasingly made to university men. It was an unusual choice when ten years ago Professor Hollander of Johns Hopkins was sent to the Island of Santo Domingo to reorganize its finances, but such service has now become so frequent as to be almost commonplace. Three American professors have successively served as constitutional adviser to the Chinese government. American economists were consulted on railway and financial problems there. Mr. Taft's commission on economy and efficiency was composed primarily of university professors; and there is hardly a state industrial or workmen's compensation commission which does not rely upon advice from college teachers. This tendency became, as might have been expected, very marked when Mr. Wilson's administration began. Two Princeton professors of economics were appointed on the Interstate Commerce Commission and as head of the Bureau of Labor; Professor Tausig of Harvard is chairman of the Tariff Board; Secretary of Agriculture Houston was a university president; President Yager of Georgetown College (Kentucky) became governor of Porto Rico, and among the new ambassadors were Professor Van Dyke of Princeton and Professor Reinsch of Wisconsin.

Compared with other wars of the last century and a half the world war towers financially like a mighty cathedral over a humble log cabin. The war of the American revolution cost \$845,000,000. The war of 1812 cost \$107,000,000. The American Civil War cost \$3,700,000,000. The Boer war was supposed to have been a costly affair for Great Britain. John Bull paid out a cool billion dollars to quell the South African insurrection. The British exchequer is now drawn on for the amount of the Boer war every month, excluding Sundays. Japan and Russia had to pay \$2,000,000,000 for their set-to—2 per cent. of the cost of the world war to date. Germany's war bill every month equals the whole cost to both belligerents of the Franco-Prussian war.

Riverside, California, is the birthplace of the navel orange industry. The first navel orange tree, planted in 1873, still is bearing fruit in front of the Mission Inn.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Thomas Beacham, who recently manifested his enthusiasm for music by offering to build and equip a municipal opera house at Manchester, England, is a son of Joseph Beacham, manufacturer of the famous "Beacham's Pills."

King Victor Emanuel of Italy is very fond of American detective stories and one of his greatest desires is to visit the United States. Both king and queen like everything American and Victor Emanuel is said to be about half way in the notion of buying an Arizona mine.

Arthur Ransome, the British newspaper correspondent, who has been sending to his paper, the liberal *Daily News*, sympathetic accounts of the Bolshevik movement in Russia, has been known heretofore as a literary rather than a political writer. He has specialized in foreign literature, and has edited many English editions of French works. Some years ago he wrote a brilliant study of Oscar Wilde. He is a publisher's adviser for the British house of the Macmillans.

General Sir Henry Seymour Rawlinson, the man who goes to Versailles as Britain's representative on the supreme war council, has been cited as one of those who constitute the backbone of the traditional British army organization, and is one of the empire's most distinguished soldiers today. He is the son of a major-general who was the first baronet, and he is fifty-three years of age. He was educated at Eton, at the royal military college of Sandhurst, and at the staff college, Camberley.

Sir Horace Plunkett, chairman of the Irish Convention, is slight, rather shy in manner, but with a dry wit peculiarly his own, a man of innumerable friends, disinterested to the point of refusing to take his official salary, a very Jack-the-Giant-Killer when it is a question of tilting against an abuse no matter how buttressed about by selfish interests, with the idealism of a Don Quixote and the practical sense of a Colbert—he has done more than perhaps any man in Ireland to promote his country's prosperity.

Mme. Kollontay, who holds a cabinet position in the Bolshevik government, first drew the attention of the Western world to her personality when she was but twenty-seven, her political or revolutionary debut having been made in Switzerland. She was discovered giving a series of "conferences" in Berne on the subject of the proletariat, with which her sympathy is marked and of which her comprehension, avers the *Gazette de Lausanne*, is subtle. She knows the Russian peasantry as few women of her apparent culture and refinement know it.

Charles Spencer Chaplin, known the world over as just plain "Charlie," was born in France in 1889 of British parents. At the age of twelve he started his stage career and later came into prominence as a member of Fred Karno's players. In London he came into the limelight through his work in "Rags and Riches." He also enacted the rôle of Billy in "Sherlock Holmes." He came to America in his greatest stage success, "A Night in an English Music Hall." It was in 1914 that Chaplin first saw a future for himself in motion pictures.

Major-General Sir Henry Maitland Fuller Wilson, who succeeds Robertson as chief of the British army staff, is a year older than Robertson, being fifty-nine years of age. He was sent to France with almost the first troops, in command of the Twelfth Infantry Brigade under Pultney. He took part in the costly battle of Le Cateau during the retreat from Mons, winning distinction in the afternoon of that engagement when he took advantage of a lull in the German advance to make a splendid counter attack, recovering many of the wounded. Wilson was educated at Eton and entered the Rifle Brigade in 1878. His promotion was normal, therefore slow. Among his more distinguished services must be mentioned the Afghan campaign in 1878, the Mahoud Waziri expedition of 1881, and South Africa, 1899-1900 and in 1902.

While Mme. Galli-Curci, the new star of the grand opera field, was procured for the Chicago Opera Company at a low price—according to report the \$300 a night for which she was to sing the two operas guaranteed to her on coming to Chicago was continued as her regular price in a contract which lasted until the disturbance just before the New York tour raised it to \$1000—she has made a great deal of money, and will make more. She sang twenty times this season at Chicago, and the programme of her tour included six appearances in New York and five in Boston. More money than she gets from the opera, however, has come to her from her concert tours, and the sale of her records brings in a large sum. An estimate which is admittedly not far wrong places her earnings from all sources at about \$200,000 for the present season.

Julius H. Barnes, president of the United States Grain Corporation, in a recent address gave an interesting picture of Herbert C. Hoover, Food Administrator, with whom he was associated intimately for many months. "Mr. Hoover is a Quaker," said Mr. Barnes, "and when a Quaker is a fighter I suppose he is a most persistent, most relentless, most terrifying kind of a

fighter. I lived with Mr. Hoover three months last summer, lived at his home, ate breakfast and dinner with him, saw him under all conditions, and never for one minute saw him off his guard as a fighter, persistently analyzing figures and statistics and tabulations to see in what way he can invent a new pressure against our enemies. I never saw him attend a theatre, never saw him play a game of cards, never saw him leave the office before 7 o'clock, never saw him at home that he was not working until bedtime on some of those problems; he is everlastingly at it. It is his ingenuity, his remarkable memory for figures, statistics and facts they represent which is making him a really vital power in Washington today."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### When the Boys Come Home.

There's a happy time coming,  
When the boys come home.  
There's a glorious day coming,  
When the boys come home.  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of this treason dark and gory  
In a sunburst of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter  
When the boys come home.  
For our hearts will be lighter  
When the boys come home.  
Wives and sweethearts will press them  
In their arms and caress them,  
And pray God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest  
When the boys come home,  
And their cheer will ring the loudest  
When the boys come home.  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standards tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,  
When the boys come home,  
And their uniforms dusty,  
When the boys come home.  
But all shall see the traces  
Of battle's royal graces,  
In the brown and heathered faces,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,  
When the boys come home,  
To bless them and to greet them,  
When the boys come home;  
And the fame of their endeavor  
Time and change shall not dis sever  
From the nation's heart forever,  
When the boys come home.—John Hay.

### He Read the Tale with Mary.

Curled in a maze of dolls and bricks  
I find Miss Mary, aged six,  
Blonde, blue-eyed, frank, capricious,  
Absorbed in her first fairy book  
From which she scarce can pause to look,  
Because it's "so delicious."

"Such marvels, too! A wondrous boat  
In which they cross a magic moat,  
That's smooth as glass to row on—  
A cat that brings all kinds of things;  
And see, the queen has angel wings—  
Then Ogre comes!"—and so on.

What trash it is! How sad to find  
(Dear Moralists!) the childish mind,  
So active and so pliant,  
Rejecting themes in which you mix  
Fond truth with pleasing fancies, to fix  
On tales of dwarf and giant!

In merest prudence men should teach  
That cats mellifluous in speech  
Are painful contradictions;  
That science ranks as monstrous things  
Two pairs of upper lips; so wings—  
E'en angels' wings! are fictions;—

That there's no giant now but Steam;  
That Life, although an "empty dream,"  
Is scarce "a land of fairy."  
"Of course I said all this?" "Why, no;  
I did a thing far wiser, though—  
I read the tale with Mary!"—Austin Dobson.

### The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.

Come live with me, and be my love;  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With huckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber-studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

—Christopher Marlowe.



## AN ADMIRAL'S WIFE.

Lady Poore Relates Some of Her Experiences During a Period of Forty Years.

General Gordon of British fame perished because of the failure of the naval expedition up the Nile for the relief of Khartoum. A part of that expedition was in charge of one Lieutenant Richard Poore; but it has always been agreed that the failure of the tragic adventure was no fault of Poore's.

And thereby hangs a very interesting tale, writ by no less a person than Lady Poore and published under the title of "An Admiral's Wife in the Making."

Poore, of course, was not an admiral when he commanded the ship *Nassif Kheir* of the Nile expedition, but Lady Poore was a bishop's daughter, and British bishops' daughters, if they must love and have lovers, must choose higher than lieutenant-commanders; that is if they must simultaneously live at peace and comfort with their families. So, the bishop's daughter preferring to violate the conventions, a romance that was clandestine ensued. These two paragraphs from Lady Poore's book suggest the story:

From that river survey Mr. Poore returned with his captain to Cairo on April 7th, only the day before our steamer left Alexandria for Brindisi. Without leave he ran down to Alexandria to bid me good-by, and I have to thank my brother-in-law for conniving at an interview of 'ten precious minutes' duration unsuspected by my father and sisters.

We landed at Brindisi on our homeward way, spent a week at Naples before returning to Limerick, and very soon after I entered upon a period of great anxiety unsolaced by sympathy or support from my own people. They, influenced by perfectly sound motives, desired that I should get over my "fancy" for a detrimental as soon as possible, but I proved obstinate beyond all expectation.

Ban or no ban, the romance persisted, and throughout all the fateful Nile expedition Lady Poore received letters from her Launcelot, which she now incorporates in her memoirs and places at the world's disposal. An extract from one of these letters descriptive of the efforts of the *Nassif Kheir* to surmount the second cataract of the Nile illustrates the value of the correspondence, even though it be lovers' correspondence, in making clear the enormous difficulties which eventually broke down the Gordon relief movement:

We started well and got safely through the boiling water at the foot of the gate with hawsers manned by six hundred men towing us along the bank and the ship steaming full speed. When we came to the full rush of water we hung for nearly three-quarters of an hour unable to make an inch and were nearly swept into the high rocky cliffs that formed the bank. But inch by inch we gained ground and came steadily up to the point where I knew the greatest danger lay, for a strong current rushed round it, and if our hawsers were swept away from the land we should have turned straight across the current instead of facing it and so gone broadside on to a ridge of rocks three feet above the water and six feet across. Well, we were swept round; I had to cut away two out of our three hawsers and trust to one holding us, and like a flash we went down the cataract broadside on and swept by a miracle over (or through) a ridge of sunken rocks, just clearing the ones I mentioned before. The ship was laying over all the time till we could hardly keep our footing on deck. At last our one hawser tautened again and slowly our head was pulled straight to the stream with a desperate strain on the hawser, and there we were in a raging torrent with rocks on both sides, and astern of us only hoiling water and more rocks with one little channel through them barely the width of the ship. If the hawser carried away we should go broadside on to the rocks. Six times we struggled by dint of hauling and steaming to the top of the cataract, and six times we were swept back. The last time we struck a sunken rock and broke up our port paddle, and then I felt that the hawser had gone, but I couldn't see where, and I feared the poor old N. K. had made her last trip. Then to my amazement when we made one more try we got over, and in half an hour found ourselves safely tied up to the bank with Commander Hammill saying, "Well, my dear Poore, I am very glad to see you again, for I never expected to."

Poore's achievements on the Nile, of course, "won father's consent" to daughter's intentions:

But it was cruelly hard that I should not have been permitted to tell my friends and acquaintances that the Lieutenant Poore whose portrait appeared with that of his little steamer in the *Graphic* was my property, and I am sure the kind Dean of Limerick (Dean Bunbury, who succeeded my father as bishop in 1899) would never have said what he did when the news of the fall of Khartoum reached England had he known of my personal stake in the relieving expedition. "Now those poor fellows at Gubat will be cut to pieces before they can recross the desert to Korti," were his doleful words, and I, frantic with suspense and misery at the moment, turned upon this very reverend and good friend and cried: "Mr. Dean, I hate you." I did not apologize in spite of his horrified face, but three months later when he congratulated me on my engagement he apologized to me.

From the point of view of expecting to marry on another social plane than her own Lady Poore's early life was not propitious. For her clerical father had begun his clerical career as dean of the Royal Chapel in Dublin, and all of daughter's associations and environment, therefore, were of a more or less exclusive order.

To be sure, she was not fed with the golden spoon, as witness the following excerpt from her memoirs, but she was fed with a considerable pabulum of rank and station:

In those days children had few expensive toys, and I found most of my playthings in the debris of the house and garden. Grouse and poultry feathers heged from the cook, lobster claws from the same benefactor, fir cones, horse chestnuts, laburnum pods, little bits of rock containing what we called "Irish diamonds," sea shells, and even empty pill boxes were my toys. We were a large family, of which I was the youngest, and at Christmas time or on my birthday a book or a doll from my parents and some trifle from my elder brothers and sisters appeared an adequate recognition of the occasion.

Alluding to life in Ireland before she became old enough to take her place in social events, Lady Poore gives the ensuing refreshing touch of human nature:

In old days the majority of guests at a Castle hall were of gentle birth and breeding, but in later régimes the door was opened to so heterogeneous a crowd that many representatives of noble and ancient families absented themselves from viceregal solemnities and festivities. At any period, however, there were wonderful toilettes to be seen and amazing hroques and unconventional manners to be noted at a St. Patrick's hall. An overzealous mother has been known to run round the hall-room after a daughter all unskilled in the dance crying, "Shpring to the captain, M'ria: shpring now, I tell ye," and on another occasion the mother of a pretty ingénue replied to an A.D.C. who hesought her daughter's hand in the waltz, "Indeed, then, she can't be dawning now at all. Amn't I keeping her cool for the Errel of Ranfurly?"

Leaving home for the usual English girl's turn at a boarding-school, Lady Poore encountered the same sorrows that come to most girls under similar circumstances. She describes her experiences vividly and entertainingly, and gives at least one instance of the power of the caste feeling:

It was more than unlucky, it was terrible, that Alfred should have taken me back to Bridge House on top of an omnibus the day after our visit to the Froudes. Some spy perceived me from the window and reported to Miss Susan that I, a "young lady" of eleven or twelve, had been seated on the "knifeboard" (there were no "garden-seats" in those days) of a Putney Bridge omnibus, whence I had presently descended with reckless inelegance by the steep unshrouded ladder! Miss Susan made Alfred a painful scene in consequence. It was a scandal, a disgrace in which the whole establishment was involved; and Alfred slunk away in deep humiliation, leaving me to hear as best I might Miss Susan's crushing comments on this act of unpardonable indecorum. It was hard on poor Alfred, who had devoted his week-end to entertaining Boh and me, but at the time I felt he was far more fortunate than myself.

A step at a time the bishop's daughter—her father did not long remain a dean—was led into "society" and prepared with all due care to conduct herself as might become so important an official's offspring. For example:

As I grew older and arrived at the awkward age I became conscious of my hands and feet and of the ugly clothes which the "management" at Bridge House purchased for me, and when my father took me down with him to Kenry House at Combe Wood to see Lady Dunraven one hot summer day I was so warmly and unheedingly clad that I suffered agonies of humiliation. As I clumped and creaked in my father's wake across endless acres of floor in the cool and dimly-lighted drawing-rooms I felt like a halcyon hippopotamus in an aviary, and my voice sounded loud and hoarse when I replied to the greeting of my hostess, exquisitely dressed and slender to fragility. My dress was of sand-colored stuff, peppered with red and green hobs and trimmed with flat "crossway" hands of the same material piped with ugly green silk; my sand-colored hat was as hideous as my dress, and my stockings, of which perhaps two inches showed above my thick black hoots, were white! I have often thought how cruel it was to make such a guy of a child of twelve. If only the Miss Z—s had guessed how self-conscious and awkward their choice of colors, fashions, and materials made me, they might have taken more trouble with my wardrobe. But it was in an age when many women, otherwise kind-hearted, considered it right to discourage vanity by every means in their power, not realizing that a child suitably and becomingly dressed—not "dressed-up"—is both comfortable and unself-conscious.

At one time during her upbringing the bishop's daughter was presented with "six fat volumes of Schiller, which I have never yet read!" She observes:

I had a constitutional, but not hereditary, distaste for the German language. Its gutturals displeased, its grammar maddened me; and, though I have had good German friends, certain national characteristics, as exemplified in most of the Germans I have met, have always repelled me. The total absence of what the French call *le charme* so noticeable in the race is depressing, and the mingling of stiffness with sentiment, rich pastry with poetry, and philosophy with pettiness I find intolerable. What Octave Feuillet called making "*soupe de myosotis*" describes perfectly the habit of mind of that sentimental cook-housekeeper, the plump Teutonic Charlotte. Her large blue eyes might be dimmed by tears, but her appetite for every form of pig-meat would be undiminished. And what can be said for a people using the words "*Ich liebe dich*" to confess the tender passion? Such unlovely monosyllables would convey to an unlettered Maori an unpleasant, even disgusting, impression.

The labors of episcopacy eventually broke down the health of the bishop and forced him to Africa for recuperation. It was there that Lady Poore first met her "detrimental." It was also in Africa that the lady met other hearts than those of the humble lieutenant, as, for example, when with a family party she was touring Algiers under guide and guard of the native military:

Suddenly a hold soldier riding on my right addressed me, and after subjecting me to a short catechism in which he exhibited considerable interest in England and the English he suggested that we should engage him as a groom and convey him to our island home. I endeavored to point out with politeness the unsuitability of such an arrangement, but he was not to be quelled. "Dites donc, mademoiselle: je sais déjà quelques mots d'anglais. I lof you—qu'est-ce que ça signifie?" "Je vous aime," I replied, stiff and unsmiling. I ought to have said it meant *fiat de basif* or *pommes de terre*, but the combination of a precipice, from the verge of which I was quite powerless to withdraw my mule, on one side and a cheeky soldier-groom equally unavoidable on the other had unnerved me, and the inevitable sequel "Eh bien, I lof you, mademoiselle," made me for the moment prefer the precipice to the *piou-piou*. And yet the mule to which I clung would never have permitted me to involve him in my suicide. At last the cavalcade got shuffled, and when I dared to look over my right shoulder I found the too-amiable soldier had disappeared.

With delightful modesty and good taste, the author veils the beginning of her *affaire* with Lieutenant Poore, and only discloses such parts of the heart story as have already been mentioned. The wedding took place in Ireland after the return of Poore from the

Nile, and, of course, vicissitudes and difficulties followed. Poore's promotion was slow, family expenses and the usual expenses of even the lower ranks in the British army were high. Then there were the inevitable separations, and the other experiences of all sorts which go with nautical existence and naval aspiration. Lady Poore details the general story delightfully, especially the travels through various countries of Europe and elsewhere.

While endeavoring to refresh the memory of Italian learned in her school days Lady Poore saw much of a certain Captain Crespi during the stay of herself and husband in Italy. She notes:

Captain Crespi was rather contemptuous with respect to the poverty of the everyday vocabulary of an English man or woman. He spoke no English and understood the spoken language with difficulty, but read English books with ease. One of his complaints, well justified, I think, was that we worked an innocent word to death. "Sorry" was one such word. "If I die," he said, "you are *veyrie saurie*; if it is a wet day you are *veyrie saurie*; if Vesuvius is in eruption and overwhelms a village you are *veyrie saurie*. And nice! Am I, perhaps, nice?" (I said, "Heaven forbid that I should call you so!") "I am glad I am not nice; but English people say Rome is nice, and *bombe glacée* is nice, and the sunset on the mountains, and the music of Scarlatti or Verdi or Mascagni! To me they are *éternants*, this nice and this *saurie*."

Lady Poore, of course, was not "Lady" Poore all this while. She only acquired the title when her husband became a baronet by inheritance. And when she did acquire it she was still in no financial position to live in outward conformity to the dignity than she had been in condition of heart in Algeria to reject a suitor because he was only a lieutenant. She says of her feelings at the time:

The event in no way improved our financial position, and I sometimes felt sorry I could not rise to the occasion by being richly clad and diamond-decked. My dear old Uncle Robert, my father's elder brother, and sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, had died recently and left each of his nephews and nieces a legacy of some few hundred pounds, and out of this I bought myself some things for my toilet-table which I had long desired. They of course impressed no one but myself, but I must say I enjoyed having a pair of pretty brushes, a looking-glass, and some silver-topped pots and boxes beyond those provided by my useful traveling-bag, and I certainly experienced a slight increase of self-respect when I contemplated the shining array.

Some of the advantages of being possessed of a title occurred to Lady Poore now and then, notably when she was visiting in America. She remarks:

I was destined to meet many American ladies equally interested in genealogy, their own and their neighbors'. Of these one gravely assured me that her husband was heir to an Irish peerage, but the necessary condition of permanent residence in the British Isles deterred him from establishing his claim! The title in question was then shamelessly borne by a peer of great respectability who is still living. That American ladies have to draw lines of their own to distinguish themselves and their equals from the *hot-pollot* is one of the disadvantages rising from a republican form of government. It is certainly more convenient to be simply labeled "Duchess," "Countess," and so on, and officially registered in "Dehrett," whose pages now contain the names of many an erstwhile Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Republic.

Lady Poore's experiences widened out as her husband advanced in rank until they culminated in a dinner by special invitation with Queen Victoria. Few better narratives of the amusing confusion and awkwardness of a novitiate's first meeting with royalty are available.

Not long before attaining his admiralty rank Captain Poore was in command of H. M. S. *Illustrious* at Malta at the same time that Emperor William visited that city. Of the occasion Lady Poore says:

It was in the early spring of 1899 that the German emperor visited Malta in his great yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. We watched her come into Grand Harbour and hungle badly in picking up her moorings. A signalman had previously reported that she was "flying the in-cog-nye-toe flag"! The Emperor William *incognito* was a delightful contradiction in terms, and I remember prophesying that such modesty would be short-lived, for I could not believe he had one suit of really plain clothes in his ample wardrobe; and I was right. He landed as a British Admiral of the Fleet at the earliest possible moment, and for the entire period of his visit he played the part of the bluff and hearty sailor. When Dick's cockney valet came out one day to Sliema with a message I asked him if he had seen the emperor. "No, m'lady, an' don't want to, neether. It's my opinion 'e makes 'isself too common."

When the emperor visited the dockyard the *Illustrious* was seated in dry-dock, very disheveled and patchy with red lead. Her captain and commander stood at the foot of the gangway and saluted as the great man came along. "Ah, Captain Poore, how beautiful your ship looks!" said he: "just like a blushing maiden arrayed for her first ball." If this comment was intended for sarcasm it was a poor attempt, for the ship looked more like a moulting barn-door hen having a dust bath than anything else, but the "humor" of the Emperor William was never subtle. At the end of his stay he bestowed decorations upon such persons as were permitted by our regulations to accept these marks of favor, and Sir John Hopkins' steward, Casey, was much worried when he received a gold medal liberally inscribed in German characters, for not a soul at Malta knew its value or import.

As a whole Lady Poore's volume takes its place on an even shelf with her previous "Recollections of an Admiral's Wife," and with many other volumes which the present-day press is issuing from pens of the wives of illustrious men.

AN ADMIRAL'S WIFE IN THE MAKING. By Lady Poore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

The largest artillery range in the United States has been constructed at Petersburg, Virginia. The site of the range is a field of about 5000 acres. Several regiments of field artillery can be instructed at the range, the man capacity of which is estimated at 10,000.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

For the week ended Saturday, March 23d, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports clearings amounting to \$92,956,937.73, as compared with a total in the corresponding week in 1917 of \$85,974,296.73. Saturday's clearings were \$13,012,907.33.

The condition of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at the close of business on March 22d, as reported Saturday, showed a distinct improvement from the return for the preceding week. The total resources of the bank are \$178,437,000, as compared with \$171,808,000 in the preceding week, and the gold reserve now stands as against net deposits and banknote liability at 62.47 per cent. as against 59.71 per cent. in the preceding week. The total gross deposits now amount to \$93,908,000 as compared with \$89,965,000 in the preceding week.

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San Francisco has recently published a very interesting and useful booklet on "The Administration of Estates and Trusts." This booklet will give the reader a good general knowledge of the services which a trust company offers. The book is indexed and subdivided so that you can readily turn to any subject in which the reader is especially interested. Those interested will be gladly given a copy by calling at or writing to 464 California Street.

While the distribution of all kinds of commodities has been made well-nigh perfect, distribution of securities has been inadequate. Accordingly increasing interest is being shown in financial circles in methods of getting good securities into the hands of small investors everywhere.

One of the excellent plans being developed is that of the great Equitable Trust Company of New York. This plan is for a cooperative action of hundreds and, eventually, thousands of banks and dealers in bonds, including those

in the smallest towns as well as in the largest cities, in the selling of high-grade securities. It is intended to reach particularly the ranks of those small investors that have grown from the thousands to the millions since the outbreak of the war.

There will be general agreement with Vice-President Morris K. Parker of the Equitable Trust that a great opportunity is opened by this plan for educational work toward converting these millions to permanent habits of conservative investment, with resultant development of thrift as a national asset.

Confidence is returning in the stock market. Interests that have held stocks through recent reactions have in large measure been disinclined to sell out on the rallies. It has been left for the professional trader to make his turns, and in general he has had more success on the buying side of stocks. The reason the bear element has been unable to make headway except in a few issues is that the public, where it has been holding stocks for long, has been inclined only to sell on good advances and their inclination to do this at all is what has kept the market from making even better headway than it has done.

However, when the public is selling stocks voluntarily is hardly a time to be operating on the short side, especially when a new element of the public is increasingly encouraged to buy. Recent savings bank statements show that the public is piling up an increasing surplus. Record wages mean a constant addition to the buying power, and the national effort at economical living is helping to provide increasing amounts that the public has to invest. Unfortunately too much of the public's money is and will be going into enterprises promoted for the express purpose of deluding the shareholder. On the Stock Exchange, however, the public can find golden opportunities, and a definite campaign to enlighten the public in the matter of investment values would be of incalculable benefit.

The government guaranties have placed railroad securities in a class by themselves. Lately railway stocks have been rising in a belated appreciation of this, but there is yet much to be said in favor of the rails. Most of the cheap stocks of reorganized companies will pay to buy and put away.

But still it remains that industrial shares, where an earning capacity per year equal to 25 to 50 per cent. of the market price is shown, where the business is soundly conducted, financially and otherwise, or where past surplus earnings not appropriated for dividends more than equal the price of the stock, present even more remarkable opportunities.

It is simple enough to see that our equipment companies will have all they can do for some years to come, now that the government will do the buying for our railroads, to maintain which in highest efficiency is a definite war necessity. It is patent that there will be indefinite demand for all the iron and coal we can produce, and for most other raw materials, so that stocks of companies interested in these activities will from time to time reflect these favoring influences.

Now that the war has progressed so far it is increasingly difficult to pick out the straight "war stocks." One can imagine that powder will not be in such demand after the war, but our powder manufacturers are already turning their attention to other fields. And when there are stocks that merely depend on the war for their prosperity, earnings frequently run so high that as liquidating propositions they would still not be dear.

The announcement of the settlement of the long-standing fisheries dispute between Canada and the United States calls attention to the fact that these two countries produce about one-fourth of the recorded fish crop of the world. A lecture delivered last week before a class in the educational department of the National City Bank of New York shows that the United States now leads the world in its fish output and that the waters of Canada and the United States in combination supply over \$150,000,000 worth of fish per annum, out of a world-recorded total of slightly less than \$500,000,000. The term "recorded total," said the lecturer, is used advisedly, because of the fact that the actual records of world fisheries cover in fact only a comparatively small proportion of the globe or its population.

The total value of the United States fish crop, including Alaska and the insular possessions, is probably \$150,000,000 at the present time, though the latest official figures put the total at \$125,000,000. The fact, however, that a portion of these figures represents the output prior to the advance in prices resulting from the war seems to justify an estimate of approximately \$150,000,000 as the value of our own output at the present time. This total of \$150,000,000 compares with \$40,000,000 as the value of the fish crop of Canada; Great Britain, \$52,000,000; France, \$33,000,000; Russia (in 1911), \$50,000,000; Germany, \$12,000,000; the Scandinavian states, \$25,000,000; Japan, \$50,000,000.

The capital invested in the fisheries of the

United States, including vessels and the establishments on land in which the fish are handled, is, according to the latest official figures, about \$75,000,000, the number of persons employed 220,000, and the value of the sea products turned out by the canneries of the country \$50,000,000, of which salmon alone amounts to about \$25,000,000 and sardines approximately \$7,000,000, the United States output of canned sardines being greater in quantity than that of any other country.

A summary of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's report for 1917, received over E. F. Hutton & Co.'s private wire recently, shows net income for the year to be \$27,320,737 after all deductions, including provision for Federal taxes, depreciation and depletion, equal to \$44.20 per share on the common stock after preferred dividends. This compares with \$43,593,968 for 1916. Orders on hand December 31, 1917, totaled \$453,808,759, against \$193,374,249 at the close of 1916.

The issue of \$500,000,000 of United States treasury certificates, the subscription to which closed March 5th, was oversubscribed, the subscription in every district, except one, exceeding the quota assigned it.

The banks of the country in the past two Liberty Loan campaigns and in the purchase of treasury certificates issued before the loans responded to the demands of the country with inspiring loyalty and liberality. The faith they show in the government finances and the patriotic response they give to the calls of the treasury are certain indications that their co-operation and assistance will help to insure the success of the Third Liberty Loan.

In comparison with the tax levied in England on incomes our own income taxes are moderate indeed.

In England the tax on incomes of \$1000 is 4½ per cent., in America nothing.

In England the tax on incomes of \$1500 is 6½ per cent.; in America nothing for married men or heads of families, and 2 per cent. on \$500 for an unmarried man.

In England the tax on an income of \$2000 is 7½ per cent.; in America nothing for a married man or head of a family, and 2 per cent. on \$1000 for unmarried men.

The English income-tax rate also increases more rapidly with the growth of the income than ours, a \$3000 income being taxed 14 per cent., \$5000 16 per cent., \$10,000 20 per cent., and \$15,000 25 per cent., while our corresponding taxes for married men are respectively two-thirds of 1 per cent., 1½ per cent., 3½ per cent., and 5 per cent., and only slightly more for the unmarried, due to the smaller amount exempted, the rate being the same.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, through its Pacific Service Employees' Association, is about to inaugurate a course of practical instruction for the benefit of all classes of its membership in the leading branches of its business.

At a recent gathering of the Employees' Association, held at Elks' Hall, San Francisco, Chairman K. I. Dazey announced that arrangements had been made with the heads of various departments for a series of lectures upon electrical engineering, gas engineering, financing, and accounting to be delivered in the immediate future. Each separate course, it was announced, will consist of twelve weekly lectures, so that the entire series is expected to occupy a twelvemonth.

The Pacific Service Employees' Association now numbers nearly 1000 members, including men and women. Its monthly gatherings in San Francisco and Oakland are increasing in attendance and importance, particularly as the committee in charge is taking pains to secure unusually attractive features of entertainment. The practice of engaging for each occasion some well-known speaker upon the important topics of the day is making these gatherings highly valuable from an instructive point of view. At the San Francisco meeting in February last the speaker of the evening was Mr. Jerome B. Landfield on what he termed "The Russian Muddle." At this time, when Russia is the main figure in the eyes of the world Mr. Landfield's address was particularly seasonal, and as his intimate knowledge of Russia and things Russian is first hand he was able to throw a great deal of light on the events which led up to the present unsettled condition of the country.

At this month's meeting, held on March 12th, Captain F. L. Goord of the British army told of life in the trenches, particularly during the early periods of the war. To one and all of us this is the burning question of the day, and the facts brought out by Captain Goord did much to enlighten the audience on what our boys may expect "over there."

The recent action of the President in fixing the price of aluminum calls attention to the rapid growth of this industry in the United States, which has now become the leading world producer of aluminum. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York

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shows that the production of aluminum in the United States has grown from 60,000 pounds in 1890 to 7,000,000 in 1900, 48,000,000 in 1910, 100,000,000 in 1915, 140,000,000 in 1916, and approximately 180,000,000 in 1917, these figures being in very round terms. The value of the product, which amounted to a couple of million dollars in 1900, was \$16,000,000 in 1915 and approximately \$46,000,000 in 1917.

This rapid increase in our production in this line places the United States far in the lead among the aluminum-producing countries of the world. In fact about one-half of the world's output of aluminum is now produced in the United States, for while authorities differ somewhat as to the production by certain of the respective countries, they agree that we now produce about one-half of the world's output, which is variously estimated at from 135,000 to 150,000 tons, or slightly more than the world's production of tin, for which aluminum is now becoming a substitute in certain lines.

The aluminum production of the world in 1916 is set down at approximately 140,000 tons, of which approximately 62,000 was the product of the United States, 20,000 produced in France, 16,000 in Norway, and 8000 in Canada. Figures differ radically as to Great Britain, ranging from 4000 to 12,000 tons production. In Switzerland the normal product is about 20,000 tons, but has been materially reduced by inability to obtain from France the hauxite from which aluminum is produced.

The prices of aluminum have greatly decreased with the enormous increase in production, falling from \$12 per pound in 1870 to \$2 in 1889, and ranging thence downward to an average of 33 cents, and then down to about 20 cents in the year preceding the war. With the greatly increased demand and increased cost of production the average price in 1916-17 was about 33 cents per pound, the President's recent order having fixed the price for the period ending June 1, 1918, at 32 cents.

The next Liberty Loan will be offered to the people of the United States on April 6th, the first anniversary of our entrance into the great war. Whatever enthusiasm there may have been for the preceding Liberty Loans, it should be the aim and object of the whole people to infuse into this new loan a greater enthusiasm and a greater response to the demands of the government.

It is not sufficient that the Liberty Loan be subscribed—it must be oversubscribed and it must carry in that oversubscription a message to the common enemy. The war can not be promoted without funds and the people can not be taxed beyond a certain point in order to produce the necessary funds. Every man, woman, and child has an interest in the next Liberty Loan because it is a loan for the preservation of the liberties of the people of the United States as well as to bring about throughout the world a condition which will make for enduring peace.

There have been suggestions that because of heavy taxation and because of changes in industry or business or because of one thing or another, there may not be the response in some quarters that there has been to the preceding loans. This is assuming a lack of patriotism on the part of the people which is not warranted and which will be found to be false. In stating that every person has a direct interest there need be no modification, because the day laborer and the banker are both equally concerned with preserving the liberties of this country, which mean the right to work and the right to the enjoyment of the fruits of their work.

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**THE HOHENZOLLERN PLOT.**

Herr Thyssen's Revelations.

(Senator Owen in the course of a recent speech in the Senate put into the record a pamphlet written by a German capitalist, August Thyssen, who has violently attacked the Hohenzollern dynasty for precipitating the war. Herr Thyssen is one of the chief iron, coal, and steel magnates of Central Germany. He is seventy-eight years of age. Thyssen possessed until the beginning of the war huge mines, ironworks, docks, and even harbors, in British India, in other English colonial dependencies, as well as in France and in Russia, all of which have been sequestered by the governments of these three powers as property belonging to a German foe. He has vast docks and shipbuilding works at Vlaardingen, near Rotterdam. He controls the Vulcan Iron and Steamship Building Company of Germany. Herr Thyssen's pamphlet is as follows.)

I am writing this pamphlet because I want to open the eyes of Germans, especially of the business community, to facts. When the Hohenzollerns wanted to get the support of the commercial class for their war plans, they put their ideas before us as a business proposition. A large number of business and commercial men were asked to support the Hohenzollern war policy on the ground that it would pay them to do so. Let me frankly confess that I am one of those who were led to agree to support the Hohenzollern war plan when this appeal was made to the leading business men of Germany in 1912-13. I was led to do so, however, against my better judgment.

In 1912 the Hohenzollerns saw that the war had become a necessity to the preservation of the military system, upon which their power depends. In that year the Hohenzollerns might have directed, if they had desired, the foreign affairs of our country so that peace would have been assured in Europe for at least fifty years. But prolonged peace would have resulted certainly in the break-up of our military system, and with the break-up of our military system the power of the Hohenzollerns would come to an end. The emperor and his family, as I said, clearly understood this, and they therefore, in 1912, decided to embark on a great war of conquest.

But to do this they had to get the commercial community to support them in their aims. They did this by holding out to them hopes of great personal gain as a result of the war. In the light of events that have taken place since August, 1914, these promises now appear supremely ridiculous, but most of us at the time were led to believe that they would probably be realized.

**PROMISES OF VAST CONQUEST.**

I was personally promised a free grant of 30,000 acres in Australia and a loan from the Deutsch Bank of £150,000, at 3 per cent., to enable me to develop my business in Australia. Several other firms were promised special trading facilities in India, which was to be conquered by Germany, be it noted, by the end of 1915. A syndicate was formed for the exploitation of Canada. This syndicate

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consisted of the heads of twelve great firms; the working capital was fixed at £20,000,000, half of which was to be found by the German government.

There were, I have heard, promises made of a more personal character. For example, the "conquest of England" was to be made the occasion of bestowing upon certain favored and wealthy men some of the most desirable residences in England, but of this I have no actual proof.

Every trade and interest was appealed to. Huge indemnities were, of course, to be levied on the conquered nations, and the fortunate German manufacturers were, by this means, practically to be relieved of taxation for years after the war.

These promises were not vaguely given. They were made definitely by Bethmann-Hollweg on behalf of the emperor to gatherings of business men, and in many cases to individuals. I have mentioned the promise of a grant of 30,000 acres in Australia that was made to me. Promises of a similar kind were made to at least eighty other persons at special interviews with the chancellor, and all particulars of these promises were entered in a book at the Trades Department.

But not only were these promises made by the chancellor; they were confirmed by the emperor, who, on three occasions, addressed large private gatherings of business men in Berlin, Munich, and Cassel in 1912 and 1913. I was at one of these gatherings. The emperor's speech was one of the most flowery orations I have listened to, and so profuse were the promises he made that were even half of what he promised to be fulfilled, most of the commercial men in Germany would become rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The emperor was particularly enthusiastic over the coming German conquest of India. "India," he said, "is occupied by the British. It is in a way governed by the British, but it is by no means completely governed by them. We shall not merely occupy India. We shall conquer it, and the vast revenues that the British allow to be taken by Indian princes will, after our conquest, flow in a golden stream into the Fatherland. In all the richest lands of the earth the German flag will fly over every other flag."

Finally the emperor concluded:

"I am making you no promises that can not be redeemed, and they shall be redeemed if you are now prepared to make the sacrifices which are necessary to secure the position that our country must and shall occupy in the world. He who refuses to help is a traitor to the Fatherland; he who helps willingly and generously will have his rich reward."

All sounded, I admit, tempting and alluring, and though there were some who viewed rather dubiously the prospect of Germany being able to conquer the world in a year, the majority of business and commercial men agreed to support the Hohenzollern war plans. Most of them have since wished they had never paid any attention to them.

According to the promises of the Hohenzollern, victory was to have been achieved in December, 1915, and the promises made to myself and other commercial men in Germany when our money for the Kaiser's war chest was wanted were to have been then redeemed.

**CHARGES IMPERIAL BLACKMAIL.**

But this is what has happened in reality: In December of 1916 the chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, began to have interviews once more with business men. The purpose of these interviews was to get more money from them. Guarantees were asked from seventy-five business men in Germany, including myself, that they would undertake to subscribe £200,000,000 to the next war loan. I was personally asked to guarantee a subscription of £200,000. I declined to give this guarantee; so did some others. I was then favored with a private interview with Bethmann-Hollweg's private secretary, who told me that if I declined to give the guarantee and subsequently the money I would lose on a contract I had with the War Office. But not only that—I was threatened with the practical ruin of my business if I did not give the guarantee.

I described this demand as blackmail of the worst sort and refused to guarantee a mark to the war loan. Two months later I lost my contract, and the greater part of my business has been taken over at a figure that means confiscation. Moreover, I am not to get paid until after the war, but am to receive 4 per cent. on the purchase price. Every man who declined to promise a subscription to the amount he was asked has been treated in the same manner.

The majority of men, however, preferred to pay rather than to be ruined, and so the Hohenzollerns in the main got their way. But, apart from the blackmailing of men who refused to pay any more money into the Hohenzollern war chest, let us see how the Hohenzollerns' promises are working out. A circular was sent out last March to a large number of business men by the Foreign Trade De-

partment which contained the following suggestion:

**PREPARING FOR THE RECKONING.**

"It will be wise for employers who have foreign trade interests to employ agents in foreign countries who can pass themselves off as being of French or English birth. German agents and travelers will probably for some time after the war have difficulty in doing business not only in enemy countries, but in neutral countries. There will undoubtedly be a personal prejudice against Germans that would probably make it difficult for representatives of German firms to do business. Although this prejudice will not interfere with German trade, as it will be merely of a personal character, it will facilitate trading transactions if employers will employ agents who pass as French or English, preferably, or as Dutch, American, or Spanish."

So this is the prospect we are faced with after the war. The meaning of this circular in plain language is this: So loathed and hated have Germans become outside their own country that no one will want to have any personal dealings with them after the war.

A large number of businesses are, moreover, being secretly bolstered up with state aid. A condition of this aid is that the owners of the business receiving it shall agree to accept a considerable degree of state control over their business after the war. This is part and parcel of a plan on the part of the Hohenzollerns to get the commercial classes thoroughly into their grip before the end of the war, and so minimize the chances of a revolution.

These men who have agreed to accept aid now for their business, and state control after the war, have received a notification from the Foreign Trade Department to the effect that, with proper organization, Germany ought to recover her pre-war trade three years after peace is declared. Here is the Hohenzollern method of redeeming promises. We are to get back our pre-war trade three years after peace is declared, and to do this we must submit to have our trading transactions controlled and supervised by the state.

Can any German to whom such prospects are held out by the emperor fail to see that he has been bamboozled and humbugged and fooled into supporting a war from which the utmost he can hope to gain is to come out of it without national bankruptcy?

**Pola's Ancient Origin.**

Austria's great naval port of Pola, where one of the Italian torpedo crews recently performed an amazing feat of blockade breaking, dates back to the mythological era of Jason and the Argonauts for its origin. It was here that the Colchians, pursuing the stolen fleece, became attracted by the goodness of the land round what is now the Bay of Pola, and deciding to let the fleece take care of itself, settled permanently.

The Pola of history, of real verifiable history, however, finds no mention until the year 178 B. C., when it was captured by the Romans, and the Romans, who always knew a good place when they saw it, recognized the value of Pola and did much for it (says the *Christian Science Monitor*). So it flourished for something over a hundred years, whilst the great republic at the other side of the Adriatic was steadily consolidating its position as the dominant power in the Mediterranean. Then, in the war between Pompey and Caesar, Pola fell on evil days. It espoused the cause of Pompey, and Caesar's wrath descended upon it, and, with a thoroughness which belonged to those days, be destroyed it. Pola was, however, far too useful a place to remain destroyed, and before very long Caesar was rebuilding it. It became, once again, an important war harbor, and, under the triumviri or under Octavian, was raised to the rank of a Roman colony with all the rights and privileges which flowed from that distinction.

Thus Pola grew steadily in importance and distinction, until, in the reign of the Emperor Septimius Severus, it attained to great heights of prosperity, was regarded as a naval base of great value, and boasted a population of some 50,000 people. With the end of the empire in the west, however, and the over-running of Italy by the barbarians from the north, Pola's connection with Rome and Western civilization, as it was known in those days, came to an end.

It is only a typical incident of the overturn in Russia that Private Muraloff, formerly a cook at the palace, should have been appointed commander-in-chief of the Moscow military district (remarks the *London Observer*). But even the old régime had its caprices. Was not Menschikoff, the favorite of Peter the Great, that versatile statesman who "could drill a regiment, build a frigate, administer a province, and decapitate a rebel with equal facility"—and was no less adept at putting his hand into the public purse—originally a pastry cook? Perhaps, like him, Private Muraloff has a touch of yeast in his composition.



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#### Revoke.

The scene of this curious story is laid in Java. Its hero is Meester Ouno Winter, judge of the native court, whose acquaintance we make while he is trying a native for murder and unable to determine if the perjury of the witnesses amounts to a justifiable doubt in favor of the prisoner. His ruminations are disturbed by the arrival in the town of General Peacock, an Englishman, and his fascinating daughter. We are not quite sure whether Winter makes love to the fascinating daughter or whether the fascinating daughter makes love to Winter, but on the whole we are disposed to think that the lady is the more provocative and enterprising of the two. She leads the unfortunate Winter on, inflames his cold blood nearly to the boiling point until we begin to fear that the story will verge upon impropriety, and then she as suddenly congeals and leaves the poor Hollander high and dry. But Winter himself is somewhat to blame. Speaking without experience, we are inclined to think that he misses his opportunities and that if the siege had been more strenuous the citadel might have fallen. It is a little hard to get away from military terms nowadays.

REVOLVE. By W. De Veer. New York: John Lane Company.

#### Two Books on Bridge.

The bridge-player's library has again been increased, this time by two more volumes from the pen of Ernest Bergholt, a well-known authority on scientific bridge and the author of a number of works on the subject. Both of the new volumes, the one on the laws and principles of bridge and the other on the art and practice of bridge, are intended for beginners. It is for this reason, perhaps, that they strike one as a trifle too obvious and conventional. They are well calculated, however, to serve the purpose for which they are designed, especially the second volume, which consists of forty-five illustrative hands which are played in full. They cover no new ground, but teach the rudiments of conventional bridge in a manner that should start the beginner in the right way so that he may not be an object of aversion and oburgation when drawn as a partner by more experienced devotees of the game.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE: THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES. By Ernest Bergholt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE: THE ART AND PRACTICE. By Ernest Bergholt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

#### Post-War Problems.

In the front rank of those Englishmen who have contributed constructive ideas on the questions that the great war has put to the English people, and to ourselves as well, is Mr. J. Ellis Barker. To his task he has brought not only clear and sane thinking, but also a great store of historical and diplomatic material. His work is that of a realist, and while not lacking in fine ideals he is not carried away by those glib generalities and fine-sounding theories that characterize some other publicists, such as H. N. Brailsford, for example.

In the present volume he has collected a series of articles earlier contributed to the *Nineteenth Century and After*. These articles attracted wide attention and much favorable comment, and it is an excellent thing that they have been given wider publicity and greater accessibility by publication in a single volume.

"The Problems of British Statesmanship" are the problems of Allied statesmanship for the most part. They comprise such momentous questions as the disposition of Constantinople, the future of Asiatic Turkey, the resurrection of Poland, and the liquidation of Austria-Hungary. In each case he furnishes a mass of historical evidence of a kind not easily accessible to the general reader, and thereby makes his volume a most valuable

work of reference. Tracing the history of the baseless antagonism between Russia and England over the hogey of the invasion of India, he finds that because of economic conditions it is essential that Constantinople should eventually rest in Russian hands, in spite of the fact that the present nondescript government of Russia has repudiated all such designs. Further he points out that the possession of Constantinople, necessary as it is for Russia, is from a strategic standpoint a liability rather than an asset and does not menace the route to the East.

Of strictly British problems he deals exhaustively with war finance and the economic future, citing valuable statistics and pointing a decidedly optimistic outlook, as he does also in outlining the conditions and the future of British industry. From British problems he turns to the consideration of America and how she came into the war, and finishes the volume with a splendid statement of the case for Anglo-American reunion.

THE GREAT PROBLEMS OF BRITISH STATESMANSHIP. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4 net.

#### The Cabin.

It is only when we read such a novel as this that we realize how little we know of modern Spain, if indeed it can be said that there is a modern Spain. The author writes of his own province of Valencia, and beneath his sombre narrative it is easy to see a resolve that his countrymen shall look thus directly at their own social system with its ignorances, its prejudices, and the cruelty of its hatreds. The story centres around the determination of a village community that no one shall be allowed to rent a certain farm whose previous tenant has fallen victim to the rapacity of the landlord. Batiste, who thus unknowingly incurs the ostracism of his neighbors, struggles manfully against their persecution until at last he sees his homestead burn before his eyes. It is a pathetic and dreadful picture presented to us, and all the more dreadful for the fact that those who are so downtrodden should also be so cruel. No better story could be found for those who would see Spain as she actually is, or who would understand the forces that seem to threaten a volcanic outbreak.

THE CABIN (LA BARRACA). By V. Blasco Ibanez. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

#### The Long Trick.

We have had a large number of stories about armies, but not many about navies. The sailors have not seen so much of the war as have their comrades upon land and their experiences are not so varied. Doubtless the *cacathies scribendi* will attack them in due time.

But here we have a story of the navy thinly disguised in the form of romance. We are introduced to a warship of the Grand Fleet presumably somewhere to the north of Scotland. We are shown how the officers live and what they do to wile away the tedium of waiting. And lastly comes the account of a great naval battle that is easily identified as the battle of Jutland. "Bartimeus" has written other sea stories, but none more successful than this. To the landlubber it will come almost as a revelation.

THE LONG TRICK. By "Bartimeus." New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

#### The Soul of Democracy.

Sometimes we forget that democracy has a soul, a soul that can be saved or damned according to the hearing of the individuals that compose it. Democracy can be as caste-ridden, as selfish, and as cruel as any autocracy, and perhaps there can be nothing quite so repulsive as a democracy without moral ideals, a democracy that has dehauched its soul.

In this little volume Dr. Griggs gives us a series of essays on the meaning of democracy in relation to the world war. He examines the respective values of democracy and paternalism, and the probable influence of the war upon socialism, feminism, religion, education, and literature. Much of it is necessarily speculative, but at least we are grateful for the clear moral note sounded by Dr. Griggs. Here, at all events, we are upon indisputable ground.

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

#### Roumanian Fairy Tales.

The career of Petre Ispirescu, the Roumanian writer of fairy tales, recalls that of our own beloved Joel Chandler Harris. As a boy he got his education in a local school and later escaped a hum-drum occupation by entering a printing establishment and there finding an opportunity to gratify his aspirations to become a writer. His earlier works indeed were published under the pen-name of "Master Printer."

His chief interest lay in Roumanian folklore and the tales of the peasants. The mass of these tales, with their wealth of imagination and picturesque character, gave ample

material for his talents. Most of his life was devoted to the congenial task of collecting these folk tales and putting them in literary form.

The translators have made a selection of these for publication under the title of "The Foundling Prince and Other Tales." The stories are not very different from the fairy tales of other lands, at least in general form and technic. Certain new types of hero and witch appear and there are touches of a local character. Children will enjoy them as an addition to their store of wonder stories and many a grown-up will be interested in the light they throw upon Roumanian folk-life.

THE FOUNDLING PRINCE AND OTHER TALES. Translated and adapted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

#### The Problem of Peace.

A hook such as this that frankly recommends the universal adoption of Catholicism as the only road to a world peace will naturally be judged in the light of personal predilection. The author admits that Christianity has displayed its incapacity for two thousand years, and then he continues, "But I am equally sure that in Catholicism—the religion of man in his highest spheres of development, following after his noblest ideals—there is a positive and permanent content of goodness, beauty, and truth, which, scientifically understood and completed, may carry him on in his pursuit of his own perfection, and, as a consequence, towards the attainment of a human peace."

The plea of the author seems to be for a sort of spiritual dictatorship which, being a benevolent dictatorship, would arbitrate all quarrels in a benevolent way. But then we must face the fact that humanity seems resolved to tolerate no dictatorships whatever, and that it would probably regard even a universal peace as an insufficient reward for the surrender of free and individual judgment. We do not feel that the learned author has measurably advanced the cause of peace by a somewhat bulky disquisition that will be received with deserved applause by Catholics, but with something akin to irritation by those who are not Catholics.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN PEACE. By Malcolm Quin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

#### New Books Received.

TARA'S BULBA AND OTHER STORIES. By Nicolai V. Gogol. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Issued in Everyman's Library.

MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ. With an introduction by David Ogg. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Issued in Everyman's Library.

FEAR GOD IN YOUR OWN VILLAGE. By Richard Morse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.30.

The attempt to put the fear of God into an American rural community.

LONG HEADS AND ROUND HEADS. By Dr. W. S. Sadler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

"What's the matter with Germany."

THE RED CROSS BARGE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

A war novel.

THE SCIENCE OF POWER. By Benjamin Kidd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

With an introduction by Franklin H. Giddings.

THE CANTEENERS. By Agnes M. Dixon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Experiences in a French Red Cross canteen.

THE RECORD OF A QUAKER CONSCIENCE: CYRUS PRINGLE'S DIARY. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents.

With an introduction by Rufus M. Jones.

THE APPLE-TREE GIRL. By George Weston. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.

A story.

VICKY VAN. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35.

A detective story.

CREATING CAPITAL. By Frederick L. Lipman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

Money-making as an aim in business.

HIGHER EDUCATION AND BUSINESS STANDARDS. By Willard Eugene Hotchkiss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

Issued in the Barbara Weinstock lectures.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND ASIATIC CITIZENSHIP. By Sidney L. Gulick, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A discussion of the problem.

A SUPPLEMENT TO ORAL FRENCH METHOD. By Miss Alice Blum. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A manual for all who are called to France.

OUR REVOLUTION. By Leon Trotsky. Collected and translated by Moïssaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

Essays on working class and international revolution.

OVER THERE AND BACK. By Lieutenant J. S. Smith, U. S. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

The story of an American boy at the front.

"HOLDING THE LINE." By Sergeant Harold Baldwin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A narrative of the war.

EXTRACTS FROM MANUAL OF PHYSICAL TRAINING. New York: George Sully & Co.; 75 cents.

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THE EARTHQUAKE. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A novel.

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR. By Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

From the German standpoint.

THEORIES OF ENERGY. By Horace Perry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

Some new scientific theories.

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS. By Jesse Edgar Middleton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A Canadian book of songs.

THE MAKING OF A MODERN ARMY AND ITS OPERATIONS IN THE FIELD. By René Radiguet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A study based on the experiences of three years on the French front.

MAKTOUT. By Matthew Craig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A tale of Tunis at the time of Italy's war on Tripoli.

RIISING JAPAN. By Jabez T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

"Is she a menace?"

SONNETS OF SORROW AND TRIUMPH. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

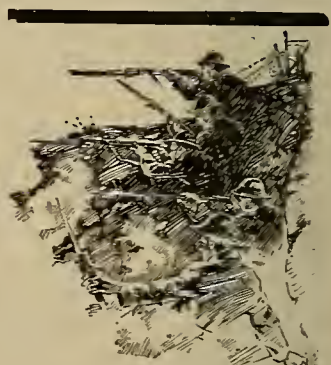
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REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS BY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

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A WAR NURSE'S DIARY. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

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Trails and Pastures.

Walter Prichard Eaton writes as a lover of the country and of its wild life, and he has all the intimacy of a lover. Many of these essays have already appeared in magazine form, and those who read them in their more transitory dress will hasten to possess them permanently. Mr. Eaton does not rhapsodize, although he can express himself with a charming enthusiasm. He observes and investigates, cultivating a familiarity with nature that tempts her into disclosures. His many illustrations are a valuable addition to his book.

GREEN TRAILS AND UPLAND PASTURES. By Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.60.

Religion and Common Sense.

The manuscript of this little book was written by Donald Hankey with a view to magazine publication. Presumably it preceded his military life and it was intended as a modest aid to those who felt that their faith was being endangered by rationalism. It is not to be judged as a theological work nor a work of scholarship. Perhaps it is best to consider it as a simple act of personal faith and as an additional memorial to a very gallant gentleman who was not afraid.

RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Flag," by Homer Greene (George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25), is the story of a boy who unthinkingly desecrates the flag and who makes ample amends, so proving his loyalty and patriotism.

"A Manual of Mystic Verse," by Louise Collier Wilcox (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25), is described as "a choice of meditative and mystic poems." Many of the selections are religious rather than mystical.

"The Last Days of Jesus Christ," by Lyman Ahcott (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents), is a series of short and simple Lenten meditations, each prefaced by a poem selected by the author and followed by a suitable prayer.

The George H. Doran Company has published "A Supplement to Oral French Method," by Mlle. Alice Blum, with an appendix of Paris slang translated into the American equivalent. It is printed in type-writer type.

The Government Printing Office, Washington, has published the "Message from the President Transmitting Report No. 5 of the Commission on Navy Yards and Naval Stations" with regard to an additional navy yard on the Pacific Coast.

The George H. Doran Company has published "The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem," translated from the French by Frank Alvah Dearborn (50 cents). This was originally published by *Le Rire* of Paris on the occasion of the German emperor's visit to the Holy Land nearly twenty years ago and it purports to be the emperor's diary.

"The Girl from Keller's" is written with the energy to which Harold Bindloss has accustomed us. It is the story of a city man who gives way to despair after two years of effort on a Canadian farm. But a girl comes to his aid, arouses his courage, and spurs him on to a new struggle and to success. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company (\$1.40).

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Captain R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac scout, whose extraordinary success as a lecturer upon the war resulted in many glittering offers to publish an account of his experiences, has at last yielded. His personal narrative, "Over There with the Australians," has just been published by the Scribners.

"Battering the Boche" is the title of a book by Preston Gibson which the Century Company published this month, an account of the young playwright's experiences as an ambulance driver on the western front, where he was decorated by the French government for his "fearlessness and devotion on many occasions before St. Quentin and the Aisne." One of the unusual features of Mr. Gibson's book is his account of the poisonous gases used by the Germans and their effects as he observed them in his ambulance work.

"The Field of Honor," by Hugues Le Roux, translated by Mrs. John Van Vorst, is a story of a young French lieutenant mortally wounded in his first engagement, September, 1914, written by his father, who is one of the editors of *Le Matin*. It gives an inspiring idea of the spirit of the French people, and a heartbreaking realization of the anguish each death must bring.

Ernest Peixotto, the author-artist, is one of the artists selected to commemorate America's part in the war. He has just been commis-

sioned a captain, and will shortly leave for France to make pictures of our troops at the front. He has written and illustrated a number of books, among them "Our Hispanic Southwest," "Through the French Provinces," "By Italian Seas." His most recent volume, "A Revolutionary Pilgrimage," was brought out by the Scribners last autumn.

Sewell Ford's youthful "hopeful," Torrey Ford, who has for some months been with Pershing in France, has set down in as rosy terms as he could the way the war looks to him. His spicy comments, reflections, and anecdotes, in the form of gossip, intimate letters home, will be published this spring by Edward J. Clode under the title, "Making the Best of It: Cheer-Up Letters from a Private with Pershing."

CLIPPED WINGS.

Lieutenant O'Brien and His German Prison Experiences.

The hospital in which I found myself on the morning after my capture was a private house made of brick, very low and dirty, and not at all adapted for use as a hospital. It had evidently been used but a few days, on account of the big push that was taking place at that time of the year, and in all probability would be abandoned as soon as they had found a better place.

In all the house contained four rooms and a stable, which was by far the largest of all. Although I never looked into this "wing" of the hospital, I was told that it, too, was filled with patients, lying on beds of straw around on the ground. I do not know whether they, too, were officers or privates.

The room in which I found myself contained eight beds, three of which were occupied by wounded German officers. The other rooms, I imagined, had about the same number of beds as mine. There were no Red Cross nurses in attendance, just orderlies, for this was only an emergency hospital and too near the firing-line for nurses. The orderlies were not old men nor very young boys, as I expected to find, but young men in the prime of life, who evidently had been medical students. One or two of them, I discovered, were able to speak English, but for some reason they would not talk. Perhaps they were forbidden by the officer in charge to do so.

In addition to the bullet wound in my mouth, I had a swelling from my forehead to the back of my head almost as high as my shoe—and that is saying considerable. I couldn't move an inch without suffering intense pain, and when the doctor told me that I had no bones broken I wondered how a fellow would feel who had.

German officers visited me that morning and told me that my machine went down in a spinning nose dive from a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, and they had the surprise of their lives when they discovered that I had not been dashed to pieces. They had to cut me out of my machine, which was riddled with shots and shattered to bits.

A German doctor removed the bullet from my throat, and the first thing he said to me when I came to was, "You are an American!"

There was no use denying it, because the metal identification disk on my wrist bore the inscription, "Pat O'Brien, U. S. A., Royal Flying Corps."

Although I was suffering intense agony, the doctor, who spoke perfect English, insisted upon conversing with me.

"You may be all right as a sportsman," he declared, "but you are a damned murderer just the same for being here. You Americans who got into this thing before America came into the war are no better than common murderers and you ought to be treated the same way!"

The wound in my mouth made it impossible for me to answer him, and I was suffering too much pain to be hurt very much by anything he could say.

He asked me if I would like an apple! I could just as easily have eaten a brick.

When he got no answers out of me he walked away disgustedly.

"You don't have to worry any more," he declared, as a parting shot; "for you the war is over!"

I was given a little broth later in the day, and as I began to collect my thoughts I wondered what had happened to my comrades in the battle which had resulted so disastrously to me. As I began to realize my plight I worried less about my physical condition than the fact that, as the doctor had pointed out, for me the war was practically over. I had been in it but a short time, and now I would be a prisoner for the duration of the war!

The next day some German flying officers visited me, and I must say they treated me with great consideration. They told me of the man I had brought down. They said he was a Bavarian and a fairly good pilot. They

gave me his hat as a souvenir and complimented me on the fight I had put up.

My helmet, which was of soft leather, was split from front to back by a bullet from a machine-gun and they examined it with great interest. When they brought me my uniform I found that the star of my rank which had been on my right shoulder-strap had been shot off clean. The one on my left shoulder-strap they asked me for a souvenir, as also my R. E. C. badges, which I gave them. They allowed me to keep my "wings," which I wore on my left breast, because they were aware that that is the proudest possession of a British flying officer.

I think I am right in saying that the only chivalry in this war on the German side of the trenches has been displayed by the officers of the German Flying Corps, which comprises the pick of Germany. They pointed out to me that I and my comrades were fighting purely for the love of it, whereas they were fighting in defense of their country, but still, they said, they admired us for our sportsmanship. I had a notion to ask them if dropping bombs on London and killing so many innocent people was in defense of their country, but I was in no position or condition to pick a quarrel at that time.

That same day a German officer was brought into the hospital and put in the bunk next to mine. Of course, I casually looked at him, but did not pay any particular attention to him at that time. He lay there for three or four hours before I did take a real good look at him. I was positive that he could not speak English, and naturally I did not say anything to him.

Once when I looked over in his direction his eyes were on me and to my surprise he said, very sarcastically, "What the hell are you looking at?" and then smiled. At this time I was just beginning to say a few words, my wound having made talking difficult, but I said enough to let him know what I was doing there and how I happened to be there. Evidently he had heard my story from some of the others, though, because he said it was too bad I had not broken my neck; that he did not have much sympathy with the Flying Corps, anyway. He asked me what part of America I came from, and I told him "California."

After a few more questions he learned that I hailed from San Francisco, and then added to my distress by saying, "How would you like to have a good juicy steak right out of the Hofbrau?" Naturally, I told him it would "hit the spot," but I hardly thought my mouth was in shape just then to eat it. I immediately asked, of course, what he knew about the Hofbrau, and he replied, "I was connected with the place a good many years, and I ought to know all about it."

After that this German officer and I became rather chummy—that is, as far as I could be chummy with an enemy, and we whiled away a good many long hours talking about the days we had spent in San Francisco, and frequently in the conversation one of us would mention some prominent Californian, or some little incident occurring there, with which we were both familiar.

He told me when war was declared he was, of course, intensely patriotic and thought the only thing for him to do was to go back and aid in the defense of his country. He found that he could not go directly from San Francisco because the water was too well guarded by the English, so he hoarded a boat for South America. There he obtained a forged passport and in the guise of a Montevideoan took passage for New York and from there to England.

He passed through England without any difficulty on his forged passport, but concluded not to risk going to Holland, for fear of exciting too much suspicion, so went down through the Strait of Gibraltar to Italy, which was neutral at that time, up to Austria, and thence to Germany. He said when they put in at Gibraltar, after leaving England, there were two suspects taken off the ship, men that he was sure were neutral subjects, but much to his relief his own passport and credentials were examined and passed O. K.

The Hun spoke of his voyage from America to England as being exceptionally pleasant, and said he had had a fine time because he associated with the English passengers on

board, his fluent English readily turning him to several spirited arguments on the subject of the war which he keenly enjoyed.

One little incident he related revealed the remarkable tact which our enemy displayed in his associations at sea, which no doubt resulted advantageously for him. As he expressed it, he "made a hit" one evening when the crowd had assembled for a little music by suggesting that they sing "God Save the King." Thereafter his popularity was assured and the desired effect accomplished, for very soon a French officer came up to him and said, "It's too bad that England and ourselves haven't men in our army like you." It was too bad, he agreed, in telling me about it, because he was confident he could have done a whole lot more for Germany if he had been in the English army.

In spite of his apparent loyalty, however, the man didn't seem very enthusiastic over the war and frankly admitted one day that the old political battles waged in California were much more to his liking than the battles he had gone through over here. On second thought he laughed as though it were a good joke, but he evidently intended me to infer that he had taken a keen interest in politics in San Francisco.

When my "chummy enemy" first started his conversation with me the German doctor in charge reprimanded him for talking to me, but he paid no attention to the doctor, showing that some real Americanism had soaked into his system while he had been in the U. S. A.

I asked him one day what he thought the German people would do after the war; if he thought they would make Germany a republic, and, much to my surprise, he said, very bitterly, "If I had my way about it I would make her a republic today and hang the damned Kaiser in the bargain." And yet he was considered an excellent soldier. I concluded, however, that he must have been a German Socialist, though he never told me so.—From "Outwitting the Hun," by Lieutenant Pat O'Brien. Published by Harper & Brothers.

The addition of 8,000,000 voters to the British electorate by the Reform Bill is said by the London *Observer* to be in much the same proportion as other extensions of the franchise. The result has always been practically to double the register. The act of 1832 raised the number of voters from 500,000 to 1,000,000; the act of 1867 to 2,500,000, and the act of 1884 to 5,000,000. The point is brought out more clearly in the proportion of franchised to unfranchised: 1800-1832 1 in 50 of the population; 1832-1867, 1 in 24; 1867-1884, 1 in 12; 1884-1918, 1 in 7; 1918 1 in 3. The new bill, continues the *Observer*, makes Great Britain one of the completest democracies in the world. In the United States the proportion of voters to non-voters is slightly under one to three (though that ratio is liable to be changed as different states adopt woman franchise). In France and Italy it is roughly one to four, and in Germany one to five, though of course the electoral system in that country is heavily weighted against the lower classes.

Herbert Spencer, at thirteen, in a fit of homesickness, walked forty-eight miles one day and forty-seven the next; and it is said that Tolstoy at fifty-five walked 130 miles in three days.

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### "A LITTLE BIT OLD-FASHIONED."

Lucky May Robson! For in "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" she is provided with a vehicle that carries her without a jolt; easy springs, well cushioned, framed up on a good substratum of common sense, with a fine polish of wit and humor; and its principal occupants animated by clean, healthy, family sentiment. Of course the play makes no pretense of being other than amusing; but what pleases us about it is that it makes us feel the springs of kindly feeling flow, and also that the author knows her May, and has suitably enshrined the genial star in "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned."

I was rather afraid at first that this pleasant purveyor of old-fashionedness was going to have herself made over eventually by the aid of a beauty doctor and a couturière into new-fashionedness. But not May! Consistent to the last, she goes to the Langley ball in her homely livery of black skirt and white apron, and ends up in the same costume. And she is careful to indicate by her movements, attitudes, gestures that Mary, the plain, homely, cozy hunch of genial genuineness of which Mrs. Gordon Smith, wife of Gordon Smith, the great criminal lawyer, is composed, can not be made over. "Muzzy-Mary" she must remain, a natural mother with no children of her own, but a mother just the same to her husband, her brother, the orphaned child of her best friend, and "Mac," the youthful partner of her husband.

Everybody loves "Muzzy-Mary," even the great Gordon himself, although of course he takes her very much for granted. All husbands of such wives do. All friends of such women do. All sons and daughters of such mothers do. It is part of the general cussedness of earthly institutions that people whose hearts give most freely, and who yearn for a satisfying return receive generally an abstracted, casual, sometimes perfunctory and always prosy return. No romances are built about their devotion. It is the selfish absorber, the calculating coquette, who walks in the light of romance, for man is prone to over-value what is granted to him grudgingly and in scanty measure.

From these reflections it may be seen that the Anna Nichols play has just enough of an underlying substratum of seriousness to keep our sympathies pleasantly on the *qui vive*. I must say that I do like a farce with some human nature in it, and "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" is classified as a farce; a melodramatic farce, to be exact.

The American farce-writers have greatly improved on the French brand of farces which inundated the country some fifteen or more—oh, perhaps twenty—years ago by putting in family atmosphere and a background of real feeling. "Fair and Warmer" is a case in point. The poor dear husband—I forget his name—loved his partner deeply, and was a genuine human being. With that for a background all the fun of that popular farce gained point, and the vulgarity that was inferred fell harmless before the perception of underlying reality.

Anna Nichols' play is of a totally different kind. But the author has that something about her work which attracts the public. It was a happy thought to make farce-melodrama, for we all love the fun of farce and the excitement of melodrama. From little Bobby, who roosts patiently on the front steps in order to be on hand first and tell mamma when she reaches home that the couple next door have had a free fight, to Bobby's seniors, arrived at man's and woman's estate, who melodramatize their fallings-out with friends and family, and mentally construct long sad melodramas of patient merit misunderstood, and an early and deeply-mourned death, the world at large is a melodramatist. And the author of May Robson's play, recognizing the national love for the figuring of crooks in the drama, has thoughtfully provided several of them on hand, and a great jewel robbery as well.

Yes, we certainly had a gorgeous time in "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned," more especially as an excellent company has been selected to assist May Robson in the representation of the piece.

As usual the star showed the happiest faculty for tickling our risibles. She made of "Muzzy-Mary" such a natural, comfortable hom. body; the sort of fireside companion no

home should be without; a bubbler of cheerfulness and fun, a steady distiller of family affection, of dependableness and warmth of heart. And in her comedy every point tells, if it is only to leave an arrested mouth wide open in the sudden realization of some significant fact.

The quality of the company told almost immediately on the rise of the curtain; not immediately, for a faint, cold fear clutched our hearts that the husband and "Mac," the young partner, were going to dose us with long-run gabble. But the scare only lasted as long as the gabble, which was only a minute or two; due, probably, to that sense of nervousness so often felt even by tried and true players in tried and true pieces when they are making their first bow in a strange city. As a matter of fact both Robert Lowe and Howard I. Smith are skillful and agreeable players. The stenographer, too, had an admirably subordinate and businesslike air, and that quiet look which we sometimes see on young women's faces in business offices which says, "I like my job."

And then there was Betty, played by a fetching little actress with the appropriate name of Peggy; surname Cameron. Betty is possessed of a liberal endowment of the much-vaunted personality credited to the lady detective. Betty is young, and girlish, and cute, and unaffected. We like Betty thoroughly, and sympathize with that one of the two nice young fellows sighing at her shrine who is going to get left. One of them is "Muzzy-Mary's" brother, played most sympathetically by C. A. Winters, and in one of the few serious moments in the play she reminds him that he and she belong to that lovable but rather wronged order of human beings who, in the matter of affection, must always give, and give cheerfully, more than they receive.

The crooks are an impeccable man servant, played with the appropriate air of deferential competence by J. A. Kiernan, who yet conveyed a subterranean suggestion of concealed wickedness, which gave us a delightful melodramatic thrill of anticipation.

Edith Conrad was excellent as the lady detective; hard and displeasing when with women, fascinating and beguiling with men; and with the kind of voice and figure that lay men low.

Another actress gifted with figure and the art of coming out strong in evening dress was Jesma Shattuck, who, however, did not know how to consider her profile in the choice of a hat, and therefore trebled her looks when she revealed her neck and hair.

Every one of these players did his or her task with assured competence, and that quiet air of certainty which proves intelligent selection of players and good stage directorship. And May Robson is not the only member of the cast with natural humor. Howard I. Smith exhibits touches of neat, discreet comedy. So does Robert Lowe, in a different degree. So does Peggy Cameron. In fact, the performance is punctuated with laughter, and is an excellent cheerer-up.

### JOHN MASEFIELD IN SAN FRANCISCO.

This is the epoch when famous men are perpetually passing through our city. There have been soldiers, sailors, explorers, diplomats, statesmen; and now comes John Masefield, poet, novelist, dramatist, and thinker. It was as a poet that he became known at first, but his novels and plays clearly reflect his order of mind.

Men who like tales of adventure will care most for "Captain Margaret" and "Lost Endeavor," but "Multitude and Solitude" and "The Street of Today" give a better idea of the originality of their author's mind and the independence of his ideas.

For John Masefield does his thinking for himself. He is a man who has been seeing very clearly the waste of fine manhood in pauper-ridden England; and sad as any one must be with any perception of the vastness of the world tragedy, still under that sadness the poet clearly sees a great light of hope in the future of a world that has some chance of being re-made.

The men—lucky wretches—have been enjoying opportunities of listening to this most interesting personage speak before purely masculine organizations. But on Tuesday night Mr. Masefield, under the united professional auspices of Mr. Paul Elder and Mr. Selby Oppenheimer, spoke before the general public, with the war, and personal experiences at Gallipoli in particular, for his topic.

Mr. Masefield was introduced by Mr. George Sterling, and the audience scanned the two poets curiously, discovering in them an odd similarity of type, for both are slender men with rather small, delicate features.

Poets, of course, never look like poets any more; at least not in the present epoch. At first glance, and even the second, one did not discover anything particularly significant in Mr. Masefield's appearance. In fact we did not until we heard him speak. His face, head, and features are small, his hair a light drab brown. But his eyes bewray him. They have broad sockets and are wide apart. They

are tired eyes, for they have gazed into the tragedy at Gallipoli. Few men who have lived on the battlefields have come away without a reflection of that tragedy in their gaze.

When the slender poet opened his mouth he immediately began to work his spell. His voice is unexpectedly full, his speech, of course, English, although not exaggeratedly so. His talk began about the terrible waste and destruction of war. He described the results of the cold, systematic thoroughness with which the Germans had destroyed towns and villages in France with such graphic particularity that one felt arise within one's heart that familiar, painful, almost intolerable sense of revolt which we all know so well. He described the hideous dust haze over the disputed territory, "a dun-colored haze, all shot about with little glimmers of wicked fire, which floats around like the angel of death." He described the mud, a dangerous sea, worse than quicksand, in which horses and men sometimes drown. He described the screech and roar of the guns. And yet, he tells us, "If you ask how men live in that uproar of tumult and danger, it is a fact that they live fairly happily." The sense of comradeship appeals to them; one pauses to reflect that it has lifted many a man out of a life of loneliness. The men find themselves healthier than ever before, and romantic and heroic and incredible things are perpetually happening. And the speaker proceeded to relate a number of them, during which we discovered that he is possessed of a fund of delicate and discreet humor. Oh blessed faculty! He made us laugh, even while our imaginations fronted the horrors of the war. But there was something tender in that laughter; a reflection of the tenderness that Mr. Masefield himself feels toward the brave Tommies that he has seen jovially laugh and joke and swear in the face of imminent death.

Few have a better right than John Masefield to his fixed belief in the need for the coming democratization of England. Like John Galsworthy, he has seen and vainly deplored the waste of fine material. And now he foresees great changes that the war will bring. The army has done an enormous amount to bring it about. As in J. M. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" the touchstone of danger has revealed the leaders of men. Mr. Masefield told us of men who were of the lowliest estate—a barber, a milkman, a milliner's assistant—who have risen in the English army because of the power of their personality and their influence as leaders to be brigadier-generals. Such instances, we learn, are not rare. He made us realize that the old England is practically dead, and the new nation is already in the making. He was not engaged in making any assaults upon Germany. Indeed, with that greater generosity than civilians know of the soldier or humanitarian who has been on the battlefield under shellfire and seen death around him, the speaker uttered a gentle word of pity for humble Fritz, who lays down his life as devotedly on the battlefield as his enemy, with letters from home clutched in his stiffened hand. But he did speak impersonally of the sure future extinction of the irresponsible autocrat with his clique of political and military supporters. And in our souls we said "Amen."

A somewhat novel—to many minds—point of view was presented of the real attraction that war has for some order of men. The war fever kills the common man, he tells us, and, I may add, makes an ocean of tears shed by his womankind—and yet it rages. And never, he added, until the world has the will to stop it, will it pass away from earth. The speaker closed by the feeling and dignified utterance of a hope that his country and ours, "which have one great key of understanding, a common language," will unite with France, and all three nations work together to the end that war may cease to ravage and desolate the earth.

At the end of his discourse we enjoyed the rare treat of hearing a poet read some of his best poetry—"Sea Fever," "August, 1914," and others. Quietly, unelocutionally, but with feeling and taste the poet read these verses, making us feel to our heart of hearts the love and longing of the war exile who at the call of battle,

Sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,  
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more  
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,  
Nor the dear outline of the English shore.

I think that men have paid more attention than women to the fictional works of John Masefield. "Captain Margaret" and "Lost Endeavor," particularly the first-mentioned, are fresh, ingenious, and finely imagined tales of adventure. But the women had better look up "Multitude and Solitude" and "The Street of Today." The second is, in a sense, a sequel to the first. They contain some very striking portraits of modern womanhood, in which one can detect not only the author's merciless powers of analysis, but also the spirit of fine and beautiful idealism with which he does honor to the woman who is truly womanly.

His superb play, "The Tragedy of Nan," we saw recently played at the Little Theatre.

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And now that, possibly, his passing presence may quicken interest in his dramatic works, let us hope that others of his plays, so truthful, so emancipated from deadening convention, so true to human nature, and so passionately vital, may be presented in the uncommercial theatres.

### THE PURSE STRINGS.

"Muzzy-Mary's" husband in "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" did in the matter of pin money as do many mistaken husbands; he did not put his wife on an allowance. For men make an enormous number of mistakes. Doesn't the tragedy in Europe prove it? I am afraid that a lasting blow has been dealt woman's veneration for man's superior judgment on account of the way the supposedly master minds of the statesmen of Europe have messed up the political conditions of the earth. Can we ever again revere diplomacy and diplomats? Not, I fear, unless they evolve a new brand.

In regard to the diplomacy which has to be carried out in married life, most of it coming from the male side, it is awkward, transparent, and bungling; due, I must admit, to the average man's lack of craftiness. Mr. Husband, we will say, wants Mrs. Wife to be reasonably economical. So, instead of putting her on a reasonable allowance and intimating that the limit of her expenditures must be the limits of the allowance, he has her run bills. If they come in inordinate quantity Mr. Husband lifts up his voice in protest. Sometimes he scolds. Mrs. Wife, like a naughty schoolboy enduring a rain of blows for the sake of the peace that follows, stifens her spirit to the fray. She knows her man. He conceives it his monthly duty to make a fuss when the bills come in. It is part of the routine of domesticity. Even if his extravagant partner has had a fit of good resolutions and practiced economy he would, purely from the force of habit, still have looked for something to grumble over. He would probably assert that the milliner cheated her in that fifteen-dollar hat, and she could easily have gotten it for fourteen. So Mrs. Wife, like Gordon Smith's marital partner, grits her teeth when the fateful moment comes. She runs as big hills as she dares, for only thus does she get even on him for keeping her without cash.

If he did but know it, he would, by putting her on a fixed allowance, develop her sense of economy, of responsibility, of money values. Few can learn the value of money without having had the opportunity of handling it and planning how far it can be made to go.

But husbands of this type belong to the order of men who do not believe that women can be expected to be businesslike. They are like the hank clerk who severely rebuked a

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depositor—when he made a mistake—for not always looking in the bank book to see that the sum of her deposit was duly entered. So she began to do so. Conscientiously every time she recovered her book, after he made the entry, and looked to see if it was all in due form. And then, to her amazement, she discovered that this procedure was hurting his feelings. He conceived it to be a distrust of his correctness.

Now I feel sure that her touchy bank clerk is perfectly calm when her husband verifies these entries. He doubtless takes it as a matter of course. But, since she belongs to the unbusinesslike sex, he is unable to conceive of her doing it for business reasons. There must be something personal in it. She distrusts him.

However, since women have entered the industrial world in such overwhelming numbers they are learning things that once were unknown to the world of femininity. They are even learning to be lavish with self-earned money. And who knows? Perhaps if we have a thirty years' war—and no man can guess the future—many of the unmarried women of America will be obliged to be the wage-earners. They may come to it anyway, for that matter. For was it not the author of "Brain and Personality" who declared that this modern idea that woman is to play the parasitic rôle to man is a purely artificial one which, carried out to its logical conclusion, is destroying woman's initiative and sapping her energy. And let us not fail to remember the immense enthusiasm with which the idle women have flung themselves into war work.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Army's Stokehole.

Describing one of America's new military landing places in France, a writer in the London Times recently said:

"Here at the principal 'stokehole' of the American expeditionary force in France one rubs elbows with bluejackets from the guardian destroyers, as well as soldiers freshly landed from the troopships; one sees the navy in the process of delivering vast cargoes of men and freight to the army's shore organization; one witnesses a continuous programme of night and day debarkation—men and munitions of war, equipment, materials for replacements, and food supplies. It is a grand, cheering sight, for one knows that somewhere up the network of railways toward the interior of France are the various American army camps full of waiting soldiers who have been coming overseas since last June, and who are the beneficiaries of whatever safely passes through the submarine zone. There is no question that the general staff of the army is delivering supplies and material upon the longest lines of communication in the annals of war, counting the entire journey from factory to soldier. That the lines have been kept intact and actively going is an accomplishment of exceeding merit.

"The scheme of distribution involves the use of distinct French seaports as bases for incoming men and freight. First, there is food and forage supply, which is automatic, and moves forward day by day out of the inland depots where it has been assembled from the seaports. No special requisitions are required. The amount furnished is based upon the numerical strength of the men and animals to be served. The second classification of supplies consists of equipment, such as shoes, blankets, and clothing. In the third classification are such articles as wagons, axes, and shovels. The fourth classification includes all articles not incidental to the equipment of troops, but necessary for their protection from the weather and hostile fire, such as shelter tents, lumber and sand sacks with which to build breastworks. All ammunition and replacements of small arms and ordnance also come under this classification."

A modern Kobe millionaire will establish a nautical school at a cost of \$500,000, and the wife of another man, to whom has come great wealth from shipbuilding, will establish a high school for girls at Sumiyoshi, in Southern Japan. Another shipbuilding millionaire will found a commercial school in another town, and an Osaka manufacturer will start a girls' high school in his home city. There are many other projects of a similar nature. The war millionaires of Osaka and Kobe have announced plans to found an academy of fine arts in Osaka, known as the Manchester of Japan.

The Teutonic passion for training up the world in the way it should go is not so new as we sometimes suppose. An item of news of a hundred years ago, dated from "Jever, in Oldenburg," reads: "Dr. Dayn, professor in this place, has offered to government some time ago a general constitution for the human race, which will appear in 3200 pages, as soon as the author shall receive the necessary pecuniary encouragement. This constitution will promote in the highest degree the reign of justice and happiness, and bring back, as far as possible, the golden age."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Cyril Maude in "Grumpy." Cyril Maude, after having spent eight months in touring Australia and New Zealand, has returned to America, and on Monday night will become the tenant of the Columbia Theatre, where for the ensuing fortnight he will appear in his old rôle in "Grumpy." It is just about a year since this very gifted English actor paid his first visit to San Francisco and played "Grumpy" at the Columbia for a fortnight. So insistent has been the public's demand for Mr. Maude's return that Messrs. Gottloh and Marx have arranged a four weeks' season for him at this time, but positively only two weeks of this has been allotted to "Grumpy," as the balance of the engagement will be devoted to other plays. Both Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given each week.

Robert Mantell at the Cort. Robert B. Mantell, foremost classic tragedian on the English-speaking stage, will open a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre Sunday night, March 31st. During the fortnight Mr. Mantell and his supporting company of thirty-three carefully trained Shakespearean players will present nine of the great classic plays.

During the first week at the Cort the order of plays will be: "Richelieu," Sunday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Monday night; "Hamlet," Tuesday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday afternoon; "Richelieu," Wednesday night; "King Lear," Thursday night; "Macbeth," Friday night; "Hamlet," Saturday afternoon, and "Richard III," Saturday night. The second week will open with "Louis XI," and will include, in addition to some plays repeated from the first week, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello." The definite arrangement for this final week has not yet been announced.

Mr. Mantell's supporting company is headed by Miss Genevieve Hamper and Fritz Leibner, who has won distinction during the decade he has been Mr. Mantell's leading man.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Blossom Seeley will head the Orpheum bill next week in an act which gives a new impetus to ragtime and is entitled Seeley's Syncopated Studio. In this skit she will have the assistance of Fields, Salisbury, Davis, Lopez and Thorpe, a quartet of young men who constitute the best jazz band before the public. A prologue has been written specially by Cliff Hess, and Orpheum patrons may safely anticipate one of the most enjoyable acts ever presented in vaudeville.

"In the Dark," a mystery melodramatic novelty, is an adroit combination of various dramatic ingredients which include not only mystery, but comedy, and have been so utilized as to form a startling novelty. To say more would be to deprive the audience of the surprise prepared for them. The play, which is by Mack Esplan, is acted by an exceedingly clever company and an unusually pretentious setting is given it.

Vardon and Perry present a musical singing and dancing review which only last ten minutes, but in that brief space they prove themselves entertainers of uncommon merit and versatility.

"Color Gems" is the title of a posing act in which five girls and two men present what they call "A Study in Light, Color and Form." The seasons are used as four subjects.

A striking act will be presented by Mlle. Lucille and her remarkable cockatoo, whose name is Cockie. This member of the parrot family carries on an extended conversation with his mistress, tells a funny story, gives an excellent imitation of a cornet, and dances.

Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown will appear in their charming fantasy, "Nurseryland"; Marion Harris will sing new ragtime songs, and Fradkin, violin virtuoso, assisted by Miss Jean Tell, soprano, will entirely change their programme.

Mischa Elman in Two Recitals.

During Mischa Elman's coming visit to this city, which will be positively limited to two recitals, which will be given at the Columbia Theatre under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer, he will play two of his typical programmes. On Sunday afternoon, April 14th, the Concerto by Vivaldi in G minor, arranged by Natchez, will give Elman an opportunity for the display of his gifts, for the old work is one of technical difficulties, yet without of great beauty. Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" is also included on this programme, as are works by Elman himself, Albeniz, Sarasate, Brahms, Joachim, and Paganini. On Sunday afternoon, April 21st, the Nardini Concerto and the Saint-Saëns E minor Concerto will be played, and works by Scarlatti, Chopin, Wilhelm, Beethoven, Sarasate, and Leopold Auer. Mail orders for the Elman concerts should now be sent to Manager Oppenheimer in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.,

and these should include current funds with 10 per cent. added to cover the government war tax. The regular seat sale will begin at the usual offices on Monday, April 8th.

Godowsky in California.

Piano students are much interested in the plan of Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer to bring Leopold Godowsky to California to establish a "master class" for pianists in this city, and in connection with L. E. Behymer at Los Angeles, one in the southland. There has already been a considerable response in both cities. If the class is established twenty master students only will be admitted. These will form a class which will be given personal instruction by Mr. Godowsky, they will be shown the right and the wrong way of rendering a composition, will be used to illustrate to one another his methods, and will be given the fullest opportunity to develop along the lines of his art. A series of recitals, lectures, and lessons, approximating sixty hours of study, will be spread over a given number of weeks, and in this time a full course of study will be unfolded.

For those who can not enter the master class a class of "listeners" will be formed. Members of this division will have the opportunity of being present at all "auditions," and will be permitted to hear all that is said and see all that is done, and absorb the fullest information of the Godowsky method. While the master class will of necessity be limited, as it is desired to come as near individual instruction to them as possible, the list of listeners may be augmented to any number. The terms for both classes that Mr. Godowsky has authorized Oppenheimer to make are within every one's reach. Full particulars as to terms, time of the year, etc., can be had by applying to Manager Oppenheimer at his office, 110 Post Street, to whom Mr. Godowsky will entrust the business details of the undertaking.

To play in opposition to his old teacher, Leopold Auer, is an experience which Eddy Brown little anticipated during the years he was toiling in Petrograd under the tutelage of that famous master. But in Chicago on April 14th, when Mr. Brown will be filling a recital engagement, Mr. Auer will be playing at another hall. But they are more than good friends; in fact Eddy Brown's reverence for the older man is only equalled by Mr. Auer's affection for his former pupil. Since Mr. Auer's arrival in America he and Mr. Brown have been much in each other's company, and their joint presence at theatres and concerts has frequently been noted.

Fables and Massacres.

A character in folklore with whom the Occidental world has only slightly familiarized itself is Nasr-ed-din-Hodja, the Turkish Till Eulenspiegel. Lineally the Hodja, holy man, as he is known, draws his descent from Æsop; but during the course of centuries his nature became somewhat changed. From the wise man he was transformed, gradually, into the simple bucolic fool, who, in spite of his folly, has certain very winning traits. As a rule, however, poor Nasr-ed-din gets the worst of every deal he is mixed up in, as has his unfortunate and muddling race. Only every now and then does tradition allow him to come off victor in an intellectual encounter.

The Hodja came from the same neighborhood as did Æsop; Phrygia, modern Anatolia. W. M. Ramsay, writing in the Quarterly Review of January, maintains that Æsop and the Hodja owed their existence to that same old fable-making instinct the Phrygians have always possessed; that Nasr, perhaps, is a direct descendant of the old Greek. But there is a simplicity in the Anatolian which can not be found in the Hellenic slave. The Hodja represents for Turkey what the bull-making Irish peasant in Ireland, the Cabrian in Italy, the Gallego in Spain, represent of the eternal stupidity of the rural clown.

Typical of this Anatolian and Turkish simplicity, though not told of the Hodja, was an old Mollah's explanation of why he was not opposed to the introduction of the telegraph wire into his neighborhood. His reasoning is that of Nasr-ed-din: "The telegraph is the work of the devil; but why, my children, are you so dull of understanding? Can't you see that if the devil is occupied with going up and down the wires with messages sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals here below?"

It has been the endearing simplicity of the Nasr-ed-din element in Turkish character that has made so many friends for the Turk among people, missionaries and teachers, who can not pardon what they believe merely upper-class brutality toward the subject races. These people are apt to blame the viceroy acquired in Europe by a few wealthy Ottomans for the cynical and sophisticated cruelty suffered by Armenians, Greeks, Arabs, Bulgars, Serbs in the last century and this at Turkish hands. The question would then arise (says the New York Evening Post), Did the eighteenth and preceding centuries, before Eu-



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European civilization had penetrated Turkey, witness the same sort of massacres?

Insects, like birds and animals, have their calls. But the sounds they produce include the rubbing together of their limbs or wing covers and the vibration of their wings. Flies and bees undoubtedly mean something when they hum louder and louder. Landoise, the famous naturalist, has calculated that to produce the sound of F by vibrating its wings, they vibrate 352 times a second, and the bee to create A vibrates 440 times a second. A tired bee hums on E sharp. This change is, perhaps, involuntary, but undoubtedly at the command of the will, and is similar to the voice.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Mme. de Bacheracht has just been expelled from Switzerland on the charge of being a German spy, which she unquestionably was. She did not deny it, and in fact she was proud of it. But her motive was not so much a love of Germany as a hatred of England, and particularly of the English royal family.

And the lady had her reasons. Once upon a time—she would not like to remember how long ago—she was Mme. de Kalomine and she was living then in Switzerland, her husband being attached to the Russian legation. But so many duels were fought for the favor of her bright eyes, and perhaps even for other favors, that the Russian government was invited to transfer De Kalomine to the Grand Duchy of Hesse. But the career of the lady became still more devastating. She made love to the Grand Duke Louis, who cleverly managed to get her husband transferred to Japan. De Kalomine left his wife behind him at Darmstadt, and presently she divorced him.

But the Grand Duke was afraid to marry her. He was a widower, and Queen Victoria was his mother-in-law, and he had a prophetically accurate instinct that there would be trouble. Louis did not wish to offend his mother-in-law, not only on general principles—no one wants to have trouble with his mother-in-law, although most of us do—but because he was living at her expense and had definite hopes that she would remember him in her will. Moreover, Queen Victoria had views on the subject of divorce, and Mme. de Kalomine's divorce had a particular bad odor.

None the less he took his courage in both hands and married the lady, or she married him, which is not quite the same thing. But he chose a singularly bad time to do it. His daughter was to marry Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Queen Victoria came to Darmstadt for the ceremony. The Grand Duke secretly married the beautiful divorcee on the same day, but the queen was informed of the fact about the mystic hour of midnight. The Grand Duke had already retired, but it made no difference. He had to leave his new wife and make a hasty toilet. Visualize the scene if you can, but it is indescribable. The queen, sustained by the royalties of Germany, insisted that Mme. de Kalomine be instantly expelled from Hesse, so she also had to make a hasty toilet. The husband promised that he would never see her again, and he never did. His marriage was dissolved by the German government on the ground that it was contrary to army regulations and the lady received a solatium of \$10,000 a year. Her married life was a matter of hours, one might almost say of minutes. But she had a son who is now in the Russian army. Subsequently she married De Bacheracht and returned to Switzerland, whence she has now been expelled for the second time for her activities on behalf of Germany.

More trouble! In spite of our best efforts to help women to the attainment of the good, the beautiful, and the true we seem fated to misunderstanding and condemnation. Take, for example, the following letter:

My God, every word of it's true! I mean about the supremacy of man. I always thought it was because they could do only one thing—that they specialized and got there, because they didn't scatter their intentions. Take, for instance, two children in a family—a boy and a girl. Poor family, or one in moderate circumstances. James and Mabel. Along comes the time when they have to get out and help. What happens? James has his breakfast and flies to his job. Mabel stops to make her bed, dust a little, and give a hand at the dishes perhaps. Thoughts and energies diverted before leaving home. Evening comes. Both the children come home equally tired. James doesn't have to do any housework; he doesn't have to sew on buttons, or wash out his handkerchiefs, or polish the windows. *Pas de tout!* And yet the girl would be thought simply dreadful if

she didn't do some or all of these things. When they both marry, James goes right on with his work—each year improving in it. Mabel then becomes a cook, seamstress, nurse, washerwoman, financial manager of the larder, baby raiser, and centre of the household, providing entertainment for guests, etc. Lordy, Lordy. I thought that was the reason woman couldn't get to the top, but if it's only corsets, let us fall down and worship the benefactor of the world who gives us the real reason in the Argonaut. If not wearing corsets will permit a woman to continue at one thing, let's form a procession and drop them into the garbage can as we all march past!!!! I admit that men excel in special things, but I don't think they're half as clever *all round!!!!* These exclamation points are not snorts—they are just deep breaths. To prove my statement, observe the utter helplessness of a man left to himself for a week with the care of a house, or a widower who has to look after his children, and on the other hand what a number of women take up the business of their husbands, making good nine times out of ten.

Now the complaint of our esteemed correspondent is based on a fallacy so often repeated that now it seems almost like a truism. She assumes that the work of the man is simple and the work of the woman complex. Man does one thing only, while the woman must do a hundred.

As a matter of fact the work of the man is usually much more varied than that of the woman, and often he is responsible for the welfare of hundreds of other persons. The work of the merchant, for instance, is infinitely more diffuse than that of the housewife. He has a little solar system under his care. He must buy and sell on a large scale, with rigid accuracy, and often with the money of others. He must deal now with a railroad company and now with a steamship company. He must be at the beck and call of customers and clients. He must meet the demands of labor and capital and he must handle a dozen dispositions and characters in his own staff. And this is called a "job" and is supposed to be simple and easy in comparison with a combination of cooking, dressmaking, nursing, and entertaining. The average man must do more things and more different kind of things than the average woman, while his circle of anxious responsibilities is far larger.

Another delusion, and one that should have disappeared even from the comic column. Observe, we are told, the utter helplessness of a man left to himself for a week with the care of a house. Nothing of the sort. The man can run the house just as well as the woman if his "job" leaves him time to do it, and it is our own conviction that after a week of apprenticeship he will run it very much better. The most perfect pieces of housekeeping to be found in the world are warships and armies, and they are managed exclusively by men—window washing, cooking, sewing, laundering, and entertaining. It is true that there are no babies, but if the care of a few hundred infants should be added to the duties of our sailors—and Secretary Daniels may one day arrange this for us—we venture to express the conviction that this department also would be one of shining and frictionless efficiency.

## THE OUTSIDER.

I have often wished that we could be acquainted,  
But she always seems so busy when we meet.

I am sure I'm not so black as I am painted  
By her friends who often snub me on the street.

Oh, I'm very well aware I'm not her equal,  
But she'd find me quite congenial, I am sure.  
If she'd only condescend, I feel the sequel  
Would be friendship very likely to endure.

There is no one I admire one-half so greatly.  
There is no one whom I'd better like to know;  
She's so queenly, self-assured, serene, and stately  
And so worthy of the homage all bestow.

Once I fancied that my paltry wealth might win her,  
But all money is to her but dross and mud—  
Good to buy a gown or car, or stage a dinner,  
But as naught compared with lineage and blood.

How I wish I dared to speak of my emotions,  
But I fear I'll feel a stranger all my life.  
My presuming would not fit in with her notions.  
There is no one quite so haughty as my wife.

—The Martyr, in Town Topics.

An Eastern newspaper remarks sadly that there was a time when a gentleman visited a lady at her home with an elaboration of ceremonious observance. Now he hanks for her to come out.

De Quincey considered fourteen miles a day necessary for his health, and Lamb, notwithstanding his "almost immaterial legs," could walk well. Beethoven always took his daily walks of five or more miles in all manner of weathers, while Turner traveled twenty miles a day, sketching as he walked.

## RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC.

(In a recent letter to her publishers Judith Cladel, an old family friend and pupil of Rodin, said that copies of her book, "Rodin: The Man and His Art" (the Century Company), which arrived at Meudon on Rodin's seventy-seventh birthday, gave the great sculptor his last pleasure before death. The work is a profoundly intuitive and sympathetic study of Rodin, biographical and critical. Here is an interesting passage.)

What strikes one in the statue of Balzac at first sight is its strange block-like aspect, its monolithic simplicity. People say quite rightly that it looks like a stone *lovée*, a druidic monument. Ever since "The Burghers of Calais," one of the figures of which at least, that of the man with the key, already suggests the idea of a monolith, Rodin had been going further and further in his stubborn search for the simplification of planes, and here he finally achieved his object. In order to obtain it he went back all the way to the primitive Gothic and even to the archaic Greek, which likewise preserves in the general outline of its statues the rigid aspect of those statues of wood that had preceded it. In all these early epochs of art one finds the form of the tree trunk in which their sculpture was cut. One of the examples of this art that had most forcibly impressed Rodin was the statue of Hera of Samothrace in the Louvre. The beauty of this figure, denuded of all foreign artifice in the exact research for masses, the public little comprehends; but the sculptor perceives its justness, the power of its relief and its modeling, disconcerting in these primitive artists, qualities that are concealed under the extreme simplicity of its appearance. In this magnificent Hera it is as if one saw the roundness of woman coming to birth and undergoing in the tree, the vegetable column, one of those metamorphoses familiar in the fables of paganism. The "Balzac," with its athletic body, veiled in a spread robe that envelops it, does not it also resemble a powerful tree trunk from the summit of which looks down, like a solitary, monstrous flower, the head of the inspired writer?

Rodin knows by experience that nature repeats herself. Has not a humorist said: "It is useless to make a bust of you; it exists already. You have only to look for it in the museums?"

He set out to find a man who resembled Balzac, going all the way to Touraine, the writer's native province, a hundred times depicted by him in his books. The family of Balzac was originally from Languedoc, but that made no difference; the intuition of a great artist is always rewarded. Rodin found at Tours the model he desired; he was a young countryman, a carter, who resembled his hero to an almost miraculous degree. Of him he made a very animated bust, in which one sees the full face, the nose, concave and large at the end, but voluptuous and full of spirit, the rounded chin, the vast shoulders of the master of the "Comédie Humaine." There was lacking, however, the flame of thought that spiritualized and rendered buoyant this mass of human substance. Rodin modified the expression, illuminating his physiognomy with delicacy and frank gaiety. It is Balzac at twenty-five, a peasant Balzac, breathing at every pore youth, self-confidence, and the love of life. Not yet is it the man tormented by fate, the tragic visionary of the "Comédie Humaine," the slave of his work who in twenty years wrote fifty novels, staged a thousand characters, and gave life to an entire society. It is not the man who has suffered, thought, meditated, with all the power of one of the most extraordinary organisms known to us; it has not the appearance of a phenomenon.

After this Rodin skillfully altered these features: he gave them the scars of the interior effort, he made them soft and hollowed them, he made them old and grave. In a few weeks he did the work that nature had taken years to accomplish. He finished by creating that Titan's mask which we know, that head as round as a bullet and like a bullet, terrible in its concentrated force. Later he augmented this; that is to say, he doubled its proportions; and this head, almost frightening in its expression, recalls the masks which the Greek tragedians wore when they played in the open air. Finally he modeled the body of the colossus, making it entirely nude, with arms crossed, braced against the earth with the tension of the whole will, evolving the idea of some prodigious birth. Then he draped this heavy body in the monk's robe in which the writer used to envelope himself for work and the straight folds of which enveloped him like the sheath of a mummy, offering to the sight nothing but the tumultuous head—the head ravaged by intelligence and savage energy.

Rodin felt almost frightened by his own work.

"We no longer have the soliloquy on the stage," "No, the telephone conversation has taken its place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Suggestion for Story-Writers.

The humorist of the New York Evening Post offers the following suggestion for the benefit of story-writers seeking both novelty and up-to-dateness:

"For writers of fiction dialogue," the humorist observes, "it will be a boon. In two ways. It adds to the badly reduced stock of verbs after quotation marks. You have noticed how they are up against it. 'He said,' 'she responded,' 'he stormed,' 'she flashed,' 'he trumpeted,' 'she sibilized,' 'she subtilized,' 'she carbhydrated,' etc. But more than that. By my method you get a perfect harmony between the words quoted and the descriptive verb, thus confirming and rounding out the total impression. For instance:

"Just think, dear, forty-seven clean collars in your drawer and thirty-six in the laundry—she shontsed merrily.

"Never, never will I permit the minions of plutocracy to disrupt the milk stations of the down-trodden," he hylanted to the stranger on the other side of the North River.

"Somebody has been stealing something," she senatorreoded.

"It is true I promised you, but that was half an hour ago," he bertlinged.

"The simple truth is that this country is going straight to hell," they americandefense-societied mildly.

"And as the hammer, with a sickening thud descended upon his thumb, "—" he creeled."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat taciturn. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party. "Yes," replied the hostess, with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense."

In a recent examination paper for a boy clerk's post was this question: "If the premier and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" Robert, a boy of fourteen, thought for a time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered: "The undertaker."

"You simply can not trust anybody. Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch." "That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?" "That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."

"Waiter," said the indignant customer, "what does this mean? Yesterday I was served for the same price with a portion of chicken twice the size of this." "Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?" "Over by the window." "Then that accounts for it. We always give people who sit by the windows large portions. It's an advertisement."

A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils recently the fact that history repeats itself and that many things which happen today are the counterpart of similar things that happened years and years ago. "Now, will any one tell me of anything new of importance that has happened during the last twenty-five years?" inquired the teacher. "Me," answered one of the pupils.

Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his summer trip to Europe, went to the Pacific Coast instead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl. "I'm from Boston," he said to her; "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?" "Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday-school has a missionary there."

A colored minister of the Baptist church, so runs the story, in order to strengthen and confirm the faith of his congregation, took as his text: "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea." "Oh," said he, "how I like to read these precious words in the blessed Bible! You don't read anywhere about John the Presbyterian, or John the Methodist, or John the Episcopalian. No, brethren, it is John the Baptist."

McCole, a new recruit, was sent out for target practice on the ranges. He did fairly well at 300 yards for a new one, but at 800 yards he generally managed to drop his bullets short. The sergeant patiently explained the raising of the sights, but McCole still fell short. "Why can't you shoot higher?" demanded the sergeant. "What's the trouble?" "I've found out what the trouble is, sir," answered the recruit. "I'm afraid I haven't been pulling the trigger hard enough."

Although Alfred had arrived at the age of twenty-one years he showed no inclination either to pursue his studies or in any way adapt himself to his father's business. "I don't know what I will ever make of that son of mine," bitterly complained his father, a

hustling business man. "Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?" "Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! He aint got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

An Irishman occupied a barber's chair and he was drowsy. His eyes could not be kept open and his head rolled about and dropped over his shoulder and down upon his chest in a way that made shaving a difficulty for the knight of the lather and a dangerous one for the patient. At last the barber said gently, but firmly: "Looke-here, sir, I can't possibly shave you unless you hold up your head." To which the response was made with drowsy indifference: "Well, thin, cut my hair."

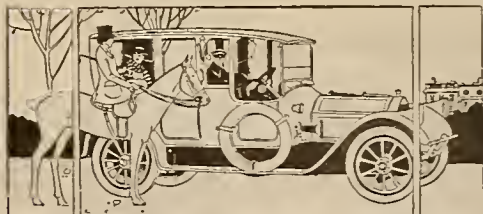
Some time ago a dinner was given in New York at which a well-known actor, who is somewhat of a freethinker along theological lines, sat at the guest-table. When the hour for starting the feast arrived the toastmaster, a very religious man, discovered that no minister of the Gospel was present, though several had been invited. In this emergency he turned to the actor and asked him to say grace. The actor rose, bowed his head, and in the midst of a deep hush said fervently: "There being no clergyman present, let us thank God."

The captain of the S. S. *Piffle* listened patiently to a passenger's account of his shooting abilities, then he quietly remarked: "I don't think you could hit this bottle at twenty yards, placed on the taffrail, while the ship is heaving like this." "It would be child's play," said the passenger. "Well, I'll bet you a guinea you don't hit it three times out of six." "It's a wager. Come along." The bottle was placed in position. Crack! The passenger hit it, and it disappeared in fragments into the sea. "Trot out another one," said the marksman. "Not at all. The conditions were that you hit that one three times out of six. Five shots more."

In the early days of the advanced movement of woman suffrage in Great Britain a number of "enthusiasts" were sent to Holloway jail. Among them was a most excellent charwoman who was employed at a certain inn. A sympathetic meeting was held on their release, at which the chairman spoke in eloquent terms. "Here you have," he remarked, "a body of delicately nurtured, earnest-minded women, who, for some trifling infraction of the law, find themselves committed to prison and there for the first time in their lives—" "Beg pardon, sir, for interrupting," said the charwoman, jumping up hastily, "but I think I ought to tell you that I did once get seven days for hanging my old man on the nose."

A Turkish story runs that, dying, a pious man bequeathed a fortune to his son, charging him to give £100 to the meanest man he could find. A certain cad filled the bill. Accordingly the dutiful son offered him £100. "But I can't take your £100," said the cad. "I never knew your father. There was no reason why he should leave me the money." "It's yours, all right," persisted the mourning youth. "I might take it in a fictitious transaction," said the cad, relenting. "Suppose—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you all the snow in the courtyard for £100." The young man agreed, willing to be quit of his trust on any terms. Next day he was arrested, taken before the cad, and ordered to remove his snow at once. As this was a command the young man was utterly unable to execute he was fined £20 by the cad for contumacy. "At least," the young man said ruefully as he left the court, "father's £100 went to the right man."

An example of the abject state of terror to which many men have been reduced in Petrograd under the Bolshevik régime is given in the following incident: A man had been dining at a friend's house, and, as he came out of the house buttoning up his coat he was jostled by a man who was evidently in a great hurry. Imagining the worst, he instinctively felt for his watch, which he found was missing; so he hastily followed the man who had bumped him. The latter, looking over his shoulder, observed this, and broke into a run, but was closely pursued. Turning down a side street, he entered a mews and hid himself behind one of the big swing doors which was open. When discovered and asked for the watch, he produced it, and the other went off congratulating himself on his pluck, as he was unarmed. On reaching his flat the first thing that caught his eye was his own watch lying on the dressing-table, which he had apparently forgotten when dressing for dinner. He pulled out the watch he had obtained, and found it was a gold one, studded with diamonds. He therefore advertised in the papers, and finally met the owner and restored the watch. Each had thought the other was a Bolshevik, and in avoiding each other this notion had been confirmed.



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### THE MERRY MUSE.

Drillin'.  
Somehow, you're always on the go,  
A-drillin';  
You drop your rifle on your toe,  
A-drillin'.  
The captain keeps a-yellin' "Hept!"  
It's ten to one you're out of step,  
And still, you're always full o' pep—  
A-drillin'.  
  
You march the worst in your platoon,  
A-drillin';  
You always shift your gun too soon,  
A-drillin';  
And then, behind you, some poor mut  
Lifts up his voice—"Guide's right, you nut!"  
They yell at you to press your butt,  
A-drillin'.  
  
They bawl you out until you're sore,  
A-drillin';  
You "port" your gun on number four,  
A-drillin';  
You pivot when you're number three,  
And hope the captain didn't see,  
You're mostly where you shouldn't be,  
A-drillin'.  
  
We're all as bad, so what's the odds,  
A-drillin';  
Then go your way in right by squads,  
Just drillin';  
And some fine day before we're thro'  
You'll find you'll be a captain, too—  
So show 'em up as they did you,  
A-drillin'.—Harvard Lampoon.  
  
"Dutch" Courage.  
A whisky keg in a cellar lay,  
Full of "Kentucky Pride";  
It sprung a tiny leak one day,  
The booze dripped from its side.  
  
A small gray mouse in the cellar dwelt,  
A shy little mouse was he;  
He sniffed around and he said, as he smelt,  
"That stuff smells good to me."  
  
He sniffed again, then he sniffed once more,  
And a smile came o'er his face;  
He rubbed around 'till he was more sure  
There was no one in the place.  
  
For he was a clever and cautious mouse,  
And wise as you might know;  
For an old gray cat patrolled that house,  
And hunted him high and low.  
  
He crept to the keg and he took one taste,  
And he smacked his lips with glee;  
And he squeaked, "When that stuff goes to waste  
It seems like a shame to me."  
  
So with one more taste and one more smile,  
His hristles stuck straight out;  
He straightened up and he wiped his chin,  
And you should have heard him shout:  
  
"I never did feel like this before,  
You can bet your life on that;  
Just wait until I take one guzzle more,  
Then bring on your darned old cat!"  
—Anonymous.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Janetta Alexander, and Captain Arnold Whitridge. Miss Alexander has visited in California frequently with her parents and also as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman. She is the sister of Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich and of Miss Mary Alexander. Both Miss Alexander and Captain Whitridge are at present in France, where their wedding will take place later in the year.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Koshland and Mr. Louis Sloss was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at the St. Regis Hotel in New York. None but relatives witnessed the ceremony, at which the bride was attended by her three cousins, the Misses Helen, Margaret and Muriel Stiefel. Among the relatives of the bride and bridegroom who were in New York for the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, the parents of Mrs. Sloss; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stiefel, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, the parents of Mr. Sloss; his sister, Mrs. Lloyd Ackerman, and his brother, Mr. Leon Sloss. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. Sloss will rejoin his regiment at Atlanta, Georgia, and his bride will reside near his post as long as he is stationed in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner.

Mrs. N. F. Wilson gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel, her guests including Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Lieutenant Harold Padgett, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Edward Fox, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. James Kuhn, and Mr. Robert Miller.

Mrs. Alexander Field entertained a number of friends at tea last Wednesday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Marshall Wellborn of Los Angeles. Those asked to meet Mrs. Wellborn included Mrs. Germaine Vincent, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, and Mrs. Ashton Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer gave a dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Jesse Koshland. Those asked to the affair included Mr. and Mrs. Leon Levy, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Greenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schwabacher, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Abenheim, Mrs. Harry Mack, Miss Bessie Greenbaum, Mr. Lloyd Ackerman, Mr. Laurence Strassburger, Mr. John Altman, and Mr. Charles Ehrman.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst entertained a number of friends at dinner Sunday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, the honored guest having been Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Mrs. Spens Black entertained a group of friends at luncheon Saturday at the Town and Country Club.

Captain Robert McDonald gave a supper-dance last Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel prior to his departure for Texas. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Klink, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Coralia Mejia, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Coraelia Clappett, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Harry Lincoln, Mr. William Bliss, Lieutenant George Young, and Lieutenant E. T. Williams.

Mrs. Albert Franck entertained at dinner on Saturday evening, her guests having included Mrs.

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Joseph Helfmann, Mrs. Sanford Goldstein, Miss Leola Brandeis, Miss Aileen Frank, Mr. Aaron Green, and Mr. Louis Green.

Mrs. William Henshaw entertained a group of friends at a house party over the week-end at her new home on the ocean shore.

Mrs. Frank West gave a dinner last Tuesday evening, when her guests included Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss Louise Boyd, and Mr. Rennie Schwerin.

Mrs. G. W. Van Deusen gave a luncheon last Thursday at her home in the Presidio in compliment to Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel gave a luncheon and bridge Friday in compliment to Mrs. W. J. Van Schuyver of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Landfield gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in compliment to Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Samuel Insull.

Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained at luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club complimenting Miss Ruth Rose.

### San Francisco Art Association.

The annual exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened March 22d in the Palace of Fine Arts with a private view and reception to the members and friends of the association. A large and representative gathering viewed the collection, which fills sixteen galleries of the Palace of Fine Arts.

Artists from Southern California, Los Angeles, San Diego, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Carmel, as well as from the north and from Kansas, Washington, and adjoining states are represented in this exhibition, irrespective of whether or not they are members of the San Francisco Art Association. Every point of view, however divergent, has been given a hearing.

In accordance with the policy formulated by Director Laurvik for a co-relation of the arts an exhibition of architectural designs is this year held in conjunction with the annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics, thus bringing these allied arts into a closer relationship. In future exhibitions it is hoped to amplify this participation to include all the crafts, thereby reestablishing that common relationship between the fine and applied arts, which furnish such fruitful sources of mutually beneficial cooperation in the past.

In the present instance the architectural exhibition is under the auspices of the San Francisco Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, but is not limited to the members of this particular chapter.

The exhibition opened to the public Saturday, March 23d, and will continue daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., including Sundays, until May 22d.

A tenth-century country in a twentieth-century world. That's Ahyssinia. The country is divided into ever-quarreling feudal estates, which would have shamed William the Conqueror. The capital of Ahyssinia is like the president of Mexico; sometimes it is peaceful and undisturbed for a year, usually it is changed before you've learned to pronounce it. But the country has one distinction and a Distinction with a capital D (says the *World Outlook*). Just as the United States is the one and original birthplace of the succulent pie, so Ahyssinia is the first place where coffee was grown. From Kaffa, a sleepy and unobtrusive little province, the first coffee beans were brought to Arabia.

France controls more African territory than any other European power. Her African possessions are twenty times as large as herself. There is an African saying that "when the English occupy a country, the first thing they build is a customhouse; the first thing the Germans build is barracks, but the first thing the French build is a railway." And the second thing the French build is a schoolhouse, where children, be they Christians, Jews, or Mohammedans, are taught primarily the meaning of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and to quote Alexander Powell, that "p-a-t-r-i-e" spells "France."

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Belgium.

Land of long days of happiness,  
Of pale gray skies and windmills tall—  
Wide is the world, and thou art small,  
But yet we love thee none the less.

Land of sweet bells and faith serene,  
Of solemn sunset calls to prayer—  
Brooding above the darkened air—  
(But sweet bells jangle at Malines).

By fair Liège, whose storied dead  
Sleep in her great cathedral's nave,  
The Meuse rolls on, with glittering wave—  
(Lo! her green current turns to red).

At Bruges the helphy tells his tale  
Of days when ugliness was crime,  
And bids us hark the ancient chime—  
(I only hear a child's low wail).

Namur o'erlooks fair lands outspread  
Where hamlets of Brabant are seen  
Standing knee-deep in meadows green—  
(Soft—'tis a new-made grave you tread).

At Ghent the great hell Roland tolls  
Where through six centuries long the tower  
Has summoned freemen to their hour—  
(It mourns a thousand passing souls).

And old Louvain, Louvain the wise,  
Hugs to her breast the precious store  
Forgathered of our ancient lore—  
(But hungry flames fill all her skies).

And Ostend, by the gray North Sea,  
Dreams of her ancient hardihood;  
(A sea more grim, of steel and blood,  
Surges behind her ceaselessly).

Howe'er the tide of battle roll,  
There hides what none can burn or raze—  
The Flemish spirit of old days,  
The Ageless freedom of the soul.

Land of long days of frightfulness,  
For faith and honor crucified,  
Though thou art small, and earth is wide,  
We still shall love thee none the less.  
—David Starr Jordan, in *New York Evening Post*.

#### Traitors Three.

Judas and Arnold and Kaiser Bill  
Sat and talked on a brimstone hill.

"I," said Judas, "I sold my Lord  
To murderers for a cash reward."

"And I," said Arnold, "betrayed my men;  
Every one talked of my deed then."

The Kaiser spoke, "Why, boys, I broke  
A sacred treaty with peaceful folk;

"Betrayed them, man and woman and child,  
To be shot and massacred and defiled.

"The remnant I work in armament town  
At shells to shoot their brothers down."

An envious thrill through the dead hearts flew.  
"What a traitor you are!" said the other two.  
—Clement Wood, in *Life*.

#### The Caged Goldfinch.

Within a churchyard, on a recent grave,  
I saw a little cage  
That jailed a goldfinch. All was silence save  
It hops from stage to stage.

There was inquiry in its wistful eye,  
And once it tried to sing;  
Of him or her who placed it there, and why,  
No one knew anything.

True, a woman was found drowned the day  
ensuing,  
And some at times averred  
The grave to be her false one's who when wooing  
Gave her the bird. —Thomas Hardy.

#### After Sunset.

I have an understanding with the hills  
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills  
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,  
And they are quiet and look down at me.  
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes  
Out of the centuries that made them wise.  
They lend me hoarded memory, and I learn  
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,  
And why a dream of forests must endure  
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure,  
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,  
A flower can say it, or a shaken leaf,  
But few may ever share it in a song,  
Though for the quest a life is not too long.  
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull  
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,  
And shadows are their garments, and the air  
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,  
Their arms are strong around me; and I know  
That somehow I shall follow when you go  
To the still land beyond the evening star,  
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,  
And silence may not hurt us any more,  
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.  
—Grace Hazard Conkling, in *Century Magazine*.

"Pa said you had more money than brains."  
"Ha! That's one on him, for I'm broke."  
"Pa added that."—*Boston Transcript*.

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### Bolsheviki Rule.

Street robberies have been so frequent in Petrograd under the Bolsheviki rule that men and women decently clad will not venture abroad after dark unless they are fortunate enough to be able to secure a sleigh or a carriage. Recently a man was accosted by an armed Bolsheviki slightly the worse for drink, who demanded his watch, money, and finally his fur overcoat at the point of a revolver. On explaining that he would die of cold (there were 20 degrees of frost at the time) his assailant consented to an exchange of overcoats. On reaching his apartment the man threw aside the wretched coat he was wearing in disgust, but was arrested by a jingling sound as he did so. On searching the pockets he found three gold watches, some jewelry, and a considerable amount of money in notes, which the drunken Bolsheviki had completely forgotten.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlin are passing several days in San Diego. During the winter Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin have been residing at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Lucien Brunswig arrived last week from her home in Los Angeles for a brief visit with her daughters, Mrs. Alexander Field and Mrs. Marshall Welborn, before returning to the southern city with her youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Brunswig, who is attending school in Menlo Park.

Dr. William Boericke will leave in a few days for Mill Valley, where he will pass the summer at his country home on Mount Tamalpais.

The Misses Elena and Betty Folger, who have been attending school at the Sacred Heart Academy in Menlo Park, are passing the Easter holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin and Miss Genevieve Bothin, who have been in Santa Barbara, have come to San Francisco for a few days and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are in New York for a brief visit with their daughter, Miss Fredericka Otis, who is studying music in the Eastern city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster passed the weekend at the Fairmont Hotel from their home in San Rafael.

Mr. Junius Browne left Tuesday for Washington, where he will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent have returned to their home in Burlingame from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Edgar Park arrived last week from Santa Barbara and has taken apartments at the Fairmont so as to be near Mr. Park, who is convalescing at a local hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the summer season.

Mrs. John Edward Deale passed a few days last week in San Francisco en route to her Santa Barbara home from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries passed the weekend at Del Monte.

Miss Constance Griffin has come from the Sacred Heart Academy at Menlo Park to pass the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, at their home on Washington Street.

Miss Elise Bertheau, who has been visiting in New York, Washington, and Boston for several months, will return in a few days to her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Oliver Dibble has gone to Napa Valley for a two weeks' visit.

Captain Robert McDonald, who has been stationed at Alcatraz for several months, left last week for Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he has been ordered for duty.

Mrs. William Storey arrived Monday in San Francisco for a brief visit from her home in Chicago. During her visit here Mrs. Storey will be a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Ridgway Trimble and her daughter, Miss Margaret Trimble, have returned to their home in Santa Barbara, after a visit of a few days in San Francisco. While in town Mrs. Trimble and her daughter had apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore returned a few days ago to San Francisco, after a visit in the south with Mr. and Mrs. Watson Fennimore.

Mrs. William Hathaway and her daughter, Miss Mahel Hathaway, returned Monday evening to their home on Gough Street, after a trip to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lillenthal will pass the summer in San Mateo, having taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mrs. Christian de Guigné will return next month to her home in San Mateo, after having passed the winter in New York. Mrs. William Neilson will accompany her daughter to this coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray passed several days of last week at the Clift Hotel from their home in Palo Alto.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has arrived in San Diego, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. William Devereaux is passing some weeks in San Diego so as to be near his son, Major William Devereaux, who is stationed at Camp Kearny.

Mrs. Robin Hayne and Miss Ysabel Chase are passing several weeks in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna and their daughter, Miss Virginia Hanna, returned Monday to their home on Laguna Street, after having passed the weekend at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brandenstein are planning to pass several weeks of the summer at the Peninsula Hotel, where they have engaged apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Wicl have returned to town from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Baroness J. C. Van Eck has been passing several days with her mother, Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, at Aptos. Baron and Baroness Van Eck will pass the summer at Atherton, where they have taken the De Lancey Lewis home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones have received word of the safe arrival in France of their son, Lieutenant Clinton Jones, who is with the aviation section of the army.

Mrs. Oliver Wyman is visiting Mrs. Lovell Langstroth at her home on California Street during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis in

New York. Mrs. Wyman has been spending the winter with her parents at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Clark Crocker left San Francisco Wednesday for San Pedro, where he will enter the navy training school.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto has returned to her home on Washington Street, after a prolonged visit in New York.

Mrs. Athearn Folger left last week for San Diego to visit her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., and her son, Mr. John Cunningham, the latter of whom is with the Grizzlies at Camp Kearny.

Mrs. William Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara are visiting in High Point, North Carolina, as the guests of Dr. Preston Satterwhite and Mrs. Satterwhite.

Mrs. Ogden Armour passed a few days in San Francisco last week en route to Santa Barbara to join her daughter, Miss Lolita Armour. Miss Armour has been passing several weeks in the southern city from her home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Van Horne passed several days at the Fairmont Hotel last week from their home in Merced.

Miss Mary Phelan returned last week to her home on Washington Street, after a visit in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear left Tuesday for Washington and New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has gone to New York to be with her son, Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow left Sunday for San Pedro to pass the holidays with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson.

Mr. Alvah Kaime has been passing a few days at the Fairmont Hotel from his home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stone have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel for the summer.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. M. W. Stoll, Denver, Colorado; Mr. Charles J. Haines, Los Angeles; Mr. Clem J. Cumstock, Mr. F. J. Reilly, Fresno; Mr. Julius Siegel, New York; Mr. George Ford, Seattle; Mr. W. E. Pell, Los Angeles; Mr. L. E. Salomonson, Rotterdam; Mr. Oliver Montgomery, Buenos Aires; Mr. Walter P. Hall, Princeton, New Jersey; Mr. W. L. Knox, Mr. B. P. Foote, Mr. C. L. Rogers, Mr. G. B. Thompson, Washington, D. C.

Rural Hungary is under the joint hut informal direction of church and feudal magnate, whose interests are one with those of the state. These interests may be summed up in the universal ban upon Socialism. For the most part these gods of the fields do not seek tithes and labor only. They have each a genuine desire to see a contented and industrious peasantry always amenable to patriarchal influences.

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## WHY THE ARAB IS CALM.

He Could Have No Other Philosophy and Survive the Climate.

Out of Britain's struggles with the Huddled Turk in Asia has come new light on the philosophy of the Near East, and curiously enough the light flashes from the forbidding environs of a military hospital.

Writing about a volume entitled "In Mesopotamia," by Dr. Martin Swayne of the British medical corps, a reviewer in the New York Evening Post says:

"Being wounded is bad enough in Europe, but being wounded in the furnace of Mesopotamia is much worse. In the hospitals at Basra and later at Kut, the sun heat down like a cluh; two thicknesses of canvas above the sick and wounded were no protection at all. The typical hot day began 'with a dawn that comes as a sudden hot yellow behind the motionless palms.' At 5 o'clock the men were hatched in perspiration as they lay in bed. It had been in the neighborhood of 90 degrees throughout the night, and the mercury climbed steadily after dawn. The surgeons and orderlies took a tepid bath and then dressed with such infinite weariness that it was necessary in the process to sit down and take a rest. After a good breakfast a man might feel a certain energy. But about 11 o'clock, when the temperature runs up to 120 in the shade, a new enervation sets in and lasts till evening. At midday 'the world is a blinding glare and the intake of air seems to burn the lungs.' No one undergoes more exercise, physical or mental, than is absolutely unavoidable. Any kind of worry means death, for a spirit of indifference alone can surmount the heat. At the worst moments the heat-balanced man will feel that it would be possible, by giving rein to some inner check, to go off his head. All this helps Mr. Swayne to understand the philosophy of the Near East:

"Life becomes simplified. An Oriental contempt for the West, with all its preoccupations, grows insensibly. When a dripping orderly came to rouse you to see some case,

you understood perfectly the attitude of mind that has produced the idea of Kismet. Why move? If the man dies, it is Allah's will. It is Allah's will that he is sick. Let him remain in the hands of Allah."

"Mr. Swayne draws a horrifying picture of the invalids as they use to come off the boats after a four or five days' journey down the river from the hot fighting line. 'Like the Gallipoli lot, only worse, they were lean, gaunt, haggard skeletons, hollow-eyed, with rivulets of perspiration furrowing the dirt of their faces.' The British Tommy could not remind himself momentarily that he must not work or be energetic. The result was a steady stream of heat strokes, the patients often suffering through one night with ice at their heads and wet compresses about them, only to die next day as the sun rose higher and higher. For the rest the commonest maladies were malaria, diarrhoea, dysentery, and jaundice. There was a little sand fly with a bite like a red-hot wire which gave a troublesome fever to the men. Mr. Swayne states that his three mainstays in treating the sick were opium, epsom salts, and quinine.

"In the Mesopotamian climate fat was unknown. One very portly sergeant was an object of most respectful regard by the Arabs after he arrived. His Taft-like proportions convinced them that he was some very superior person, and they lost no opportunity to express their admiration. Mr. Swayne suggests that the rarity of fat in this climate is why the Arabs so consistently identify it with beauty among their women. The sergeant went to the hospital for a week in the hottest season, and returned with his garments hanging about him in folds; and thenceforth the Arabs had not a second glance for him."

The death of the youngest daughter of Thomas de Quincy in her eighty-fifth year was recorded in England recently. De Quincy himself was born in 1785, so that the daughter might well have heard her father's childish recollections of the French Revolution. She was the last of eight children—three daughters and five sons.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Who breaks, pays." "That shows you don't know anything about being broke."—*Baltimore American*.

He—Let's see, what is the slang name for illicit liquor peddling? She (blushing)—Boot-limling, I believe.—*Form Life*.

"How do you propose to support my daughter, young man?" "But I'm only proposing to marry her, sir."—*Baltimore American*.

"He married the first time for love, and the second time for money." "And the

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third?" "I can not imagine. A chap never marries over once for either money or love."—*Life*.

She—How have you been economizing? He—Used last year's resolutions over again.—*Yale Record*.

He—I want a home, and you must take a flat. She—Oh, no; I did that when I married you.—*Baltimore American*.

"John is trying to sell our car." "But why?" "He says the outgo for upkeep is more than his income."—*Judge*.

"Mamma," said Edith, "when the first man started to spell 'psalm' with a 'p' why didn't he scratch it out and start over?"—*Judge*.

"Why do you call your dog Camera?" "Because he is always trying to get a snap at everybody he meets."—*Baltimore American*.

"My ancestors came over with the first settlers. Maybe you don't believe me." "Why not? They didn't deport folks then."—*Baltimore American*.

"Bliggins entertains a good opinion of himself." "No," replied Miss Cayenne; "his good opinion of himself entertains Mr. Bliggins."—*Washington Star*.

"Officer!" "Huh?" "There's a free-for-all fight going on down at the corner." "Thanks for the invitation, but I don't believe I care to get in."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"So you're saving up to buy an airship? You're quite an ambitious little hoy." "Yes, sir; I wants to fly over Jimmie Mack's yard and drop bricks on him."—*The Airman*.

Bootmaker—Well, captain, I'm glad to see you back; and 'ow did you find the last pair of hoots I made you? Captain (an exchange prisoner from Germany)—Oh, the best I ever tasted.—*London Opinion*.

Muggins—To keep peace in the family a man must occasionally give in to his wife. Buggins—That's right. There are times when I let my wife make me do exactly as I please.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Wise Guy—When a single woman believes in practicing economy she husbands her means. The Really Wise—And when a married woman believes that economy should be practiced she means her husband.—*Judge*.

"The judge was very nice." "Yes?" "Gave me a divorce, permission to marry again, and intimated that if I didn't do better than I did

the first time, he'd grant me another divorce."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Judge—What's your occupation? Vagrant—Oh, nothin' much, yer honor; jest circulating 'round. Judge—Retired from circulation for thirty days.—*Boston Transcript*.

"After you are gone they may set up a statue of you." "Don't suggest it," replied Senator Sorghum. "I've been looking the statuary over, and I don't want any. It's bad enough to be cartooned while you are alive."—*Washington Star*.

Wix—I see by this paper that more than one-half of the world's population is feminine. Nix—I don't believe it. If it were so how

do you account for the fact that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives?—*Idle Hour*.

Tam—What sort o' meenister hae ye the noo, Sandy? Sandy—We seldom get a glint o' him; sax days o' week he's enveesible and on the seventh he's incomprehensible.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Are you going to town in your working clothes, Hiram?" exclaimed Farmer Cornet's wife. "That's what I am. When I walk up High Street I don't want to be mistook for any city chap. I want to look like I had a barrel o' potatoes or a load o' hay that I might condescend to sell somebody if I took a fancy to him."—*Washington Star*.

## PROTECTION

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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### The Supreme Command.

We are told that there are those who have imagined that supreme command over the Allied forces in France would fall "as a matter of course" to General Pershing, and who therefore have suffered a sense of disappointment in the fact that this responsibility has been given to the French commander, General Foch. It seems almost needless to say that such expectation proceeded from sentiment rather than from knowledge. First of all, the fighting is upon French soil. Again, the French were first at the front and from the beginning have maintained, if not a larger force in the field, at least one that up to the recent activities has faced the heaviest fighting. Next, of course, to the French have been the British, now under command of General Haig. As between Foch and Haig, the odds are clearly on the side of the former. He is not only a soldier of experience, but of proven capability. If his genius for strategy has not been absolutely demonstrated, it may at least be presumed without violence. Haig on the other hand is quite obviously a capable, brave, stubborn, and effective soldier, but without brilliant powers. Pershing has no claim at all.

That he is a careful soldier is sufficiently in evidence. But while he has conducted notable military operations in the Philippine Islands and in Mexico, and while he has shown diligence and intelligence as a commander of forces in training in France, he has had no actual experience of command in modern warfare. Furthermore, he has in the 200,000 or more men in his command only the foundation of an army. While his force is sufficient to illustrate good faith and coöperation, it is trivial as compared with the forces of our allies in the field. As yet America's contribution to the fighting forces in France is so small as to give our representative, even were he a man of demonstrated powers, only the standing due in courtesy to his rank and to the good intentions of his country.

### Germanism at Washington.

It would be hardly correct to say that we have long had our doubts as to the value of the Creel Committee on Public Information and the *Official Bulletin* issued by that committee. For we have had no doubts whatever. It was quite clear from the beginning that the committee and its *Bulletin* were nuisances and absurdities, injurious to the dignity of the country and humiliating to its intelligence. The first offense of the committee was the false and lurid description of an insignificant sea fight in which American ships happened to participate. It was a piece of romance, a mere vulgar boast, and the defense of this publication was even worse than the publication itself. The intention, we were told, was to "give the people a happy Fourth of July."

The Creel committee, presumably under official pressure instigated by public derision, has since somewhat moderated a policy and a literary style that were evidently intended to thrill rather than to instruct. The change on the whole was a felicitous one. Excluded from the congenial field of mendacity, the Creel committee gravitated easily and smoothly toward a sort of harmless inanity. Until recently it has been a little difficult to trace its activities, since no one seems to have noticed them. Communications that go straight into the waste-paper basket leave but a slight mental impression behind them beyond a sense of regret that public money, tax money, should be used as an endowment for Mr. Creel and his silly bureau. One would suppose that there were better ways than this, more dignified ways, to squander national funds contributed so liberally and so painfully for patriotic purposes. But Mr. Creel is now once more a successful aspirant to the limelight, and therefore we willingly hasten to give him the publicity for which such as he are always yearning, and that in this case he so rightfully deserves. Just as he guided his bureau from mendacity to inanity so now he finds a still lower level upon which to base his "official" communications. It is the level of German propaganda.

In the issue of the *Official Bulletin* of March 19th there will be found a letter from Dr. Philander P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, addressed to Dr. Robert L. Slagle, president of the University of South Dakota. The letter purports to be a protest against the exclusion of the German language from the high schools and colleges of the country, but this contention is so obviously a subsidiary one that it need not be noticed. We do not profess, nor wish, to look into the recesses of Dr. Claxton's mind—probably an unprofitable task—nor to impute motives at which we can only guess, however accurately. But it may be said unhesitatingly that the German government would willingly have paid a large sum of money for the publication in America of this letter. The many German agencies now industriously at work in our midst for the corruption of the American mind would consider such a publication as among their greatest achieve-

ments. And that it should actually be published in Washington and as an official document, with the implied sanction of the Administration, they would regard as a feat almost unimaginably brilliant. None the less to our shame and disgrace it has been done by Mr. Creel.

There is no need to reproduce the whole of the letter, nor the democratic effusions with which it is interlarded as a sort of cement for its more poisonous portions. The German agent is always pathetically anxious to "make the world safe for democracy," and to "preserve our ideals of freedom." None more so. He knows alike the fish and the appropriate bait. He has all the patter at his finger ends. He has learned by heart all the stage business, and he lets us have it in liberal measure so long as there is still space for his lying and plausible suggestions. We may therefore excuse the patriotism and the democracy, and turn our attention directly to such paragraphs as this:

The United States is at war with the imperial government of Germany, and not with the German language or literature. The President has tried to make it plain to all the people that we are not at war with the people of Germany as a people—that we have in our hearts no hatred or bitterness toward them. For our own sake and for the sake of the future of the world, let us hope that we may finish this task for the establishment of freedom and the safety of democracy without learning to chant any hymn of hate. After the war is over intercourse with the German people will be reestablished, probably not immediately and fully, but our relations with them will no doubt be more important as the years go by. Germany may even yet become one of the leading nations for the preservation of the peace of the world.

There is a sort of vicious cleverness in this ancient citation from the President, but it shall not avail. Dr. Claxton himself now fathers the assertion, he gives it his cunning approval, and he amplifies it. And so we should like to know why we are killing thousands of Germans every day if we are not at war with Germans? Why are we blockading German ports with the object of starving the German nation into submission if we are not at war with the German nation? Why are our warships engaged in hunting German craft of all descriptions if we are not at war with Germany, but with some one else? Is not the German people represented by its soldiers and its sailors? Does it not indeed consist of them? Where shall we find the German people—with whom it seems we are on terms of profound peace and amity—if not on the battlefields and battle-waters of Europe? Is the German nation—whom we love and admire—represented by the officialism that stays at home and tortures its prisoners? Or by the German nurses who torment the wounded by the sight of water that they then spill upon the ground? Or by the German children who are encouraged to shoot nail-pointed arrows at British and French captives, and who may at this moment be doing so to our captives? Will Dr. Claxton give us some clear and precise indication by which we may identify our enemies lest we unwittingly slay our friends, as it seems we have been lamentably doing? Will he tell us where the German nation is to be found in order that we may point our guns in the other direction? Will he tell us on the other hand where the "Imperial German Government" is to be found in order that we may devote our exclusive attention to its material destruction?

Dr. Claxton impales us on the horns of a dilemma. He convicts us of sending some quarter of a million men across the Atlantic in order to destroy the citizens of a nation with whom we are not at war, in actually training these men in warlike ardors to be directed against the entire manhood of a people with whom we are at peace. Does Dr. Claxton believe this rubbish? It would be interesting to know. Does Mr. Creel believe it? If they do not believe it they are agents of Germanism and intent upon its interest, and they ought to be interned. If they do believe it they are weak-



mind and unfit for their position. They may make their choice. We have made ours.

It would be unprofitable to go deeply into this nasty effusion, but there is another paragraph so impudent that it calls aloud for castigation. Dr. Claxton says: "I have reason to believe that the views and sentiment expressed in this letter are fully in harmony with those of the Administration at Washington." Now this is a somewhat serious matter, and it is rendered doubly serious by the fact that it appears in an official document that is so entitled, that it is issued from a government office in Washington, and under the sanction and authority of a government official. By what right does Dr. Claxton claim the approval of the Administration? By what right does he claim that the Administration puts Germany on a level with Spain and England with whom we have been at war in other days, and with the people of the Southern States with whom we were in conflict fifty years ago? For he actually does this very thing. He cites the English and the Spanish wars and the Civil War as parallels to the present situation and comparable with it. They should guide us, he says, in the treatment of our enemies.

So much for Dr. Claxton. Probably his mental dimensions hardly justify so much powder and shot, but unfortunately he borrows a fictitious importance from his accomplice Mr. Creel, who is a government official. Dr. Claxton writes and Mr. Creel publishes—at the taxpayers' expense. It is a combination to delight the heart of the "imperial German government," which will thus find some consolation for the compulsory withdrawal of its ambassador.

But what about Mr. Creel? How long are we to tolerate this egregious youth? How long is he to be permitted to carry comfort to the heart of the enemy, and to prostitute the columns of an official publication to diatribes of this kind? Why not invite Dr. Dernberg to take charge of the *Official Bulletin*? Why not ask for contributions from Professor Haeckel? At least they have intelligence. They are distinguished representatives of a nation with whom we are at peace, shining lights in the world of German science and commerce to which we owe so much, and of a people who may "even yet become one of the leading nations for the preservation of the peace of the world." And finally we may make the diffident suggestion that Mr. Creel's *Official Bulletin* be supplied to every American soldier and sailor in order that they may moderate the vigor with which they make war upon a nation with whom we are at peace.

#### Children of Emotion.

The *Argonaut* has received from an anxious, but anonymous, correspondent a letter literally reeking with indignation and apprehension. The terror under which the writer suffers has its inspiration in fear of "the disloyal Irish race" in America. The indictment is one of many counts, but the incident of most immediate import is the recent St. Patrick's Day celebration. It appears that when a speaker at the Municipal Auditorium mentioned "that patriot-martyr, Sir Roger Casement," the assembled multitude shouted itself hoarse. And when later another speaker referred to the Sinn Fein Association there was another and similar outburst.

Now let it be admitted that the facts are as set forth. Let it be conceded that the assembled Irish at the Auditorium did, out of taste and out of reason, acclaim Sir Roger and the Sinn-Feiners, still it remains to be asked—What of it? Your Irishman in his variety is ever an amusing creature. He is prone to fire at half-cock. Looking before leaping, sober second thought, consistency—these be not among his many virtues. Under the spell of emotion, however or for whatever evoked, he is likely to say more and mean less than any other creature under the shining sun.

The wit who once described the Irish as "*Fighting like devils for conciliation, and hating each other for the love of God*," happily hit off the national temper. But he was hardly more successful than other and less refined interpreters of an always interesting people. There is the old story which tells of an impassioned Fenian who, winding up a patriotic appeal, demanded of his hearers, "Will yez be freemen?"—before he could conclude the sentence answer from the crowd came: "*We will, Mr. Riley, we will!*"—"or," continued the orator, "will yez be slaves?" Again came the response in chorus: "*We will, Mr. Riley, we will!*" It was another spell-binder who upon another St. Patrick's Day

asked: "*Who builds our American cities?*" Answer from the audience in chorus: "*The Irish!*" "*Who builds our colleges, our schools, our almshouses?*" "*The Irish!*" "*Who builds our prisons?*" "*The Irish!*" "*Who fills them?*" "*The Irish!*"

So you have it all along the line. Whoever in any congregation of sons of Erin can speak in a loud voice and with unction can get any kind of response to any kind of sentiment. An Irish audience at the Municipal Auditorium may shout for Sir Roger Casement. It may applaud the Sinn Fein disloyalists. It may with Mr. Riley acclaim impartially for freedom or for slavery. But it is only the expression of temperamental exuberance. When it comes to action it will be found that the Irish are as good as the best of them. Shout for whomever or whatever they may, when it comes to the doing their elders will buy Liberty Bonds, their women—God bless 'em—will knit, roll bandages, nurse the wounded, and their sons will march into the jaws of hell for the Stars-and-Stripes.

#### Minor Abuses.

One of the minor yet really serious abuses of the confused situation at Washington—a situation tending through confusion to scandal—is that of the non-combatant commissioned officer attached to the army. For some months following our entrance into the war the War Department followed a commendable course in the bestowal of commissions. But more recently, without any change in formal rules, the practice has been less scrupulous. It is easy to believe that there must be an approach to actual corruption when we find the cautious *Washington Post* remarking as it does in its issue of March 24th that "a considerable number of draft age and others have been granted commissions because of influence."

The magnitude of this particular raid upon government favor and patronage is suggested by the statistics of the noncombatant branch of the service. The roster of noncombatant commissioned officers runs to a total of 62,000, about 33,000 of whom have had no military training. Eliminating from consideration some 21,000 medical officers commissioned from civil life and who are not in this connection subject to criticism, and some 25,000 or 30,000 who are actively employed in business activities or in scientific work of real importance, there remains a margin of somewhere from 10,000 to 12,000 who have found their way into the official organization of the army under the principle of safety first. This reproach does not apply to many chemists, engineers, physicists, and other technologists, most of them over draft age, who at a distinct sacrifice have given up private professional practice to enter the ordnance department as first lieutenants, captains, and majors, with salaries far below their private earning power. These men are really needed. Hundreds of them have responded to the call of duty and are doing fine work at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country and in France. In the quartermaster's corps there are hundreds of highly trained and successful men of business who are making similar sacrifices.

But both the ordnance department and the quartermaster's department are heavily loaded with dead wood of draft age put in by influence; and the judge advocate-general's department is rapidly loading up with similar incumbrances. For example, the case of a young lawyer aged twenty-four whose father is chairman of the exemption board in a middle western city and stands close to the governor of the state. This boy was made a major in the judge advocate's department of the National Guard of his state and then, under the law authorizing the drafting into the Federal service as the President may desire, was drafted by special order at his existing rank. Herewith a sample order showing how these special drafts are made:

293. Under the authority conferred by clause 2 of section 1 of the act of Congress approved May 18, 1917, the President hereby drafts into the military service of the United States, to take effect as of March 7, 1918, Major Maurice Thompson, adjutant-general's department, National Guard of Washington, and the provisions of paragraphs III and IV of the proclamation dated July 3, 1917, shall apply to this officer on and after the date specified. He will proceed without delay to Washington, D. C., and upon arrival report in person to the adjutant-general of the army for assignment to duty in the office of the chief of the Militia Bureau. The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

Major Thompson named in this order has been the very competent adjutant-general of the State of Washington. He is not personally subject to criticism. His

case is here cited only to illustrate the method by which many, most of them having no qualification whatever, have contrived to work their way into the official organization of the army and to attain in many instances notable rank in it.

Thus in Washington there are many hundred youths who wear the uniform of the army, escaping the drudgery of the draft cantonments, simply because of political or other form of pull. Washington has found a name for this brand of slacker who gets a commission to cover his slacking. He is styled a "slicker." Already the abuse has become a near-scandal. Congress has become impressed with the facts, and the bureau chiefs who have been protecting the slickers are growing cautious. Probably there will be less of this particular kind of mischief in the future.

In all armies there is more or less political connubiation applied to the promotion from junior to higher ranks and to assignments to special posts or desirable duty. Washington just now is getting its full share of this sort of thing. Cases in point are those of Henry Jervey and James A. Irons. In the wholesale appointment of generals last August both were made brigadiers in the national army. Jervey in May, 1917, had just reached the grade of colonel, while Irons had long held that rank. Jervey is a native of Virginia, born in 1866, appointed to West Point from South Carolina and graduated as a second lieutenant of engineers in 1888. Irons is a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1857 and graduated as a second lieutenant of infantry in 1879. Jervey had spent his whole career as an engineer officer, not commanding troops. He is an amiable and charming gentleman. He was assigned to command a brigade of the Forty-First Division and by reason of the absence in France of the actual commander, Major-General Hunter Liggett, commanded the division while it was in this country. Just prior to its departure for France early last winter he was relieved of his command, having been found disqualified physically. Next he shows up in Washington, and in the recent reorganization of the General Staff he appears as chief of the division of operations, perhaps the most important of the four divisions into which the General Staff has been divided. Thus an engineer officer without field experience is at the head of the division of operations; General Irons, after some months' service as commander of the brigade at Camp Greene, North Carolina, has been relieved following the report of a medical board that he is physically disqualified for active service abroad. He resumes his rank of colonel of infantry and has been assigned to the Forty-Ninth Regiment. Jervey was not required to surrender his national army commission as brigadier-general, but has been placed in even higher authority than that grade. Irons, the more experienced soldier, is sent back to the line as a colonel. There is only one explanation—pull did it.

#### Editorial Notes.

We should be less disposed to resent the intrusion of President Wilson into the Mooney case if Mooney had not openly and boastfully made appeal from the courts to organized labor. Obviously the President's action is a response to this appeal—that is, it has come about through insistence of labor leaders who have espoused the cause of Mooney precisely as they espoused the cause of the McNamaras and of other "direct actionists" whose careers in recent times may be traced through a record of murder and arson. As a matter of fact there is not the slightest moral doubt as to the guilt of Mooney. The question has been raised as to the validity of witness Oxman's testimony; but Oxman's testimony was not an essential factor in the case against Mooney. The moral issue, we repeat, was never in doubt; and we have not only the determination of our State Supreme Court, but the free declaration of Mooney's attorney that the trial was a fair one. If it shall turn out that Mooney's appeal from the courts to organized labor shall save his wretched neck from the halter, the fact will mark a disastrous break-down of the law before forces which in contempt and defiance of the law seek to dominate the country.

While the long-range gun which these several days past has been operating fitfully from behind the German lines upon Paris—a distance calculated at seventy-six miles—has come as a surprise to the world in general, it has not disturbed the equanimity of experts. Mr. Hudson Maxim declared "there is nothing new



about it." Shells of nine-inch calibre such as have been falling in Paris, he says, could easily be projected seventy-six miles "by employing a gun of eighteen-inch calibre and using sub-calibre shells. With a nine-inch gun fifty feet in length, and with a maximum elevation of forty-five degrees, a projectile may be thrown twenty miles. By doubling the calibre of the gun and retaining the nine-inch shell, so as to increase the resistance, double the energy could be brought to bear upon the shell base. By again doubling the length of the gun four times the power would be developed at four times the range obtained." Explaining the probable action of the new gun, Mr. Maxim is further quoted:

To shoot sub-calibre projectiles rings are attached to the ends of the shell. These rings carry the rifling, and, being split, detach themselves from the main body of the projectile upon leaving the mouth of the gun. This gun the Germans are using probably weighs from 800 to 1000 tons and is about 100 feet long. Such a gun would throw a shell fifty miles into the sky, or above the earth's atmosphere, where little resistance would be encountered. The idea is stupendous, I know, but as a matter of fact, given money enough—say a billion dollars—there is nothing to prevent the construction of a gun which could shoot a ten-inch projectile so far above the earth's surface as to overcome gravitation and possibly render the shells a planet. Such a weapon is possible, but hardly practicable, and neither is the gun which I have said the Germans may be using, for the reason that the cost of operation would so greatly exceed the military value of the damage done by it. For this reason I do not think this type of gun will be a permanent addition to military equipment.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has done a definite service not only to the cause of Ireland, but to that larger cause for which nearly the whole of civilization is in arms. He has made it clear to Irish sympathizers everywhere that the service of Ireland is incompatible with the service of Germany, and that whoever aids or comforts Germany, directly or indirectly, is an enemy to Ireland, to the United States, and to the forces of governmental decency throughout the world. The success of the Sinn Fein means the success of Germany, and therefore the definite end of Irish aspirations, the final extinction of every Irish hope, and the ruin of every democratic ideal that is now struggling for its life. Mr. O'Connor has been outspoken in his defense of Ireland. He has trucked to no one. His patriotism is unimpeachable except by those who are themselves incapable of patriotism. But he has shown that the first duty of patriotism, whether to the United States or to Ireland, is an ungrudging combination against the common foe, without which there can be home rule neither for Ireland nor for any other country, without which there can be nothing but slavery for any one.

It has been evident from the beginning that Lenroot was the strongest man in the Wisconsin contest as against the pro-German Socialist, Berger. Under the circumstances the Democrats ought not to have put up a candidate, and most assuredly the Washington administration should not by supporting him have drawn votes from Lenroot. The fight was an open one between loyalty and disloyalty, and while Lenroot has won it the result would have been more impressive if the votes of all the loyalists could have gone to a single candidate.

Mr. Bingbridge Colby, we believe, holds membership in the Federal Trade Commission as a Republican. In view of the fact that he supported a Democratic candidate in the last presidential election, and that more recently he has stumped Wisconsin for the Democratic senatorial candidate, Davies, it would appear to be about time to re-classify Mr. Colby and incidentally to put a real Republican, as the law directs, instead of a nominal one in the Trade Commission.

Contributions to the Dr. Fewell Eye-Glass Fund since last report aggregate \$75. The donors are: "Students of an Historical Art Club" of San Francisco and Berkeley, \$70; Mrs. Simon Kohn, San Francisco, \$5.

None too soon the Regents of the State University have begun to clear the air at Berkeley. Too long there has been endurance there of disloyalty.

The Russian soldier is described by army surgeons as an ideal patient. His power of resistance is indeed marvelous. They are accustomed to live in the open air, inured to extremes of heat and cold, and able to undergo major operations with a minimum of shock.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The fact that the Versailles Conference had reached certain military conclusions concerning the conduct of the war would have passed almost unnoticed by the public but for the fact that Colonel Repington of the London *Times* was prosecuted for divulging them. The colonel pleaded in vain that these conclusions were already known, and had been discussed in neutral and even in German newspapers, which was true enough. But the reality of Colonel Repington's offense need not be debated here. The fact that he was prosecuted for making certain statements may be accepted as evidence that those statements were substantially true, while their interest is still further enhanced by the fact that the military plans at which he hinted are now being carried out before our eyes.

Colonel Repington said that the Versailles Conference had determined upon the creation of an army of manœuvres to be placed under the command of some general who had not at that time been named. An army of manœuvres is a mobile force to be stationed somewhere behind the fighting line, and to be held in reserve for rapid use in emergencies, or to seize upon such opportunities as might present themselves. In this case the army of manœuvres was to be composed of the reserves of all the Allied armies that are now on the western field, and who were therefore to be detached from their present commands and united into a single force and under a single command. Now it is evident that such a measure implies far more than may meet the eye at a first glance. To deprive a general of the control of his reserves is practically to deprive him of his command, since it is obvious that he can undertake no enterprise of any importance unless he knows precisely what support he can call upon in order to carry it through. The commander of the composite army of reserves would practically be a generalissimo of all the forces, since the nominal commander-in-chief would have to obtain his concurrence before undertaking any operations of a major kind, or of a kind likely to demand the support of reserves. That such a measure was actually equivalent to the appointment of a generalissimo was hailed with satisfaction by observers everywhere who had witnessed the waste of efforts incidental to divided counsels and uncoordinated actions. It was denounced only by military men of the half-pay colonel type, who were fanatically jealous of any interference with national independence.

We have already seen the action of an army of manœuvres during the present war, although we have not before seen a composite force of this kind. General Manoury's army at the battle of the Marne was an army of manœuvres. It was thrown unexpectedly upon the right flank of the German army, and it may be said to have struck the first destructive blow at General von Kluck. Another army of manœuvres at the same battle was that of General Foch, which was thrown against General von Hausen and the centre of the German army, already weakened by the sending of aid to General von Kluck. It was Manoury's army that began the rout of the Germans at the Marne, and it was Foch's army that finished it, and both were armies of manœuvres. It would be unprofitable to inquire into the identity of the actual winner of the Marne. History will attend adequately to the bestowal of the laurels, but there can be no doubt of the tremendous part played by Foch nor of the strategical genius that saw its opportunity and triumphantly seized it. It is well to remember Foch's great achievement—one of many—at the moment when he has been placed at the head of a force several times greater than has ever before been assembled for war. If a record of the past is any guarantee of the future we may look for some brilliant and unified action that shall inaugurate a new era of the war, and one that we may reasonably expect shall be both short and triumphant.

Last week I cited the advice once given by Foch to the officers of the Ecole Militaire, and perhaps we may profitably remind ourselves that Foch has been practically the school-master of the French army, and that most of the officers now in command were once his pupils. "I advise you," said Foch in effect, "to disregard the map, and to think only of the cohesion and morale of your forces, for an army with an unbroken front is an unbeaten army." These, of course, were not his exact words, but I think they represent his exact meaning, and we may remember them with some consolation at the present time. The loss of territory, he meant, is of no importance unless it contains points of strategical value. The enemy has still his task in front of him so long as he is opposed by an army that preserves its formation and that is neither pierced nor outflanked. Of this we have an illustration once more in the battle of the Marne. The French army, after a great loss of territory, of men, and of guns, was yet able to make a stand at the appointed place, and to prove that it was in no way a beaten army by inflicting a crushing defeat upon its foes. In other words the Germans were on the offensive, but the French had the initiative. It was for them to dictate the route, and the Germans must perforce follow that route wherever it led. At the present moment we see the British armies, and to a lesser extent the French armies, in retreat before the Germans. With the loss of territory we need not concern ourselves at all, unless and until it shall include a railroad centre like Amiens, and in that case the vital loss will be of the railroad and not of the territory. We may avoid all feelings of despondency as we read of the Allied forces being pressed back and of the relinquishment of village after village. The cession of territory is, in a sense, a safety valve. If it should be impossible to retreat owing to a lack of transport, to the immobility of artillery, or to a loss of morale, the position of the Allied armies would then indeed be a perilous one. The army that retreats in

good time is somewhat in the position of a wrestler who steps back in order to avoid the grasp of his more muscular opponent. Actually there are only two questions that we need ask ourselves in order to measure the fortunes of the present battle. First we must know if the Allied line is in danger of being pierced and outflanked. Secondly we must know if the railroad line that passes through Amiens is in danger. The piercing and outflanking of the line might easily be fatal. The capture of Amiens by the Germans would imply a grave embarrassment to the French and the British, but it would not necessarily be fatal.

The outflanking of a line is a term that is constantly used, but the enormous advantage that it gives to the successful army may be a little obscure to the casual student. To outflank the enemy may be said to be the chief concern of the rival armies, and it is for this reason that the attack is almost invariably brought upon the end of the line unless the end of the line is so supported—usually by a neutral country, by water or by mountains—as to be invulnerable. During the race to the North Sea that followed the battle of the Marne we see an unprecedented example of outflanking operations. We find both lines running parallel to each other, and each being rapidly extended in the hope of outstripping the enemy and attacking his extremity or flank. In this instance both efforts failed and the lines ultimately reached the ocean, which prevented any further outflanking movements. From that day until now the rival armies have been anchored, so to speak, at both extremities. In the north they rest upon the ocean, and in the south on the frontiers of neutral Switzerland. Any further direct attempts to outflank are therefore impossible, and for this reason we have the continuous efforts to pierce the lines, and so to create an artificial flank, or perhaps several artificial flanks. But the essence of the movement is always the same. Armies do not fight along the length of their battle lines. They attack the flanks, and if the flanks are protected by water, mountains, or neutral countries, they try to create flanks or extremities by piercing the lines. This is the operation that we have now been witnessing. The Germans are trying to pierce the British lines at certain definite points. The British are frustrating that attempt by falling back.

The danger to an army that has been outflanked will be understood in a moment if we visualize the position of the forces engaged. Imagine a capital letter T lying upon its side. The crossbar of the T, or what is then its perpendicular line, will represent the outflanking force. The horizontal line will be the army attacked. Now it will be evident that the outflanking force can bring under its fire the whole length of the enemy line that is included within the range of its guns. It can direct an angular fire not only from its two arms, but it can enfilade its enemy, that is to say it can fire right down the length of his line. But the reply of the enemy is restricted to the comparatively few men who can fire without hitting their own comrades. The line that is threatened with an outflanking movement may choose one of two alternatives if it is strong enough to have any choice at all. It can extend its line at the threatened flank—or at both flanks if both flanks are threatened—and so bring an outflanking movement of its own; or it can retreat beyond reach of its enemy and so evade his clutch. There is still another operation called "refusing the flank" which consists of pivoting back the attacked flank until it is parallel with the attacking force, but if this movement is repeated and continued it may lead to envelopment, and a consequent cutting of the line of communications or supplies. This seems to have been Von Kluck's course at the Marne. He pivoted his flank to meet Manoury's attack, but none the less he was presently compelled to switch back his whole army to avoid envelopment. The modern battle may almost be said to consist of attempts to outflank, and these attempts are met either by counterattacks or by retreats. However deplorable such retreats may be in the loss of fortifications and guns, they are the lesser of two evils. Almost anything is better than to be outflanked.

But it is necessary to resort to a piercing movement where both flanks of an army are anchored upon natural defenses as is the case with the armies on the western front. Having no exposed flanks, it is necessary to create them, so to speak, by cutting the line in two, and "turning" both edges of the cut. But the cut must be wide enough to correspond roughly with the extent of the expected advance. That is to say the base of the offensive wedge or triangle that is to be driven into the enemy lines must be approximately as long as its sides; the triangle must be equilateral. If the attack meets with an initial success it will have the effect of bulging the enemy line backward, and the apex of the attacking triangle will be pushed forward steadily into the bulge. The attacking force will have created a salient in the form of a triangle, and it will continue to push on in the hope of bursting its way through and "turning" the edges of the cut or break. The defense on the other hand, if he can not resist, will become elastic, and give way in order to avoid being pierced. But the salient brings with it a peculiar danger to its owner, and unless it have a sufficiently long base its danger will be greatly increased. First of all the sides of the salient are twice as long as the base from which it started and therefore require twice as many men in occupation. But there is a much greater danger than this. The salient is liable to be attacked upon either or both of its sides near its base, and if the attack is successful the attacking artillery may be able to reach right across to its other side, and so cut off and isolate the whole of the forces between the point of attack and the apex of the triangle. It is for this reason that the base must be made sufficiently wide to correspond with the lines of



vance. And it is for this same reason that fails to pierce the enemy lines must presently come to a standstill. The sides of the offensive triangle must not be longer than its base. Indeed they ought not to be so long.

If these elementary considerations are grasped we shall understand at once the plan of the present battle. The area of line selected for attack by the Germans stretched from the neighborhood of Croisilles to that of La Fère, or about fifty miles. This was at once an indication of the gravity of the movement, since a base of fifty miles indicated an intended advance of about that same distance. None the less we have just seen another attack in the vicinity of Arras, which lies further north than Croisilles, and this of course was intended to lengthen the base line in order to give greater equilibrium to the triangle resting upon it. The attempt failed, but its intention was quite evident. Now a glance at a map of the rival lines show that they are indeed in the form of a clumsy and irregular triangle. Its apex was intended to point directly at Amiens, but the exact situation of the apex is not wholly under control, since it must be shifted from place to place to meet the conditions of the defense. Thus at one time we find it at Alhert, and again at Montdidier and Moreuil. If you connect the three points of Croisilles, Amiens, and La Fère, the result will be a nearly exact equilateral triangle, with Amiens for its apex. But the Germans have extended their base line of attack somewhat to the south of La Fère, to the vicinity of Coucy. They tried also to extend it to the north or toward Arras as we have seen. This would increase the distance between the sides of the triangle and give it greater stability. The Germans neglect nothing in the way of scientific precision in their military operations. And it need hardly be said that they know exactly the danger to which so large a salient exposes them. Whether they will be able to meet that danger remains to be seen, but in the meantime we may wholly disregard the vague and comfortable assurances of military authorities that they have every confidence in the result. Unless they have superhuman faculties they can not have any such confidence. We may also disregard the sanguine and absurd opinion that the Germans are walking into a trap that has been laid for them. German armies do not walk into traps, at least they have not done so since the battle of the Marne, where they first learned to respect their enemies. They know exactly what they have to expect, and they are bracing themselves to meet it, and taking all the precautions open to them.

The German salient will of course be attacked upon one of its sides with a view to biting off its nose or apex, and the attack will be brought so that the nose or apex shall be as large as possible. Whether the army of manœuvres had actually been formed before the battle began we do not know, but we may be quite sure that it has been formed now. It is not necessarily in one body, nor in one place. We are authoritatively told that the British reserves have not yet been in action, and we know that large French forces are engaging the Germans at Montdidier. When the reserves, or the armies of manœuvre, are thrown into action it will probably be on the southern line of the triangle or salient, but this will depend upon conditions that can not be ascertained here. No inference need be drawn from the fact that the attack has not yet been brought. It may be brought before these lines are in print, but it would obviously be the part of wisdom to wait until the enemy lines had reached their utmost extension, and therefore their utmost exhaustion, before striking the blow. The attack will be brought, not against the length of the new German front, but at one or two selected points, and its object will be to command the western end of the salient and to cut it off from its base. But for what seems the actual necessity to protect Amiens, we might expect a blow at some other part of the line altogether, since there must be other parts of the line that have been weakened for the purposes of the present attack. But Amiens is of such vital importance that it will certainly be defended with all available forces, and the only possible defense is to compel the withdrawal of the salient by an attack upon one of its sides. And this is nearly sure to come within a few days.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Mayors are appointed in France in much the same way as in England, but the prefect is a permanent government official, with infinitely greater power and of much more importance. He is the supreme head of a department—of which there are eighty-six—and it is his duty to see that the laws passed in Paris are carried out properly in every commune of his department. He has control over the police and even over the military should their services be required in an industrial or political dispute. He sees that the taxes are collected, and every public improvement scheme is submitted to him in order that he may decide by whom the cost should be borne. The post of prefect is well paid and often leads to higher things. For instance, M. Paul Gambon held three prefectures before he was given a diplomatic post.

The Czar of Russia was a well-paid ruler. He received the revenues from the Russian crown lands, and their area was equal to that of one-third of the United States—aggregating more than a million square miles. If you were to take all of the land in the United States lying east of the Mississippi you would still need several states like Massachusetts to make up an area equal to that of the domain whose revenues were the property of the Czar. His total income ranged around thirty million dollars a year.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Otto Tremont Bannard, president of the New York Trust Company, once said to an interviewer: "I tell you, I'm the most uninteresting man you ever met." Since the war began he has been to Europe several times and went to the Balkan States in 1916 to investigate conditions for the American Red Cross and the War Relief Committee of the Rockefeller Foundation. On that occasion he said on his return: "I spent half my time getting into Serbia and the other half trying to get out."

David Baird, New Jersey's new senator *ad interim*, was born in Ireland and is seventy-eight years old. He is a "self-made man," and has been regarded politically as one of the old-line Republicans. When a boy he came to the United States, and in 1859 located in the city of Cambridge, which since has been his place of residence. Mr. Baird has been for some years one of the foremost business men of his section of New Jersey, being engaged in handling spars, timber, and piling in Camden as well as being interested in lumber operations in other parts of the country.

The Prince of Wales, whose popularity with all ranks seems to be evidenced by the warm welcome he receives from London crowds, took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords at a later age than did King Edward. Minority in the case of the Prince of Wales does not count, though his two immediate predecessors in the title did not take their seats until full age had been attained. His present majesty only became Prince of Wales in 1901, when already thirty-six years old, but the present prince came into his honors as eldest son of the sovereign at the early age of sixteen.

Chief John Grass, Indian, is a Teton, but not a Teuton (says the *Chicago Post*). This leader of the Teton Sioux is pretty nearly as old as the Black Hills which shadow his one-time buffalo range, but his mind on war matters is as young and as clear as it was in the days when his nation went to war against the encroaching whites. Today Chief John Grass makes himself one of our people. He says: "We must fight hard, with happy hearts, and let the people know that Chief John Grass, the Chiasapa-Teton Sioux, believes that our country will win with honor because we are in the right."

Thomas W. Lamont, a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and who therefore talks and handles billions and who stands in the front rank of those who have found the money for the fight against German autocracy, began as a reporter in New York nineteen years ago. Born in 1870 in Claverack, New York, the son of a Methodist clergyman, he had his education at the Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, and at Harvard University. He worked his way through Harvard by contributing articles to the Boston papers and the college publications, the *Crimson* and the *Harvard Monthly*.

Of the two famous Mayo brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, whose surgery is regarded as most amazing, a recent biographer says: "Dr. Charlie gets his fun out of his big farm, twenty minutes by motor from Rochester; Dr. Will gets his from his motors and his steamboat. Every week-end he and his wife and some of their friends go for a trip up or down the Mississippi. His private secretary always goes along, and Dr. Will takes this time to write the papers he reads at medical meetings. He has published more than two hundred of these scientific papers. And Charlie has published more than a hundred."

Joseph Caillaux, the former French premier, recently charged with treason, based much of his success as premier on the fact that he was silent, reserved, elegant, cool. He had the debater's art of turning the opposition into nothingness with a small remark. He had every detail in his head. His politeness was un-failing. The deputies were staggered first by the enormity of the budgets and next by the facility of the young man who explained them so well. He formed then his habit of going behind the scenes to congratulate actresses, of giving delightful dinners to people not in politics, of dressing with scrupulous accuracy in the latest fashion.

Otto H. Kahn, the New York banker, has always maintained a strong and practical interest in art, and more especially in grand opera. When first these promptings to give some of his time to music took possession of him, shortly after settling in New York in 1893, and before he had made his mark in the financial world, it is said that Kahn revealed his longings to the late Edward H. Harriman, half expecting that the railroad wizard, himself engrossed in business, would frown upon the ambition to mix music and art with money-making. "Go ahead and do it," was the surprising Harriman counsel. "If you don't let it interfere with your application to business; if you keep it in its place, it will do you no harm, but good. It will be exercise for imagination. Don't ever let your imagination get rusty."

Of all the crowned heads of Europe King Victor Emanuel and Queen Elena are said to be the most democratic and most beloved by their people. Their

marriage was a love affair. Queen Elena was a Montenegrin princess and her marriage to the Italian king was bitterly opposed by the queen mother, who also prevented the Duke of Abruzzi from marrying Katherine Elkins. For a long time Queen Elena had a hard time of it. As a mother she is a real "madonna" and she looks like one. She nursed her own children and as far as possible she and his majesty have thrown aside formality. They live like a cultured happy couple of simple tastes. Queen Elena is very tall and stately. She is six feet one inch in height, and the king is much smaller, but they are said to make a handsome couple nevertheless.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Stirrup-Cup.

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare,  
Look how compounded, with what care!  
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee  
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillate went,  
Keats and Gotama excellent,  
Omar Khayyâm, and Chaucer bright,  
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;  
Hand me the cup when'er thou wilt,  
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;  
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

—Sidney Lanier.

### Little Breeches.

I don't go much on religion,  
I never aint had no show;  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handful o' things I know.  
I don't pan out on the prophets  
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—  
But I h'lieve in God and the angels,  
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe came along,—  
No four-year-old in the county  
Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
Pearl and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight,—  
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker  
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
As I passed by Taggart's store;  
I went in for a jug of molasses  
And left the team at the door.  
They scared at something and started,—  
I heard one little squall,  
And bell-to-split over the prairie  
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!  
I was almost froze with skeer;  
But we roused up some torches,  
And sarched for 'em far and near.  
At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
Snowed under a soft white mound,  
Upset, dead heat,—hut of little Gabe  
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,  
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—  
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,  
And me and Isrul Parr  
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold  
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
Where they shut up the lambs at night.  
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,  
So warm and sleepy and white;  
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,  
As peart as ever you see,  
"I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.  
He could never have walked in that storm;  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And fotching him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne.—John Hay.

### What of the Day?

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,  
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky  
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare:  
The hills blaze red with warnings; foes draw nigh  
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.  
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision—  
The gathering hosts—the Valley of Decision,  
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.  
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!  
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!  
Even so, Father! Let Thy will be done—  
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast begun  
In judgment or in mercy; as for me,  
If hut the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free  
Who find Thy service perfect liberty!  
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life  
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and pain)  
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,  
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling hack the Spirits of the Night.  
Oh! for the faith to read the signs aright,  
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight  
See Truth's white banner floating on before;  
And, the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,  
And base expedients, move to noble ends:  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,  
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,  
Flailed by Thy thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



## THE MAD MONK OF RUSSIA.

Ilidor Tells the Amazing Story of Rasputin and His Intrigues at the Russian Court.

When rogues fall out, honest men have a chance. Such is the thought that runs through the mind as one reads the disclosures made by Sergei Trufanoff as he relates the story of his adventurous life and his connection with Rasputin, the evil genius of the Romanoffs. Sprung from humble parents, Trufanoff entered the church and was given rapid advancement. As he tells the story, the reactionary party regarded him as a valuable influence in dealing with the people, and he had therefore exceptional opportunities for promotion.

But, according to his story, he came to have deep sympathies for the oppressed, and devoted himself to the service of the submerged. It was in this work that he came into contact with the infamous Father Gapon, the priest who led the crowd of petitioners to the Winter Palace on Bloody Sunday:

Meanwhile I preached every evening in the public squares and the lodging-houses of the poor. These services had come into vogue in the last two years of my student life in Petrograd. The movement had been fostered by an informal group of divinity students to which I belonged, and Father Gapon, who later became famous, was the spokesman. Father Gapon was one year ahead of me in his studies at the academy. Because of a lack of room in his dormitory, he was installed at the hospital at a time when, in my junior year, I had contracted a severe cold in the intestines and was compelled to lie in the hospital for nearly eight weeks. My acquaintance with Gapon there ripened into friendship.

In his conversations with me at the hospital Father Gapon frequently emphasized the need of the church becoming acquainted with the problems of the masses. He began going among the people as a missionary, and with a number of other students I followed in his footsteps, though only to a certain point. On one occasion Gapon invited me to go with him to see some friends who, he said, were "worth while." He spoke in a mysterious way about these friends and what they were planning to do for the fatherland; but as I had just taken the habit, I thought it out of keeping for me to go about visiting Gapon's lay friends, and therefore declined his invitation. Gapon's friendship for me cooled perceptibly after that. He left the academy in the spring of 1904, and it was not for some time after that I discovered the equivocal nature of the man.

Later Ilidor sadly disappointed those who had counted upon him to inculcate loyalty among the soldiers and he was banished to a distant monastery. Earlier he had come into contact with Gregory Rasputin and they had become friends. As he tells it, the latter intervened in his behalf because he hoped later on to use him in his intrigues. He professes to have gone on preaching among the people, attacking the bureaucracy, but at the same time opposing revolution. He had a very good opinion of himself and of his importance in the empire:

My enemies, meanwhile, attacked me on all sides. The high church officials, the civil officials, and the representatives of the revolutionary movement conducted a desperate campaign against me. The clergy investigated my pedigree and attempted to discover drunkards and madmen among my ancestors. The lay officials told the Czar that another Pugatcheff had appeared in the Volga provinces as dangerous for him as the first Pugatcheff had been for Catherine II. The revolutionists published long articles about me, claiming that I had horns under my priest's cowl, hoofs instead of toes and heels, and a long tail under my cassock. In short, I was hated by all parties; but this only made me all the firmer in my convictions.

Nevertheless, this bitter political struggle came near unbalancing me. From the modest, unassuming monk that I had been three or four years before I was transformed into a monster of audacity. Speaking of certain governors and ministers whom I disliked, I used to state publicly that they ought to be flogged in the Czar's stables. I accused bishops and priests without reservation of being mercenary and sinful. My adversaries declared I was insane. I replied: "That is just what I expect. If you wish to kill a dog, call him mad." But my position was very exalted, for my power over the people was without limits.

As I have explained, surrounded by enemies on every side, I was all alone. But it was just then that the most powerful man in Russia, Gregory Rasputin, came to my assistance. He came to me of his own accord because he needed a man who could support his authority and defend him against the attacks of public opinion outside of court circles. The reader knows how he had already given me assistance. But now, realizing the extent of my power, he made me his most intimate friend. Under his protection I had nothing to fear. Through him I began to influence the Czar and Czarina themselves.

He was appointed missionary to Tsaritzin, on the Volga. Here he seems to have built up a large popular following, and finally by collecting subscriptions, to have been able to construct a monastery church. Here again he was saved from banishment by the intercession of Rasputin with the Czar. From this time his relations with Rasputin became more intimate. The story of these relations makes interesting material for the psychologist. At each step he records actions on the part of the religious impostor that create suspicion in his mind, and at the same time he is seeking favors from him at court and making himself believe that he is justified. One sees clearly that Ilidor is just as much of an adventurer seeking to get power in high places as Rasputin himself, and ready to use the latter to this purpose. It is in this light that his whole story must be read. There was not a point at which it was not clear to Ilidor that Rasputin was a fraud, but a fraud endowed with a singular hypnotic influence over the mystical circle at court, and therefore of great use to himself as long as he retained that power.

Ilidor's description of this circle at court and its devotion to mysticism has much of truth in it, and it explains the hold which Rasputin secured there. As a matter of fact the aristocratic circles in Petrograd had

in the latter part of the nineteenth century passed through a period of agnosticism and disbelief, induced by the formalism of the church. But the religious instinct in the Russian is very strong, and it reasserted itself, as is usually the case under such circumstances, in swinging the crowd into various forms of mysticism. Spiritualistic seances became fashionable and the planchette was read. Numerous self-styled holy men came into existence, and the atmosphere was favorable to the appearance of just such types as John Alexander Dowie or Joseph Smith. It was under these conditions that Rasputin came to the surface and met with unexampled success in high places. His fortunate prophecy of the birth of an heir to the Russian throne in 1904 secured his position. Here is Ilidor's gossip concerning the means Rasputin employed to retain it:

Having once enjoyed the luxury of court life, Rasputin was careful not to lose his control over the source of these blessings. Occasionally, as the Czarevitch grew up, the empress appeared slightly weary of the holy man's eccentricities. It was for this reason that Rasputin entered into partnership with two other court personages, who were also anxious to keep in favor, in order to carry out a plot, the whole story of which in all its details he described to me in the most shameless way. His accomplices were Mme. Viurohova, the Czarina's lady-in-waiting, and Dr. Badmaeff, unofficial court physician, a strange unscrupulous cynic of Tibetan family, closely related to the Grand Lama of Tibet, enormously wealthy, and versed in the mysteries of Oriental medicine. Whenever their power was waning or they needed money, they gave the little Czarevitch a yellow powder that made him ill without actually endangering his life. Dr. Badmaeff provided the powders while Rasputin and Viurohova found opportunities to administer them. Rasputin once told me, with a laugh, that the Czar and Czarina had neglected him of late, but that the "little yellow powder" would restore their faith in him. As soon as the Czarevitch became ill, Viurohova would remind Alexandra that the saint alone could restore him to health. Rasputin would appear, and the illness would immediately vanish, the powders having been discontinued. Then Rasputin would be in high favor again, and would be allowed everything he desired. Every one knows that the ambitions of the Czar and Czarina had for years been centred in the birth of this boy. Anything that affected his life, therefore, offered an easy means of playing on their credulity, weak-minded as they were at best. "The Czarevitch will live as long as the prophet is honored at court," was one of Rasputin's most famous predictions. It was borne out by the fact that whenever Rasputin was temporarily under a cloud the Czarevitch fell ill. Owing to the effect of this continual taking of drugs, the Czarevitch can never become a normal man. His fragility and puniness astonish every one who sees him. His face is colorless, with a tendency to become blue. The first time I met him he behaved almost like an imbecile.

But it was Rasputin's religious orgies, unholy mockeries of religion, that gave him his greatest power over the court. Many of these orgies seem almost unbelievable in modern times.

The author tells us, for example, of the mystical sect called the Chlysts, notorious in Russia, to which Rasputin belonged. One may imagine what these rites became, transferred from their peasant setting to the luxurious and splendid court:

The fundamental principle of the Chlysts is that man draws nearer to God by mortifying the flesh. To this end they indulge in fantastic dancing, fasting, and racking their nerves to the point of exhaustion. The sect derives its name from the Russian word *chlyst*, which means a whip, flagellation being one of the features of their rites. They carry this to excess. In 1890, I remember, nineteen Chlysts were buried alive by their fellow-devotees, who were seeking in this way to carry the mortification of the flesh to its logical extreme.

The worshipers meet at night, for the most part without clothes, and armed with switches. In the centre of the meeting-room there is a barrel of water; unleached linen covers the floor. Occasionally a fire is made of certain herbs that produce fantastically colored lights. The devotees crawl toward the barrel, filling the air with strange chants and ejaculations. Rasputin repeated one of these chants to me:

I come creeping—  
Creeping over new linen;  
I come creeping,  
Seeking the new Savior.

The worshipers, male and female, no sooner reach the barrel than they begin splashing water over one another and whipping one another, the excitement growing every moment more intense. It is an infernal scene, the air filled with shouts, howls, cries, prayers, and exclamations like: "The leader is coming! He will whip you! I will whip you! Whip me, brother! Whip me, sister! Here is Jerusalem! O Lord, take me!" Then they heat one another to a state of unconsciousness. They lie in heaps, exhausted. Many die as a result of these heatings and frantic embraces; while others dash out into the woods naked, and later are found dead from exposure.

Rasputin was certainly a gross and vile character, given to all kinds of sensual indulgence. The scandals of his private life were known everywhere except at court, though even here many were corrupted by him under the guise of his peculiar religious ideas and practices. Ilidor hints that even the Empress Alexandra was one of his victims. The belief of those in the best position to know, however, is that the imperial family was completely taken in by his mystical and religious side and would not listen to the stories concerning his debauches that were current in the streets of Petrograd.

According to Ilidor the influence of Rasputin became so strong as to place in his hands the decision of the greatest affairs. For example, he quotes what Rasputin himself told him concerning the ending of the Russo-Japanese war and the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth:

"Papa sent Witte somewhere, I don't know where, to conclude peace with the Japanese. Well, in the evening, at about 10 o'clock, I go out through this gate, and it is so dark, so dark! I look upward and, behold! the Holy Virgin in heaven, with swords in her hand, turns from the Russians to the Japanese! I say to myself, 'This means we are going to be victorious now.' I run to the station and wire in my own words that Papa and Mama should conclude no peace, but wait for me. I received an answer that they could not

wait more than three or four days. I went to them, but the train was late. When I got there Witte had already concluded peace."

Finally Bishop Hermogenes and Ilidor undertake to overthrow Rasputin at court, but he is too strong for them and they were banished. It is not quite clear what finally determined Ilidor to make the attempt. He had, by his own statement, long known Rasputin to be a vulgar fraud. Apparently the time came when he no longer hoped for anything from him, and perhaps hoped himself to attain high position at court by his overthrow. Ilidor arranged a plot to have Rasputin assassinated, but it failed, and the monk managed to escape to Norway.

Here he was found by an agent of Khvostoff, the minister of interior, who asked him to secure the murder of Rasputin, and provided him with ample funds. The plot was discovered, however, and Khvostoff was disgraced. Meanwhile Ilidor set to work upon his book of memoirs which should lay bare the whole disgraceful story of Rasputin's connection with the court. For this he had abundant material, for in his visits to Rasputin, even to his home in Siberia, the latter had presented him with numerous letters and telegrams, some of them from the emperor and empress, and had confided to him endless stories of his actions at Tsarskoe Selo.

When this became known in Petrograd there was great excitement at court. Efforts were made to buy him off, or to get him near enough to the Finnish frontier so that he might be seized. He sent his wife to Russia to arrange matters, and this arrangement sounds suspiciously like blackmail. At any rate Ilidor did not at that time succeed in publishing his *chronique scandaleuse* and seems to have been abundantly supplied with money.

In June, 1916, Ilidor, now known by the name he bore before he entered the church, Trufanoff, came to New York. Here he alleges that the Russian embassy sought to purchase the manuscript of his book. Then he came in contact with a British agent, posing as a journalist. He was much impressed by the story this man told him of the money he earned in his profession and made a confidant of him. Apparently his story of the intrigues of Rasputin for a separate peace with Germany made a deep impression, and Ilidor evidently believes that this determined the action of the British government in their dealings with the men in the Duma who were planning the abdication of the Czar. All through, however, his cupidity is in evidence, and the assassination of Rasputin and the revolution gave him the opportunity to publish his manuscript with its astounding revelations—"important if true."

His book contains much of importance for one who would understand the confused state of affairs at the Russian court in the days preceding the revolution. Some of what he says is true and some is not. What is evident, and this is abundantly backed up by the documents in his possession, was that an impostor with hypnotic power, a vulgar, ignorant, gross peasant, secured a terrible ascendancy over the minds of the emperor and empress, and used this ascendancy for base ends, chiefly in the way of securing luxury for himself and appointments for his friends. But what Ilidor does not make clear is that Rasputin himself was really the tool of the real rulers behind the throne and used by them for their own malignant purposes. The legend of Rasputin among the people became of more importance as a political factor than Rasputin himself, and it was the spread of this legend that made the fall of the Romanoffs inevitable. The book is one that holds the attention from cover to cover, but one finds himself continually doubting the high motives which the author sets forth as the reason for his relations with Rasputin and for the present revelations.

THE MAD MONK OF RUSSIA, ILIDOR. Life, Memoirs, and Confessions of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

As a sea scavenger the California sea-gull is well known, but it is seldom realized that this bird is an accomplished inland scavenger as well. Not only do gulls clean up refuse, garbage, dead fish, and offal on land and water, but they also render important service to agriculturists by destroying insect and rodent pests. In 1907-08 they deserted their haunts on the Great Salt Lake to rid the Nevada alfalfa fields of field mice which threatened to destroy the crops. They lived in the alfalfa fields and in the adjoining fields until they had completed the work. Many years ago they rendered a like service to the State of Utah, through the destruction of grasshoppers which were laying waste the Utah grain fields. In remembrance of this service the people of Utah have erected a monument to the sea-gulls at a cost of \$40,000 in one of the parks of Salt Lake City.

San Salvador has a military strength of 378 officers and 82,881 men. Costa Rica stands ready to put into the field any day 52,208 soldiers, and on a war basis this can be quickly doubled. Guatemala is stronger than them all in a military sense, but the figures were not available. Honduras can throw 55,000 into war at a moment's notice, so to speak, and while Nicaragua keeps only 4000 troops in barracks, she can, on a war basis, mobilize 40,000, according to the military system upon which her army is based.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

For the month of March the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports total clearings of \$423,299,666.16, as compared with a total of \$366,404,901.48 in March, 1917. For the week ended Saturday the clearings aggregated \$89,386,176.67, as compared with \$73,485,497.11 in the corresponding week of 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$12,611,916.84.

Reporting as of March 29, 1918, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco exhibits very little change in the status of its affairs from that which obtained during the preceding week. The total resources of the bank now stand at \$177,805,000, with total reserves of \$100,206,000, or equivalent to a gold and legal money reserve against net deposits and note liability of 63.39 per cent., as against 62.71 in the preceding week. The bills discounted last week for members aggregated \$28,606,000, and the bills brought in the open market amounted to \$27,723,000, or a total of bills on

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hand of \$56,329,000, as against \$60,015,000 in the preceding week. Gross deposits last week amounted to \$92,673,000.

E. Clements Horst, who recently returned from Washington, where he secured a million-dollar contract with the government to supply dried vegetables, is building a number of huge drying sheds at Horstville, near Marysville, and expects to start drying vegetables next week.

The stock market holds to its regular course as is customary when professional activities are more prominent than public interest. Pool operations here and there have advanced specialties to such heights that it seems distribution is going on in a careful way. Elsewhere there seems to be continuing accumulation going on against the time when the general public will evince greater inclination to take these stocks at advancing prices. Professional traders switch from day to day from bear side to bull, and back again, making for

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a certain chopiness, while there is in evidence the presence of a confirmed bear party that thinks the market can't go up much in the face of the many demands present and prospective for money. Yet when this element tries to press any temporary advantage it seems to find the really big interests in the street willing to buy all that is offered.

Recent developments showing Germany's aims in the East have clarified the whole war situation. There now seems no danger of an inconclusive peace. Despite all their artifices it does not seem possible that German militarists will be represented in any peace conference that may take place. Their policies have barred them from that sort of intercourse with representatives of the civilized world that they formerly enjoyed. Not for much longer will they be able to sign treaties, and tear them up when it suits their purposes.

More and more does it appear that the war will be settled on the western front, and the more likely it seems that it is the Allies that will be taking the aggressive this spring, and that they will continue a sort of permanent offensive until the great day of victory.

In the circumstances we need to hasten to place every ounce of our strength in the scale against the enemy. It can not be for another year that our real war abilities will be manifested in any full degree. But when the air is filled with our flying machines, and our trenches manned by a couple of million sturdy Americans, the knell of Kaiserism will have sounded.

War stocks, shipping shares, good industrials, and rails generally seem to be especially attractive at current prices where one buys and holds, while the trading element may continue to watch for the soft spots for buying, even though not disposed to overlook the bear opportunities when prices are rushed up too rapidly, or when liquidation is breaking out. Investment securities are bound to be bearishly affected by the rising tendency in the price of capital, though government war financing plans will help a good deal in meeting various corporation needs.

The Bank of Italy has recently put into effect in its twenty branches located in seventeen California cities an inter-branch clearing system modeled after that in use in the 400 branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The inter-branch system simplifies accounting methods and eliminates at least 75 per cent. of the entries at the head office, besides furnishing additional safety.

E. C. Aldwell, assistant cashier, and George C. Bordwell, auditor of the Bank of Italy, recently spent two weeks in Canada, where they studied the auditing and clearing system of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which has banking houses and connections extending from London, England, to Victoria, B. C., and down to Mexico City.

The installation of the inter-branch system by the Bank of Italy is of particular interest throughout the country for the reason that the California institution is the first in the United States to adopt this method.

During February, with twenty-three business days, \$13,878,811 were loaned to farmers by the Federal Land Banks, according to a statement of the Farm Loan Board. This is \$2,091,294 more than the January total.

On March 1st the total amount of mortgage loans placed since the establishment of the Federal Land Banks was \$64,532,343, covering 28,495 loans.

The effect of the war upon world trade currents is illustrated by a comparison of the present commerce of the United States with that of the period immediately preceding the war. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York comparing our foreign trade in the seven months ending January, 1918, with that of the seven months ending with January, 1914, shows that our imports from Europe have fallen 50 per cent., while those from other parts of the world increased 150 per cent., also that the percentage of gain in our exports to the non-European world has been actually greater than that in the exports to Europe.

The bank's compilation shows that the total exports from the United States to Europe in the seven months ending with January, 1918, were \$2,205,000,000, against \$977,000,000 in the corresponding period ending with January, 1914, an increase of 126 per cent.; while exports to the non-European world in the seven months ending with January, 1918, were \$1,243,000,000, against \$545,000,000 in the corresponding period ending with January, 1914, an increase of 128 per cent. Thus the gain in exports, comparing the latest official figures with those of a corresponding period immediately preceding the war, is 126 per cent. increase to Europe and 128 per cent. increase to the remainder of the world.

The share which the United States is now handling of the trade of the non-European world is much greater than before the war. Normally, in the pre-war period, we supplied

less than 15 per cent. of the imports of South America; in 1917 we supplied about 45 per cent. of her imports. In the case of Asia we supplied before the war about 6 per cent. of the imports and in 1917 about 15 per cent. Of the imports of North America, exclusive of the United States, we supplied in 1913 about 60 per cent. and in 1917 over 80 per cent. Of the imports of Europe we supplied before the war about 12 per cent. and in 1917 we supplied about 30 per cent. of the imports of the continent exclusive of the Central Powers.

The practical destruction of Guatemala City by a series of earthquakes, the most severe of which occurred on December 25th, January 3d, and January 24th, has inaugurated an unprecedented era of building activity in that city, with a demand for building material of all kinds.

On account of war conditions Guatemala looks to the United States to supply its wants in the way of building materials, foodstuffs, and practically all the necessities of life, and for this reason an exceptional opportunity now exists for American manufacturers and shippers to introduce their goods into Guatemala upon advantageous terms.

Despite the fact that the government of Guatemala has appointed a commission to study and report a plan for the formal reconstruction of the city and has discouraged for the time being any other construction than that of a temporary nature, individuals are rebuilding their homes or are preparing to rebuild just as soon as the government's plans are made known. There has been a heavy importation from the United States of late of lumber, corrugated and galvanized iron, cement, and builders' hardware of every description. This importation will be stimulated as a result of the declaration of the President of Guatemala in his address upon convoking the national legislature on March 1st to admit free of all customs duties every class and kind of building material. The duties on these materials were formerly high, and their removal will naturally tend to stimulate importation.

The experience of earthquake devastation has demonstrated that construction with lumber or with reinforced concrete, or "cemento armado," as it is termed by the people of that country, is best adapted to withstand the seismic disturbances of the earth. There are very few wooden houses, and only one or two concrete buildings in the city and these escaped practically unscathed, while the flimsy adobe structures and even brick buildings were nearly all destroyed.

Besides the commodities mentioned a brisk demand exists for nails, flooring tiles, ready-made and portable houses and corrugated iron. The latter is especially in demand by the poorer classes of the community, who are unable to build substantial houses and who are in need of this material as roofing for their improvised huts and shacks. The price of corrugated iron is very high in Guatemala at this time and is said to be more than double the prevailing prices in the United States.

American manufacturers and exporters would naturally like to enter a field where such exceptional demand exists as in Guatemala at this time. The most approved method for an American manufacturer seeking to enter the Guatemala market is to send a representative to the country having practical knowledge and experience of the Spanish language and of the trade customs and usages which prevail in Latin-American countries. Such a representative will not only be able to introduce his goods to advantage, but he can inquire and examine into the important question of credit extension and credit terms. Prior to the European war many American commercial houses lost business to European competitors because they could not or would not meet trade conditions in the credit line.

For those houses that are not prepared to send representatives of their export departments to the Guatemala field a list of the principal importers of building material is forwarded. Correspondence with these firms may be in English, but Spanish is preferable. (A copy of the list referred to can be obtained at the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce or its district or cooperative offices by referring to file No. 98,506.)

There have been some murmurings to the effect that the banks will have to be a larger factor from now on in government financing. Men say that with high prices they are needing all their capital in their own business, and bankers say that it is taxing their resources to take care of their home demands, and that they think they will have to pass all subscriptions up to the reserve banks to be carried. All of which means that we have not yet comprehended that the war is of first, not secondary importance. We will never make a success of it by giving it what time, money, and labor we have left over, after the home demands are satisfied. A recent statement from the National City Bank treats the matter directly.

"The Federal Reserve authorities have re-

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peatedly shown anxiety that bank loans shall be kept down, and that the public shall be impressed with the necessity of curtailing private enterprises and expenditures and paying up on the bond subscriptions. But there is something so plausible and insidious about the idea of financing the war by having the banks create new credit that the stern alternative of cutting down the use of credit for other purposes, and of curtailing all business but that which supports the war, has a poor chance of popular favor beside it."

What is the objection to a pyramid of credit, based upon government bonds, and consisting, first, of individual credit, second, of member bank credit, and finally of reserve bank credit, all backed by the taxing power and the power to issue money? What can be better than such a combination as this? Why not finance the war in this way?

The answer is that this pyramid of credit can not add one day's work to the industrial resources of the country. The entire programme upon which the government is proposing to spend about \$20,000,000,000 this year is all a matter of a day's work. In times of peace the labor of the country is employed in private operations. The production consists in part of necessities for immediate consumption, in part of luxuries, and in part of additions to the productive equipment. Now comes the war, and the government wants to take over a great portion of the working force, and also asks the people to turn into the treasury money enough to pay it. The rational way of complying with this request would seem to be, first, cut out the production of luxuries or non-essentials; second, cut down the additions to permanent improvements and equipment, restricting them to such only as will aid in carrying on the war and the essential industries; third, keep enough people employed upon necessities to support the country and the army, and put all the others on war work; fourth, turn into the treasury through taxes and loans the money which was previously paid to these people now released from private service to war work; since we are no longer expending it in the old way we can let the government have the use of it. The account balances. The country has simply diverted purchasing power from one class of work to another.

Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, at the annual meeting in Newark, New Jersey, Tuesday, reported to the stockholders that the shipbuilding departments of the company were being operated at full capacity, with the steel plants running at 80 per cent. of capacity as compared with 50 per cent. in January.

Schwab said the increase in output was due to the improvement in transportation facilities, and that as fast as these increased the company's productivity would keep pace. Virtually all the plants are working for the government and the allies, he said.

D. B. Fuller has resigned the vice-presidency of the American National Bank to take a position with the international mercantile firm of Thomas W. Simmons & Co.

Sutro & Co. have been advised by their Honolulu correspondent that the island sugar plantations have experienced an exceptional winter, with copious rains and winds. The rains were especially beneficial to the growing crops, and brought about quite a change for the better in the general agricultural situation.

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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

How the Common Men Beat the Knights.

Exactly 571 years ago an interesting little battle took place in France at the village of Crecy in Pontheu. Today the whole thing seems a little absurd. An English king with designs upon the French throne was enjoying a campaign against France. He had been very successful, had almost reached Paris, and might have had himself crowned king in the French capital had not the Pope interfered with German politics by deposing the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria. This had annoyed the Germans, and they had sought aid from the French king, and consequently found themselves helping their new ally to eject the English. The matter seemed extremely simple, otherwise they would certainly not have been there. Numbering five hundred knights, they were of course a great help to the French monarch, who was also able to hire from the Riviera 15,000 Genoese cross bowmen. Edward, the English king, became disturbed and commenced to retreat with some difficulty. Forced marches prey heavily upon a modern army, upon a medieval army with poor communications a long forced march was sometimes fatal. A soldier could desert so very easily, and one's enemy was always willing while he could to pay a fair price for the services of any fighting man. Hence Edward was in an extremely awkward position when he reached Crecy with the huge French host approaching, consisting of the best-bred men of France and Germany, all covered in shining armor with feathers in their helmets. Of course according to the rule of the game the English king should have surrendered. He was outnumbered, and the great mass of his army consisted of canaille, rude churls from England, Wales, and Ireland—mere cannon fodder. What right had they to fight against gentlemen? However, Edward had to do something—he fell back upon "frightfulness." He chose a position commanded by a good sort of crest with a windmill on its top and deployed his men here. Once more forgetting the strict rules of the game, he dismounted his men at arms and made his good English, Irish, and Welsh bowmen dig in, with a ditch and stakes in front instead of wire entanglements. The hownen had "Bombards" between them, which with fire sent balls amongst the horses to frighten them. The whole thing was so extraordinary and unusual that Philip had not time to halt his vast host. Communications as usual broke down, and the French and Germans came rolling forward, the Genoese forming an advance guard just a little disorganized. Of course Edward was using the windmill for an O. P., and his communications seem to have been excellent, judging by the story of the Black Prince's spurs. The bow-strings of the Genoese had become wet, and after their first volley the English poured a mass of arrows all well aimed right into their midst so that it seemed to snow, so great was the slaughter. They bolted. Philip was fearfully annoyed with these churls, so he ordered his own knights to kill them. This must have been a waste of time and energy, but after all he still had his knights out-

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numbering the English knights by six to one, and the battle was only just beginning. The French and German noblemen came dashing forward just like in "Joan the Woman." They must have looked magnificent. The English were still entrenched, with their clever king keeping a firm hand upon the situation watching from the O. P. One wonders whether his conscience did not worry him just a little. It was very daring of him to allow his common soldiers to kill gentlemen. Of course the slaughter was tremendous. The German and French knights came on in hordes, only to have their horses killed or frightened to death by the bombard and the English arrows. The defeat became a rout: 30,000 footmen and 1200 knights lay dead upon the battlefield. This was equal to the whole English host.

The whole thing is tremendously interesting because it dealt a terrific blow to feudalism in England if not in Europe. One can imagine the feelings of these German counts and barons when they found themselves being overwhelmed and steadily exterminated by the rude things of the earth.

Now far be it from me to speak slightly of the present German army. There has never been an army like it at any time, but there is not the slightest doubt but what it failed and is failing surely, and it is all owing to the fact that Germany did not learn the lesson of Crecy. Feudalism did not die in Germany, but merely slept, and now we all see its results. That the Boche army succeeded at all is owing to the work of the canaille at Krupp's and the wonderful middle-class organization established throughout the nation; that it has failed is owing to the power of the Junkers and their ridiculous swagger and musical-comedy antics.

And so we canaille in Great Britain and America have got to keep steadily to our bombard with good observers in the windmill on the crest and surely and steadily we will get them. According to the rule of the game we should still sit quietly while the Huns kill women and children. That is their right as gentlemen and aristocrats. It is just a little comical really. We folk in England always regarded the German nobility as hopelessly middle class and rather impossible, so that it is with a certain amount of astonishment that we see them behaving like our ancestors behaved in France centuries ago. I once met a lieutenant in the infantry near Armentieres. He had been promoted from the ranks. I am sure he was a delightful liar, but he told me a rather good story. As a sergeant he was leading a small patrol in "No Man's Land" and managed to capture a Boche major—a haron. Very pleased, he led the baron into the colonel's dug-out. The colonel was enjoying a Scotch when the German was shown in. The colonel, noted for correct conduct at all times, observed that the major did not salute, but thought "Poor devil, he is disturbed and tired," so he said, "How d'ye do; will you have a whisky and soda?" The foolish "aristocrat" replied that he could not drink with a "pig of an Englishman." The conversation then seemed to have reached an awkward point. The colonel was at a loss for a reply, so merely said, "Sergeant, take charge." The colonel felt it necessary to have another Scotch. It is difficult to understand the German attitude. Perhaps it is fortunate that they are still a little medieval in their ways. It gives us our chance. It shows us the chink in the armor.

And so like Edward the Third we are fighting knights in armor, brave of course, but still knights, and the day is coming fast when we will unhorse them and then, heavy with the weight of their mail, it will not be difficult to finish them off.

But there is still much to be done, for, unlike Edward's nation, we are democracies in the making and we must have those hombards made by the men at home, and we must have the balls sent by flame, also made by the people at home. Also the bows and arrows must always be fully supplied because if they are not forthcoming the knights with their ridiculous plumes will get us and our nation. The trouble is that the men who make the bombard and the hows and arrows are free to do as they please, while the men who use them are forced not merely by law, but by the patriotism that binds them to the standard of liberty. Could this be altered, for it is a little absurd.

History repeats itself. The German Junkers come rolling on performing magnificent manoeuvres and wonderful—but the "Angels of Mons" can hold them all right. It is really a matter of a little patience and of a surty the debacle of Crecy will be repeated.—By Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie, Royal Field Artillery, author of "How to Live at the Front." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The three most important industrial centres of Finland are: Helsingfors, producing manufactures that at the normal rate of exchange in 1914 were valued at about \$20,000,000; Tammerfors, \$10,000,000; and Abö, \$7,000,000; that of the whole country being approximately \$124,000,000.

CURRENT VERSE.

Conscience.

We are standing up here on the mountain, my lord.  
We are looking down there on the plain:  
And there is the valley you bought with your sword.  
And blood was the price of the grain.  
For I have been down in the valley below,  
I have looked on the people who paid;  
And there are a thousand who never will sow—  
And I am afraid.  
And yet I hut followed, but followed my lord,  
For you it was rode in the van;  
I followed the vulture that over me soared,  
To finish what vulture began.  
Yea, triumph and wheatlands and wealth were your goal,  
And I but a soldier by trade.  
But you (your forgiveness, sire) you have a soul—  
Are you not afraid?  
—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.

To One Who Comes.

When you come in, it seems a brighter fire  
Crackles upon the hearth invitingly:  
The household routine, which was wont to tire,  
Grows full of novelty.  
You sit upon our home-upholstered chair  
And talk of matters wonderful and strange,  
Of books and travel, customs old which dare  
The gods of time and change.  
Till we with inner word our care refute,  
Laughing that this our hosoms yet assails,  
While there are maidens dancing to a flute  
In Andalusian vales.  
And sometimes from my shelf of poems you take  
And secret meanings to our hearts disclose,  
As when the winds of June the midbush shake  
We see the hidden rose.  
And when the shadows muster, and each tree  
A moment flutters, full of shutting wings,  
You take the fiddle and mysteriously  
Wake wonders on the strings.  
And in my garden, gray with misty flowers,  
Low echoes fainter than a heetle's horn  
Fill all the corners with it, like sweet showers  
Of bells in the owl's morn.  
Come often, friend. With welcome and surprise  
We'll greet you from the sea or from the town;  
Come when you like and from whatever skies  
Above you smile or frown.  
—Francis Ledwidge, in Century Magazine.

Wooden Crosses.

"Go live the wide world over—but when you come to die,  
A quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie!"  
I held it half a lifetime, until through war's mischance  
I saw the wooden crosses that fret the fields of France.  
A thrush sings in an oak tree, and from the old square tower  
A chime as sweet and mellow salutes the idle hour;  
Stone crosses take no notice—but the little wooden ones  
Are thrilling every minute to the music of the guns!  
Upstanding at attention they face the cannonade.  
In apple-pie alignment like guardsmen on parade;  
But tombstones are civilians who loll or sprawl or sway  
At every crazy angle and stage of slow decay.  
For them the broken column—in its plat of unkempt grass;  
The tawdry tinsel garland safeguarded under glass;  
And the squire's emblazoned virtues, that would overweight a saint,  
On the vault empaled in iron—scaling red for want of paint!  
The men who die for England don't need it rubbing in;  
An automatic stamper and a narrow strip of tin,  
Record their date and regiment, their number and their name—  
And the squire who dies for England is treated just the same.  
So stand the still battalions; alert, austere, serene;  
Each with his just allowance of brown earth shot with green;  
None better than his neighbor in pomp or circumstance—  
All beads upon the rosary that turned the fate of France!  
Who says their war is over. While others carry on,  
The little wooden crosses spell but the dead and gone?  
Not while they deck a sky-line, not while they crown a view,  
Or a living soldier sees them and sets his teeth anew!  
The tenants of the churchyard where the singing thrushes build  
Were not, perhaps, all paragons of promise well fulfilled;  
Some failed—through love or liquor—while the parish looked askance;  
But—you can not die a failure if you win a cross in France!  
The brightest gems of valor in the army's diadem  
Are the V. C. and the D. S. O., M. C. and D. C. M.  
But those who live to wear them will tell you they are dross.  
Beside the final honor of a simple wooden cross.  
—E. W. Hornung, in London Times.



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#### The Best in Life.

There was a time when our novelists took care that virtue, and only virtue, should be rewarded. But they have changed all that in deference to the stern facts of life. Not that Iscol Dark, the heroine of Muriel Hine's new novel, was immoral. Far from it. Iscol is the daughter of a disgraced officer in the British army, and when we make her acquaintance she is a mannequin for the Maison Clotilde in London. She has inherited the ideas of her caste and she is not very scrupulous as to her methods. Presently she finds a pocket-book containing valuables and railroad tickets to Italy. She returns them to their owner, Sir Ahel Groot, and so ingratiates herself with him that he gives her the railroad tickets that gout prevents him from using, as well as fifty pounds by way of reward. So Iscol finds herself started on the road to glory.

Iscol is an adventuress. There can be no doubt of that. She is a sort of Becky Sharp, but not so clever and not nearly so wicked. When she meets Lieutenant Doran, recovering from wounds in Italy, she throws around him the net of her beauty, and lies to him about her family and position. But there is one possibility that Iscol overlooks, and that is that she herself will fall in love with Doran and that conscience will compel her to confess and so, perhaps, to renounce. The play between conscience and ambitions is very prettily done and we do not allow ourselves to be perturbed less Iscol shall pay too high a price for her belated scruples. The novelist would never allow that.

THE BEST IN LIFE. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company.

#### Deductions from the World War.

It is not often these days that we are enabled to get an inkling of the attitude of the German mind toward the war. To be sure there are presented to us occasionally translations of newspaper editorials and extracts from speeches. But we do not know how much of these are simply clever propaganda and how much are irresponsible or mis-translated. It is therefore of special interest that we should have laid before us a translation of a new book by the deputy chief of the German general staff, Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven.

The author wrote his observations solely for German eyes, but apparently not at all for propaganda purposes. The book has had a wide circulation in Germany and undoubtedly has had an important influence there, owing to the position and reputation of its author. Two chapters of the book, "The Army in the Future" and "Still Ready for War," were so candid in their explanation of the way in which Germany proposes, when this war is finished, to prepare for the next, that the authorities, while promoting the circulation of the volume in Germany, strictly forbade its export and very few copies have been smuggled across the frontier.

The author makes no attempt to do anything except perpetuate the legends circulated by the German government as to the causes of the war. In fact his earlier chapters rather seek to lay the foundations of that peculiar kind of "history" with which the docile German mind is trained by a paternal government. It is his analyses of the successive campaigns of the war and his explanation of the German failure to attain victory that are most valuable. Of course he is violently prejudiced and does not acknowledge Germany's defeats, but between the lines it is possible to read many interesting comments. For example, he inadvertently confirms the whole analysis made by Stanley Washburn of the decisive part played by the Russian campaigns of the Grand Duke Nicholas in defeating the Germans at the battle of the Marne and preventing the success of the German attempt to reach Calais. He also ex-

plains why the Germans were unable to destroy the Russian army in their great retreat in 1915.

Most interesting of all, however, is the point of view of the writer. He holds the same ideas as to the inevitability of warfare and the necessity of militarism that all the men of his class held before the war. The events of the past three years have taught him nothing. He is still the disciple of Treitschke and Bernhardt that he was when the War Lord stepped forth on his campaign to dominate the world. One is led to wonder if all the leaders in Germany are like him, or if some are not beginning to be disillusioned as to the blessings of war.

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR. By Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

#### The Tutor's Story.

This is a novel, hitherto unpublished, by Charles Kingsley; or, at least, projected and begun by him. His daughter inherited his manuscripts on the death of her mother, but only in 1914 did she examine them completely, and discover one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript written on foolscap entitled "The Tutor's Story." Following these are stray chapters or skeletons of chapters, notes, and suggestions. Out of these Lucas Malet, or to give her real name, Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, has reconstructed and filled out the complete story. The reader does not discover any break in the matter or style in the flow of the narrative, and it is to the credit of the devoted daughter that she has been so successful in falling into her father's old-fashioned style.

The story, which tells of the moral ascendancy gained by a young Cambridge student of theology over the heir to an old English title and vast estates, undertakes the difficult and dangerous task of putting the reader in full sympathy with this godly young man. That the aim has been successfully met is a credit due to both the originator and completer of the tale. The tutor is a fine fellow, and fortunately there are enough rascals and consequent intrigues in the tale to preserve the balance.

THE TUTOR'S STORY. By Charles Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net.

#### Ninety-Six Hours Leave.

Evening dress is obligatory at the Semiramis Restaurant in London. This fact causes a momentary consternation to a group of British officers on four days' leave, since Lieutenant Christopher Markham, having wasted the shining hours in pursuit of a lady, has had no time to don the regulation garb. But his adventurous friends easily solve the problem. They introduce him to the head waiter as Prince Christoforo of Catania, who has come to England on an important diplomatic mission in connection with the Balkans and whose passage has been delayed by a submarine. Then the trouble begins. Prince Christoforo is a real person and the submarine yarn is a true one. Various German secret agents are on the watch for the prince with the intent to kill him, and the group of young officers speedily find themselves immersed in a net of complications and intrigues from which there seems no escape. The story is capably told, with much humor and with no infringement of the probabilities. Moreover, there is a strong note of tragedy as a contrast to the comedy.

NINETY-SIX HOURS' LEAVE. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

#### What Never Happened.

Boris Savinkov is far more interesting than most revolutionists. In the years before 1914 there were few men more actively engaged in plotting for the overthrow of the government of Russia. Under the alias of "Ropshin" he was a leader in terrorist activity, and if he would but tell the story of conspiracies, plots, revolutionary committees, and propaganda in which he took part it would make an enthralling romance.

As a matter of fact he has now done something approximating this. He has written a novel dealing with the revolutionary period, and there can be little doubt that he has set forth in the form of fiction movements and adventures in which he was an active participant. The time of the novel is 1905 and it deals with the dramatic events of the revolution that succeeded only to fail.

Savinkov himself took a prominent part in this revolution, and when the reaction came was obliged to live abroad, where he continued his work with the conspirators. With the Kerensky revolution came his opportunity, and for a time he was minister of war in Kerensky's cabinet. Years of experience and a mind broader than that of the typical revolutionary disillusioned him with the movement in which he had played so large a part. He came to realize that real revolutions are not made by a bandful of theorists; that these leaders in fact were not at all in touch with the people they professed to lead; that their committees were eternally making plans and programmes that were puerile and useless;

and that revolutionists were continually turning traitor to their fellows.

All of this he has set forth in the form of a story which relates the experiences of Bolotov and a score of other Russians engaged in plots that were to turn Russia upside down. The tale moves with a rush through the drama of plotters and spies, through riots and robberies. Every type of revolutionist is portrayed and those who know Russia will recognize each one. Sooner or later each meets with a violent end or turns informer. There is plenty of the heroic in the story, but taken as a whole it is the best exposure of the shallowness, wastefulness, and impracticability of the revolutionary movement in Russia that has been written.

WHAT NEVER HAPPENED. By Boris Savinkov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.60 net.

#### Women and War Work.

There is now no such thing as man's work and woman's work in England. The industrial barrier between the sexes has been broken down. Sex differences no longer appeal to the eye, and it is hard to resist the conviction that the cause of morality will be the stronger for it.

Miss Helen Fraser tells us "all about it" in this remarkable book. She shows us what women have done in the thousand branches of industry, many of them almost incredible things. She shows, too, why they have done them, which is even more important, and the extent to which war has welded the nation into a solid and unified mass of endurance and sacrifice. There is no more stimulating book of its kind nor one more valuable, not only for the facts that it gives, but for the spirit that inspires it. It is well illustrated.

WOMEN AND WAR WORK. By Helen Fraser. New York: G. Arnold Shaw; \$1.50.

#### Brierley Reviews.

Under the title of "The Temple" E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a book of prayers by the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D. D., with an introduction by Dr. Frank Crane.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published a tenth edition of "The Health-Care of the Baby," by Louis Fischer, M. D. It has been partly rewritten and carefully revised. Price, 85 cents.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Field Artillery Officers' Notes," covering tables of organization, battery administration, field practice, articles on the compass, buzzer, maps, target bracketing, smoke bomb practice, calibration of guns, principles of fire, range tables, and hints for junior officers. Price, \$1.50.

George Sully & Co., formerly the National Military Publishing Company, 1919 Broadway, New York, have published a new edition of "Extracts from Manual of Physical Training," as issued by the War Department, to which is added "Lectures on the Organization of Bayonet Fighting and Physical Training." Price, 75 cents.

"The Record of a Quaker Conscience" (Macmillan Company; 60 cents) consists of the personal diary of a young Quaker named Cyrus Guernsey Pringle of Vermont. He was drafted for service in the Union army July 13, 1863. He refused to pay the commutation fine or to allow it to be paid for him, and he was eventually released by order of Lincoln.

"An Historical Introduction to Social Economy," by F. Stuart Chapin, Ph. D. (Century Company; \$2), is described as an introductory study. It treats of certain experiences in the lives of the people in Greek, Roman, medieval, and modern times. It is designed for the use of the beginning student and the general reader. The book consists of a series of brief essays on the contrasting types of industrial organization which have existed at different historical periods, and an account of the public and private efforts made to relieve the poverty of each period.

"Health for the Soldier and Sailor," by Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company; 60 cents), is a little volume of practical hygienic advice for the men at the front. By deprecating the use of tobacco the authors seem to show some lack of realization of actual war conditions and to lessen the value of their opinion. The action of tobacco upon baseball players, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has "nothing to do with the case." It is a matter of common experience that life in the trenches would be insupportable and impossible without tobacco in liberal quantities.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

The success of Germany in Russia makes one wish some one could do for the Slavs what Demetra Vaka has done for Greece. Baffled and perplexed by lack of definite information, she went to Greece herself, expecting to justify to the world her native country, and especially its king. She could not exonerate Constantine, but she uncovered a network of intrigue which is an amazing revela-

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tion of Teutonic methods of diplomacy—which makes one wonder what secret promises under cover of apparent publicity Germany may be making (and breaking) in Russia. "In the Heart of German Intrigue," Demetra Vaka's book about Germany, Greece, and the Allies, published a week ago, is already in its second printing.

Miss Jessie Rittenhouse as a critic is known for her positive and definite judgments. As an author she prefers for her own work the same sort of treatment she accords to that of other writers. Commenting recently on the rather faint praise with which a brother critic greeted the appearance of her poems, "The Door of Dreams," Miss Rittenhouse said: "I am reminded of what I once heard William Vaughan Moody say of one of his critics, that he did not mind how much he damned him, but only regretted that he did not damn him well. X takes me to task for 'overtrained perfection,' for 'putting simplicity to the most rigid service,' when as a matter of fact my poems invariably come to me ready-made, and I rarely change a word. I get them on the street, in the subway, anywhere, coming on the instant, and they sometimes go before I can get a pencil to write them down. I never deliberately sat down to write one; I always hear them first, and they are always from some immediate experience."

Everybody has heard about Theodore Roosevelt's reading of detective stories while in hospital. It is interesting to note, as to this, that among this sort of entertainment he has included "Charlie Van Loan's racing and fighting stories, which I have found very interesting." "He," says the Colonel, "has one unique character. Old Man Curry, and his biblical horses."

The J. B. Lippincott Company announce for early publication several books of notable interest. Simon Lake, whose international fame as a submarine inventor needs no emphasis, is the author of "The Submarine in War and Peace: Its Developments and Possibilities." A diary kept by Nevil Monroe Hopkins (now Major Hopkins) covers the period during which the author was attached to the American embassy in Paris, and first-hand observations in Russia, France, and Germany before and after the outbreak of war, under the title of "Over the Threshold of War." Major Hopkins had some thrilling experiences, including being held at forced labor by a German patrol in Belgium, and gathered some invaluable information of a kind the world is eager to have. "Over Here," by Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie, author of "How to Live at the Front," is a spicy, diverting account of the author's American experiences, which include a lecture tour under the auspices of the Committee of Public Information.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Rod of the Snake.

This story was begun by Captain Shortt and was interrupted by the war. Captain Shortt was killed at Loos, and the story has now been finished by his sister, Frances H. Mathews, whose work is in every way equal to that of her brother, whose gallant record she thus commemorates.

It is a story of love and magic. Charlie Shandross, an impecunious Irish adventurer, finds himself in Paris and in possession of an ancient African stick which brings him into contact with the great malefic powers that once presided over the savage rituals of antiquity. It brings him into contact also with the criminal German agencies who are trying to provoke a revolution in France. And of course there is a beautiful girl, also Irish, who nearly falls a victim to the terrible African obi. The story is energetically told and we are almost persuaded to regard magic as one of the factors of modern life.

THE ROD OF THE SNAKE. By Vere Shortt and Frances H. Mathews. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

## New Books Received.

YOUR VOTE AND HOW TO USE IT. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents.

A political handbook.

TOWARD THE GULF. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Free verse.

THE TEMPLE. By W. E. Orchard, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book of prayers.

NOBODY'S CHILLO. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE. By J. C. Squire. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

A book of parody.

CHRIST'S CHALLENGE TO MAN'S SPIRIT IN THIS WORLD CRISIS. By George William Douglas, D. D., S. T. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 75 cents.

Advent addresses at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. By Demetra Vala. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A record gathered from first hand of the trail of intrigue and corruption that stretches down the centre of Europe.

CELEBS. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

AMERICA AFTER THE WAR. By an American jurist. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

A consideration of some pending questions.

THE BEST PEOPLE. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.

A mother's manual of arms.

THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART. By Benjamin Brawley. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35.

The negro's contribution to civilization.

AFTER. By Frederic P. Ladd. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE MIND OF ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. Selected and arranged by Wilfrid M. Short. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

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A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH, VIRTUES AND EXPLOITS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By Mason L. Weems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

Mount Vernon edition.

DESIRE. By Charlotte Eaton. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

New and enlarged edition.

SCHOOL AND HOME GARDENING. By Kary C. Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A text-book for young people, schools, and clubs.

THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

A message of comfort and cheer.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN AMERICA. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Reproductions of a series of lithographs of munition works.

GERMANY AT BAY. By Major Haldane Macfall. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A book of strategy. With an introduction by Viscount French.

SONGS OF THE SHRAPNEL SHELL. By Captain Cyril Morton Horne. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

Verses written under fire in the trench.

ARTIFICIAL DYE-STUFFS. By Albert R. J. Ramsey and H. Claude Weston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.

Their nature, manufacture, and uses.

TO BAGGAD WITH THE BRITISH. By Arthur Tilton Clark. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A record of experiences.

FLOOD TIDE. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE HEALTH-CARE OF THE BABY. By Louis Fischer, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 85 cents.

Tenth edition, completely revised.

THE WILD FOODS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By L. C. R. Cameron. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents.

Where to find them and how to cook them.

SELECT FABLES OF I. A. KRYLOFF. Edited by J. H. Freese. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

Issued in Russian Texts.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF ECONOMICS. By J. Taylor Peddie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Based on the "Recommendations" of the Allied Economic Conference of 1916.

LANGUAGE STUDENT'S MANUAL. By William R. Patterson, F. R. G. S., F. R. A. S., M. R. A. S., F. R. A. S., M. C. P., etc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

Intended to aid in the choice of a foreign language for study.

NOTES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF AUTHORS. New York: The Macmillan Company; 30 cents.

On the preparation of manuscripts, on the reading of proofs, and on dealing with publishers.

THE HAPPY GARRET. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE CADET MANUAL OFFICIAL HANDBOOK. By Major E. Z. Steever, Jr., U. S. A., and Major J. L. Frink, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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ROVING AND FIGHTING. By Major E. S. O'Reilly. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

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THE WOMAN VOTER'S MANUAL. By S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

With an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

TOLSTOY. By George Rapall Noyes. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A life of Tolstoy and an expression of his time, period, and race.

"I met a woman who had charge of one of the best hospital units at the front," says Preston Gibson in his new book, "Battering the Boche." "She told me a rather amusing incident of a very pretty young French girl who came out to see her boy and was met by my friend in the doorway. My friend asked the girl what she wanted. She replied that she had come to see Lieutenant So-and-So, who was wounded. My friend replied, 'Well, you know we don't admit people here generally. You must have some reason to see him.' The girl smiled quite cordially and replied: 'I have a very good reason—I am his sister.' Whereupon my friend, also smiling, replied: 'Really! I am so glad to meet you, because I am his mother!' The girl became frightfully embarrassed, but my friend simply said, 'Oh, that's all right; you can go in and see him.'"

George Abel Schreiner, whose book, "The Iron Ration," was published last month by the Harpers, is going abroad again almost immediately as a war correspondent. It is, as yet, undecided as to where he will first be sent, though it is probable that the first step he takes will be toward the western front. Captain Shreiner traveled extensively through Central Europe when he was war correspondent on the Associated Press and has a thorough knowledge of war and its ways, having seen service in the Boer war prior to his experience on the European front.



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## DREAMS OF A BOLSHIEVIK

"What are you Russians trying to do over there, anyhow?" I asked my Russian laundryman.

A shrug and a smile were my only answer. Tact is needed with a Russian, so more insinuatingly I began again.

"Tell me, who are the Bolsheviki?"

"There are some people who are sorry for the poor and would like to see them better off. This is what the Bolsheviki are like."

"Do you for one minute think hohobbling with the Kaiser is going to make anything right? After deposing your own Czar in order to give the people a chance you certainly can't hold any such idea as that."

"The Kaiser"—most carelessly this—"oh, he isn't for much longer. The new century is here. It has no Kaisers. And the Kaiser doesn't like the Bolsheviki."

"In other words, he is between the devil and the deep sea?"

"You have said it. Now, the Germans need education."

Here I laughed.

"Tell that to a German," said I.

"Yes, education. The Czar did not know all we were learning or he would have stopped it. He did stop all he could. All imperialists keep the people in ignorance, for otherwise they could not exist. So in Germany. But each nation must settle its own things, not any other nation for it. It only makes them madder to tell them what they must do."

"You can see for yourself that the world is not going to stand for the Kaiser any longer."

"Oh, he won't be much longer. But killing won't settle anything. They've been killing for three years and more; has it settled anything? All that has to be settled is in the

mind. Russia is a big country; one hundred and eighty-nine millions of people we have, and every one of them a revolutionist!"

"What! One hundred and eighty-nine million bomb-throwers!" I exclaimed.

"No, no! Only when necessary. Not now. It is no longer necessary. No more bombs. It is education. You talk to me and I tell you. You tell your friend and so on. That way—till all is changed. It may take long. No one can say when. But it will come, and it will come through peace. Guns never educate. If Trotzky goes, there are a hundred behind him, and the next one who steps in his place will be maybe a better man. There are many educated men in Russia, professors, thinkers; but they were in prison. Now they are free. We want to talk and talk and make it all out. It will all be settled so, not by guns."

"But you will have to do something," I persisted.

The eyes of my friend and laundryman opened wide and glowed. The wonder of living, and of comradeship, shone in them as he replied:

"We put our arms around our comrades"—with great emphasis this—"and we will explain; we will teach them and tell them, and all will be well."

"But the Kaiser?" I persisted again.

"Putting your arms around him will not help. We have tried that."

Very earnestly came the answer:

"The Kaiser? Oh, believe me, you don't have to think about him. He is not for long."

—New York Times Magazine.

A curious feature of the year's publishing in England is the decrease of books on geography—from 215 to 92.

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MANTELL AS RICHELIEU.

The first thing that struck me in Mr. Mantell's Richelieu was the extreme age of the cardinal. I had never before, that I remember, seen so venerable a Richelieu. Curious, I looked up the point and found that His Eminence had died at the age of fifty-seven. I hasten to add that I am not criticizing Mr. Mantell's theory of an aged Richelieu. It is of course perfectly justifiable. Bulwer's Richelieu may or may not be the Richelieu of history. But he is supremely the Richelieu of the drama. To him we are attached. He is the silver-haired old fox of diplomacy, versed in the wiles of statecraft, apt in intrigue, an expert in fascinating knightly men to his service, and ready and skilled in defeating the schemes of those who would turn the weak and wavering Louis against him.

I remember reading once the verdict of some literary authority on Bulwer's famous play, which he declared to be fustian. It was an awful shock to me, for I was then in the stage of reverence. But time has spread its wing. Other schools of dramatic literature have waxed and waned. Seen through the coldly critical light of the present epoch "Richelieu" is fustian, but fustian shot and hroedered with gold. We still love the grandiose lines, and can thrill when Richelieu, the wounded tiger, points to his lint-white crown and say with terrifying menace, "When this snow melts there shall come a flood."

And then the play holds so well the atmosphere of courts, with their intrigue and romance. Courts shall pass away. It is written. And even now we can pick up our morning paper and read, in an obscure corner, the information, tucked away in an insignificant three or four-line item that in his sometime capital, as the result of charges brought by the public prosecutor, a court-martial has ordered the criminal prosecution of his ex-majesty, Constantine of Greece. This seems to do away with a vengeance with the majesty that once encompassed kings. But the more that monarchs disappear the securer will be their hold on song and story.

The audience always intensely enjoys the third and fourth acts of "Richelieu." For Louis the king, the seat of authority in France and the centre and fountain of Richelieu's power, becomes visible. Poor a creature as is Louis XIII his high position invests him in the eyes of the audience with romantic interest, and managers are always wise enough to select for the rôle a man who is either graceful, magnetic, or has a touch of the grand manner. Edward Levers, the actor in the rôle, is a good-looking young man with a fine pair of eyes and an equally fine pair of legs. He carries his court costume gracefully, and has been chosen for these qualities and for another; for he expresses the finickiness of the weak Louis.

Baradas is of course handsome and devil-

ish; the same old Baradas that we well remember. Mr. Albert Barrett further embellishes the rôle with a good voice.

François—him—pretty good, conscientious in his impersonation, but not over-well suited for the part. Miss Marion Evenson, a very good-looking young actress, presented a graceful and appropriately furtive Marion de Lorme, and Mr. Frank Peter's Joseph fulfilled all the requirements; more than fulfilled them. I should say when the subject of Joseph's bishopric was touched on, for the comedy then was too much hroedered for due expression from a discreet son of the church.

Against the human background supplied by these players the figures of the silver-haired cardinal, the gallant and knightly De Mauprat, and Julie, the lovely ward of Richelieu, stood out with broad effectiveness. "Richelieu" is preeminently a drama of picturesqueness. There is a strong dramatic contrast made by the physically frail figure of the great cardinal and the ardent and beautiful youth that he loved to have about him that gratifies what is left of our old-fashioned sense of the picturesque. And Mantell expresses the paternal sentiment of Richelieu for his ward quite beautifully. There is something in the shape of his face that refuses to lend itself to the idea that all actors seek to develop. And, beside, the lint whiteness of the hair on his lip and chin made these hirsute suggestions lose by sinking too much into the parchmented background of the flesh hues. In fact, famed as Mantell is for his stage make-ups, I did not wholly like his Richelieu make-up, for he gives the great cardinal none, or almost none, of his good looks. The impersonation, however, can earn only appreciation and praise. There is depth to the patriotism, delicacy and restraint to the humor, and the distinction due to a great prince of the church. The lover of old-fashioned ranting might miss a few voice-swells here and there, but the meaning of the text is always developed with quiet intensity, and when vocal force is necessary it is there, and always with due heed to the fact that Richelieu is a very old man. I think, though, that Mantell must be proud of his strong white hands, because he did not have painted upon them the veinous network of age.

Fritz Leiber's De Mauprat is quite a feature of the performance on the grounds of beauty. Mr. Leiber is a handsome, well-formed, and notably graceful young blonde, and carries with unusual distinction the picturesque costume of De Mauprat. He is impetuous in manner, and an actor, I fancy of more *clan* than depth, and throws out his lines too explosively. He is, however, quite a pretty sight when he throws himself at the cardinal's feet, kisses his hand in chivalrous pledge of service, and draws or thrusts his sword into its highly ornate scabbard.

Genevieve Hamper also ministers gracefully to our sense of beauty. Mr. Mantell's leading lady has youth, a very pretty face, and decidedly picturesque possibilities as an element in the numerous stage tableaux in which Julie figures. Miss Hamper also carries the numerous and very handsome costumes essential to a lady of waiting to Louis' queen with pleasing grace. As an actress she strikes me more as a docile and intelligent child of training than as a player of natural dramatic instinct. Her beauty and grace, rather than genuine talent, were probably the original factors that led her young feet stageward. Once there, however, she was lucky enough to fall in Mantell's hands. And he, of course, was lucky to get her. As his leading lady she, in these romantic rôles, is very gratifying to the eye, and, with Mantell's training behind her, sufficiently acceptable to the judgment to afford us ample enjoyment.

The piece is very handsomely mounted, the costumes rich and tasteful, and an accompaniment of appropriate music heralding each change of scene adds considerable to the effect of classic stateliness in the performance.

#### THE ORPHEUM.

A sort of tameness has settled down on vaudeville since the war. We no longer have Nazimova—Daly—Anglin—Barrymore visits. War-time is a serious business, and few are plunging financially during these parlous times.

Which makes it plain that the manager of the Orpheum circuit knew what he was about when he decided to engage Mme. Bernhardt to come out. It is evidently a safe thing. Her art, her patriotism, her great services to the stage, her fame, and above all this last scurvy trick of mutilation that fate has dealt her, all will unite to draw the crowd.

For the present, however, the bill is on strictly vaudeville lines: an entertaining animal act, consisting of the vocal feats of two squawkingly loquacious parrots, wooed on by their prepossessing girl trainer; a playlet which is ingenious and entertaining and contains the element of surprise; Kalmar and Brown in their well-danced and badly-sung "Nurseryland"; Marion Harris, "syncopation's scintillating star," in the shape of an attractive young woman with satin hair, a rasp-

berry jam mouth, an unctuous and delightfully coon-songy voice; Fradkin, the excellent violinist, aided by a partner so good-looking and attractive that the house enters into a conspiracy to overlook the rather displeasing quality of her voice; Blossom Seeley, another lovely charmer, who is enraptured by four clever young jazzmen, and touched up with the hues of beauty, youth, and glitter costumes; Vardon and Perry, quite unremarkable, but brisk, gay, and ready-witted in pleasing the house and capturing its hurrahs, and a pictorial study of the nude called "Color Gems," which is merely an excuse for presenting four young women in undress uniform; or rather no uniform at all. Or, yes, they did wear fleshings. But their act was so suggestive of sheer nudity that it was a hit thick. And so, by the way, were their shapes. In fact the modern model on the stage is generally so thick around her middle that she jolts our sense of beauty; which is unpardonable when woman publicly reveals all her contours with the idea of giving a treat to the beholder.

#### "GRUMPY."

Everybody that failed to see "Grumpy" during Cyril Maude's last visit will remedy the omission this time. For old Grumpy is really human. I suppose the world is full of Grumpys; old, old men whose aggravating bodies persist in breaking down, while the brain retains its keenness and perspicacity. Old age is the curse of humanity, although man's excesses at the table make it worse than it ought to be. But decay is written on the face of all things. What a pity we can not decay beautifully, like the California poppy, which opens its petals to a new splendor and then sheds them while they are still unwrinkled and glowing with color and beauty. I remember my first impression of Grumpy was painful, for Mr. Maude gives him such a wonderful make-up that he looks like the real thing in octogenarians. And then, with the garb of age, he talked unceasingly—to himself. I thought we were supposed to understand what he said, but it gradually dawned upon me, as the play progressed, that it was supposed to be a sort of mumble soliloquy. At any rate I subsequently realized that when the actor wanted us to understand we understood.

I am looking forward with interest to seeing "Caste," so famous in the 'sixties. Of course it will seem old-fashioned, but it will be a satisfaction to make one's first acquaintance under the best auspices with a play that made such a stir in the world. For Cyril Maude is an actor of winning attractiveness, as well as of great skill and intelligence. One can remark the pleasantness of his personality in his portrait. And lucky are we that he decided to come out of the octogenarianism of "Grumpy" and give us a taste of the flavor of his art in other plays.

#### FRENCH THEATRES AND READINGS.

French theatres do not take root in America. We have seen it demonstrated here in San Francisco, where Mr. André Ferrier made a valiant and self-sacrificing effort. Famous writers in France were sympathetic and sent out messages of encouragement to him. But it was all in vain. Mr. Ferrier, after the war, will return to San Francisco from war service, but I doubt, even with the greatly augmented interest prevailing since the war in French institutions of any kind, that he will hope for anything in the line of French drama here beyond an occasional representation.

The much more notable case of Mons. Jacques Copeau, who transplanted the Théâtre du Vieux Colomhier to New York, the metropolis of America, may yet afford another instance, although we can not positively say that the matter is settled, for Mons. Copeau feels that he has laid the foundations for a future return to New York. Like all the French, he deeply venerates the classics, and by sticking pretty closely to Molière he has incurred the indifference of the lighter-minded public capable of understanding and supporting French drama. However, partly in line with his own intentions, partly to avert the fault-finders of those critics who wanted more instances of modern French drama, Mons. Copeau put on several notable modern plays; among them "Les Mauvais Bergers," by Octave Mirbeau, a play which depicts the contest between capital and labor.

Mons. Copeau, who regards himself as a missionary working to build up an appreciation for French art, has found his task a difficult one. His company, the men of whom had to be released from the army—which shows the characteristic interest felt in the enterprise by the governmental authorities—has done work uniformly characterized by artistic charm and convincing naturalism. A certain number of supporters and patrons have stayed steadily by the French director in his enterprise, but his was a fight even in France to combat bad art, and he has been carrying it on in New York, of all dis-

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couraging places. Mons. Copeau is a good fighter, however, and professes himself undiscouraged by the difficulties of his task. Perhaps it may end, after the war, in his giving a brief season of French drama in such of the large American cities as testify an encouraging amount of interest.

The fact is, however, that much as Americans study the French language, few master it sufficiently to enjoy plays in French. It is a puzzle why Europeans master the English language so much more readily than we do any of the various tongues of Europe. It is generally women of leisure only who have acquired a fair working knowledge of French, and that is due partly to the advantages of travel, to occasional seasons of residence in France, and to making a point of keeping French domestics in their establishments.

San Francisco women of this type found, during the Exposition, how much pleasure and profit they could have from listening to visiting French lecturers of standing. The result was the Salon Français, which seems to be a success. The Salon Français has not heretofore gone beyond lectures in its line of entertainment, but it recently gave signal pleasure to its members by securing Mr. Paul Leyssac, a member of the French acting profession, to give a series of dramatic readings. And perhaps, on the whole, this is a more satisfactory and less costly method of cultivating an aural acquaintance with French drama.

Mr. Leyssac is a tall, good-looking, well set-up young man with the plastic features and trained and flexible voice of one apt in his profession. He read extracts from the plays of Rostand, and translations into French—done by himself, it seems—of Hans Andersen fairy tales: read them with humor, taste, imagination, charm. This young pro-

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professional, by the way, offers another instance of the European's proficiency in acquiring English. He has known it only three years and yet he has played in the East in several Browning pieces and in other examples of the intellectual drama.

He has been giving French dramatic readings at various cities on his way across the continent; rather a new departure, it seems, and an earnest of future pleasures for such as are interested in this line, for I do not remember before of any French players touring over the country to read French plays; which is another instance, perhaps, of the closeness of the bond newly forged between us and France.

LECTURES AND ADORATION.

John Cowper Powys, the woman-tamer, is to come back again, and under the auspices of Paul Elder, is to give several series of lectures on literature and literateurs. They are going to spring him first on a Teachers' Institute, at which the attendance will be largely of women. Somehow, in spite of the nerve-depleting character of their work, schoolteachers contrive to retain a fund of enthusiasm. They have been known to give ovations to school officials and experts on pedagogy. And if they should start in to listen in a mood of coldly scientific pedagogic detachment I'll wager they will be eating out of his hand before the lecture is half-way through.


Mr. Powys' standing as a writer is largely that of a critic and commentator. His novels, like the personages in them, are too extreme for the average taste. It is only the exceptional that he finds interesting. But as a lecturer he has rather unusual gifts. Eloquent, magnetic, rather baffling, perhaps something of a poseur, but of unquestioned sincerity and courage, his verdicts are as challenging and stimulating as his platform personality.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

E. B. Rees of Denver has made a calculation of the edible material suitable for animal consumption that is daily thrown away in the great cities. Twenty-five million pounds of food scraps go into the huckets, and when you figure that each two pounds is equivalent in food value to a pound of corn, you can see how the American pig is being cheated out of his hirthright. Making a liberal deduction for the amounts salvaged in some of the Western cities, we have a net daily waste of 10,000,000 corn-pounds which could be turned into 1,785,714 pounds of pork. The total for the year figures up to 600,000,000 pounds of fat and flesh on 2,000,000 hogs.

Norah—The lady next door wants to borrow a scuttle of coal, mum. Mistress—Tell her, Norah, that we are already horrowing our coal from the people on the other side of us.

—Boston Transcript.



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ANNOUNCES

#### FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

THE PRISONERS OF WAR  
By Clay M. Greene and Charles Josselyn

THE SHOES THAT DANCED  
By Anna Hempstead Branch

THE WEDDING MORN  
By Arthur Schnitzler

THE ROSE OF AUVERGNE  
An Operetta by Jacques Offenbach

Week of April 8th and Monday, April 15th; Wednesday, April 17th; Saturday, April 20th; with matinee Saturday, April 13th.

Evenings at 8:15. Matinee at 2:30

Seats on sale at Kohler & Chase's. Reserved seats, 75 cents; war tax, 8 cents.



## GALLI-CURCI

Coloratura Soprano

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2:30 P. M.

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**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**

**Final Week of Robert Mantell.**

A physical transformation will be witnessed at the Cort Theatre Sunday night, April 7th, when Robert B. Mantell enters upon the second and final week of his engagement with a performance of "Louis XI." In order to play the part of the impish and physically insignificant Louis Mr. Mantell, an actor of powerful and heroic build, is compelled to shrink and shrivel into a dwarfish monster, scarcely more than five feet in height and a hundred pounds in weight. The effect of Mr. Mantell's make-up for the part is said to be the most astounding the American stage has ever known. "Louis XI" is the work of Casimer Delavigne, a contemporary of Alexander Dumas.

Other plays of the second week at the Cort not included in the first week's list are "Romeo and Juliet" and "Otello." In the simple, girlish gowns of Juliet Miss Genevieve Hamper is said to appear as the loveliest classic figure the stage has known since Mary Anderson was in her youthful prime. In "Otello" Mr. Mantell rises to tragic heights unsurpassed in his repertory, with the possible exception of scenes in "King Lear," while both Miss Hamper as Desdemona and Fritz Leiber as Iago score decisively.

The order of the plays for the concluding week at the Cort is: "Louis XI," Sunday night; "Otello," Monday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Tuesday night; "Romeo and Juliet," Wednesday afternoon; "Richard III," Wednesday night; "Louis XI," Thursday night; "King Lear," Friday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Saturday afternoon; and "Macbeth," Saturday night.

**Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."**

Cyril Maude in his return to the Columbia Theatre with "Grumpy" has been warmly welcomed and large audiences are greeting the English actor at each performance. It is doubtful if a more exceptional character study than the one Maude has built up around Grumpy has ever been presented on a local stage. As played by Mr. Maude, the rôle of the octogenarian lawyer is no mere type evolved by an author, but a complete personality, erected tenderly upon a logical basis. Human, lovable, humorous, with brilliant flashes of wit, and a funny little babit of imparting his uncomplimentary opinion of the people he happens to be conversing with in perfectly audible tones. All this make Grumpy one of those rare stage characters that is always remembered and recalled with delight. The performances of "Grumpy" will be continued during the ensuing week only, as on Monday, April 15th, Mr. Maude will produce "General John Regan," a much talked about and admired comedy. There will be "Grumpy" matinees on Wednesday and Saturday of the coming week.

**The New Bill at the Orpheum.**

The Orpheum announces a splendid new bill for next week.

George Damerel, famous as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," who has for several seasons been one of the most successful musical-comedy stars in vaudeville, will appear in the new musical farce, "The Little Liar." He will be assisted by Myrtle Vail, Edward Hume, and a splendid cast. Will M. Hough is responsible for the story of "The Little Liar," which is clever, original, and entertaining and enables Mr. Damerel as Guy Marcel, an artist in search of a model with a perfect shoulder, to add to the list of his numerous successes.

Haruko Onuki, the dainty little Japanese prima donna, who scored such a success during her previous engagement at the Orpheum, will be heard in a repertory of English and Japanese songs.

Foster Ball will appear in the study, "Since the Days of '61," in which as the reminiscent retrospecting veteran he presents a fine bit of character acting. He will be assisted by Kernan Cripps.

Bert Wheeler and Tom Moran will present an act entitled "Me and Micky," which is a combination of song, dance, and joke introduced in a manner that elicits the laughing approval of the audience.

George W. Cooper and and William Robinson, a clever and popular colored duo, will present a laughing number entitled "A Friend of Mine on the Wrong Street."

The remaining numbers in this bill will be the mystery melodrama, "In the Dark," and Blossom Seeley and her company in Seeley's Synopated Studio.

**At the Little Theatre.**

An interesting one-act play, "Prisoners of War," by Clay M. Greene and Charles Josselyn, is to be presented by the Players' Club in the Little Theatre, 3209 Clay Street, beginning Monday evening, April 8th, and continuing one week with a matinee on Saturday. A courageous Frenchwoman is caught in her own home by a German officer and by her cleverness she outwits his plan to conquer

her. The leading rôles will be taken by Carolyn Caro, Mrs. Emilie Parent, and Rafael Brunetto.

Mrs. Mabel Gump will be seen in one of the five episodes of "The Love Affairs of Anatol," by Arthur Schnitzler, called "The Wedding Morn." Anatol will be played by Mr. Brunetto.

"The Shoes That Dance" is a play on an episode in the life of Watteau, the painter. The rôle of Watteau will be played alternately by William S. Rainey and W. H. Smith.

A feature of the programme will be the revival of Offenbach's operetta, "The Rose of Auvergne," which has not been played here professionally since the old Tivoli days. Fleurette, "The Rose," will be played alternately by Rudolphine Radel, who made so attractive a Yum-Yum in the club's recent revival of "The Mikado," and Ruth Florence, who of late has been a member of the Latin Quarter Opera Company and formerly was with the original "Madame Sherry" company in New York. The tenor rôle—one of her ardent lovers—will be in the hands of William S. Rainey. The rival suitor will be played by Arthur Keith.

The second week of the plays will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings.

**Elman, Foremost Violinist.**

Mischa Elman is to appear at the Columbia Theatre for two Sunday afternoon recitals, on April 14th and 21st. One of the newest of his song compositions he calls "Key to My Heart," and he has dedicated it to his sister. His compositions are, however, not confined to songs, the music to which he has written to the setting of many of the most beautiful English poems, but to studies and arrangements for his own instrument as well. On the programmes that Elman will play here a representation of his talents as composer are manifested by the inclusion of a number of his works.

At his first recital, a week from tomorrow (Sunday) Elman will play the old Vivaldi Concerto in G minor. This work has been arranged for his violin by Natchez, and in it Elman finds ample scope to display his talents. Lalo's popular "Symphonie Espagnole" will next be played, and then Elman's "Deep River" paraphrase, an Albaniz tango arranged by Elman, Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance No. 7. The concluding number will be the stirring "I Palpiti" of Paganini, one of Elman's finest achievements. The second programme includes the Nardini and Saint-Saëns Concertos, two Scarlatti works, great favorites with Elman, another Chopin Nocturne, Beethoven's "Turkish March," and the Sarasate "Zigeunerweisen." Tickets for both concerts, which are under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer, will be placed on sale at the usual ticket offices next Monday morning.

**The Paulist Choristers.**

Enlisting all their forces, the Paulist Choristers of Chicago, under the leadership of Father William Joseph Finn, will soon make their first transcontinental tour. At present the Paulist Choristers are appearing in the larger of the Eastern cities and will appear in San Francisco under the local direction of Frank W. Healy at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 26th.

The Paulist Choristers are generally acknowledged to be the world's greatest choir. There are one hundred boys and solo singers. It was the Paulist Choristers who sang in Rome at the Vatican, and who won the first prize in the international choral competition held in Paris in 1912, when in the seat of expert judgment sat Camille Saint-Saëns, Pietro Mascagni, Giacomo Puccini, and other world-famous composers. The choir was tendered a public reception by the President of France in the City Hall at the French capital.

**"Oh, Boy" Coming to the Cort.**

One of the rare treats of many seasons is "Oh, Boy," which F. Ray Comstock and William Elliott presented in New York two seasons ago. "Oh, Boy" will come to the Cort Theatre commencing Sunday, April 14th, with the special Chicago company which has been playing at the La Salle Theatre for more than six months with a cast headed by Joseph Santley, Dorothy Maynard, Laurance Wheat, Hugh Cameron, James Bradbury, Josephine Harriman, Wilbert Dunn, Henry Dornton, Lenore Chippendale, Lillian Brennard, and forty others.

Charles Dickens was a great walker. "Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles a day were none too much for Dickens." Sir Walter Scott, too, "walked twenty to thirty miles without fatigue, notwithstanding his limp." Browning, when past seventy, could take long walks, and Wordsworth could walk twenty miles a day after he had passed sixty years of age.



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**The Galli-Curci Concert.**

The sale of tickets for the concert of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, who will be heard here Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at the Exposition Auditorium, is progressing satisfactorily at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. While the supply of 75-cent tickets is exhausted, there are still to be sold 1140 at \$2.50, 1375 at \$2, 1110 at \$1.50, and 740 at \$1.

The report of the official English Forestry Reconstruction Committee recommends a scheme of state planting which in an emergency would keep the United Kingdom independent of imported timber for three years on a present-day war basis of consumption. The total cost for the first ten years would be about £3,500,000.



## MISCHA ELMAN

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Beg. Mon., April 8—Second and Last Week

# Mr. Cyril Maude

In the World-Wide Comedy-Drama Success

## "GRUMPY"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday  
This attraction will not play Oakland

Mon., April 15—MR. CYRIL MAUDE in "GENERAL JOHN REGAN."

## CORT

Leading Theatre  
ELLIS and MARKET  
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Last Week Starts Sunday eve., April 7

### ROBERT B. MANTELL

Sun., "Louis XI"; Mon., "Otello"; Tues., "Merchant of Venice"; Wed. mat., "Romeo and Juliet"; Wed. eve., "Richard III"; Thurs., "Louis XI"; Fri., "King Lear"; Sat. mat., "Merchant of Venice"; Sat. eve., "Macbeth."

Curtain at 8:15 and 2:15 sharp. Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50; Best Seats \$1 Wed. mat. Not playing Oakland.

Next—April 14, "Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley.



## VANITY FAIR.

An idea has filtered down—or up, if we may accept the current theories of the subconscious—into our normally torpid brain. At a time when the government is intent upon the search for something to tax, why not tax clothes? It would be quite easy for any but the official mind to devise a system that would be alike just and inescapable. We could do it ourselves. It would not be necessary to issue a questionnaire like a daily newspaper in size and nicely calculated to unseat the reason. It would be enough to require all dealers in clothes to add a percentage of the cost as government tax just as entertainers do now. Doubtless there are little details that would have to be worked out, evasions to be guarded against, and so on, but almost any one except a tax expert could do all this in a quite satisfactory way. And the proceeds would be very large.

Take, for example, the patriotic woman. Henceforth for her the path of duty is the road to glory, as the Psalmist says. Gorgeousness and democracy for once would go hand in hand. The splendor of her raiment would be the test of her devotion. She would be a walking testimony to the liberality of her contributions to the national exchequer. We have to remember that the average woman translates all human affairs into terms of dress just as the average man translates them into terms of money. A summons to national duty suggests to the woman the one dominant question, "How must I dress for the part?" No tragedy too overwhelming to be represented by a costume, no obligation too sacred to find instant expression by a mode, no grief too solemn to be set forth by a sartorial adornment. How many women of fashion are there in America who have confronted the present cataclysm by a single act of dress renunciation? The reply is to be found in the women's newspapers, where we see clearly enough that the war is being made the excuse for renewed orgies of dress extravagance, and that even the simplest act of charity is used as a mere peg for costly self-display. Why not put a tax upon every garment that is sold or made, for men or women? The woman whose "divine act of charity" in giving away a few boxes of cheap cigarettes to the soldiers in an Eastern camp necessitates the wearing of furs to the tune of \$10,000 would at least be doing something substantial for the country if she were compelled to pay say 5 per cent. on the value of those furs. Why not?

A writer in the April *Forum* says that it is really one of the great questions of national value to decide just what American women should wear during the war. It would seem somewhat more important to decide what they should not wear and to decide it for them. For women of fashion—of course there are many exceptions—are actually spending more money on clothes than they were before the conflict began. The war appeals to them as a magnificent opportunity to dress the part, just as every event, however awful, appears to them as a part to be dressed for, and nothing but that. Do soldiers need

socks? Then here is a knitting bag that costs ten times more than all the socks that it will ever contain. Do Belgians need aid? Then here is a festival or function, a bazaar or a fête, a concert or a lecture, that will demand ten times more money for dress than the occasion itself can possibly raise. Moreover, we shall get our pictures in the newspapers. Are we asked to show our patriotism? Willingly. Here is the newest "artillery" costume. Or the latest "Alpin Chasseur" hat. Or a recent costume on the strictest military lines with sword knot and shoulder straps. How delightful it would be, says a fashion writer, to visit the battlefields themselves in order to acquire an intimate knowledge of the uniforms to be found there.

The court dressmaker contributes an article on this subject to the April *Forum* already quoted. He says that when a celebrated English actress was asked by a dress writer in New York what the prevailing shade of women's clothes was in London she replied rather grimly that it was black, that all colors had been abandoned except those seen in the national flag. She adds: "I have been shocked by the unrestrained luxury of women's clothes since the United States entered the war. At a fashionable dance the other evening the extravagance in gowns was commonplace. There was a costly splendor in the clothes, a fabulous gayety of the beautiful. Is it possible that these women in America, whose clothes are such a flagrant contrast to the sombre mood of millions of other women in Paris, in London, in Vienna, in all the once celebrated centres of fashion in Europe, can be entirely ignorant of the great war?"

Why not tax them?

France, by the way, is about to put a tax on clothes. You may spend a reasonable amount, but beyond that you must pay. A woman may spend \$50 for a costume or suit, and a man may pay \$35. A woman may pay \$8 for a hat and a man \$4. If you pay more it will be taxed.

An anonymous English donor has contributed \$10,000,000 to the fund for the purchase of tanks. Who could it have been? asks a newspaper commentator? Could it have been Sir ———? No, he has the will, but not the millions. Or Lord ———? But in that case it would not have been anonymous.

The London *Observer* says that Miss Iza Campbell, who was working with a hammer and chisel when the Prince of Wales spoke to her in a Scotch shipbuilding yard, seems to have puzzled the reporters. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "Do you never hurt your fingers?" asked the prince. "I used to, sir," she replied with a delightful Scottish accent; "but I never do that a noo." The *Times* has another version: "Do you never hurt your fingers?" he asked. "A used to, sir," she replied in a broad Scottish accent, "but I never dae that noo." The *Daily Mail* gives it up and talks English: "Do you never hurt your fingers?" asked the prince. "I used to, sir, but I never do it now," she replied.

The London *Daily News* cites as "the first food rations" the case of "Jehoiachin, King of Judah, who did eat bread continually before him (Evil-Merodach, King of Babylon) all the days of his life. And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." But what about manna, of which the Children of Israel were allotted in the desert "an omer for every man," with a double allowance on the sixth day? They do not seem to have been rationed as to the quails.

An important change in Canada's naturalization laws has become effective with the new year. Formerly the period of residence required to secure naturalization was three years. Henceforth it will be five (says the *Vancouver Sun*). On the other hand, the brand of naturalization formerly granted was not recognized outside of Canada. In future it will be good anywhere in his majesty's dominions. Under the old system an American citizen, for instance, might come to Canada, spend three years here, and take out his papers. He thereby acquired all the rights of a British subject so long as he remained in this country. But if he moved to Australia or England he had to put in another period of residence and take out another set of papers. This is now done away with. He can move from Canada to Australia and find himself in the same legal position as if he moved from British Columbia to Alberta. Everywhere under the flag his rights will be the same.

In Prussia 31 per cent. of the land is in estates of over 20 acres, large holdings for Central and Western Europe; in Posen 55 per cent., and in Pomerania 52 per cent. The average size of 8365 estates in East Prussia is 1132 acres; of 2793 in Pomerania, 1380 acres.

## THE TANKS.

By Colonel E. D. Swinton, C. B., D. S. O.

A word of general description and a few more upon the functions of the tanks. They are powerfully-engined armed automobiles, enclosed in a bullet-proof casing for the protection of their crews. Propelled on the caterpillar principle, they possess considerable powers of traveling over rough ground, both in crossing trenches, craters, and other cavities, and climbing over raised obstacles, such as parapets, can tear their way without difficulty through wire entanglements, can uproot largish trees, and can throw down the walls of ordinary dwelling-houses. Nevertheless, in spite of their elemental strength and apparent clumsiness, in the hands of skilled drivers they are as docile as trained elephants under their own mahouts.

As has been said, they are divided into males and females. The male is par excellence the machine-gun hunter and destroyer. He carries light, quick-firing guns capable of firing shell, and is intended to be to the machine-gun what the torpedo-boat destroyer was designed to be to the torpedo boat, or the ladybird is supposed to be to the aphid. The female, which, in accordance with the laws of nature, is the man-killer, carries nothing but machine-guns for employment against the enemy personnel. Her special rôle is to keep down hostile rifle fire, to beat back counter-attacks and rushes of infantry, and to act generally as a consort to her lord and master.

Both sexes, however, are heavy weights endowed with great brute force, and share, in common, the attribute of being able to roll out and flatten machine-guns and their emplacements. Both, therefore, act as protectors to infantry, inasmuch as they can destroy or "blanket" the one thing which has, so far, proved its greatest bugbear in the attack. Moreover, every tank that goes forward, whether actually moving or disabled, assists the infantry near it in another way. It hulks above them and is the centre of attraction. It acts as a magnet for the bullets of the hostile machine-guns, and collects them to itself as Arnold von Winkelried is supposed in 1386 to have drawn to his own body the spears of the Austrians at the battle of Sem-pach. Every bullet that clangs against its steel sides is one less aimed at the infantry. Each silvery star splashed on its hide is the signature of one that has not drilled its way through the body of an infantry soldier.

To be the nurse, protector, and backer of the attacking infantry, who, in the vernacular, "always get it in the neck," was the motif underlying the action of the new arm. As it was expressed in the exhortation given to the officers and men going forth to take their machines into battle for the first time, whatever mistakes might be made, whatever mischances might befall, if the tanks gave reason for their comrades on foot to thank God for their presence, they would have justified their existence.

It has been justified.

It is true that in any consideration of their employment too much importance must not be attached to some of the results of their first appearance, for certain influences then came into play which can never again have quite the same effect. Against the Germans they had all the advantages of being a surprise, and, by their strangeness and the apparently irresistible nature of their advance, inspired terror. On our own infantry, on the other hand, their almost equally unexpected debut, and their abnormality, had quite the contrary effect. It was a relaxation of tension, and a reaction which had its own particular value. The very grotesqueness of the machines, their ungainly, indescribable method of progress, their coloring—surpassing in weirdness the sickliest fancies of the most rabid Cubist—were in reality great moral assets. They supplied the touch of comic relief, and excited the mirth of the British soldiers, always blessed with a keen sense of the ridiculous. They acted as an antidote to the effect of the Jack Johnsons, Weary Wil-lies, Silent Susies, Whizz Bangs, Sausages, Rum Jars, Tear Shells, Gas Shells, and all the other frightfulness of the unspeakable Boche. They counteracted the weariness, the hunger and thirst, the dust, the mud, and all the squalor and filthy discomfort of war. As has been related in the accounts published at the time, it was a laughing, cheering crowd of infantry which in many cases followed the tanks forward on the 15th of September. On the other hand, the new engines underwent their baptism of fire, and there were failures due to this, which should not recur.

Some of these results were produced by the factor of novelty, and are already discounted. But the solid material value of the tanks to the infantry remains.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the celebrated American war correspondent with the British army, has estimated that in the latter stages of the battle of the Somme the intervention of the tanks—though many machines failed from mechanical and other defects—saved some 20,000 British lives, and subsequent estimates

of the quality of the assistance rendered by them during May, 1917, are similar. But the most convincing proof of the difference made by their intervention is ocular, and is afforded by the "pattern" of the field of battle over which a British attack has passed. Where tanks have accompanied the advance and have been able to "eat up" the enemy machine-guns left over by our bombardment, the bodies of our infantry strew No Man's Land irregularly, here and there. Where tanks have not been used, in some places the bodies can be seen to be lying in front of the enemy's machine-gun "nests" and strong points in swaths like cut corn; in a series of high-water marks showing where the successive waves of the assault have met and been petrified by the death-dealing spray of the German Maxims. . . .

That the Germans appreciate the significance of the new development is clear from the instructions issued, and the elaborate protective measures taken by them. And in spite of the ridicule usually poured on the new weapon by their newspapers—the object of which is plain—articles do occasionally appear which sound another note. For instance, Lieutenant-General Baron von Ardenne stated in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that: "These powerful armored cars, which were first used by the British, are undoubtedly the most wonderful weapons which modern tactics have revealed in warfare. . . ."

This, the latest engine of war, has, of course, its limitations. For instance, tanks alone, in their present state of development, can not push matters to a decision nor win a great action. That must still be done, as in the past, by the infantry—the "Queen of Battles." But "Behemoth," clad in his bullet-proof skin, and urged onward by the power of scores of horses, laughs at entanglements, whilst machine-guns are his "meat." His main object can not be too often or too strongly emphasized; other, ancillary, duties need not be specified here. To the infantry soldier attempting to force his way by his own puny strength through mud or dust and groves of barbed wire, his body naked to every kind of missile, but more especially to the sleet of lead which whistles horizontally across No Man's Land, he is the mechanical big brother armed with the punch and the big stick.—*Extracted from the World's Work.*

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**STORYETTES.**

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a hamlet near Ashford, England, which boasts only nine inhabitants, the following notice has been posted up by the authorities: "In the event of an air raid do not collect in a crowd."

At a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the pastor: "The collections today will be devoted to the arch fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the morning paper, to the archfiend."

A judge was questioning an Irishman at a recent trial. "He took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" asked the judge. "He did, sorr," said Pat. "Sure, sorr, he squeezed me throat till I thought he would make cider out of me Adam's apple."

Distinguished counsel was addressing the jury. He reached his peroration: "The principal fault of the prisoner," he declared impressively, "has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury."

The Kansas sense of humor never dies, if the following advertisement which appeared in the *Ahlene (Kansas) Register* is any evidence: "Notice—I have put a hull-snake in my alfalfa field, north of town, to catch the gophers. Please do not hother him or shoot at him, as he is a good, well-behaved snake and harmless except to gophers and mice.—H. L. Humphrey."

One Sunday afternoon when Jones, who had been visiting the Zoo, came home, he announced to the family: "They've got a new hahy hippopotamus." Whereupon his daughter, about fifteen, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. When she had subsided somewhat the father growled: "What are you laughing at?" "I was just thinking," giggled the girl, "that that rather kills the stork story."

A nervous old beau entered a costumer's and said: "I want a little help in the way

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of a suggestion. I am going to the French students' masquerade hall tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?" The costumer looked him over attentively bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald, and shining head. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully. "Why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad. "I am glad there's a rope here in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins, as he surveyed the room, "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?" "Dat am intended foh use, sah," replied the hoy, "in case de fire am too far advanced foh yo' to make yo' escape, sah."

The doctor and the lawyer had a difference one evening. "I tell you," the lawyer later told a clergyman, "doctors are callous hrutes, with not a spark of human feeling within them." "Come, come," replied the clergyman, trying to calm his friend, "that's rather a sweeping statement, you know." "Not a bit of it," declared the lawyer. "Why, when I was ill a few weeks ago and was suffering untold agonies I sent for a doctor. 'Doctor,' I moaned, 'I'm suffering the torments of hell.' 'What! Already!' was his unfeeling retort."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Rohertson, strolling along Fifth Avenue, New York, recently was recognized by an observing shopgirl out for her lunch. "Look, Mame," the girl said, as she nudged her companion. "There goes Forbes-Rohertson, the great actor. They say he's gone into the movies." The girl addressed as Mame masticated her chewing gum unmercifully as she surveyed the dignified face and figure of the actor. "Well," she announced critically, "I wish him luck, hut he'll never hold a candle to Charlie Chaplin, that's my guess."

Reference at a social gathering was made to the occasional difficulties of spelling, when Congressman Frank E. Guernsey of Maine fittingly recalled a little anecdote along that line. Jones occupied an office in common with Smith. One afternoon Jones was writing a letter when he paused and became very thoughtful. "Say, Jim," he finally remarked, glancing across at the other, "how do you spell 'graphic,' with one 'f' or two?" "Well," responded Jim, who didn't want to hurt Jones' feelings, "if you are going to use any, Sam, I guess you might go the limit."

Some years before the war the German Crown Prince got a very neat call-down from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the prince's cigarette blowing into the young lady's face, a lieutenant near by remarked: "Smoke withers flowers." "It is no flower," said the prince, jocularly, "it is a thistle." Miss Willard raised her eyes a trifle. "In that case," she said, "I had better retire or I shall be devoured." The party saw the point, and the prince was discomfited.

In Mississippi they tell of a young lawyer retained to defend a man charged with the theft of a pig. The young man seemed determined to convince the jury that he was horn to shine, and accordingly he delivered the following exordium: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is hathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and trampling the unhallowed altars of the heedless infidels to dust; while the United States, entering the war, shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog thief."

A certain Canadian officer was often teased about a short talk he gave his men one night that did not turn out to his liking. In his little talk he outlined the lives of some well-known men who had risen from the ranks solely by their perseverance and determination. He urged his own men to put more life in their work. He said to them: "Boys, what you all need is just that little four-lettered word that is on the door your entered by. If you possess that you will succeed. Do you know the word I mean? That's right, 'push.' Put lots of 'push' in your work and you are bound to rise." The boys took the little talk to heart and adopted the word "Push" for their motto, until an observant fellow noticed one day that the door referred to opened in the opposite direction, and consequently the four-lettered word it bore was "Pull." And the captain's little talk was wasted.

"Can you meet this bill today?" "Not to-day; this is a meetless day."—*Life*.



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Today is Thrift day—  
Thrift day for everybody  
Except Father—  
The poor man;  
For him it is  
Spendthrift day,  
Because he is completely,  
Flat "husted,"  
The fruit of two weeks  
Of prodigality  
In the Thrift Stamp trenches.  
Mother commandeered his silver  
And Willie took his pennies,  
And between the two  
He has been properly trimmed,  
And is an object of charity  
When it comes to carfare,  
Cigars and lunches.  
The Liberty Loan  
Has taken his paper money,  
And the family  
His small change,  
But he still has plenty of hope,  
And he is not complaining.  
He would rather  
Distribute his money at home  
Than let the Kaiser take it.  
Nevertheless he maintains,  
And with some show of reason,  
That all the horrors of war  
Are not in the trenches.  
—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Where Art Thou, Nicolai?

Tell me, tell me, Nick Lenine,  
Why you're seldom heard or seen?  
You've put "I" in Bolshevik,  
Why don't they feature you, my Nick?

Every other day they shoot  
At you, Nick, my hearded beaut.  
Weekly you break Russia's bank,  
Yet you never, never swank.

You let Trotzky he the sta.,  
Make your peace or make your war,  
Insult Kuhlmann, flout the Kaiser,  
Though they say you're much the wiser.

Krylenko commands the troops  
And makes all the newsy coups,  
When they capture Kaledines  
Bluffowitz gets all the lines.

Zemstvos meet and resolute  
'Gainst the Austrian and the Teut.  
Peasants jeer and bourgeois cry—  
Where art thou, my Nicolai?  
—New York Evening Post.

A Sailor Song.

Passed by the Censor.

In an unnamed port by an unknown sea  
There's an unnamed girl who waits for me;  
But soon on an unnamed day I'll trip  
To this unnamed girl on an unnamed ship,  
And then we'll lie to an unnamed spot,  
Where an unnamed parson will tie the knot,  
And then I'll give her a name, by Jove,  
No ————'s censor will ever remove!  
—H. O. Miller, in *Life*.

\*Deleted by censor.

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## PERSONAL.

### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Waterhouse have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Jean Waterhouse, and Lieutenant John Ritchie McKee. Lieutenant McKee is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKee of Berkeley and the nephew of Mr. John Dempster McKee. He is at present stationed at Mineola, Long Island, but will come to California in the near future, when his marriage with Miss Waterhouse will take place.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Crocker and Comte André de Limur was solemnized last Wednesday afternoon at the bride's home on Park Avenue in New York. Monsignor Michael Lavelle of St. Patrick's Cathedral officiating. Miss Helen Crocker attended her sister as maid of honor and Lieutenant Stanislaus Poniatowski was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Templeton Crocker and Lieutenant Winthrop Aldrich. Comtesse de Limur is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker and the sister of Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. William Crocker, and Mr. Charles Crocker. She is the niece of Princess André Poniatowski. Comte de Limur is a pilot in the French Flying Corps and will return to France at the conclusion of his wedding journey, a portion of which is being passed at the bride's former home in Burlington.

The marriage of Miss Isabella Tyson and Mr. Kenneth Gilpin was solemnized last Saturday at St. John's Church in Knoxville, Tennessee. Mrs. Gilpin is the daughter of General Laurance Tyson and Mrs. Tyson and has visited in San Francisco on many occasions. Mr. Gilpin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilpin of Baltimore.

The marriage of Miss Edith Rucker and Mr. Warren Spieker was solemnized Monday evening in the chapel of the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls Archbishop Edward Hanna officiating. The bride was attended by two matrons of honor, Mrs. Maurice Sullivan and Mrs. Franklin Kales. Mr. Frederick Shingle was the best man. Mrs. Spieker is the daughter of Mrs. James T. Rucker and the sister of Mrs. Bliss Rucker. Mr. Spieker is the son of Mrs. John Spieker and the brother of Mrs. John Drum. After the marriage ceremony on Monday evening a reception

was held at the bride's home on Gough Street. Those seated at the table with Mr. and Mrs. Spieker were Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Kales, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Shingle, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Inez Spence, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Dr. Harold Hill, and Dr. Sumner Hardy. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Spieker will reside on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott gave a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Starring, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mr. Alexander Garceau, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. J. C. Van Anwerp, and Mr. Walter Hobart.

Mrs. Edgar Preston gave a bridge-dinner Sunday evening at her home on Powell Street, her guests including Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Anson Hotelling, and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue, complimenting Mrs. Arthur Murray. The guests included Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Prentiss Hale, Major D. B. Moore, and Lieutenant de la Sevre.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett entertained a group of friends at luncheon Saturday, her guests having included Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Alfred Hunter, Mrs. Albert Gillespie, Mrs. William Denning, Mrs. George Van Dusen, and Mrs. S. O. Johnson.

Mrs. Randolph Miner gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, her guests including Mrs. Lucien Brunswick of Los Angeles, Mrs. Edward Durrell, Mrs. W. E. Reynolds, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Robert Russell, Mrs. Temple Potts, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a tea recently at the Hotel St. Francis, complimenting Monsieur Paul Lyssac. Mr. and Mrs. Pixley's guests included Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Edward Clark of Paris, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, and a number of French officers.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home in Piedmont, complimenting Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained a group of friends at dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell entertained informally at luncheon Wednesday at the Palace in honor of Miss May Robson. Those present besides Miss Robson and the hostess were Mrs. G. C. Darling, Mrs. George Dobyne of Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, Miss Collier, and Miss Sara Collier.

Judge—The police say that you and your wife had some words. Prisoner—I had some, judge, but I didn't get a chance to use them.—Puck.

## John Cowper Powys.

The many friends of John Cowper Powys will be glad to know that he will begin a three weeks' lecture engagement under the direction of Paul Elder on next Monday evening, April 8th, at the Hotel St. Francis. Three series of six lectures each are announced, the evening lectures to be on Mondays and Thursdays at the Hotel St. Francis, afternoon lectures Tuesdays and Fridays in the Paul Elder Gallery, morning lectures Wednesdays and Saturdays, also in the Paul Elder Gallery. The first lecture, on Monday next at the St. Francis, will be on "Shaw and Chesterton, the Puritan and the Catholic." The following lectures cover a multitude of subjects, including Shakespearean Dramas, National Ideals and Modern Writers—Oscar Wilde, Wells and Galsworthy, D'Annunzio, Thomas Hardy, and others.

## Woman Tires of Man's Job.

A woman street-car conductor, writing in a New York paper as to her experiences in this new line of feminine occupation, says:

"As I see it, girls are in the transportation service chiefly for three reasons—because of the novelty, because of the high wages and because of the 'fresh air' claim. If you've been working away at a job you're ready for a little adventure, just as I think many of the men at the front are. The uniform, the idea of being among the first to do something women haven't done before—well, that attracts lots of girls. It's what brought me into the service. I was working in the glove department of a department store, and had no reason to leave, but I heard it was so lovely and interesting and it seemed such a novelty to put on 'pants' that I accepted and was one of the first one hundred in the service.

"Quite a few go into it to make a good living. These are mostly the married ones—there are lots of them. It pays more than most work for girls. You can make \$21 a week working seven days and overtime. We get 27 cents an hour. A run is ten hours, but you never get away with ten hours—never.

"After several weeks of service this is what I think of it. It's no life. I'd rather get \$11 a week and have some home and social life. I never see my family, I never see my friends, I never go to any entertainments. I'm too tired to eat and I'm too tired to sleep, so what is the use of the money? What clothes I have are hanging in the closet. The first girls to go into the service are all leaving now—tired of it. The company is not particular about the class of girls they pick. I hear they are afraid the second draft will leave them short."

## The Oldest Reigning Family.

The Japanese celebrated in February the festival of the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, the first monarch of the empire of Nippon. This is one of the three great holidays of the island empire, the others being the emperor's birthday and New Year's Day.

The present Japanese dynasty is by far the oldest in the world, for Yoshihito claims to be the 122d monarch of an unbroken line, dating from the seventh century before the Christian era. The early history of Nippon, as recorded in the holy book, Shinto, begins with the dynasties of the gods and is wholly mythical in nature. The dawn of real history begins with the reign of Jimmu Tenno, whose memory is revered today by all the sons of Nippon.

Jimmu the Great forced the savage tribes to accept civil institutions and extended his beneficent sway over the entire country. He established his capital at Kioto. He formulated a code of laws, established courts, encouraged industry and, in fact, laid the foundation for that marvelous advance made by the Japanese during the nineteenth century.

The title of Mikado, which means "Honorable Gate," was derived from Jimmu. From the days of this ruler Japanese power in the Orient increased. The successors of Jimmu, like the great emperor himself, were worshipped as gods upon earth. Women were not excluded from succession of the throne, and there are many famous empresses in the history of Japan.

## Change of Calendar.

Almost the only opposition in Russia to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar, in order to bring that country into line with all the rest of the civilized and commercial world, came from the prelates and lower clergy, supported by a mere handful of the excessively devout laity who shared the clergy's apprehension that the consequent disorganiza-

tion of the calendar of the Holy and Orthodox Church must bring disaster. The Bolsheviks, by decree emanating from their official headquarters, the Smolny Institute, Petrograd, has ordered that, beginning with what would formerly have been February 1, 1918, the western—Gregorian—calendar shall be adopted, and that date became February 14th.

One of the largest and finest ranches in Nebraska is "1733 Ranch," near Kearney. It came by its name in an odd way. The ranch is exactly 1733 miles from San Francisco and from Boston, Massachusetts, being in the centre of the continent east and west.

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Universal Auto Co., Spokane  
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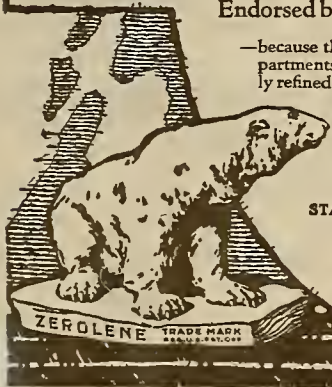
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**PERSONAL.**  
**Movements and Whereabouts.**  
Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman with their children, Miss Esther Ehrman and Mr. Sidney Ehrman, Jr., are passing several days in the southern part of the state.  
Mrs. Charles Norris, who has been passing the winter in New York, has gone to Washington for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Hartigan. Captain Norris is at his station on the Atlantic coast, but expects to leave in the near future for France.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin and Miss Genevieve Bothin have returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn have gone to New York to meet their son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Vincent, who is in the Eastern city for a short visit.  
Mrs. Frederick Clappett, Miss Cornelia Clappett, and Miss Jean Wheeler spent several days last week at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where Dr. Clappett and Mrs. Clappett have a summer home.  
Mr. Chester Arthur, Jr., of Santa Barbara has been spending several days in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. Robert Hooker, Jr.  
Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., returned a few days ago from the East, having accompanied Mr. Newhall on his trip to New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer have given up their home on Third Avenue and have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.  
Rear-Admiral Charles Gove and Mrs. Gove have been passing a few weeks in San Diego.  
Dr. Henry Horn and Mrs. Horn left last week for New York, the former having been appointed as head of the medical division of the aviation corps at Mineola, Long Island.  
Mrs. Cyril Tobin and Miss Katherine Ramsay left today for a sojourn of several weeks in the East.  
Mrs. Athearn Folger has returned to San Francisco, after a visit in San Diego with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., and her son, Mr. John Cunningham.  
Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have gone to Washington for a visit of several weeks.  
Mrs. Edwin Eddy has returned to her home on Broadway, after a visit of several weeks in the East and South.  
Comte André de Limur and Comtesse de Limur arrived Monday from New York and went immediately to Burlingame, where they will pass their honeymoon at the former home of Comtesse de Limur.  
Mrs. Henrietta Weil, who has been passing the winter at the Bellevue Hotel, has taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the summer season.  
Mrs. William Porter, who has been in the East and South for several months, has returned to San Francisco and taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.  
Mrs. Thomas Cushing left Piedmont Monday evening for Tacoma, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. George Baker. Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. Baker are staying at the Tacoma Country Club.  
Miss Laura McKinstry and Miss Frances Jolliffe, who left for the East last week, are at present in Washington.  
Mr. Charles Boettcher and his daughter, Miss Ruth Boettcher, who were recent guests at the St. Francis from their home in Denver, are at present in San Diego, where they are visiting at the home of Mrs. Claus Spreckels.  
Mrs. Hunter Liggett returned last week to San Francisco, after a visit at Del Monte with Mrs. Oscar Long.  
Lieutenant Paul Jones and Mrs. Jones arrived a few days ago from Camp Lewis and are passing a week or so in San Rafael. They will return north within a fortnight.  
Miss Elise Bertheau has returned to her home on Gough Street, after a visit of several months in Eastern cities.  
Mrs. Christian Miller left Monday for Virginia, where she will remain for several weeks.  
Mr. T. P. O'Connor passed the week-end in San Mateo as the house-guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly.  
Mr. George Kaime and his son, Mr. Alvah Kaime, who arrived a few days ago from their home in Santa Barbara, have gone to St. Louis for a brief visit. The marriage of Miss Alejandra Macondray and Mr. Kaime will take place on April 17th.  
Mrs. Charles Lyman has closed her home in Burlingame and has joined Captain Lyman at his station on Angel Island. Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman is stationed at the Presidio.  
Major Archibald Johnson has sent word of his safe arrival in France. Until recently Major Johnson has been stationed with the Grizzlies at San Diego.  
Lieutenant Corbett Moody and Mrs. Moody have been spending a few days in New York, the former having obtained a leave of absence following his graduation from the aviation school at Atlanta, Georgia.  
Mrs. William Storey left last week for the South, after a brief visit in San Francisco from her home in Chicago.  
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy passed the week-end at Del Monte.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali are at present in Genoa, where they will reside indefinitely.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, who have been passing the winter in Washington, will return in

May to California, planning to pass the summer at their home in Burlingame.  
Mrs. Rennie Scherwin and Miss Arahella Scherwin, who have been at Palm Beach, are now at White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia.  
Captain Mark Gerstle and Mrs. Gerstle, accompanied by Mrs. Edward Clark and Mr. Gerald Clark of Paris, Miss Louise Gerstle, and Monsieur Paul Lyssac, spent the week-end at Del Monte.  
Mrs. Platt Kent is in San Diego, where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran left Wednesday for New York, where the latter will remain indefinitely. Mr. Curran will leave in the near future for France.  
Miss Jean Wheeler has gone to San Diego, where she is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. William Wheeler.  
Mrs. George Pope, Miss Emily Pope, and Mr. George Pope, Jr., have gone to Boston, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Moseley Taylor.  
Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild passed the week-end in Del Monte from their home in Burlingame.  
Lord Dunsmore, who passed the week-end at Del Monte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, left Thursday for Seattle.  
Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and her little son have gone to Menlo Park, where they will pass a portion of the summer.  
Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, who has been stationed with the artillery in France, has gone to Nice, where he is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Robinson Riley.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mack are in Coronado, where they will remain for several weeks.  
Mrs. O. A. Tibbitts, Mr. Jonathan C. Tibbitts, and Mr. Walter S. C. Tibbitts are at Hotel del Coronado, where they arrived March 23d for an extended stay.  
Mr. Roger Boequeraz has received his commission in the army and will leave in a few days for Camp Lee, Virginia.  
Mrs. Frederick Hussey, who has been in Coronado with Captain Hussey, has returned to her home in San Mateo. Captain Hussey has been ordered to Fort Sill.  
Mrs. Roger Winthrop, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery recently en route to Santa Barbara, left Monday for her home in New York.  
Mrs. John Casserly returned last week to her home in San Mateo from a trip to Chicago.  
Mrs. Kirby Barnes Crittenden, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Crittenden, U. S. N., is in San Francisco for a visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fay, at their home on Grove Street. Mrs. Crittenden has been at Hotel del Coronado for the past five months, during her husband's detail in Southern California waters. She is planning to return south about the middle of April.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos with their daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Roos, are at Hotel del Coronado.  
Recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. W. H. Anderson, South Africa; Mr. C. E. Dutcher, Mr. R. P. Rowe, Mount View; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clough, Los Angeles, and Mr. E. E. Rosser, Jr., and Mr. L. Clyde Friend, two United States naval officers.  
Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. Charles Prince, Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Haslett, Miss Mildred S. Hailey, Miss Chloe Alves, Mr. Paul J. Kingston, Miss A. Griffith, Mr. William Grant, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rose, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. James A. Folger, Mr. Peter Folger, Mr. Cyrus Pearce, and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann.  
Among those who have been at Hotel del Coronado for the past five months is Mrs. A. N. Lewis of Alameda, who went south to be near her son, Lieutenant Wilmoth S. Lewis, stationed at Camp Kearny, but who has just been transferred to Fort Sill. Mrs. Lewis returned home Thursday and was accompanied by Lieutenant Lewis, who will visit for several days with friends and relatives before leaving for his new detail.  
Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gansden, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Clark, Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cox, Chicago; Miss M. L. Merriam, Mrs. T. M. Dewhurst, Lowell, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Boynton, Detroit; Mrs. F. H. Carlton and family, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs.

H. L. C. B. Van Vleuten, The Hague; Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Hall and daughters, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Coulter and daughters, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Woolston, Forsyth, Montana; Mr. J. B. Clarkson, Christchurch, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Miles, Richmond, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gardner and son, Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bygate, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Lemon, Kobe, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Felton, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fields, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Robert de Forest, New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Howard, Brockton, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dyer, St. Paul.

**Secret Diplomacy.**  
There is a very obvious and ordinary reason for the English people being more anti-German than the English government. It is the simple fact that the German has made even more direct war on the English people than he has on the English government. It is an argument arising from the plain facts of the physical situation and physical experiences of the island and the islanders. And the simplest and soundest way of stating the argument is to say that the English hate the German because they know him. It is here that all humanitarian generalizations, however true in many cases, about the distant interests of diplomacy and the exclusive information of diplomatists, are in this particular case completely irrelevant and pointless. It is perfectly true that princes and politicians can teach an ignorant people that a far-off foreigner is a fiend; I should say that this was true of our view of Rusians in the Crimean war. It is not in the smallest degree true of our view of Germans in this war; for the simple reason that the foreigner is not far off and the people is not ignorant—at least, it can not possibly be ignorant of the foreigner. And if Englishmen think the foreigner is a fiend, it is solely because they think, rightly or wrongly, that he behaves like a fiend—not to their government, but to them. It was possible to tell a Victorian Englishman that a Russian knouts women and lives on tallow candles; for a Russian, like a Chinaman, was physically so remote as to be unreal; and these fables were told about him because he himself seemed almost fabulous. But it is not necessary to tell a modern Englishman that a Prussian treacherously drowns poor fishermen, or pours poison and flame on peaceful and unprotected villages; any more than it is necessary to tell a modern Englishman that cats eat mice or that mice eat cheese. It is quite useless to say that subtle diplomatists have conspired to misrepresent the mouse; or that an arrogant monarchy is angry with the cat because it looked at a king. That Germany has suffered wrong from our statesmen is arguable; that she has inflicted wrong on our citizens is self-evident. To say that these things are merely incidents of war is merely to quarrel about words. The fact which a democrat will feel important is that fact that this democracy does regard these acts as something much worse than war. The Germans, for instance, have poisoned wells; and the wickedness of poisoning wells has long been an ordinary English proverb and figure of speech. The Germans introduced the use of venomous vapors in battle; and the poor people whose sons and husbands have been "gassed" do in fact speak of them in a style never used about other wars, in which they have been merely wounded. In the presence of this popular feeling all the international talk about quarrels manufactured by governments is perfectly true and perfectly irrelevant. Cynical British statesmen might have poisoned men's minds against Germany. But the indignation is there because men's bodies have been poisoned by

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Germans. Sensational journalists might have taken away the characters of a race of foreigners. But the feeling has not been created by the taking away of characters, but by the taking away of lives.—G. K. Chesterton in the *North American Review*.

In a letter to Hall Caine regarding the time of life at which the human faculties reach their highest point, Thomas Hardy, the novelist, said recently: "If the mean age for the best literary work is thirty-seven it must be owing to the conditions of modern life, for we are told that Homer sang when old and blind, while Æschylus wrote his best tragedies when over sixty, Sophocles some of his best when nearly ninety, and Euripides did not begin to write till forty, and went on to seventy; and in these you have the pick of the greatest poets who ever lived. The philosophers, too, were nearly always old."

In the remote part of northern Nigeria, not yet under the complete control of the British, there dwell a people whose women wear tails and are proud of them. True it is that these tails are not of flesh and blood, but none the less they play an important part in the social life of the people, for they are the outward and visible sign of the matronly dignity.

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the *Argonaut*, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for April 1, 1918.  
State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:  
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher.....Alfred Holman, San Francisco, Cal.  
Editor and Managing Editor, Alfred Holman.....San Francisco, Cal.  
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken.....San Francisco, Cal.  
2. That the owners are: The Argonaut Publishing Company. Alfred Holman owns all the stock of the corporation.  
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.  
WM. J. MILLIKEN,  
(Signature of Business Manager.)  
Swore to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1918.  
(Seal)  
JOHN E. MANDERS,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
(My commission expires January 26, 1919.)

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Glee Club Leader*—Why don't you come in when I tell you to? *Tenor*—I can't; I've lost the key.—*Argonian*.

"What did you son take at college this year?" "Oh, some medals and the mumps."—*Baltimore American*.

"Lucky in love, unlucky at cards." "I get you. You hold small hands in both cases."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Waiter, how can I tell if this is a ham sandwich?" "There's a label pasted on the rice paper, sir."—*Buffalo Express*.

*The Groom*—By jove, I was frightfully rattled. *The Bride*—And you acted so cool

and collected. Oh, Jake, how could you begin deceiving me even at the altar?—*Boston Globe*.

*The Politician*—I see you farmers believe in putting good men in office. *Farmer Corn-tassel*—Yep! The best that money can buy.—*Life*.

"Did your new dressmaker give you a good fit?" "Did she? They had two doctors working on me when I saw how I looked in it."—*Baltimore American*.

*Sunday-School Teacher*—Now, Charlie, what can you tell me about Goliath? *Charlie*—Goliath was the man David rocked to sleep.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?" "Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break the engagement."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mamma, when people are in mourning do they wear black nightgowns?" "Why, no, of course not." "Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as they do in the daytime?"—*Houston Post*.

"Is that your college diploma you have framed there?" "Well, it's a sort of diploma. It's a worthless stock certificate showing that I've been through the school of experience."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Started to handle whale meat yet?" "No; my store isn't big enough." "What do you mean?" "My customers wouldn't buy unless I had a lot of whales for them to paw over."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Does she really speak French as well as she pretends?" "All the testimony I have on the subject is I heard her the other day tell her husband to send the shuffler to the garrridge for the ottermobile."—*Baltimore American*.

*Willis*—How is your garden coming? *Gillis*—Very poorly. The directions on the package say to measure the seeds carefully, and it has taken me since yesterday to get the dimensions of seven of them, they're so darn small.—*Town Topics*.

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer, as he stopped the automobile. "What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."—*Nebraska Legal News*.

*Willis*—I heard that your boss has passed away. Did he die in peace? *Gillis*—Ahsol-

## JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM'S War-Time Philosophy

Of two things one is certain: Either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized.

If you're not mobilized there is no need to worry; if you are mobilized, of two things one is certain: Either you're behind the lines or you're at the front.

If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry; if you're at the front, of two things one is certain: Either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger.

If you're resting in a safe place there is no need to worry; if you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded or you're not wounded.

If you're not wounded there is no need to worry; if you are wounded, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.

If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry; if you're wounded seriously, of two things one is certain: Either you recover or you die.

If you recover there is no need to worry; if you die you can't worry.

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utely happy. He said it was the only thing he ever did since he had been in business when he didn't have to fill out a blank, appear before some commission, or ask some board for permission to do it.—*Town Topics*.

*Mother*—There, now, don't whip Johnny. You know the Bible says, "Let not the sun descend upon your wrath." *Father*—That's all right, but it doesn't say not to let your wrath descend upon the son.—*Kansas City Star*.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a most discouraged appearance, "I'm never, never going to study any more." "Why, dearie, what's the matter?" inquired mother. "'Cause it's no use," was the impulsive answer, "it's no

use at all. I can't never learn spelling. Teacher keeps changing the words all the time."—*Dallas News*.

"Well, after all," remarked Tommy, who had lost a leg at the war, "there's one advantage in 'aving a wooden leg." "What's that?" asked his friend. "You can hold up yer bloomin' sock with a tin tack," chuckled the hero.—*Tit-Bits*.

One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist, who said, soothingly, as he applied a tool to his automobile, under which he lay. "Now this is going to hurt just a little."—*Harper's Magazine*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Japan at Vladivostock.

Who is there to say that Japan in occupying Vladivostock has violated any principle of international equity or any moral obligation? Who is there to say that she has not done what any other country under like circumstances would have done? Russia is in a state of chaos. The forces of disorder are in possession of the country in so far as it is in any definite possession. Abject surrender has been made to the Teuton. Siberia as well as Russia proper lies practically helpless and obviously subject to German enterprise. At Vladivostock there is a vast store of munitions and military supplies. Left unprotected Vladivostock and the whole of Siberia must inevitably fall into German possession. Already the Russian Bolsheviks, "supported by German prisoners of war," are moving upon Vladivostock.

When Japan proposed a month ago to occupy Vladivostock under international initiative she should promptly have been authorized and supported. She

waited a reasonable period—and something more—and still support or approval were denied her. And in this denial there was an insulting suggestion of distrust. Would any spirited country have accepted this affront and at the same time have permitted an open enemy to encamp upon its borders and make itself master of vast ready-made means of offense? Most certainly not. Japan has moved upon Vladivostock under every provocation and supported by every right. It was a movement which should have been made, as Japan wished and asked, in the name of the Allied cause. Denied support, she has been compelled to act alone.

By a course of paltering, of splitting hairs, of indecision and waiting, we have permitted the movement of Japan upon Siberia to have a character which it ought not to have had. As a Japanese movement it has a significance, and becomes to the Russians a threat, which would have been avoided if we had joined in it. Timid counsels, tardiness in action, have lost to us an opportunity. We sadly fear that they have lost us a friend.

### Incidental War Topics.

At Washington and elsewhere it is being industriously whispered about that the appointment of General Foch to supreme command of the Allied forces is an "Administration victory" brought about by shrewd diplomacy and through the agency of that great man Secretary Baker. This, it hardly needs to be said, is on its face an absurdity. William II and General Hindenburg are really responsible for the appointment of a generalissimo; and Foch was chosen because he was the only possible choice. We say he was the only possible choice because, aside from Grandpère Joffre, he is the only man with a record of military achievement important enough to serve as a base for hopes of success. Of course every such choice must be subject to justification by success. In the immediate case the test comes hard upon the event. As General Foch shall meet the tremendous demand upon his judgment and hardihood his fame shall be established. If the German drive shall extend to Amiens and involve the capture of that city it will mean that he has failed. If on the other hand he shall drive the enemy back his prestige is assured.

The first effect of the coördination of the Allied forces tends to dash a fond American illusion. We have flattered our vanities with the hope of creating a distinctive American army in France. But this is not to be; at least not now. American regiments are being brigaded with French and British units, partly because we have not a force large enough for a unified army; but mainly for the reason that our men are not sufficiently trained to fight in divisions and army corps. Therefore they will be merged with seasoned British or French divisions for the present and until such time as it may be deemed expedient to withdraw them and build up a distinctly American army, if that time shall ever come. This would seem to be a wise arrangement, yet it will come with something of a shock to American pride. We may, however, console ourselves with the reflection that the important thing is not to scream the Eagle, but to win the war. And whatever shall help to win the war is the right thing to do. Canada got much the same sort of treatment at the beginning. Only last year did they have a corps of their own with a Canadian lieutenant-general in command. Critics of the merging project would do well to bear in mind that the fault, if there be a fault, is our own. The necessities of the situation following failure to achieve the ambitious military programme of last year compel us to accept this new arrangement. The Germans refused to wait upon our dilatory tactics—to give us another year to get ready. So our men will be placed where they can be of immediate service in advance of the time when by training and discipline they may be

privileged to have character as a distinctively American army.

The movement of American troops to Europe is proceeding with new energy, due to the fact that the British government is assisting in the process. All the vessels heretofore used in transport service from Australia and other outlying dominions have been placed at the disposal of the American government and are now being used to carry forward our men. Added to our own slender supply of ships, plus better arrangements about coaling, loading, and unloading on both sides of the ocean, the movement is now far in excess of that of any former time. Concurrently there is in progress an active movement of troops from all the cantonnments to the Atlantic seaboard. No figures are given out as to the rate of the transatlantic movement, but it is very considerably larger than the 30,000 to 40,000 per month hitherto achieved.

The growing courage of the Senate in connection with the administrative failures and deficiencies of the year has had the good effect of speeding up war activities in many lines. Publicity like that embodied in the outbursts of Wadsworth and Poindexter, Republicans, and Hitchcock and Thomas, Democrats, is a powerful stimulant. The ball was thrown into the air by Senator Chamberlain, who may be said to have started the movement which practically resulted in reorganization of Administration plans. True the job has not been very thoroughly done; it might be prosecuted further with advantage. But a deal of camouflage has been eliminated and there is serious effort to put the business of organizing and supplying our military forces upon an efficient basis. Faults are still obvious. High efficiency will not be attained while little men are held in large posts and while large men are subordinated or driven out of service. But conditions generally speaking are vastly better than they were and it may truly be said that we are now really getting into the war.

A gratifying fact in respect of the general situation is that the House of Representatives as well as the Senate is finding courage in discussing war matters. The muzzle is off all down the line. It is no longer reckoned treason to speak of deficiencies and delays in plain terms. Another gratifying fact is that criticism of maladministration is not confined to the opposition party. In the House as well as in the Senate there are Democrats whose patriotic spirit is not restrained by party considerations. Courage grows with exercise and unless all signs fail there must come on the part of Congress a revolt that will shake the President out of his stubborn insistence in maintaining ineptitude and incompetence in the higher administrative posts. Everybody now excepting the President understands that if we are going to make war effectively we must have in the larger administrative position, not pacifists and amateurs, but men of experience in large affairs and of fighting spirit.

A hopeful sign of awakening consciousness in the government is the attitude of many leading men in Congress toward a war programme. The demand for a definite plan, for a real military policy, is growing. And it is an assurance that will grow to a degree which will not brook denial. Last week during debate on Senator New's universal training amendment Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia and Senator Myers of Montana, both Democrats, fell in at all points with Senator Fall of New Mexico and other Republicans in pleading for a military policy. All in heartiest terms endorsed the demands made by Taft, Roosevelt, and General Wood for an army of 5,000,000 men to be raised, not serially, but at once. A notable sign of progress this;



when Democratic senators venture to take positive ground for movements with respect to which the Administration is reluctant or obstructive.

### Mr. Creel Again.

In drawing attention to the pro-German activities of the *Official Bulletin*, edited by Mr. George Creel and issued from Washington as a government publication, the *Argonaut* was unaware that there were still other counts in the indictment of Mr. Creel, that apologies for Germany were to be found side by side with statements deliberately intended to deceive the public in matters of plain and ascertainable fact, and that he should publicly exult in a lack of military preparation that may easily cost the world a million lives. All this is now made apparent by proceedings in the United States Senate. Mr. Wadsworth of New York drew attention to some photographs of American aeroplanes that had appeared in a recent issue of the *Bulletin*. These photographs were taken in the assembling room of an American factory, and they were boldly headed with the printed statement that, "These aeroplane bodies, the acme of engineering art, are ready for shipment to France. *Though hundreds have already been shipped out factories have reached quantity production and thousands and thousands will soon follow.*" It will be seen that there is nothing equivocal in that statement. We have the definite assurance under the seal of the government that "hundreds have already been shipped." The new count in the indictment of Mr. Creel is to be found in the fact that this assurance is a deliberate falsehood; that its falsity had been pointed out to the Committee on Public Information (Mr. Creel) by the Senate Military Affairs Committee; that the withdrawal of the falsehood had been promised; and that it had none the less been willfully published and circulated broadcast throughout the country and indeed throughout the world.

*One aeroplane and only one had been shipped to France.*

Small wonder that Senator Wadsworth was indignant. He had been instrumental in securing the promise from the Committee on Public Information that this impudent invention should be suppressed, and this promise had been broken. He was still more indignant that the prestige of the government should be stained by an intended and calculated deception. But Senator Thomas was even more outspoken. He described the statements in the *Official Bulletin* as "absolute and unmitigated falsehood," and he correctly foresaw the resentment of the people when they should learn that "they are not only untrue, but that the untruth is stated in an official bulletin which they are taxed to support."

The situation is indeed an unbearable one. When Mr. Creel was appointed to the position for which he was then known to be unfit and which he has now disgraced he wrote an unctuous letter to the President in which he explained that his committee would fill a useful purpose in supplying reliable information which "might not be obtainable in the secular press." In a subsequent letter Mr. Creel asserts that his committee has grown to be a "world organization," and that "it sends to foreign countries motion-picture exhibits showing America's social, industrial, and war progress." In a further burst of maudlin self-appreciation dated January 7, 1918—just before the concoction of the aeroplane fairytale—Mr. Creel explains to the President that his methods of propaganda are diametrically opposed to those of the Germans, and expresses his conviction that "corrupt methods work their own destruction."

What must the French government think of this falsehood and of the blatant boast that America has furnished hundreds of aeroplanes for French service, whereas she has furnished only one, the remainder being supplied by the French government itself and from its own meagre stores? What must be thought by all the military authorities of Europe, who are perfectly aware of the situation and of the strain upon their own resources in order to make good our deficiencies? We may even ask what must be the thoughts of the Germans, who also are well aware of the situation, when they see the American nation gulled and tricked at the will of a hack magazine writer who ought now to be relegated to the obscurity from which he has been unfortunately allowed to emerge?

We may also ask what must be the feelings of our

European allies when they learn that an official of the United States government has publicly expressed his gratification that America was unable to give them timely relief from the burden of blood and misery that they have been compelled to carry alone. Perhaps Mr. Creel's mentality does not permit him to appreciate the atrocity of this statement. In charity to Mr. Creel we may at least hope so. But its atrocity, its wickedness, is none the less apparent.

The situation would contain some solace if there were any prospect that this flagrant mischief would be abated. But it is to be feared that there is no such prospect. Mr. Creel is beyond the reach of the public disgust, securely entrenched behind the usual and effective fortification of inefficiency and complacency.

### The New Republican Captain.

Our American political parties in recent years have had hard luck in the matter of official leaders. The fault has mainly been with presidential candidates who, permitted in courtesy to make choice, have chosen upon personal rather than upon larger considerations. The climax of ineptitude was the selection in 1916 of Mr. William Willcox as chairman of the Republican committee, and of Mr. Vance McCormick as chairman of the Democratic committee. In the argot of the political game both were stuffed shirts. Happily for the Republican party, there came a situation last month calling for official reorganization in an off year—for election of a new party captain—at a time when choice could be made upon impersonal considerations. Mr. Will H. Hays, the new chairman, comes into office, not as the agent and friend of a candidate, but in the character of an efficiency expert. Favoritism, in the usual sense of the term, had nothing to do with his selection.

Mr. Hays hails from Indiana, where the political game is played with closer attention to the cards than anywhere else in the country; and the fact that at thirty-seven he became the chairman of the state committee of Indiana should be a sufficient assurance of his capabilities. Mr. Hays' career as an organizer began in his school days, and he has been organizing ever since. He possesses in eminent degree the prime requisites of a political general. First of all he is "straight"; no man questions his honesty of word or deed. While there is little filigree work about the man either in presence or in manner, he has the winning power of frankness and the grace of what we may call self-detachment. He has no pose, no sense of high importance, no assumed dignity. Habitually his mind is on his work, and he pursues his work in scientific spirit.

Mr. Hays has before him a task of reorganizing a party strong in numbers and in traditions, but shaken by defeat and broken into factions. His job is to bring harmony out of chaos. In California, for example, he has nothing less to do than to recall Progressives and Old Liners to their common standards, to make them put aside the prejudices and resentments of the past, to inspire and drill them to coöperation and unity. And so throughout the country. Truly it is a man-size job.

Mr. Hays' qualifications for the task before him are notable. He is neither an extreme progressive nor an extreme conservative. Without departing from the party traditions he recognizes the fact that new times and conditions call for new devices, not merely in party organization, but in political initiative in the larger sense. He accepts the changes that the times have brought about and finds in them nothing inconsistent with Republicanism as inspired by Abraham Lincoln and as cherished by worthies of a later time. His platform is broad enough for all men of Republican antecedents to stand upon.

The Republicans of California this week are getting acquainted with Mr. Hays. They find him intelligent, earnest, conscientiously imbued with the mission of the party, high-minded at the point of principle, clean as to methods, impervious to prejudice—in short they find him a captain around whom all men of Republican faith may cordially rally.

### Phrases Will Not Win the War.

*Force—force to the utmost—force without stint or limit—the righteous and triumphant force which shall make Right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust!*

These be brave words. But words without acts con-

sistent with them have little significance. Bold words unsupported by deeds would better never be spoken. If Mr. Wilson is sincere, as we believe he is, in accepting the challenge of force, if to force he would oppose force—"force to the utmost—force without stint"—he must bring his courses into harmony with his words. He must be, not merely a sayer, but a doer. He must cease to isolate and immure himself. He must bring into his counsels the highest wisdom and the best experience the country affords. If from this time forth the spirit of force is to rule in his policies he must put forceful men in authority. By now surely he must know that little men can not be effective in big affairs—that men of pacifist theories and standards may not be transformed into bold and effective fighters. In brief, unless Mr. Wilson's bold phrases are to be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, he must follow them up with acts both bold and discreet. Phrases will not win the war.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. McEnerney leaves his critics of the Sinn Féin not one leg of logic or morals to stand upon. Today as it was of old "he that is not for me is against me." The Sinn Féiners in Ireland and America are, as Mr. McEnerney truly says, anti-English and pro-German. They seek to make war upon our ally and thus in effect are making war upon us. Prior to April 6, 1917, Sinn Féiners in the United States were violating the neutrality laws. Now they are participants in treason. Denial of treasonable intent is childish in the face of the fact.

Internal revenue experts discover in current income returns evidences of a wholesale redistribution of wealth throughout the country as an effect of the war. Those who in the past have lived on incomes derived from investments are suffering, whereas those who are today actively producing goods are accumulating wealth, which is as it should be, because the war will be won by production and not by money.

Frank M. Ryan, whose prison sentence has, by order of President Wilson, been "commuted to expire at once," is one of the group of labor-union leaders convicted at Indianapolis three years ago for complicity in the Los Angeles Times massacre in which twenty-one non-union men were killed. Four others of this group of convicted murderers had previously been "commuted" by order of the President, leaving only three still in prison. There has never been any doubt as to the guilt of these men: and it is probably due to this fact that they have not been "pardoned." But "commutation to expire at once" comes practically to the same thing, since it sets the men free. The McNamaras, who actually did the job, are still in prison, which seems a cruel injustice to men whose only offense was that of arson and wholesale murder. But Mr. Gompers is their friend and they are not without hope.

At an "Americanization Conference" held at Washington last week ex-Senator Young of Iowa declared that the schools and colleges of the United States have long been used as agents of German propaganda. "It is high time," asserted Mr. Young, "for this country to take steps to end the most insidious form of German propaganda, which is bringing up many children in schools where the session each day is closed by the singing of 'Deutschland uher Alles,' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' is much better known than 'The Star-Spangled Banner'."

In these same schools, and there are thousands of them in the Northwest, text-books are used which paint and advertise the German emperor as a great man. There are text-books which were printed in Germany and which give the impression that Germany is a great free country like ours, a thing that has not been so for hundreds of years. In the Northwest this education of the children in German schools has enabled the foreign politicians to control elections, and make their influence felt everywhere. If the legislative chambers of this country were freed of men like La Follette it would be of as much benefit as driving back an entire division of German troops on the western front. The newspapers published in German are supporting and abetting this insidious propaganda, and if I had my way every publication in that tongue would be abolished immediately.

Inland telegrams in France, whether inside or outside the military zone, may now be written in English. English can also now be used on the telephone in Paris and the suburbs, the restrictions in force since the beginning of the war having recently been removed.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## The "Argonaut" at "California House."

## "CALIFORNIA HOUSE"

FOR DISABLED BELGIAN SOLDIERS.  
82, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W. 2.

LONDON, March 13, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In an inspired moment Mrs. Ansell Easton, one of our kindest contributors, made California House a gift of a year's subscription to the San Francisco *Argonaut*. It may interest you to know to how many people this one copy gives pleasure. When the *Argonaut* arrives it is firmly stamped with the name and address of California House, and further inscribed with a clearly written order that it may not be removed from the room. I am ashamed to confess that I take base advantage of my privileges as chairman of the executive committee to disobey this order, but having hastily devoured it—head and tail—it is promptly replaced on a certain table in the main study. Members of the committee, of the teaching staff, and of the voluntary aid detachment follow my iniquitous example, and for a few days the *Argonaut* is subject to most mysterious disappearances. In between it serves a double purpose in the English classes, for Mr. Sidney Coryn's weekly summary of the war read aloud not only makes an absorbing exercise, but invariably braces even the most despondent among our wounded soldiers to new hope and encouragement. Informed and intelligent optimism is as rare as it is invaluable. It is rather a touching sight to see one of our gallant warriors bravely wrestling with an article in the *Argonaut*, following the words with a pointing finger—too, often, alas! of a maimed hand, or of a left hand as the right is missing.

When at last California House surrenders the number it travels to Kitchener House, a club for wounded British soldiers, started more than a year ago at the earnest recommendation of Mr. John Galsworthy, on the lines of California House. Here the copy is further bethumbed by wounded boys from Cork or Glasgow, from Vancouver or Montreal, from Melbourne or Capetown, from Brazil or—Buffalo! Kitchener House and California House have welcomed wounded American soldiers long before the United States joined the Allies.

Even now this single copy of the *Argonaut* has not finished its adventures. It returns to California House, and here we have an agonizing choice to make. The lists of American aviation camps, with which California House is in close touch, includes four where there are boys from California. To which shall this copy be sent?

The first question a California boy asks is: "Excuse me—but have you any home papers?" Will any of your readers be kind enough to spare us their copies and make our choice less difficult?

How many of your Californian readers know of the work among the wounded we have been doing for nearly three years in their name?

Yours truly,

JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN,

Chairman Executive Committee, California House for Disabled Belgian Soldiers.

## A Wasted Year.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Our first year in the great war has ended and our accounts for that year may now be cast.

The items on the profit side are so few and those of loss so many that the ghastly fact obtrudes that instead of proving the overwhelming addition to the Allies' assets that we but a short year since claimed we would prove we have in simple truth turned out in record of achievement to be all but an increase in their liabilities.

Our first, fundamental, and *sine qua non* need was to build ships. The Shipping Board was created in 1916 and its contribution to date, according to testimony given at a senatorial hearing, has been the addition of exactly two ships to the world's tonnage, and only two.

Next came the raising of armies. As far as the actual raising of the necessary men has gone, this has been done. The draft was cheerfully accepted and the necessary quotas filled without undue delay. Their training, however, was in part insufficient, for they lacked rifles to drill with and had to substitute broomsticks, and with machine guns they have to date had no practical experience because these guns were not among those present. With the equipment of our armies we have shown a positive genius for inefficiency. Save for perhaps a rifle a man to our overseas troops, there has been a greater or less shortage in all else.

Shoddy has been introduced into the uniforms and they are of lighter weight than the experience of England and France has taught them to supply to their troops in actual service. Pershing's army has no ordnance worthy the name, but is supplied in this by the French and English. It has no aeroplanes, and it apparently lacked sufficient clothing and transport, for shoes have been purchased in England and blankets and mules in Spain. Yet we are the richest as well as the greatest producing nation in the world. Is it any wonder that our forces have been termed "America's mendicant armies in France"?

The French furnished us with the plans for their famous 75's, conceded to be the best gun in the world. These plans included those for the recoil, one of the most carefully guarded of French military secrets. Our War Department in an effort to paint the lily spent six vain months attempting to improve this recoil. Then with these "six golden months" wasted they at length began to manufacture with the unchanged French plans.

Coal is vital to the cause and America the greatest of coal-producing countries. Secretary Lane and the coal operators agreed upon a price, but Secretaries Daniels and Baker did not, so they reduced that price, with the result that many mines shut down and coal production was so reduced as to become one of the principal contributing causes that led to the calamitous Garfield order effect.

Another congestive cause that led to an effect so disastrous that it cost the country more than fifty million working days was that when Germany announced her campaign of frightfulness for days, weeks, and months thereafter our government would not consent to arming the merchant marine for its own protection against the U-boats. As a result our harbors became congested with the stream of supplies destined to Europe which constantly poured in. These supplies could not be moved, for the unarmed merchantmen feared the hazard until they could be armed, and when the government finally consented to arm them the congestion had become so great that it has not yet been overcome.

Aeroplanes are the eyes of an army; without them an army is not only blind, but its "strength is without arms to smite," for they direct the fire, do scout and other work. Notwithstanding their supreme and vital importance in modern warfare, and despite the fact that \$840,000,000 has apparently been expended on their production since war came to us, but one aeroplane has been shipped to Europe so far, and at best the total by July 1st will not exceed thirty-seven.

The accusation has been made and apparently sustained in the Senate that the attempt to manufacture "the combat,"

the highest and most important type of aeroplane, has proved so hopeless as to have been wholly abandoned.

Spies have roamed almost at will about the country. Vast supplies of foodstuffs and munitions of war have been burned up by them. Factories and terminals have been destroyed by their activities. Two Germans in the uniform of the United States were actually caught trying to burn a United States fort. The gyroscopes that stabilize the course of the torpedo have been tampered with. Gas masks destined for our men in France have been found punctured in order that certain death might overcome our soldiers at some future time. Yet so far as is known no death penalty has as yet been dealt out to any spy.

The country has not apparently awakened to the seriousness of the outlook, although the government maintains a bureau of publicity which it apparently was intended should supply the public with the facts. This bureau, however, seemingly only functions for the purpose of explaining and justifying any and all official acts.

With or without intent false impressions of the true state of affairs are allowed to go out. Rose is the favorite color used in painting promise or report. Last week a whole batch of official photographs had to be recalled by this publicity bureau because the captions were absolutely misleading. This was compelled by the Senate.

The War Department weeks since allowed a statement to go out that aeroplanes (with a strong accent on the s) were then being shipped to Europe, and now we know that to date we have shipped only one. The Secretary of War, of course, did not intend to deceive, but he fathered a statement that we would have 500,000 men in France early in 1918 and that a million more would be available by the latter part of the year. Mr. Baker may not, of course, have meant it, but the country unquestionably accepted his statement as meaning an army of a half-million fighting men. General Pershing has offered our armies to the Allies, who have accepted, and the size of those armies is cabled as 100,000 men. Allowing for reserves and men of necessity put to other uses, the total must still fall far short of that given in the Baker statement.

These are but the high lights. There is almost unending more and hardly any of it pleasant; none of it more unpleasant than the interjection of partisanship into our politics or its rigid retention in the administration of the country's affairs.

The only way that improvement seemingly can come is for public opinion by its force to compel it. Public opinion is unquestionably arising, more quickly in the East than in the West, for there the war comes closer. But the need of it is very great and very imperative, for without it we will seemingly be unable to win the war.

If you who read this still do not think that the business of government at Washington is personally and directly your business, and business that merits your personal attention, ask yourselves what it has already cost you in money and what neglect of it may cost you in the lives of those whom you hold dear. No private business but suffers from neglect and if that neglect persists in the end from disaster.

Washington will sit up and take notice only when an aroused public opinion compels it to do so, and if public opinion does not arouse itself we may lose this war. We must win it or else drift, not now perhaps, but in the years that are to come, into the abject "place in the sun" that a victorious Germany would ultimately accord us—that of a suzerain state with a German princeling occupying the chair of Washington and Lincoln.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Count Czernin tells us that France made certain peace proposals to the Dual Empire and that they foundered on the rocks of Alsace-Lorraine. But for French insistence, says Count Czernin, on the rendition of the two provinces it might have been possible to reach an understanding. Since this is the only part of Count Czernin's speech that has any actual relevance to the situation we may suppose that we have here the *raison d'être* of the speech itself. This view is somewhat confirmed by the announcement that the German chancellor is about to deliver an address on the same topic, and intended to show that some sort of proposition did actually emanate from France and that it was rejected for the reason given by Count Czernin. Evidently the Central Powers are anxious to establish their contention, and naturally so. It is a part of the present Teutonic diplomacy that may be described generally as cunning rather than clever. Count Czernin's speech was actually a message to the democracies of the world to the effect that they are fighting for the territorial aggrandizement of France, and for nothing else, and that but for France they might have peace at once. It was an appeal to the war-weariness of Europe, and to the pacifists and semi-pacifists, who are swayed more by sentiment than by knowledge. Count Czernin is well aware that even the least of the present ambitions of the Central Powers, if it should be avowed, would prove as fatal to a peace conference as would the question of Alsace-Lorraine. He knows that there would be no possibility of an agreement. He is also aware, or he should be, of a slowly hardening resolution, inspired and led by America, that there shall be no peace by negotiation at this or at any other time, seeing that Germany is not capable of honest negotiation, and that the war must go on until Germany shall accept without discussion whatever may be offered to her in the way of terms. None the less he makes the effort, a stupid effort, to represent French greed as the only obstacle to peace and to suggest the falsehood that the whole world must suffer for the gratification of that greed. But he underrates the intelligence of his enemies. Teutonism always does. This is not the first time that it has sought to isolate a single member of the Entente, and to impute to that member alone the responsibility for the beginning of the war and for its continuation.

We may therefore consider that Count Czernin's speech is in itself a peace proposal, since he avows that peace is possible if the question of Alsace-Lorraine be excluded. We need not attempt to forecast the kind of peace that Count Czernin had in mind. It is of interest to no one but himself and his friends, but of course it was a German peace, and bristling with the usual "guarantees" and "assurances"—polite terms for annexations. But it is of interest that he should be in the mood to make an attempt of this sort at all, and the interest becomes greater when we remember that another pro-

posal of a different kind was almost certainly made by Germany directly or indirectly some two months ago. Germany would be unfeignedly willing to make peace at once if she were allowed to maintain her present position with regard to Russia, and if the Allies would acquiesce in the treaties that she has extracted from the Bolsheviks and from the Ukraine. For it is just as well to face the fact that Germany through the mediumship of those treaties has actually won everything for which she went to war, and indeed a great deal more than that. She went to war in order to secure for herself an open and indisputable road into Asia Minor, with the clear recognition that the mastership of Asia Minor is the mastership of the world. This, it will be remembered, was almost the keynote of the Napoleonic policies, inspired by Talleyrand, and avowedly imitated by the German emperor. Asia Minor is the link between Europe, Asia, and Africa. It commands India and Egypt, and in itself it is nearly impregnable. But Serbia barred the road to the march of despotism toward the east, just as Serbia had barred the road to the march westward of Turkish despotism centuries ago. The destruction of Serbia was therefore the mainspring of the world war at its beginning, and here we find the solution of all Teutonic policies toward the Balkans since the Berlin Conference first called those policies into being. Just as the Romans dedicated themselves to the destruction of Carthage, so the Teutonic powers dedicated themselves to the destruction of Serbia, and shaped their Eastern statecraft toward that exclusive end. Both Germany and Austria were united in their resolve to open for themselves a corridor into Asia Minor, and to break down the door that Serbia had closed in their faces. But Austria had a grievance against Serbia that was peculiarly her own. Serbia was the leader of the Southern Slavs, and Austria was the "owner" of thirty-six millions of Slav peoples, who could never be sufficient beaten into bondage while Serbia was allowed to flout her freedom.

But the conquest of Russia has transformed the scene. The publicity of time had given to the world a recognition of a Serbian martyrdom even greater, indeed far greater, than that of Belgium. Serbia had been hailed everywhere as veritably the gage of the war, and as a sufferer to whom gratitude was due in even fuller measure than benevolence. Germany knew that the whole world was tacitly pledged to the liberation of Serbia as well as of Belgium, and that the war would never cease until those ends were attained. But the conquest of Russia enabled Germany to regard Serbia as among her possible renunciations, as among the cards no longer essential to the winning of her game. For now she had an alternative route to Asia Minor, indeed two alternative routes. She could pass through the Ukraine and so into Persia, and we may note that she is already arranging a treaty with Persia. And she could pass down the Danube, and so reach Constantinople. Serbia has ceased to be a vital link in the *Mittel Europa* chain. There were now other roads, not perhaps so convenient, but none the less practicable. The liberation of Serbia might now be included in the peace terms which, we were once told, would astonish the world by their moderation. All this has been said before, and it is well understood by students of world affairs, but it is proper to say it again by way of preparation for German proposals, which can not now be far distant. Austria has tried to persuade the world that it is at war for the sake of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany will similarly try to persuade the world that it is at war for the liberation of Russia, who apparently does not wish to be liberated. But the Allied resolve to maintain the integrity of Russia will not be due wholly to a sentiment of beneficence for Russia—although that will not be lacking. It will be due also to a resolve that neither Russia nor the Roumanian Danube shall become highroads for the passage of German armies into Asia Minor, and that a *Mittel Europa*, rendered intolerable by its absorption of Serbia, is no less intolerable when it involves ownership of, or a right-of-way through, any other country whatsoever. Germany has still to realize that her ultimate aims are well understood, and that the intention of her enemies is to frustrate them.

And so here we see Germany's dilemma. She is somewhat in the position of one who buys an estate only to find a fatal flaw in the title deed. Her treaties with Russia and Roumania are invalid without the assent of her unconquered enemies. America, England, and France refuse to give those treaties their recognition on the ground that they were secured by force and fraud, that they were signed by unrepresentative and usurping authorities, and that their consummation would be fatal to the welfare of the human race. Germany's eastern conquests have no more substance than vapor without the concurrence of the western Allies, who will never give their concurrence unless they, too, are conquered either by the exercise of force against their armies or of guile against their democracies. And so it would be well that we fortify ourselves against the specious plea that we are fighting to upset a treaty with the Ukraine to which Ukraine herself was a willing partner. The force of such a contention would be formidable everywhere, and especially among the devastated populations of the Entente. None the less if Germany is allowed to issue from the war in the occupation of an open road to Asia Minor, whether through Serbia or by any other route, then Germany has won the war. Even though she evacuate Belgium and France and abandon Alsace-Lorraine and lose her colonies, still she will have won the war. She will be immeasurably stronger than when she began it. She will be in practical possession of everything that she hoped for, and more. But in spite of these self-evident facts we may still speculate with some apprehension as to the strength of a combined plea by the Germans and pacifists that the war shall not be continued for the benefit of a Russia apparently intent



upon suicide, and resentful alike of aid or restraint. It will be a test of the intelligence of the world's democracies, perhaps even a test of their endurance.

Considerations such as these are necessary if we are to understand the rationale of the battle that is now being fought on the Somme, a battle that certainly would not have been fought for the sake of any direct military advantages that are in sight. Putting on one side the delirium of the Junkers, the raving of the militarists, we may be sure that the responsible statesmen of Germany are well aware that western annexations are out of the question, and that New York is not more beyond their permanent hold than is Flanders. They know well that no territorial advantages are possible to them in the west, and that whatever gains they may make there are useful only for trading purposes, and for the processes of give and take that they suppose will end the war. Their reluctance to offer the evacuation of Belgium is intended only to give a greater value to that evacuation when they do offer it. Their present incursion into Picardy is intended only to gain such an overwhelming preponderance of values as shall force a recognition of their eastern gains. What Germany might demand if she were actually to gain a crushing victory in the west it is impossible to foresee, but even then the real power of Great Britain would be almost unaffected, and that of America would not even be touched. She knows well that the war can never end with any diminution of the sovereignty of France or Belgium, but she believes that she will be allowed to consolidate her Russian gains if only she can amass sufficient material to offer in exchange, while furnishing enough proof of her power to compel and to terrorize.

So far as the battle itself is concerned there are still no indications of its conclusion. The best that can be said from the actually recorded events is that the German advance is now being measured by yards instead of by miles, and that the German losses are upon so vast a scale as to point to a rapidly approaching depletion and exhaustion. The German position is now in the form of an equilateral triangle with its apex intended to point toward Amiens, but actually oscillating between Albert and Moreuil in the search for some weak point where its further advance shall be possible. The German method of hurling masses of men in close formation upon each assailed point and wholly regardless of losses makes it certain that definite victory or defeat can not be very far off. No army can endure such losses for very long and remain in military existence, and unless Amiens is taken within the next few days we may expect to see a moderation of these methods and a resumption of the old trench warfare, unless in the meantime Foch shall develop the counterstroke that is so confidently anticipated. We need draw no adverse inferences from the fact that he has not yet done so. If it is within his power definitely to check the German advance and to turn it back he would naturally wait until the last possible moment before doing so. Every day sees the German strength depleted by the loss of thousands of men whose lives are being exchanged for a few yards of ground. Joffre, confident of his power to stop the siege of Verdun whenever he wished by giving the signal for the beginning of the first battle of the Somme, is reported to have said that Verdun was a good place at which to kill Germans, and the results justified his military vision. If Foch actually feels confident of the safety of Amiens, and he is reported to have said so, he would naturally defer his blow until the present battle had produced its utmost results in the depletion of the German forces, in the consumption of their reserves, and in the exhaustion of their vigor. He would follow the tactics that he himself so triumphantly employed at the Marne, and that Joffre employed at Verdun. Foch waited his opportunity at the Marne, and patiently held his small army of manoeuvres aloof from the great struggle at the north until his opportunity came with the weakening of the German centre, and then he struck so effectively as to end the battle. We may assume that he is exercising the same patience now, and with a force immeasurably greater. We may assume, too, that the Germans are well aware of their danger, as is shown by their strenuous efforts to lengthen their base by the attack at Arras, to widen the lines of their great triangle or salient, and to fortify themselves around Lassigny, the point where we might expect that the French attack would be launched. Without any attempt to minimize the extent of the German success it must none the less be remembered that a success of this kind—the creation of a great salient—brings with it its own peculiar danger, as has been explained on other occasions. It is the same danger that disconcerted the British after their Cambrai victory. A penetration of the lines of the salient means the cutting off of the enemy forces between the point of penetration and the apex of the salient, or the rapid retreat of those forces to avoid being cut off. In this case the salient is a very large one. If we may judge from the masses of men that are being employed at what we may call its business end its defenses elsewhere can not be very strong, and every yard that its apex advances means an elongation of its side lines and an attenuation of their defensive forces. And this, in its turn, seems to account for the German determination to capture Amiens at no matter what cost of life, and to place the Allied armies in the embarrassing position that such a capture would involve. None the less we must not hastily assume that Foch will attack the salient itself, which occupies only a small part of the four-hundred-mile battle line. That Germany effected her present concentration by transfers from the eastern front is only partially true. Indeed it is known that the transfers were not, and could not be, very large. She must have drawn very heavily upon her lines elsewhere in the west, and they must now be correspondingly weak.

From the facts at our disposal it seems more probable that the counterstroke will be launched somewhere on the scene of the present battle, but with a strategist so wily as Foch it is sometimes the unexpected that happens. But in the meantime we must not allow our attention to be wholly diverted from events elsewhere. But for the engrossing nature of the battle in Picardy we should note with some attention the considerable British successes in Asia Minor, and with some apprehension the clear indications of an approaching Austrian attack upon the Allied lines in Italy. Fortunately for Italy she will be confronted with Austrians only.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, who still continues his "Obiter Scripta" in the British *Fortnightly Review*, wrote in the first number of that periodical, which appeared in 1865. Is there any parallel case of a writer contributing to the same magazine at an interval of fifty-three years? asks the London *Observer*.

Roland S. Morris, the American ambassador to Japan, is described by a recent biographer as "not of the type of politician which figures in popular novels, but has led many a successful fight against just such disreputable characters. He has been a strong factor in purifying the vote in Philadelphia. And yet this same man has for years been one of the leaders of the Contemporary Club, which is a purely literary organization, and has served as its president and its secretary."

General Jan Smuts began his career as a failure. After a brilliant university course he returned to Capetown to practice law. Possessed of a monumentally creditable legal equipment, one would have supposed that he would have come to instantaneous success at the Capetown bar. Curiously enough, the exact reverse proved the case. He made a wretched failure of it. The man who today is a king's counsel and so spontaneously resourceful in speech and deed exhibited then so poor a command of language as to amount to none at all, while his hesitation and nervousness surely did not advance him with those seeking the service of a lawyer.

Joseph E. Davies, who resigned the chairmanship of the Federal Trade Commission to become an unsuccessful candidate for the United States senatorship from Wisconsin, rejected the idea of an English education and British political career because he was an American—because he was born in America and because, even at the age of eleven, he realized that nothing could compensate him for loss of his native land. Young Davies was in England for a brief visit to his mother's relatives. His father died suddenly. The widow's relatives wanted to keep the boy, to educate him, and to give him the opportunities which they knew would be available. But of his own initiative he chose to return to America.

Will H. Hays of Indiana, the newly elected chairman of the National Republican Committee, is facetiously described by a writer in the New York *Tribune* as being so thorough and typical a Hoosier that the following may serve as a character sketch: "Go out to Indiana to any county fair this summer and see him in numbers; go to 'the hotel' in any town in Indiana and talk to him, several of him, around the cigar stand; step in the courthouse and meet him in the clerk's office—he'll take his feet off the table and be very kind and pleasant to you. He's a most refreshing person. You'll like him, and be calling him by his first name before long."

Colonel House, the closest political friend of the President, has been regarded as a man of mystery. He is the one semi-public man who has always maintained silence—the one man who has never allowed himself to be interviewed. The secret of his hold on the President—the reason he is sent on very important missions—has been told by Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois. It is his silence. With remarkable felicity Senator Lewis said the other day that the great personages of the world with whom Colonel House has been privileged and not infrequently commissioned to come into contact, "know the habit of his silence and the security of his conversation." You may say anything to Colonel House and be sure it will not be spread before the world on the front page the same afternoon or the next morning.

John Dillon, who has succeeded the late John Redmond as leader of the Irish Nationalists and who is frequently spoken of as "the tall and mournful," has been in and out of Parliament for nearly forty years. He and Redmond were born in the same year, 1851, and Dillon entered the House in 1880, a year before Redmond was sent as a member from New Ross. Both were at first ardent followers of Parnell, but Dillon left the ranks of the Parnellites upon the scandal, and after Parnell's death was mobbed in Dublin and other cities where he tried to speak. He succeeded Justin McCarthy as chief of the Nationalists in 1886 and kept the leadership for three years, but in 1900, when the fight over Parnell was forgotten and Redmond became the leader of the united Irish, Dillon put his powers at the command of the new captain.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Hun is at the Gate.

"For all we have and are,  
For all our children's fate—  
Rise up and meet the war,  
The Hun is at the gate.

"Comfort, content, delight,  
The ages' slow-bought gain,  
Have shriveled in a night,  
Only ourselves remain.

"Though all we knew depart,  
The old commandments stand,  
In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

—Rudyard Kipling.

### Ode.

We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;—  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the hurried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself in our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

—Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy.

### The Struggle.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

### O Waly, Waly!

O waly, waly, up the hank,  
O waly, waly, down the hrae,  
O waly, waly, yon burnside,  
Where I and my love were wont to gae!  
I leaned my hack unto an aik,  
I thoct it was a trustie tree,  
But first it bowed and syne it brak'—  
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, hut love be honnie  
A little time while it is new!  
But when it's auld it waketh cauld,  
And fades awa' like the morning dew.  
O wherefore should I hush myheid?  
O wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook  
An' says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall he my hed,  
The sheets shall ne'er he pressed by me;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
Sin' my true love's forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou hlaw,  
An' shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor hlawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that mak's me cry;  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me!  
When we cam' in hy Glasgie town  
We were a comely sight to see,  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
An' I mysel' in cramaisie.

But had I wist before I kissed  
That love had been so ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,  
An' pinned it wi' a siller pin.

An' O! if my young haire were horn,  
An' set upon the nurse's knee,  
An' I mysel' were dead an' gone,  
An' the green grass growing over me!

—From a Scottish ballad, sixteenth century.

Margarine came into being as a substitute for butter during the siege of Paris. M. Mourines, a French chemist and scientist, invented it by mixing milk and beef fat. The article that M. Mourines improved and eventually patented was later on manufactured by the Dutch and the Danes. When it was found that there was not sufficient beef fat for the manufacturers to meet the increased demand for the new butter, vegetable oils were experimented with, and so originated margarine as it is now known in England, of which the chief fat is a product of cocoa.



## AN AUTUMN SOWING.

E. F. Benson Writes a Novel Showing the Fruits of the Dangerous Age.

There is a stage in human life when our love affairs become pathetic, and this is peculiarly true when they are based on the marital failures of youth and carry with them the stain of the unlawful. Mr. Benson uses this fact to the best advantage in his new novel. Mr. Keeling, the self-made merchant of the country town, has married an inane beauty, and now at fifty years of age he awakes to a realization of what might have been. His daughter Alice is twenty-five, angular and short-sighted, and if she has not actually reached the autumn of life it is clearly in view. Here is a sketch of Mrs. Keeling in church:

At the end of the row, large, inane, and comfortable, came Mrs. Keeling, listening without appreciation, dissent, or emotion of any kind to this uncompromising view of the future of miserable sinners, for that was not the sort of thing that affected her in the slightest degree, since it concerned this world, but the next. Though she quite believed in the next world, she did not take the smallest interest in it: she regarded it just about as the ordinary citizen of a country town regards Australia. Very likely Dr. Inglis was right about it and we should all know in time. She had pale eyebrows, rather prominent gray eyes, and hair from which the original yellow was fast fading. Her general appearance was of a woman who thirty years ago had probably been entrancingly pretty in an absolutely meaningless manner. This, indeed, had been the case, as certain photographs (fast fading too) scattered about her "boudoir" sufficiently proved. It was reasonable to suppose that her marriage with so obviously dominant a man as Thomas Keeling should have sucked all color, mental and physical, out of her, but in the process she had developed a certain protective strength of her own, an inertia of dead weight. She did not make up her mind on many topics, but when she did she sank deeply into it like a stone, and a great deal of grappling and effort was required to move her. She did not argue, she did not struggle, she just remained. Her power of remaining indeed was so remarkable that it was possible that there might be something alive, some power of limpet-like suction that gave her force: on the other hand it was possible that this sticking was mere brute weight, undirected by any human will. She stopped where she was, obeying the habits of heavy bodies, and it required a great deal of strength to shift her. Even her husband, that notable remover of all obstacles that stood in his way, seldom attempted to do so, when he was convinced she meant to abide. In the course of years he had tugged her or perhaps she had really gone of her own accord, to the sort of place where he wished her to be, somewhere between an easy chair in the awful drawing-room which she had lately furnished, and the kitchen. In other words she gave him an extremely comfortable home, and took her place there as hostess. But if he wanted more than that she was, as he had found out, a millstone round his neck. In common with many women of her type, she had a practically inexhaustible flow of words to her mouth which seemed a disintegration rather than an expression of the fabric of her faculties; but every now and then among this debris there occurred an idea, disconnected from all else, and floating down on its own account, which seemed to suggest that Emmeline had a mind after all, though you would never have thought it. But an idea did appear now and again, a bright solid sensible idea, lying there like a jewel in a gutter.

Mr. Keeling having reached the dangerous age falls in love with his stenographer, who shares his own secret passion for beautifully illustrated books. Poor Alice can hardly be said to have reached the dangerous age. She is always there, and so her poor little heart is set fluttering by the Rev. Mr. Silverdale, one of the most objectionable clergymen whom we have met in the pages of fiction:

"I adore my new parish," he said. "I was almost afraid when I took the living I should find too little to do. But coming home late last night from a bedside, if I saw one drunken man I must have seen twenty, some roaring drunk, some simply stupidly drunk, dear fellows! I asked two of them to come home with me, and have another drink, and there was I in the middle of two drunken lads, one with a black eye, reeling along Alfred Street. I don't know what my parishioners must have thought of their new pastor. You should have seen my housekeeper's face, when I told her that I had brought two friends home with me."

Mrs. Keeling paused, laying down on her plate the piece of meringue which was actually en route for her mouth.

"But you never gave them another drink, Mr. Silverdale?" she said.

"Yes, my dear lady, I did. 'Ho! Every one that thirsteth! That was the drink I had for them. Dear lads! They were too tipsy to kneel, but there were tears in the eyes of one of them before they had been with me five minutes."

"Was that the one with the black eye?" thought John. If his mouth had not been full he would have said so.

"I saw them home, of course, and next Saturday I'm going to have a regular heano in those slums beyond the church. Don't be shocked, Mrs. Keeling, if it's your priest who has a black eye on Sunday morning."

"And the bedside where you had been before?" asked Alice.

"My dear Miss Alice, I wish you could have been with me. There was such an atmosphere of terror in that room when I went in that I felt half stifled: the place was thick with the fear of death. I fought against it, it was given me to overcome it, and ten minutes later that disreputable old sinner who lay dying there had such a smile of peace and rapture on his face that I can not but believe that he saw angels standing round him."

"And he got better?" asked Mrs. Keeling, with breathless interest, but feeling that this was very daring conversation.

Mr. Silverdale laughed as if this was an excellent joke.

"Better?" he asked. "He got well, and sang his psalms in Heaven this morning. I felt in church as if I could hear his voice."

Silverdale seems a blend of mountebank and hypocrite, but it is just this sort of creature who can always fascinate the Alices of the world. Here is another glance at the Rev. Silverdale:

"And you didn't go home and change after your football?" asked Alice. "You are too bad! You promised me you would!"

He held up apologetic hands, and spoke in baby voice.

"I am vewy sowwy," he said. "I be dood tomorrow!"

"I'm not sure I shall forgive you," said Alice radiantly. "Please! If I have another cup of tea to keep the cold out?"

"Well, just this once," said Alice, pouring him out another cup.

He fixed his fine eyes on the fire, and became so like the figure of Jonah in the stained-glass window that Alice almost felt herself in Nineveh.

"I'm getting spoiled here," he said. "All you dear ladies of Bracebridge positively spoil me with your altar-cloths and your extra cups of tea. I'm getting too comfortable. And here's Miss Alice with a cigarette at my elbow. But I don't know whether it's allowed. Have one with me, Miss Alice, and then your mother will have to scold us both, and I know she's too fond of you to scold you."

This was slightly too daring an experiment for Alice, but she resolved to have a try in her bedroom that night.

"Indeed it's allowed," said Mrs. Keeling, "but as for Alice smoking, well, that is a good joke. And as for your being too comfortable I call that another joke."

"I call it a very bad one," said Alice delightedly. "Mr. Silverdale is very naughty. You mustn't encourage him, mamma, to think he is funny when he is only naughty."

When Mr. Keeling becomes mayor of the town his poor vapid wife is able to gratify her snobbish soul by association with the neighboring aristocracy, and she finds to her amazement that they are not insolent to their servants as she had supposed they would be:

A few small incidents during dinner rather surprised her; once Lady Inverbroom, in helping herself to some hot sauce let a drop of it fall on the fingers of the footman who handed it to her. Instantly she turned round in her chair and said in a voice of real concern (just as if the man had not been a piece of furniture), "I beg your pardon: I hope I didn't burn you!" After dinner again, when cigarettes came round, she was rather astonished at being offered one, and holding her head very high, turned abruptly away. No doubt it was a mistake, but there would have been words at The Cedars next morning, if the parlor-maid had offered a cigarette to any lady. Indeed she was rather astonished that Lord Inverbroom lit his without first asking her if she minded the perfume.

As the Rev. Silverdale shows a little reluctance to possess himself of Alice's charms the poor, tormented girl makes the advances that she believes will be welcome. Silverdale had called her his "helper," and she believes that he would like to give a perpetuity to the title:

"And now helper is going to ask questions," she said, formally adopting the name. "She wants to know if poor, parson has been good, and not been overworking himself."

He turned to her with an air of childlike frankness.

"He's been pretty good," he said. "Not had enough to be scolded. But if helper will get nasty, nasty influenza, why parson must do some of her work."

Alice could not keep up this pretty jesting tone any longer. It was much too serious and wonderful a thing to jest about that she should really be his helper.

"Oh, Mr. Silverdale," she said, "have I really been of any use to you?"

He began to be firmly conscious of a wish that Mrs. Keeling would appear. Alice's pale eyes were fixed on him with an almost alarming expression of earnestness. He took refuge in the pretty jesting again.

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was a young lady of such a modest disposition that though she had a Sunday-school and a boys' class, and made a beautiful, beautiful altar-cloth—Oh, helper," he broke off, "we had your altar-cloth in use for the first time last Sunday, and you not there to see how smart it looked."

That was another of the ways in which he made religious matters real to many of his congregation. He used the phraseology, even the slang, of ordinary life about them, speaking of "such a ripping prayer" or "such a jolly celebration."

She leads him on—innocently enough, poor girl!—to the point where he says that he can not do his benevolent work without aid. He is a "mere stupid man":

And then the fatuous voice suddenly ceased. To his extreme terror Alice with earnest eyes leaned forwards towards him. She was husky through influenza, but the purport of what she said was horribly clear.

"Oh, Mr. Silverdale," she said, "do you really mean that? That you can't work alone as a mere man? Do you—?"

Alice drew a long breath that wheezed in her poor throat and covered her eyes with her hands, for she was dazzled with the vision that was surely turning real. To her, to his helper, he had said that he was no use as a mere man. Surely the purport of that was clear.

"Do you mean me?" she said.

Mr. Silverdale got up off the hearth rug, where he had been sitting nursing his knees, with miraculous celerity. She, behind her hidden eyes, heard him and knew, she felt she knew, that in another moment would come the touch of his hands on hers as he took them, and bade her look at him. Perhaps he would say, "Look at me, my darling," perhaps his delicious joking ways would even at this sublime of moments still assert themselves and he would say "Peep-o!" But whatever he did would be delicious, would be perfect. But no touch came on her hands, and there was a long, an awful moment of dead silence, while behind poor Alice's hands the dazzle died out of her vision. Before it was broken, she perceived that beyond the shadow of doubt he did not "mean her," and both were tongue-tied, he in the shame of having provoked a passion he had no use for, she in the shame of having revealed the passion he had not invited. She had come to the wrong house: she was an unbidden guest who must be directed outside the front door again.

She got up, the sense of being wronged for the moment drowning her shame. It was his fault, he had made her think that he wanted her. She had long been termed his helper, and now he had made himself clear by terming himself the mere man. At least she had thought he made himself clear. But the silence made him clearer.

"I see you don't mean me," she said quietly.

Alice, in her humiliation, goes from bad to worse. She asks him if she has a rival? Is it Julia Fyson?

"I assure you it is not Miss Fyson," he reiterated, wiping his moist forehead. "I wonder at your suggesting it. Besides you surely know my views about the celibacy of the clergy."

The humorlessness, as it would have struck a bystander, of this amazing anti-climax escaped Alice. She knew it was an anti-climax, for she was not giving two thoughts to his principles, but was only involved in his practices. Anger suddenly flamed in her, giving her an odd grotesque dignity.

"I daresay I have heard you express them," she said, "but I have also heard you express intimacy and affection towards

me. You always encouraged me, you held my hand, you whispered to me, and once after my confession you—"

"No, no," said Mr. Silverdale hurriedly. "But you did: you kissed me on the forehead and called me a little child," said Alice, with indignation that waxed as she recalled those tokens.

Mr. Silverdale clasped his hands together.

"I am infinitely distressed," he began. But Alice with her temper rising to heights untempered interrupted him.

"You said that twice before," she said. "And I don't believe you care a bit."

"Hush!" said Mr. Silverdale, holding up his hand as he did at the benediction.

"I won't hush. You did all those things, and what was a girl to make of them except what I made of them? I put the natural construction on them. And you know it."

The hand of benediction did not seem to be acting well, and Mr. Silverdale took it down. He used it instead to cover his eyes. He was quite genuinely sorry for Alice, but at the back of his mind he could not help considering what a wonderful person he must be to inspire this passion without ever having meant to. There was a fascination about him.

"I am deeply grieved," he said, "but as you will not listen to anything I say, there is no use in my saying any more. Good-by, Miss Alice."

Mr. Keeling's love affair is more serious. He is fifty years of age and Norah Probert is a young girl, and with exceptional education and grace. It is hard to account for her partial surrender to Keeling, although it is only a partial one. He is a hard and domineering man with no external refinements, but without innate vulgarities and with a consuming love for beautiful books. Perhaps it is his intense virility that captivates Norah, but she draws back in time to avoid scandal. One almost wonders why she does draw back:

"Just Norah," he said.

The grave smile with which she had welcomed him grew a shade graver, a shade more tender.

"Do you know how I love you?" he asked.

"Yes, I know. And—and I give you all you bring me. You know that, don't you?"

Again by some common impulse they moved off the path, still with hands clasped. They walked through the fallen sky of bluebells, not seeing it, and came to where a fallen trunk, lopped of its branches, lay on the ground.

"We will sit here a little, shall we?" she said. "It mustn't be long."

"Why not forever?" he asked.

"You know that, too," she said.

At that moment there was nothing in the world for him but her.

"I know nothing of the sort," he said. "We belong to each other. That's all I know. I have you now. You needn't think I shall let you go. You will leave that damned place this evening with me. That's the only reason why we mustn't be long here."

She raised her eyes to his, and without speaking shook her head.

"But it is to be so," he cried. "There no other way out. We've found each other. Do you think I am going to let us lose each other? There is no other way."

Even as he spoke, that silent inexorable tug, that irresistible tide of character which sweeps up against all counter-streams of impulse which do not flow with it, began to move within him. He meant all he said, and yet he knew that it was not to be. And as he looked at her he saw in her eyes that fathomless eternal pity, which is as much a part of love as is desire.

"There is no way out there," she said. "Look into yourself and tell me if you really believe there is. The way is barred. You yourself bar it. How could I then pass over it?"

"If you loved me—" he began.

"Ah, hush; don't say that. It is nonsense, wicked nonsense. Isn't it?"

"Yes," he said.

She was infinitely stronger than he. A dozen times in details she had proved that. Now, when there was no detail, but a vital issue at stake, she could show all her strength, instead of but sparring with him.

"Well, then, listen," she said. "We are honest folk, my dear, both you and I. You are under certain obligations, you have a wife and children. And since I love you, I am under the same obligations. They are yours, and therefore they are mine. If it weren't for them—but it is no use thinking of that."

"But I repudiate them," he said. "They have become meaningless. You are the only thing which means anything to me. Norah! Norah! Thou beside me singing in the wilderness! What else is there? What else?"

His passion had lifted him upon his feet. He stood there before her, strong and masterful. He was accustomed always to get his way. He would get it now in spite of the swift-flowing tide against which his impulse struggled, in spite of her who was sailing up on the tide.

"There is nothing else," she said. "But there is not that."

He knelt on the ground by her.

"But my darling," he said, "it is not our fault. It happened like that. God gave us hearts, did he not, and are we just to disobey what our hearts tell us? We belong to each other. What else can we do? Are we to eat our hearts out, you on one side of the table in that hell upstairs, I on the other? Don't tell me that is the way out!"

She raised her hands and let them lie with strong pressure on his shoulders.

"No, there is no way out there," she said. "I couldn't stand that, nor could you. But there is a way out, and you and I are going to take it."

Again the infinite pity of her strength welled up and dimmed her eyes.

"I am going away," she said. "I shall leave Bracebridge tonight. It's all settled."

Mr. Benson has written many capital novels and of nearly uniform excellence. His latest falls in no way short of the high standard that he has set for himself.

AN AUTUMN SOWING. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

Alcohol can be manufactured from cornstalks, and in fact from almost any vegetable matter capable of fermentation. Growing crops and even weeds can be used. The waste products of farms are available for this purpose, and even the garbage from the cities. The world need never fear the exhaustion of the present fuel supply, according to Alexander Graham Bell, the distinguished inventor, so long as it can produce an annual crop of alcohol to any extent desired.



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## BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ended last Saturday the San Francisco Clearing House Association reported that the clearings amounted to \$91,561,945.99, as compared with \$84,227,219.90, the total for the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$13,456,809.18.

The total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at the close of business on Friday last amounted to \$183,371,000, as compared with a total in the preceding week of \$177,805,000. Gold reserves advanced materially. On Friday they stood at \$106,728,000, as against \$99,815,000 in the preceding week.

The statement of the Morris Plan Company issued March 30, 1918, makes an excellent showing, with assets of \$292,354.70 and loans of \$263,027.19. Morris Plan companies are not banks of deposit. They do not conflict with existing banks, for they enter a new

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field—that of industrial credit. They encourage thrift in any community through their influence on the industrial classes—just as a commercial bank stimulates prosperity in a community through its influence on the commercial classes. They do not encourage, or permit, uneconomic borrowing. All Morris Plan companies are controlled by the citizens of the communities in which they are located. The Morris Plan companies are not a chain of banks. The connection between them is not one of control, but as a system for mutual helpfulness by exchange of ideas and information.

One of the ablest and most successful financiers in the United States said to the writer recently, with all the fervor of an earnest, conscientious, and patriotic American: "The Sherman Anti-Trust Law has cost our country more than the appalling cost of this great war. There has never before been anything so blighting. It has been worse than a pestilence. It hamstrung and disintegrated

business when every other great nation was protecting its industries and encouraging them to combine, so that they could compete with us and drive us out of the markets of the world upon which we were rapidly making inroads. American industries will not survive after this war unless we change our attitude toward big business."

My friend is absolutely right. Little business here can not compete with big business abroad. Our public men at Washington now confess as much, for President Wilson has approved and Congress is passing the Webb bill, which will exempt from the operations of the Sherman law our industries when competing for trade in foreign markets. Isn't it perfectly reasonable to hold that, if the Sherman law is a drag on our export trade, it is equally a handicap on our domestic trade? Statesmen, on both sides, realize the peril of the situation and are advocating the prompt repeal of the Sherman law. Its work has been done. The wrongs of big business have long since been corrected. Now let business have a free hand to expand to its utmost, to increase the number of our factories, to enlarge the pay-roll, and to magnify the pay envelope.

The Sherman law was passed under the pressure of public opinion, in the belief that if our large industries were broken up the cost of living would be reduced. The disintegration has gone on ruthlessly, but the cost of living has steadily increased, and the people at last realize that they have been deceived by the sophistries of shallow and selfish politicians.

And they are being deceived just as badly now by the same selfish demagogues. They clamor now for the "conscription of wealth" and "a new social order." There is no easy path to preferment. Merit, industry, and ability are the stepping-stones to success. If all the wealth in the country could be assembled today and divided pro rata among all the people, a year would not elapse before a new clamor would arise for another distribution on the ground that some had accumulated too much and others had saved too little.

We are now beginning to talk freely about these things and to understand them better. Mr. Otto Kahn, the New York banker, who has courageously taken the platform to help give the public the benefit of an educational campaign, recently spoke before the University of Wisconsin, using the recent terrible experience of Russia as an example of the fact that liberty has often been wounded in the house of its friends. He said:

"Liberty in the wild and freakish hands of fanatics has once more, as frequently in the past, proved the effective helpmate of autocracy and the twin brother of tyranny. Liberty is not fool-proof. For its beneficent working it demands self-restraint, a sane and clear recognition of the practical and attainable and of the fact that there are laws of nature which are beyond our power to change. Envy, demagogism, utopianism, well-meaning uplift agitation, may throw themselves against that basic law of all being, but the clash will create merely temporary confusion, destruction, and anarchy, as in Russia; and after a little while and much suffering the supremacy of sanely restrained individualism over frenzied collectivism will reassert itself."

What student of the history of all times, since the dawn of civilization, fails to justify these words. We need go back but a little over a hundred years ago to find, in the French Revolution, confirmation of Mr. Kahn's statement. Some of our public men are not afraid to speak with refreshing freedom, even in the great forum of the American Congress. Senator Harding of Ohio, a clear thinker and vigorous debater on the Republican side, recently said: "A lot of men in this country have said this is a capitalistic war. That is a lie. Capital was making ten times more before the war than it is making now. We are taxing capital. What are we doing for labor? No government founded upon soap-box philosophy ever endured." And Senator Thomas, a sturdy Democrat from Colorado, and a leading member of the Senate Committee on Finance, recently declared, during the course of a debate, "We have already gone too far in taxing the people. We have the highest taxes in the world. Addition of 25 per cent. would paralyze industry." He added a word of praise for the support of the war that wealthy persons had given and said, "Wealth has done magnificently."

So it has and so it would continue to do, for it is the truth, as Mr. Kahn has pointed out, that our largest incomes are taxed more heavily than in any other country in the world, the maximum rate here being 67 per cent. as against 42 1/2 in England. We tax heavily excess profits derived from business over and above a certain moderate percentage, while the English tax applies only to excess war profits, so that normal business profits are taxed here much more heavily than in England.

Do my readers wonder that the stock market lags, while this situation prevails and while the Federal Trade Commission, with its \$100-a-day inquisitor, Mr. Heney, is seizing

the private as well as business correspondence of the packers and others, in a vain attempt at self-glorification, no matter what the cost to the troubled interests of the country upon whose prosperity the very success of the war must largely depend?

Government control of the railroads, government fixing of prices of important commodities, government regulation of the banks, and now of all corporate financing—all continue to bewilder the investor and hedge the business situation. Only the persistent belief that, in the end, as always heretofore, the sober common sense of the American people will prevail, holds the market from further weakness. Because of this belief and the knowledge that the present "reign of terror" must end some day, I have been advising my readers to pick up the bargains that dark and troublesome days like these often lay upon the counter.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

McDonnell & Co., stock and bond brokers, issue the following letter, as summarized by L. V. Belden, regarding conditions in the bond market:

"Unprecedented opportunities for profitable investment in high-grade bonds are today within the reach of every investor. Never during the present generation, even in times of acute panic, have bond prices been as low as now, yet today the security behind good bonds remains unimpaired. In fact, in most instances this security is stronger than when these same bonds were selling at a higher level. The war, with its never before equaled demand for money on the part of governments and corporations, has necessitated the offering of more securities than the investing public demanded. To attract the immediate attention of the investing public high interest rates have prevailed in many of these new issues, and bonds and securities with a fixed rate of interest have declined in price. This decline has been due to the inexorable workings of the fundamental economic law of supply and demand and not to any sacrifice of security. In the case of most good bonds, this is greater than ever before. The well-advised average investor in the purchase of his bonds has always demanded a high degree of safety and a good return. When bonds have been selling at levels considerably lower than their average prices, long-time securities have been his selection because of their profit possibilities. Recently bond prices have reached such low levels that the shrewd buyer, the bargain hunter, has begun to buy. Although he realizes that bonds might sell lower, he is not losing sight of the fact that they may also sell higher. To delay his purchase in face of the present market with the high income yield now obtainable, hoping that the price of bonds will go lower, is to gamble with the future on a very narrow margin. On the other hand, there is every reasonable certainty that bonds will be higher in price when peace is declared. It is because the big borrowers—governments, municipalities, and the like—believe this, that they have in many instances issued short-time notes for immediate financing, deferring the issuance of long-time bonds until the post-war market should bring its higher prices. Nathan M. Rothschild, financial genius of the Rothschild family, said: 'Never try to buy at the bottom or sell at the top.' The man who buys when prices are admittedly low is taking advantage of a sure thing, while the man who tries to get the bottom is gambling on the future. Only once in a lifetime is the investor preselected with such opportunities for profitable investment in long-time bonds as are now available, particularly in the form of high-grade, tax-exempt governments, municipalities, and quasi-municipalities."

Leading the March issue of *Pacific Service Magazine* is an article by Mr. John A. Britton upon the necessity for hydro-electric power development in California in order to cope not only with existing conditions, but with conditions that are likely to arise in the future.

This power development, it must be understood, must be unhampered by grinding laws and mischievous restrictions. There must be a radical departure from the "heads we win, tails you lose" policy that appears to be favored by those legislators whose ideas of progress are clouded by fear lest business enterprise bring reward in dollars. Otherwise the much-needed development can not be accomplished. So much mischief has been done through the agency of the political agitator and would-be reformer that the public judgment upon such matters has been, to a great extent, thrown out of balance. Erroneous impressions resulting from the lack of correct information and the expression of unsound views by well-intentioned but mistaken publicists are not easily eradicated; consequently at a time of stress such as this, when the country demands the most complete development of its available resources, the path of progress is strewn with obstacles that have been slowly but surely growing out of the ground, as it were, for generations.

It is a matter of common understanding that no part of this country is more deeply concerned in hydro-electric development than

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California. So long as California was dependent on coal for power she found it impossible to compete with the Eastern industrial field. The discovery of oil came to the rescue, but a situation has arisen to meet which this fuel must be conserved in every possible way. It remains, then, to let the California mountains solve the problem, to let water take the place of coal and oil. Unfortunately the restrictions imposed by Congress upon hydro-electric development on the public domain have had the effect of causing private investors to throw up their hands. They do not seek the privilege of development under the conditions imposed.

The interest of the public lies in granting permanent ownership of their property and operating rights to those public utilities which supply permanent needs, in order that there may be a guarantee of the best available service in the first place, and in the second place of its continuity with the assurance of all such additions and betterments in construction and distribution as the conditions of constantly growing communities call for. Without such permanent ownership the public utility resolves itself into a more or less speculative enterprise, the owners of which feel compelled to get all they can out of it in the way of profit during the life of such franchises or licenses as may have been granted them, leaving the problems involved in the period approaching their expiration to be dealt with by future generations.

In all public utilities that serve permanent needs there must be ownership in perpetuity, either in terms or in effect, in order that the service may be perpetual. In such legislation, therefore, as is now being debated in Congress due recognition should be given this necessity. In order that the public may be served most economically the public utility must be allowed some guarantee of a regular and uninterrupted run of business, its operations unhampered by fear of what may happen at the expiration of a given period. Where the utility is compelled, for instance, to provide an amortization fund large enough to take care of the investment, or a considerable portion thereof, in the event that its business may be taken away from it at the expiration of such permit or franchise as that under which it is operated, the public, as the consumer, must be the loser, as it will be impossible for the utility to give this service at rates such as might be enjoyed under conditions of permanent ownership.

It is to the interest of the public that the utility serving it be granted such a tenure of property and operating rights as will allow its owners and operators full protection of their investment, as well as enable them to earn reasonable interest return thereupon, and not compel them to look at extra profits during a fixed period to enable them to provide against an anticipated termination of the rights of ownership, accompanied by less than full compensation for their property and business representing their investment.

In other words, the problem resolves itself into this; the public needs public service. If this public service is to be provided by private capital, then that private capital must be protected or it will not be forthcoming. Not only is this argument sound in every particular, but it is in line with the policy that best benefits the public that is the consumer. The better the terms upon which the public utility is permitted to do business, the better assurance to the public of such low rates as are compatible with the utility's right to earn a fair percentage of return upon its investment, assuming, as it does, all the hazards of enterprise.

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## A PERILOUS TASK.

From a Novel of German Intrigue.

Switching off the torch I got my ear on the door, and found that the noise came from a particular spot less than half-way up.

It seemed to me they were cutting a hole at the very bottom of the upper panel. A hole the size of a man's hand would be sufficient to permit them to take the chain off; but though a chain is a far stiffer problem than a lock there would still remain the lock. But was the door locked? It is a simple business to unlock any door from the outside when the key is left in it: it only requires a special pair of pincer. But the key was not in it, yet stay—perhaps it had been turned before the key was removed. I dared not examine the lock with the torch so close to the key-hole, and my fingers gave me no information as to whether the tongue of the lock was still shot. Anyway, it did not matter a great deal, for my plan of action was now thought out. This stealthy attack was necessary for them. They thought I would, if I heard them, throw up the window and call for help. Chivalrous Germany! Well, it was good for me that such

quietly. I want you to take this torch and stand by me in the hall with your foot against mine. You will hold the torch in the position I show you, and when you feel me press your foot you will throw on the light. Is that clear? That's all you have to do till you next hear my voice. Till then whatever you see and hear you must make no outcry, not a sound, mind."

She drew herself together with an effort.

"Yes," she said simply, and tried to smile.

We went out into the dark hall, close up to the door, and I put her with the torch in position. She trembled a little. I passed the other end of the rope round one of the two pillars that made an ornamental arch in the hall, fastening it securely. Then I came back beside her. So we waited.

It was awful waiting there in the dark, but worse for her. I knew what was about to happen; she did not. Her hand came out seeking for me. This was not included in my instructions, but I could not help giving it a reassuring squeeze. She returned the pressure gently, and released my hand.

So the clock ticked on, and the soft whining sound came through the door.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, my ear warned me that the moment was at hand. I thought I knew exactly what course events would take. There came a little rending sound, and then silence. This troubled me, for according to my calculations, the disc of wood ought to have fallen on the floor, and it was for the sound of this I waited. But there was no sound. Yet that which happened next was according to anticipations. A long spear of light shone through the circular aperture, moving this way and that, from side to side, and up and down, and reaching to the far end of the hall. Behind me I heard Miss Thompson's involuntary catch of breath, and perhaps in two minutes the light was withdrawn and we were in the dark again. This was the critical moment for which I was waiting: one second too soon or too late would ruin all. The instant the light disappeared I faced the aperture, and at once heard the sound for which I waited, the slight brushing sound of bare flesh against the sawn wood of a round hole. My foot went out to the girl's, quickly and softly, and the flash of her torch which followed let my straining eyes see a long, dirty, sinewy, and hairy arm, feeling its way toward the chain. It filled the aperture so that our light was not seen. I had time to slip the noose on to it, but I had to be quick with the pull. A startled, strangled scream from the other side of the door rent the silence asunder, as I pulled tight, and a wild jerk on the rope followed that nearly pulled me off my feet.

"Now!" I shouted to Miss Thompson, and together we had him safe.

Pulling the right arm up to the shoulder I fastened the rope tight round the pillar, and then saw the arm protruding straight and taut into the hall. The man kicked and bumped against the door, and four or five voices jabbered questions at him.

It was time to bring my bell into action. I gave three sharp rings.

"Are you there, are you there?" "Ah, British Legation. Please. Thank you!"

A silence fell, and the voices of our enemies ceased. I heard them listening. Miss Thompson's curiosity mastered her fear. She came close to me.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Calling for help," I answered quietly.

"But—but—that will not bring any help to us," she stammered.

Then she turned the torchlight full on my face, scanning me, evidently thinking I had become demented.

"The last thing I want to do is to bring any help here," I answered.

"But—" she said uncertainly, and the light began to shake and quiver in her hand.

"Put that light out," I said peremptorily, not thinking at all at the time how this must confirm her fear that I had gone mad.

She obeyed. Then I again began to ring the bell.

"That the British Legation?" "Can you send at once to Görtzplatz, No. 7. Important papers. No, can't wait. Men outside trying to force entrance." "Yes! Imperative! Motor. . . Very good! . . . Yes. . . Oh yes! . . . Oh yes, rather! I can certainly hold out for that time. Thank you."

I began to whistle cheerfully. Somewhere in a room close by I heard the sound of a girl's muffled sobbing—only sub-consciously, for my real hearing was given to the other side of that door. The man we had trussed up no longer screamed; but through his dull moans I could hear the hurried whispering. Then there was a queer, muffled noise. A little after a quick tap, tap, tapping, as of many feet descending the staircase, and dying gradually away.

When I was sure the course was clear I went back to secure my captive. I had not much to offer him in the way of pity. Still he had received a shock that had sent him into a funk, a craven fellow I thought, quite ready

to stick a knife into another, but squealing with fear when caught himself. It was a grim satisfaction to me to think I had caught one of them. As I looked at his arm protruding through the door, however, I recognized that there was a mighty stiff strain on it, and that one could not occupy the position he was in, pulled tight up against the door, without very soon suffering an agony that was real enough. Arming myself with the poker, I did not anticipate that there would be much fight left in him. It would be quite easy to use the rope and twist it round his arm and legs, and put him through a leisurely cross-examination. So I removed the chain and opened the door.

I was surprised at the amount of pressure put upon it from the other side. For one wild moment I thought the gang had simply taken a leaf out of my own book and given me an imitation of the sound of feet descending a stair, while remaining to pounce on me the moment I was incautious enough to open the door for them. But no, that was not the pressure. It was the weight of the man I had caught, and his weight jerked the door from my hand. He fell headlong into the hall.

His throat was cut from ear to ear.—From "Stealthy Terror," by J. Ferguson. Published by the John Lane Company.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Slave.

There once was a lad in the long ago  
And he lived by the open whispering sea,  
And daytime found him gazing out  
Where the shimmering sails flashed fair and free,  
And nighttime brought him golden dreams  
That filled his heart with ecstasy.

Each morning 'midst the fisher nets  
He heard the bronzed sea-men tell  
Of luring lands and silver skies  
And olden ships. They loved to dwell  
On dangers passed, to see his eyes  
Go wide beneath the subtle spell.

He dreamed his dreams and saw them grow  
Dim and grim, and grey with age, . . .  
A city bank, behind a grille,  
His weary pen toiled o'er the page  
Day in, day out. His heart grew tired  
Behind the brass-barred grinning cage.

And then it came that he had power  
To wander wide to other lands,  
To live the olden dreams once dreamed,  
To steer his ship for far-off strands,  
To greet the moonlight and the stars,  
And grasp the dawn within his hands.

And fair the day his boat embarked,  
And fair the bosom of the sea,  
And fair the dream that sang and smiled,  
But in his heart no answering glee,  
For the years had branded him a slave  
And never more could be free.

—Edmund Leamy.

## Overland.

Overland, overland, sings the rail,  
Riding from sea to sea.  
The stars sink down past the dwindled town  
And pale through the flying tree.

The daystars sink; and the morning's brink  
Brims through the cinders' flail.

Overland, overland, swings the sun;  
Overland rings the rail.

Cut away, cut away, curve through the ridge  
Sapphire before, next the sky.

The cool-buoyed river-cords call through the bridge  
Where the river's arms wave good-by.

Through the shantied day on the right-of-way,  
By the roundhouse roof, pebbly and tarred,  
Ring your bell, swing your bell, pace and tell  
Your tale through the switch-veined yard.

Midland, my midland, her grain-flickered down  
Passes, and dairy-town dale—  
Prairie-town swale, soaring free and brown—  
Overland swings the rail.

Overland, overland, overland, fly!  
Upward and upward, ride!

Cry from the rock to the crystal sky,  
High on the Great Divide!

Down, circling down, turn the racketing brake  
By the rainbow-striped desert's gleam—  
Whinnying pony, wash dry and stony,  
Mohi's and Navajo's dream.

Past, as the yesterday's daybreak rack  
The silver scarred cave-cliff's bar.  
Heliotrope, heliotrope, folded back  
Mesa-land dips afar.

Down to the sea spreads the clear plaided green  
Of the reservoir's cloak unfurled—  
Oh! why should a myriad lives be mean  
In such a magnificent world?

The nerves of my country's wide work and way  
And the nerves of her life arc steel.  
They can pulse. They can move. In another's  
day,

At last they will know and feel.  
From a shore unknown to an unknown shore—  
Our journey is over and done,  
Gold pours the light on the ocean's floor.

Hark to the sunset gun!  
For our gods, and their human sacrifice,  
Will flash like the Aztec's dream  
Past by the path of the thing that flies  
On with a nameless gleam.

Overland, overland, swings the rail,  
Riding from sea to sea.

The stars sink down past the dwindled town  
And pale through the flying tree.

The daystars sink, and tomorrow's brink  
Brims through the cinders' flail.

Overland, overland, sings the sun!  
Overland throbs the rail!

—Edith Franklin Wyatt.



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December 31st, 1917

Assets.....\$63,314,948.04  
Deposits.....60,079,197.54  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,235,750.50  
Employees' Pension Fund.....272,914.25  
Number of Depositors.....63,907

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##### Oh, Money! Money!

Stanley G. Fulton, millionaire, is in doubt as to the proper disposition of his money. He has three cousins called Blaisdell in far-away Fullerton, but as he knows nothing of them he is uncertain as to the propriety of endowing them with his wealth. Then comes the plan upon which the story is based. Fullerton arranges that each of the three cousins shall receive \$100,000 as a gift, and in order that he may observe the effects of the poison he goes to Fullerton under an assumed name and potters about under the pretense of writing a family history.

Curiously enough, it is the women of the Blaisdell families who receive the full force of this financial damnation. Mrs. Harriet Blaisdell is already a vulgar snob, and naturally she descends into yet unfathomed depths of vulgarity and snobbery, and takes her children with her. Mrs. Jane Blaisdell is insanely penurious, and this sudden access of wealth intensifies her malady. Miss Flora Blaisdell is a simple-minded, well-meaning little dressmaker whose chief ambitions are to own a phonograph, to see Niagara, and to choose her dinner at the restaurant without attention to the price. Flora falls a victim to the begging letter-writer and does much mischief before wisdom dawns upon her little mind. All these things are inevitable. Even a millionaire might have known that.

But Maggie Duff is the heroine. Maggie is not a Blaisdell and perhaps this saves her. She is only a family connection and a sort of beneficent Cinderella, to all the Blaisdell clan. Her whole life has been a prolonged self-sacrifice. She cares for her miserable old father, who must always be tricked into doing one thing by inviting him to do its opposite. She is at the beck and call of the neighborhood, and although the author exaggerates Maggie's character, as she does all her characters, we fall in love with Maggie and can therefore sympathize with Mr. Fulton, who does the same. The story is absorbingly interesting and we forgive its improbabilities.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

##### The Happy Garret.

This is described as the "personal recollections of Hebe Hill," edited by V. Goldie. We do not know why Hebe should wish to recollect the events here set down nor why she should be willing to allow any one else to know of them. She shows a certain amount of dutiful affection for her father while he is dying of consumption, but as soon as the

road is clear she begins a career of immoral dissipation in London and we leave her with every apparent intention to continue it as soon as some new lover shall appeal to her. Hebe does absolutely nothing that is worth doing, nothing that is even interesting. The only excuse that can be made for her is that she had a heartless and cruel mother. But why tell the public about it?

THE HAPPY GARRET. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

##### American Women and War.

One rises from this book with the uneasy conviction that if men had done their work of war organization with one-half the energy that has been displayed by women we should not now have to complain of unpreparedness and inefficiency. It is certainly an impressive showing that has been made by Ida Clyde Clarke, even after making allowance for the final test of application and experience. She shows us what the woman's committee has done in the service of food conservation, the liberty loans, the Red Cross, and a dozen other activities of a like kind. The state organizations are considered separately with due attention to distinctive work wherever it may be found, and there is a final section devoted to war relief organizations and a directory of leading women's organizations doing defense work. It is an inspiring volume, its only defect being the far too numerous lists of names of officials of committees and councils. They are tiresome and usually unnecessary and out of place.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR. By Ida Clyde Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

##### A Million Dollars.

The inventor has usually a poor showing when he is forced into combination with the capitalist, as he usually is. It is the capitalist who gets the lion's share and often enough the whole carcass. But in this story the tables are turned. Bill Morgan and Pasc. Thomas invent a device for increasing the speed of motorcycles—one would suppose that they were much too fast already—and when the bankers get into the game it looks as though there would be very few pickings for Morgan and Thomas. But here we have fiction that is stranger than truth. It is the inventors that make the money and the demands of justice are satisfied.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS. By George Kibbe Turner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

##### Asiatic Citizenship.

We know the tenor of Dr. Gulick's book almost before we open it. Its mission is to modify the immigration and naturalization laws so as to place Asiatics, and particularly Japanese, on an equality in these respects with the people of other nations. Dr. Gulick admits the necessity of protecting the Pacific States, but he believes that this can be done on the principle that America shall admit only so many immigrants from any particular people as she can Americanize, but he believes that citizenship should be given to every individual who can qualify, regardless of race.

The author covers the whole ground in his presentation—social, economic, and political, but his argument is somewhat weakened by the rather obvious missionary inspiration that underlies it.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND ASIATIC CITIZENSHIP. By Sidney L. Gulick, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

##### Songs of Shrapnel.

The poetry of dead soldiers will yet make a considerable library, and it is to be feared that time has still many volumes of the kind in store for us. Captain Cyril Morton Horne of the King's Own Scottish Borderers was killed in action on January 27, 1916, and while engaged in a heroic effort to save a comrade. He wrote these verses upon scraps of paper while living in the trenches and sent them home one by one. They have unusual vigor and merit.

SONGS OF THE SHRAPNEL SHELL. By Captain Cyril Morton Horne. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

##### The Tender-Hearted Detective.

We are at war with Austria, but that is no reason why we should not enjoy a translation of a clever Austrian book, especially if it has nothing whatever to do with the war. Some time ago Augusta Groner originated an interesting detective character, Joseph Muller. He was not quite so spectacular perhaps as the detectives of French fiction with their superhuman ability to be in several places at once, nor was he so wrapped up in far-fetched analytical deductions as the favorite detectives of English literature. He was just a solid, methodical, active, and very clever unraveler of criminal mysteries.

The same author has now written another chapter in his life, his solution after many thrilling adventures of a baffling crime and its author. A miserly old man in a little town near Vienna disappears, leaving no trace. Foul play is evident, but there is no clue.

Suspicion points in several directions, but the police find nothing. Then Muller takes up the case and runs the gamut of thrills in the successive steps by which he brings home the strange crime to its strange perpetrator. The mystery of "The Man with the Black Cord" will whet the most jaded appetite for detective sensations.

The unusual character of Muller as he is drawn adds interest to the book. He undertakes the case out of sympathy for a nephew of the victim with whose love affair the unsolved mystery interferes. He saves from ruin two young ne'er-do-wells upon whom his suspicion had first fallen. He comes to have a great fondness for the real criminal, and in several cases his sympathetic feelings make the performance of his duty hard.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CORD. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35.

##### Arthur James Balfour.

Mr. Balfour is a relic of a day that is nearly gone, when a ripe and comprehensive scholarship was essential to the European statesman. The statesmen of the past, and particularly of England, may almost be said to have inherited their position as actually as the occupants of thrones. They belonged to the governing families that gave their sons to Parliament, to the army, the church, and the law with a regularity sometimes unbroken for centuries.

Mr. Balfour comes as near to genius as one can come and still escape it. His knowledge is encyclopedic, not alone on the matters that pertain to statesmanship, but on almost every topic that concerns the welfare or attracts the intelligence of mankind. The nephew and the intimate of Lord Salisbury, he was saturated with foreign politics from his first appearance in Parliament, and he is supposed now to possess a fuller knowledge of the diplomacy of half a century than any other living man. And yet he was hardly known in America until his recent mission, and even then he was overshadowed by the more spectacular personality of General Joffre.

The editor of the present volume has wisely chosen his method of presentation. Of biographies we have enough and to spare. Usually they are made up of irrelevances and trivialities. But here we have Mr. Balfour presented through the agency of his speeches and writings. They may be said to cover the field of human knowledge. Taking half a dozen consecutive titles from the index we have "Bergson," "Berkeley," "The Bible," "Robert Burns," "Christianity," and "Co-Partnership." Elsewhere we find "Golf," "Music," and "Psychical Research." And there is no trace of the perfunctory or of "cramping" in any of these speeches or writings. Mr. Balfour always draws from an already existing store of knowledge as one selects the drawer of a bureau, knowing that it contains what is needed. Those who would know Mr. Balfour's mind will find it displayed here. Those in search of knowledge and of intellectual stimulus will find them in abundance in these pages.

THE MIND OF ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR: SELECTIONS FROM HIS NON-POLITICAL WRITINGS, SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES, 1879-1917. INCLUDING SPECIAL SECTIONS ON AMERICA AND GERMANY. Selected and arranged by Wilfrid M. Short. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

##### The Heart's Kingdom.

The best that can be said for this latest novel of Maria Thompson Daviess is that she has been successful in conveying the atmosphere of a small Southern town of today. The book is also sincerely religious, without cant. But the writer is too diffuse, her humor is amateurish, and being a lover of luxurious accessories to a picture, she puts in too many and too profuse allusions to the ancestral silver coffee urn, old willow-ware cups, lavender-scented sheets, stately white pillars, and the like. The book has a decided temperance as well as religious tinge, and in fact one of the characters, a stately old Southern judge, is reformed after twenty years' tippling.

Quite a striking event in the book is the descent of a tornado upon the little town, which smashes buildings like houses of cards, and is used as well to precipitate the dénouement.

THE HEART'S KINGDOM. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.35 net.

##### The Hunt Ball Mystery.

Here we have a detective story along not unusual lines. Clement Henshaw is murdered while on a visit to a country house. His brother Gervase is an authority on criminology and he sets to work to unravel the mystery. The unsophisticated reader will believe that he knows the identity of the murderer, but he will find that he does not. He never does. The story is distinctly ingenious.

THE HUNT BALL MYSTERY. By Sir William Magnay. New York: Brentano's; \$1.40.

##### Germans in France.

This is a continuation of "The German Terror in Belgium," and no less horrible. It is a record of bestiality to which human history can offer no parallel. Only the well-balanced

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mind can read it without desiring the extermination of the German army. Mr. Toynebee deals neither in rumor nor hearsay. He gives us an historical document with evidence that is undeniable and damning. And he also gives us photographs.

THE GERMAN TERROR IN FRANCE. By Arnold J. Toynebee. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Some one asked Mrs. Kenneth-Brown, author of "In the Heart of German Intrigue," if it were true that Mr. Venizelos was so much concerned with the great questions of Greece that he was very little human. Mrs. Kenneth-Brown answered: "I did not notice it. To me he was very much of a human being, and whenever he wasn't occupied with the great problems of the situation down there he could be as human as any one else."

A war book which promises to be most interesting is "From the Front," an anthology of trench poetry, which has been compiled by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, U. S. A., and is soon to be published by D. Appleton & Co. Every poem in the anthology has been written by a man who has seen service at the front, and most of the verses have been inspired by the experiences on the front fire step.

Robert M. McBride, the publisher, is now in Europe, studying war conditions at first-hand.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose latest volume of poems, "Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph," has just been published by the George H. Doran Company, recently sailed for an extended stay in England.

The May number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain the first articles of a series entitled "Impressions of the Kaiser," by Dr. David Jayne Hill. Dr. Hill was former American ambassador to Germany and has known the Kaiser as few Americans have done.

M. E. Ravage recently received a letter from Theodore Roosevelt praising his latest book, "An American in the Making." Mr. Roosevelt says: "If any one asked me what constitutes Americanism I should refer him to your capital book, especially to its final chapters. You have made a substantial addition to the doctrine of Americanism."

D. Thomas Curtin has just returned to America after three and one-half years as war correspondent. He was gathering material for a book on Austria-Hungary when that country began to mobilize her Bosnian troops quietly in July, 1914. He saw the first fighting of the war at Belgrade, and he was with the Austrian army in its first Serbian campaign, after which he shifted to Hindenburg's army in East Prussia.

Out of more than 800,000 factory workers in Japan over two-thirds are women.

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Men and women who stay at home! Before us lies on this day a thing to do. May it also be nobly done. The Government asks from the people of America a new Liberty Loan of \$3,000,000,000. You have subscribed for the earlier Loans; we come to you therefore as men and women ready and eager to work with the Government in securing immediate and full subscription to this new Loan.

We count upon your immediate and effective aid. The boys in khaki are calling. Let us not fail them in their hour of need. For America and Victory.

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Governor Federal Reserve Bank and Chairman  
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GEORGIAN POETRY, 1916-1917. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

## Travels in London.

This volume may be said to be a sort of memorial of the late Charles Morley, nephew of Lord Morley, and for many years a sort of institution in the office of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*. Morley was not only a successful editor, but a brilliant descriptive writer, and perhaps there could be no better way to perpetuate his memory than by this collection of some of his London sketches. It is well also that there should be an inclusion of recollections by Sir Edward Cook, J. A. Spender, and J. P. Collins.

TRAVELS IN LONDON. By the late Charles Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Brief Reviews.

A work that may be classified as a war book is "The Wild Foods of Great Britain: Where to Find Them and How to Cook Them," by L. C. R. Cameron, with illustrations. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a new and revised edition of "Drink and Be Sober," by Vance Thompson. The new volume has abbreviated its title to "Drink," but nothing else is abbreviated. It is as clever and as unusual as ever. Price, \$1.

"Artificial Dyestuffs: Their Nature, Manufacture and Uses," by Albert R. J. Ramsay and H. Claude Weston (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60), aims to provide the foundations necessary for a knowledge of the branch of industrial chemistry with which it deals. It is fully illustrated.

The Century Company has published "The Woman Voter's Manual," by S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, with an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (\$1). It is intended to explain the machinery of the ballot and generally to act in an advisory capacity to the woman voter.

William R. Patterson, F. R. G. S., etc., author of "Language-Students' Manual" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25), explains that his book has been written for men and women of fair education who, while feeling the need of a knowledge of one or more foreign tongues, are not quite sure what system to adopt, and who therefore require some advice upon the subject.

The Barbara Weinstock Lectures on the Morals of Trade will consist of essays by representative men dealing with the various phases of the moral law in its bearing on business life. One of these essays has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company under the title of "Higher Education and Business Standards," by Willard Eugene Hotchkiss, director of business education at the University of Minnesota. Price, \$1.

We may congratulate ourselves on a new issue of Mason L. Weems' story of the life of George Washington, which thus reaches its eightieth edition. It is fully entitled "A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes Equally Honorable to Himself and Exemplary to His Young Countrymen." By Mason L. Weems, Formerly Rector of Mount Vernon Parish. Mount Vernon Edition. With Eight Illustrations and the Old Wood Cuts. The publisher is the J. B. Lippincott Company, which has thus performed a distinct and a timely service. The price is \$1.50.

## New Books Received.

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR. By Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 60 cents. How to keep them "fit."

GREATER THAN THE GREATEST. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A historical novel.

DONALD THOMPSON IN RUSSIA. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

The story of a newspaper photographer.

L'EXOTISME AMÉRICAIN DANS L'ŒUVRE DE CHA-

TEAUBRIAND. Par Gilbert Chinard. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie; 3 fr. 50.

L'étude de l'influence exercée par les récits de voyages en Amérique sur l'œuvre de Chateaubriand.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40. A war novel.

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA. By Ella Lonn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3. After 1868. With maps.

THE FLOWER OF THE CHAPPELAINES. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE RESTLESS SEX. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

DRINK. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

A new and revised edition of "Drink and Be Sober."

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT RACE. By Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. New and revised edition.

THE COUNTRY AIR. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A novel.

A BOSWELL OF BAGHOAD. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

A kind of Arabian Nights book.

UNCLE HIRAM IN CALIFORNIA. By Sara White Isaman. New York: H. K. Fly Company; \$1.25.

More fun and laughter with Uncle Hiram and Aunt Phoebe.

LITERARY CHAPTERS. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Some considerations about books and authors.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS. By William Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.40.

A mystery novel.

THE HARLEQUINADE. By Dion Clayton Caltrop and Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A play.

THE FIERY CROSS. By John Oxenham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

A volume of verse.

A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE. By James Terry White. New York: James T. White & Co.; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

A CYCLE OF SONNETS. By Edith Willis Linn. New York: James T. White & Co.; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

MILITANT AMERICA AND JESUS CHRIST. By Abraham Mitric Ribbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 65 cents.

Is the war unchristian?

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1916-1917. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A volume of verse.

THE OUTRAGE. By Annie Vivanti Chartres. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.35.

A war story.

TWO CHILDREN IN OLO PARIS. By Gertrude Slaughter. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

From the notes of a journal by their mother.

THE VOICE OF LINCOLN. By R. M. Wanamaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

A study of mental and moral efficiency.

CREDIT OF THE NATIONS. By J. Laurance Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.

A study of war finance.

FIVE TALES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Short stories.

DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By Ralph Page. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.

Some interesting facts not generally known.

FIGHTING STARVATION IN BELGIUM. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.

An account of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

STUDIES IN CHRISTIANITY. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

An attempt to sift out the permanent factors.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

A discussion of heredity versus environment.

CAN WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY? By James H. Snowden. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A general discussion of immortality.

AN AUTUMN SOWING. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE RIGOR IN KHAKI. By Nat Gould. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.25.

A novel of racing and adventure in the war.

GREAT BRITAIN AT WAR. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A survey of British activities.

NINE HUMOROUS TALES. By Anton Chekhov. Boston: The Stratford Company; 25 cents.

Translated from the Russian.

TALES FROM A FAMISHED LAND. By Edward Eye Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.

By an American who served on the commission for Relief in Belgium.

NATIONAL MINIATURES. By "Tattler." New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

Portrait sketches of men and women of the day.

THE PAXES COUNT. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A war novel.



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## CAPTURING A SUBMARINE.

Rolling slowly on the cold gray swells of the English Channel, westward over a certain number of miles of waves, then back eastward over the same miles, steaming steadily to and fro like a policeman over a lonely beat, a trawler was patrolling monotonously, the young lieutenant who commanded her scanning the tossing surface about him as a detective scans the faces of a crowd.

Nothing relieved the monotony of the rhythmic rise and fall of the boat and the westward and eastward patrol except an occasional British or French cruiser and the regular exchange of signals with other patrolling trawlers as either end of the beat was reached.

The young lieutenant had plenty of time to growl inwardly at his luck. Why was he not on some great battleship where there was at least room to stretch his legs, where one could keep dry and where there was some slight chance of battle, instead of on this hobnobbing tub where there was not room to whip a cat, where every wave drenched all on board with spray, and where there was never a show for any sort of fight? What opportunity was there to do anything that might win promotion, higher pay, a medal, a few days' leave? He had entered the navy because he wanted to have a part in the fighting and here he was doing the work of a marine policeman!

A white streak—different to his practiced eye from the white streaks of breaking waves—tore through the water, coming straight toward him.

A shock, and it seemed as if an earthquake had struck the trawler. An explosion smashed her to bits in an instant, and the young lieutenant found himself swimming with bits of wreckage and dying men about him.

Slipping out of the hampering folds of his great coat, he swam. He saw some of his men seize bits of wreckage and drift away. He saw the mangled bodies of others bob up for an instant in the trough of a wave. There seemed no piece of wreckage big enough to support him. But he was a strong swimmer, and he kept afloat. He did not know in what direction he was swimming, he just swam.

Suddenly his feet struck something solid. He pushed back on it and gave himself a forward spurt, but as he extended his feet backward again they touched that solid submerged something a second time. He rested his feet against it, and it seemed like a great smooth rock. But it was moving! It was coming up under him! "The submarine that sank us!" This thought flashed into the swimmer's mind. Turning quickly in the water, he saw already above the surface a pair of periscopes and the top of a conning tower, with the seawater streaming down them as they rose.

He ceased swimming instantly, and braced his feet upon the slippery solid, which he knew now was the deck of the U-boat that had just sent his vessel and crew to the bottom. As it came up he came up with it. A few seconds more, and the conning tower was out of water and the decks awash.

The eye of the lieutenant was fixed upon a little narrow trap-door, expecting every instant to see it open and the head of the German commander emerge. He drew his Colt's automatic pistol from its case and pointed it at the door. (The modern navy pistols are water-proof.)

Scarcely were the waves pouring off the glistening steel of the deck that was now above the surface than the door swung open and the face of a German officer appeared. The automatic pistol harked once, and the German lurched forward. Springing upon him like a cat, the young Briton seized the body of the

enemy, that it might not be drawn back down the ladder and so make it possible to close the door and submerge again. He had aimed to kill and had made a bull's-eye.

The body blocked the closing of the door. Still holding his pistol pointed toward the single exit, he squatted upon the shoulders of the dead commander whose legs dangled down the ladder and might he pulled in by the crew below.

He waited for the second head to emerge. There were five shots still left in the magazine of his pistol, and he planned that five more Germans should die. They must come up in single file. The doorway was so narrow that there was not room for more than one at a time.

He squatted and waited, holding his pistol pointed through the open doorway, that could not be closed because it was blocked by the body on which he sat.

Minutes passed. Still the second head did not appear. Would they rush him? Would they wait until he was too stiff with cold and wet to shoot straight? He thought of what the Germans below must be discussing. There were enough of them to overpower him if they could get at him. They could not know how many cartridges he had in reserve. They must know that the first five at least who came up would be killed. Were there five of them brave enough to commit suicide? For coming up the ladder would be sure death.

And still he waited. He expected they would rush him, and he was ready. But nothing happened. All was silent, except for the splash of the choppy waves on the metal deck of the man-made sea monster. Minute after minute passed. The tension was great and the lieutenant lost all track of time. Motionless and wet, he began to feel numb. But his right hand holding the pistol never shook, and he never took his eye off the doorway.

After an interminable wait he became aware of a stream of smoke over the waves. Turning his eyes away from the doorway for an instant he saw a British destroyer darting swiftly through the water and coming in his direction. He stood up and waved his hand. A toot from the whistle informed him that he had been seen.

In a few minutes the destroyer was alongside. The lieutenant amid the cheers of the destroyer's crew, turned over to its commander the prize he had captured single-handed, intact, with all her crew save the one dead officer as prisoners. The Victoria Cross was his reward.—*World Magazine*.

Tuberculosis has steadily decreased in the French troops. Life in the open, plenty of exercise, regularity in eating, and wholesome food have improved the health in this respect, and there is less tuberculosis now than before the war.

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MANTELL AS LOUIS XI.

How old-fashioned this play seems, with its eavesdroppers and its asides, its plots and counterplots; with its dummy heroine, its vaulted chambers, its blood-lusting, cruel courtiers, and its perpetual suggestion of dungeons yawning in the background. And yet it has lived, for it carries the atmosphere of the melodrama of history. Yes, the real Louis, he that lived and tortured and murdered men by the thousand nearly six centuries ago is of the stuff of melodrama as well as of tragedy. For he was so unbelievably ruthless, cruel, and conscienceless, in spite of his superstitious terrors and his awful and perpetual dread of death, that even when we meet him in the pages of history we scarcely can accept him as other than a figment of the imagination.

This shape of terror has been painted by Mantell as a hideous, stooping creature, mouldy with age and wickedness. His voice is feeble and broken, with sawlike edges. His loose, leering mouth conveys a strong physiological suggestion of cruelty. He is only kind when he is hypocritical, for his gentleness with Marie is due entirely to man's involuntary tribute to youth and beauty. When her supplications for clemency toward Nemours were too pressing, his tone and look became impatient, cruel, and merciless.

And yet this monster was a man of parts. History tells us that aside from his political genius in converging the various detached French kingdoms into one common state—usually by craft, conscienceless schemings, or the breaking of treaties—he was also a good ruler, and introduced many radical improvements, such as the postal system in France. Mantell gives some indication in the throne-room scene by a sudden assumption of kingly dignity on the part of Louis that this evil old hypocrite was possessed of that mental power which gave him ascendancy over men.

It is a sombre play, this drama of decaying power and ebbing life. It is always so, that plays which depict an evil and conscienceless old ruler facing his eventual subjugation by the king of terrors is far from exhilarating. It was so with "Ivan the Terrible," in which we once saw Richard Mansfield.

The original French author Delavigne, however—and I'll wager that nearly every one who has ever seen the play had, like me, forgotten his name—had done his duty in supplying the gentle dauphin, Marie, the young and lovely daughter of Philip de Commines, and the knightly figure of the Duke de Nemours, as a contrast to the hoary wickedness of Louis and the ruthless self-seeking of his courtiers.

Genevieve Hamper was of course fair to look upon as Marie, and Fritz Leiber made a picturesque completion of the portrait of a pair of mediæval lovers. Both are stereotyped figures of romance, designed more particularly

to please the eye and appeal to the romantic imagination, for the play belongs to that epoch when personages in the drama were cast in one fixed mould, and knew not a commingling of the various elements that make them simply human.

The men about Louis, however, assist in conveying the historical atmosphere, Messrs. Barrett, Wray, Alexander, Burke, and Lindsey filling the more important rôles with the dignity demanded in a play of this character.

It will be remembered that the play closes with the death of Louis. These old-fashioned death scenes on the stage mislike me, and Mantell spared us none of the details that would inevitably accompany the death of such a character in the drama. The green pallor, the tottering transit from couch to chair, collapses into the preliminary weakness heralding death, the snores and rattlings of the failing breath, all were there. But so was the solemnity attending a noted historical event. Somehow plays depicting the death of kings seem appropriate in these times of impending changes. And we do not grudge the passing sovereignty a due meed of conventional respect for an institution that has had its numerous epochs of public service and lofty distinction. And so we were impressed by the solemn ceremonial that attended the passing of Louis. Only, when the big male voices, raised in greeting to the new sovereign, impressively intoned three times "Long live the king!" I do not doubt that many of us mentally changed the form of salutation and murmured inwardly, "Long live democracy!"

### "GRUMPY."

People who have not yet seen "Grumpy" are debating as to which of the three plays scheduled on the Maude programme they shall throw the handkerchief. Not having seen either of the other two, I should yet unhesitatingly choose "Grumpy"—I saw it for the second time last night—making a few incidental discoveries, by the way, as one always does on a second hearing—and I enjoyed it so thoroughly that I am surer than ever that it is something that should not be missed. Mr. Maude's assumption of the character part of Grumpy is really a magnificent piece of work. And Grumpy's monologue, which is in evidence practically all the time that the star is on the stage, is extremely well written. Those two Englishmen who wrote the play, Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, have contrived an unusually well-constructed drama, with its scenes located among the prosperous middle class of old England—the England of meek man-servants that will never return—with a tense and thrillingly interesting background of crime and its ultimate detection. The whole thing is so well done, with well-laid, interesting people in the foreground, and with pretty Virginia, a delightful vision of beauty and general irresistibility, and the fetching little maid shedding the perfume of their youth and charm on Grumpy's hearthstone.

And I made a discovery. I was nearer this time, and heard all of Grumpy's monologue. And I found that one should not miss a word—not a word! Alas for those who did! I sometimes think the modern theatre of magnificent distances will have to go, since naturalism came in Grumpy mumbles and grumbles, a testy, soft-hearted, garrulous old man, pettish with fate for depriving him of his strength and the exercise of his astute brain, and like a petted child, taking it out of his devoted household. His monologue is full of character, of keenness, of humor, of resentment against destiny that insists on afflicting the poor human with old age and feebleness. It is freely interlarded with "devils," "damns," and "my Gods!" which hurtle against each other and are like star-shells in his rambling discourse. It is all set off with a lot of business, perfectly timed and executed, and comes forth with a marvelous spontaneity.

And how ancient the old man looks!—as old as Father Time, with his slack, furrowed skin and tragic, age-dulled eyes. How does the actor do it? I much prefer his old age make-up to Mantell's, the latter actor sometimes employing, as he also does in his acting—Louis XI's prayers, for instance—overbroadened effects. However, Mantell knows his public; only sometimes he plays down to them, while an actor of Maude's type appeals, with greater faith, to the intelligence of the public.

His instinct as a comedian is infallible; he never overstresses, yet he never misses a point. And how instantaneously he evoked the mood of sympathetic gravity when he said with the tragic look of the octogenarian who hears the footsteps of his grisly enemy, "You should never joke about death."

The company surrounding Mr. Maude is so thoroughly satisfactory that, despite the perfection of his impersonation, we had our little *quarts d'heure* of pleasure with each one. Mr. Ranson as the nephew is so natural, simple, and open in his manner, just as Mr. Elliott's handsome countenance is suggestive of the baffling reserve of the man who has dangerous secrets to keep, both of char-

acter and deeds. Just a touch of hidden peril indicated by the manner both of Mr. Elliott and Mr. Bell, who was excellent as his man, put an enjoyably keech edge on our melodramatic tension.

And how pretty and neatly turned both in get-up and acting are the two girls; Miss Cumming so distinctively, Miss Murray so roguishly, and both so challengingly pretty. The Jewish scoundrel who was so solicitous as to the safety of his precious hide was ably represented by Mr. Ayrton, and each of the other three or four rôles had its share of the collective finish which helped us to enter with heartiness into the illusion of a delightfully interesting play. The Englishness of the players, too, is enjoyable. I confess I always want to see English players—provided they are as competent and interesting as these—in an English play. And then there is always so much more vitality in a piece which has as its centre a character founded in as great a degree as that of "Grumpy" on realities. Despite the melodrama of the play—although it is really comedy-melodrama—we feel all the way through that Grumpy is Grumpy and not an imitation human being being artfully presented by a mime. And what more can a player ask? Particularly when he makes his public love the character depicted.

### THE NEW NATIONALISM.

In the opening lecture of his evening series John Cowper Powys changed the subject from "Shaw and Chesterton" to an exposition of the war spirit of France, beginning with a quotation from President Wilson's Baltimore address, in which he says, "Let us not dishonor our cause with the weakness of hatred or vindictive purpose." The lecturer scored a point there when he proceeded to enlarge on this idea, quoting again from the same speech these words: "If, after the war, we treat Germany with anything less than human justice we have betrayed our cause." But it is difficult indeed for the average citizen to follow the lecturer's advice; to forswear his emotions and intellectualize the war.

For a long time the nation remained good-natured; amazingly so. Even yet there are

people who, absorbed in their own affairs, have paid very little attention to the war. The draft and the shortage of wheat have stirred up some of these apathetics, and increasingly high prices will wake them up still more. For it would seem as if discontent is the only agency which will affect people of that type. And of course there are always the aliens in our midst who do not hield with the national current.

The lecturer, however, asserts the superiority of the French national idea to all others. It is, he feels, a liberty of the soul that they aim to preserve; something higher than mere political liberty, although we must have one to attain the other. Mr. Powys prophesies that the association of the American and French armies in this war is going to influence our men into an unconscious recognition of the spiritual value of nationalism. The speaker exalts nationalism to a lofty height, dominating the lower ideas of internationalism which, like the German ideal, would make the world a hideously monotonous place. There again he scored a point. And still again when he asserted that France's democracy does not imply doing away with the possibility of individual distinction by making of life "a proletarian carnival of universal fraternity." We are to hope, instead, that a new world will arise; a world unknown to those under the heavy German rule, in which will be developed the charm of life; a goodly hope, indeed.

### A SHAW IN A SHAW PLAY.

Miss Mary Shaw, whom in the past we have seen in this city as the protagonist in G. B. Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is now reviving that play in New York. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was once the centre of controversy. It shocked people. The odd thing is that it is really part of Mr. Shaw's earnest propaganda against the social evil. But because the social evil is mentioned, and a representative of "the oldest profession" is the heroine of the play, it was conceived as an aid and an adjunct of vice by people unable or unwilling to discriminate. I even remember a request from one of the sub-editorial

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famous dramatic soprano, who has appeared in the leading roles with the Metropolitan, Covent Garden, Paris, Brussels and other Grand Opera Companies, expresses her opinion of the

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staff that I would not review the play. This gave me a severe pain, for I found the piece, which I of course went to see, exceedingly interesting, and I felt an itching desire to air my views in the dramatic column. Thus do we suffer from having too angelic a disposition.

I remember admiring Mary Shaw enormously in the part, and thinking that the representation seemed much more like a slice of life than is the case with the majority of Shaw's pieces. The celebrated satirist was, I should say, as much in earnest when he wrote this particular play as he ever is; and that, owing to the flippancy of his customary tone, is much more so than many people believe.

Since those days, now some eight or nine years ago, our hides are considerably toughened. We have learned to endure the mention of a spade, unlearned it in the reaction due to too violent exercise in the new accomplishment, and learned it over again. We were almost too modest then to discuss the piece freely, and many failed to realize that the author made Vivie as hard as nails as an indication of the kind of youthful Frankenstein that we must expect to be the issue of a temporary and purely commercial union. Mrs. Warren, middle-aged in sin and habituated to the prosperous predatoriness of her kind, was really far less objectionable than her daughter, who was openly and completely selfish, and entirely devoid of natural affection.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" belongs to the same category as the Brieux plays, only Mr. Shaw's superiority as a reformer lies in his ability to retain his sense of humor, and exercise his wit, when he is in the reforming business. The crux of the whole matter is that the attitude of the American public is all wrong toward plays of the kind, for they enjoy as a vulgar sensation what should be approached in a serious spirit. However, in this epoch of dissolved and separated families it seems a good time to revive the play; more especially as during these war-times the stars of the stage are rather shy about venturing their capital in new plays.

The people of Germany have always been very attentive to the Shaw plays. If, therefore, there is any truth in the assertion that the German authorities are endeavoring to influence the women of Germany to consent to a plurality of husbands for the sake of an increase in the depleted population, these hapless women would do well to forget "Mrs. Warren's Profession." For new prospective mothers could face with equanimity the possibility of bearing a child like Vivie, who was the soul-blighted fruit of a loveless union.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Former Consul Fox, Great Britain's commercial attaché in China, culls this story from among the many in his note-book: "Proclamations issued by Chinese officials at your request are dangerous unless you see them first. I remember an incident which happened at a place to which I was transferred. The commissioner of customs and my wife went out for a walk around the town and some small boys threw stones at them. When this was reported to me I sent in a request to the Taotai that a proclamation should be issued warning the boys not to throw stones at foreigners. Well, the proclamation was issued, and read, 'Hereafter should you see the commissioner of customs and the wife of the British consul together you are not to interfere with them.'"

To conserve material necessary in war and used in the manufacture of paints, leading paint-makers of the country have cut their products from 100 shades to thirty-two colors for the duration of the war.

## SONG RECITAL

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Monday night, April 15th; Wednesday night, April 17th; Saturday night, April 20th, at 8:15.

Seats on sale at Kohler & Chase's. Reserved seats, 75 cents; war tax, 8 cents.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Mischa Elman at Columbia.

Mischa Elman has arranged two programmes for his concerts here. The music of the new and the old schools have been skillfully intermingled, and in the playing of the announced classics he will be assisted by Philip Gordon, the pianist and accompanist. Tomorrow's programme includes: Concerto, G minor, Vivaldi-Natchez; Symphonie Espagnole, Lalo; "Deep River" (paraphrase), Elman; Tango, Albaniz-Elman; Nocturne, E flat, Sarasate-Chopin; Hungarian Dance No. 7, Brahms-Joachim; "I Palpiti," Paganini.

On the second programme will be found the Nardini Concerto, arranged by Hauser, Saint-Saëns' Concerto in E minor, two Scarlatti works arranged for Elman by Julius Harrison, a Chopin Nocturne in D major arranged by Wilhelmj, Beethoven's "Turkish March," from the "Ruins of Athens," and the Sarasate "Zigeunerweisen." Tickets for both of the Elman concerts can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and at the theatre, and on Sunday the ticket office at the Columbia will be open all day, after 10 in the morning.

Cyril Maude in "General John Regan."

On Monday night at the Columbia Theatre Cyril Maude will give his first performance in this country of "General John Regan," written by George A. Birmingham. The comedy plays in a pleasantly satirical manner upon certain amiable weaknesses of the Irish character. A breezy American tourist motors briskly into the sleepy little fishing village of Ballymoy on the west coast of Ireland. A sudden decision determines him to have a try at awakening the townfolk, so he invents on the spur of the moment a fictitious local celebrity, General John Regan. The American, with the air of assuming that Regan, whom he terms the liberator of Bolivia, is known to every man, woman, and child of the town, demands to be shown the birthplace of the hero and the statue that has been erected in his honor. Doyle, the hotel-keeper; Colligher, the editor; Father McCormick, the parish priest; Gregg, district inspector of constabulary; Moriarity, his sergeant, and Major Kent, a local landlord, are all apathetically interested, but Dr. Lucius O'Grady, a shrewd, fun-loving and voluble dispensary doctor, scents the hoax at once, and determines to see it through to an ending that will turn the joke on the stranger. Although the comedy is an entertainment in itself, its performances will be preceded by the playing of the famous screen scene from "The School for Scandal," with Mr. Maude in the part of Sir Peter Teazle.

"Oh, Boy" Coming to the Cort.

"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley, a musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, with a musical score by Jerome Kern, and presented by Messrs. Comstock and Elliott, is the attraction booked at the Cort for a limited engagement beginning Sunday evening, April 14th.

"Oh, Boy," has everything that goes to make a success in a musical comedy. A good book, catchy, lilting music, and an all-star cast in which there are supporting Joseph Santley, Dorothy Maynard, Lavinia Winn, a San Francisco girl, Laurance Wheat, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Henry Dornton, Lenore Chippendale, Lillian Brennard, Doris Faithfull, and Billy Gould.

During the engagement of "Oh, Boy," at the Cort there will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the best bills in the history of vaudeville.

It will be headed by Leona La Mar, who calls herself "the Girl with the Thousand Eyes." Leona La Mar is a phenomenon. She sees all, knows all, and tells all. The tremendous sensation which she made on her previous appearance is still fresh in the public memory.

"In the Zone" is the work of Eugene O'Neill and was staged by Edward Flammer. The scene of "In the Zone" is the forecastle of a British tramp steamer in those waters in which Germany carries out her submarine policy. The story of the play is thrilling and absorbing, and deals with the detection of a supposed spy, who is found suspiciously handling a peculiar black box, which is believed by the crew to contain some form of bomb intended to blow up the ship.

"Exemption," a timely and humorous satire on the draft, by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman, will be presented with Edward Finley, Harry Frazer, and a sterling company. The story tells of two young men who are courting the same girl. One is apparently a perfect specimen, the other fragile and to all appearances unable to stand the rigor of military service. This fellow insists upon being given a chance to fight. The husky chap claims exemption on physical grounds. It develops that he isn't really a slacker, but he thinks

by staying home, while his rival goes to war, he will be able to win the game of hearts. The girl does not see things this way and so finally the two rivals march off to do their duty to their country.

Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond prove themselves delightful comedians in their skit, "They Auto Know Better." For fifteen minutes they fool around in a clever and amusing manner and keep their audiences in roars of laughter.

The Tasma Trio consists of two girls and a man who are a kind of human tops. Suspended from perches they spin with wonderful rapidity. Their aerial work is the climax of this sort of gymnastic endeavor, and their feats, which are unusually difficult, are performed with grace and daring.

Haruko Onuki, the Japanese prima donna, will be heard in new numbers. The other acts in this fascinating bill will be Wheeler and Moran in "Me and Micky" and George Damerel and company in the musical farce, "The Little Liar."

Newell Dwight Hillis to Lecture.

On Sunday, April 28th, at 2:30 p. m. and at 8:30 p. m., at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will deliver his famous illustrated lecture on "German Atrocities, Their Nature and Philosophy," under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. Owing to the fact that there is an enormous demand for the services of Dr. Hillis it was not possible for him to reach San Francisco at an earlier date. Dr. Hillis has recently returned from the French and Belgian battlefields, where he saw personally the great devastated regions in Belgium and France. He brought back with him over six hundred actual photographs of the cold-blooded murder of babies, little girls and boys and their mothers, by German soldiers and officers. This lecture is one of the most dramatic, vital, and interesting stories of the devilish ingenuity of the German war staff ever told in this country. It is fully illustrated, and Dr. Hillis will have with him also a notable collection of war relics on exhibition, which he gathered from the entire six hundred miles of battlefield from the Dutch coast to the Swiss border.

Paulist Choristers.

For those who may be uninformed concerning the celebrated organization, the Paulist Choristers, who will be heard in San Francisco under the local direction of Frank W. Healy at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 26th, it may be well to detail some facts regarding it.

Early last fall the French cabinet organized what is known as the French Restoration Commission, with ex-President Loubet as its chairman, which was to undertake the rehabilitation of the towns and villages of the devastated area of France and Belgium. The United States government appointed former President William Taft and Charles W. Elliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, as American directors to work with this commission. The American directors have launched a campaign to secure funds in aid of the ruined towns and cities, and in this connection the famous Paulist Choristers of Chicago have undertaken to raise \$100,000 in a six months' concert tour, embracing the larger cities of Canada and the United States.

The choir is composed of a hundred men and boys and is reputed to be probably the finest church choir in America. The superb singing of the service at St. Mary's Church on South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, by this choir has won for them an enviable notoriety, not only with Chicagoans, but with transient visitors who crowd the beautiful church at almost every service.

The many friends who welcomed Elfie Volkman home after an absence of ten years are looking forward to the pleasure of hearing this charming soprano Tuesday evening, April 16th, at 8:30, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. This recital will be Miss Volkman's first in San Francisco since her many triumphs in Europe.

A woman who defied the German army to save the archives of her commune was recently awarded the cross of war. She is a schoolteacher in the Marne district, a Mme. Fiquement. Her citation reads as follows: "A woman of the highest courage, brave and devoted among all, at Taisey, during the German occupation, had the power by her noble and energetic attitude to impose her personality upon the occupying forces by refusing, even under the most brutal menaces, to give up to them the archives and the maps of the commune. In spite of the incessant bombardment undergone by a village now almost leveled to the ground, she continued up to the very hour fixed by the military authority for total evacuation to administer, all by herself, the affairs of the commune. With a courage and abnegation above all eulogy, she rendered the very greatest services to her fellow-citizens, giving to all the beautiful example of energy and of never-failing devotion."



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Galli-Curci.

It is extremely doubtful if the records of any country or any age can show another instance of an artist being received by such an unanimous chorus of approval as the critics of Chicago, New York, and Boston showered on Amelita Galli-Curci, the gifted soprano, who will be heard here under the local direction of Frank W. Healy at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at 2:30 o'clock, seats being on sale now at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

Clemenceau, the French premier, has an old housekeeper who knows how to make a soup of which the prime minister is fond. Every night this soup is made hot, put in a stone jug, and the jug placed between the sheets at the foot of the bed, where it serves for a hot-water bag until about 2 a. m., when the husky Tiger awakes, drinks the soup, and goes to work.



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## VANITY FAIR.

It seems that what we may call a sartorial patriotism, or patriotism by dress, is not confined to women. Men also may participate. They, too, may express the throbbing heart of loyalty and democratic devotion by a due attention to costume. Of course it takes money. Good things always do. But where is the man with soul so dead as to grudge a tailor's bill while the immortal principles of freedom are at stake.

The time has now come when the man of fashion must nail his colors to the mast, so to speak, and an Eastern publication shows how it should be done. Buy suits that are constructed on the military "belted sack" idea and so carry dismay to the heart of the Kaiser. Insist on having "The Recruit" costume, "with the khaki fabric and leather belt showing the military influence." Make the world safe for democracy. Let Germany know that the stalwart manhood of our American aristocracy is resolved to enforce the self-determination of nationalities no matter how long the tailor has to wait for his money. He is probably a German anyway. The illustrations with which this publication is sprinkled are alike an aid and an inspiration. What would we not give to resemble the young man who is here depicted in the belted sack suit with the khaki fabric and leather belt? He gazes magnificently and yet condescendingly upon the sun, while a sort of phantom cannon belches in his rear and an equally phantom aeroplane hovers on his right flank. How comes it that the censor allows these things to be published, and that the secrets of our military preparations are thus blazoned forth for the instruction of the foe? Can it be that we are resorting to terrorism? Are these pictures designed to disintegrate the forces of the enemy, to destroy his morale, by the insidious forces of dismay? Consider the agony of the ponderous Hindenburg, of the alert Ludendorff, as they pause in the midst of their customary and light-hearted diversions to gaze with pallid cheeks upon the fashion page of the magazine and to note the depicted resolution of our fashionable manhood to fight on forever, or at least for so long as the patience of the tailor shall endure.

But the stern events of war must not allow us, we are told, to forget wholly the softer demands of society. And so will you please gaze upon this array of coat-hangers upon which are displayed the garments essential to the man "who hopes to mingle at all in society." We ourselves have had such hopes. Their realization would have seemed a fitting culmination to a career otherwise blameless. But we renounce them now. They are not for us. Our credit is not good enough. We might run to the "leather belt" of the Recruit suit with its "military influence," but even that must be worn in ambush, so to speak, and in such a way as to perform its gracious functions unseen. But these society suits are not for us. We should dearly love to have the "Regent" costume. We suspect that it would be on most friendly terms alike with our peculiar architecture and our un-

paralleled complexion. Moreover, it is a "bit more youngish" than some of the others, and this, too, is a consideration at a time of life when we are wont to emphasize the beauties of wisdom. But there is nothing said here about the "dollar down, dollar-a-week plan," and we should hardly like to suggest it. Overtures of this sort should always come from the enemy. But to crown all we have an illustration of a dinner scene at Rector's in which a lady of sylph-like dimensions with nothing particular on is dancing on the light fantastic toe before a crowd of diners who are wearing all the costumes that we covet but renounce. But such is war, just one d—d costume after another. One can but hope that the Germans are suffering even worse.

The New York authorities have been investigating the waste of food in wealthy houses. First they turned their attention to the garbage cans, and the problem of feeding the armies was solved on the spot. In one day and upon two streets the searchers found perfectly good food that was worth at least \$40. There were bread, meat, vegetables, and cereals galore, all of it in good condition, all of it wilfully thrown away by rich families whose favorite topic of conversation was doubtless the food problem, the latest lectures on conservation, and the holy duties of patriotism.

Then the investigators started to interview the cooks. They say: "Some of the cooks whom we interviewed said frankly that they would not make over food, and so they threw it away. They had always worked in high-class houses, they said, and high-class people didn't want food that had been served before. Apparently there are some people who would rather be looked upon as 'high class' by their cooks than enforce orders for war-time economy. There seems in some quarters to be a general subjection to cooks, because the scarcity of labor makes the cook in reality czar of the kitchen. One cook whom we interviewed put the blame on her employer. She said: 'Upstairs they say they are doing their bit. You ought to hear the talk that goes on around the table. Yet no one has told me anything about doing my bit, and saving of food doesn't enter into their plan at all. They send back toast, for example, because it gets cold, and they won't eat it. You can't make over toast, and so I have to throw it away. If they wouldn't send so much stuff back from the dining-room there would be less to go out the kitchen door.'

The automobile, say the investigators, must bear its share of responsibility for the waste of food. Locomotion has become too easy and too pleasant. The automobile tempts to sudden changes of plans and to impromptu excursions that derange the household economies. The elaborate dinner is shelved at the last moment in favor of a little country excursion and an *al fresco* meal at a wayside inn. Sometimes the excursion is for a week-end, perhaps in response to a sudden invitation that only the automobile has rendered possible. Then the ever-hospitable garbage can opens its expansive lid and a day's rations for a company of soldiers or a week's supply for a Belgian family descends unhonored into its depths.

Of course it is very nice and kind to say that all this is due to thoughtlessness, but there are times when thoughtlessness becomes a crime. A more accurate impeachment would say that it is due to unmitigated selfishness, an innate incapacity to think of the comfort of others or to deviate one hair's breadth from the well-trodden path of self-indulgence.

It seems we are to have a nation-wide campaign to weigh and measure all the babies of the United States under the direction of the woman's division of the Council of National Defense. Why not have a nation-wide campaign to weigh and measure the mentalities of hygienic reformers. It would be easy and rapid.

What possibly is a new cross-country aerial record was recently made when a British bombing plane was driven from England to a base in the Mediterranean, a distance of about 2000 miles, in thirty-one hours of actual flight. The trip was undertaken in order to execute an attack in the vicinity of Constantinople. Six men were carried and the distance was covered in a series of eight flights. Rainstorms and strong winds were encountered part of the time. One stretch of the trip consisted of a 200-mile drive over mountainous country where safe landing was impossible.

The number of whales captured each season at the Subantarctic islands increased from 183 in 1906 to 12,635 in 1911. The total annual production is about 400,000 barrels of oil—more than half the world's output—and 8375 tons of guano, the gross money value of which is well over six and one-half million dollars. The industry gives employment to about 3500 men, comprising the crews of the whaling and transport vessels and the workers at the factories.

## GERMANY'S BILL FOR ROYALTY.

Costs the Teutons a Quarter of a Billion Dollars a Year.

No nation in the world pays so heavily for its royalty as Germany. Although the entire German Empire possesses a population of about 60,000,000, its Anointed of the Lord cost it, until the beginning of the present war, more each year than the reigning houses of Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain combined, every penny of which had, and still has, to come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. In England, on the other hand, the civil list of King George and his family is derived, not from the taxpayers, but from crown property and estates. At the beginning of each reign in Great Britain the monarch turns over to the state the administration of the revenues of the entailed crown estates, receiving in return a civil list. Under Edward VII, and likewise in the case of King George, the income derived from the property in question has exceeded by a considerable sum the amount which the sovereign and his family receive in the shape of civil list, so that the taxpayers, instead of being mulcted for the maintenance of their royalty, receive a handsome financial profit from the arrangement.

If royalty is so terribly expensive in Germany, and has all along weighed so heavily on the shoulders of the German taxpayers, it is because the latter have to provide for the maintenance, not of one reigning house, but of more than a score of them. People here in America always talk and write of the Kaiser as if he were the only ruler of Germany (says La Marquise de Fontenay, writing in the *Providence Journal*). But there are twenty others of them, each maintaining a separate court, and claiming to be, not his vassals, but his allies. For the German Empire is composed of a confederation of twenty-one monarchical and sovereign states, and the Kaiser is merely *primus inter pares*, and enjoys his title of German Emperor—not Emperor of Germany—in his capacity as hereditary president of the confederation.

A few years prior to the war it was shown by the Prussian councillor of state, Rudolf Martin, long regarded as a leading and fearless expert in the matter of Teuton finance, that the non-Prussian reigning houses and courts of Germany cost the taxpayers a sum of over \$250,000,000 a year, which could be economized if they were swept out of existence and all brought under the immediate rule of the Kaiser. Privy Councillor Martin's statistics were drawn up, it has always been understood, at the secret instigation of Emperor William, with the object of bringing home to the people of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Baden, Hesse, etc., how much better off they would be, in a financial sense, if they were to abolish their reigning families and transfer their allegiance to the Prussian crown in his person.

Now Emperor William's own civil list, as a ruler of Prussia, is very large, amounting to close upon \$5,000,000, while the other expenses incidental to the monarchy which the Prussian taxpayers are called upon to bear amount to at least twice or even three times that sum. It is probable, therefore, that when the time comes for the people of Germany to adopt the advice furnished to them by Councillor of State Martin at the instance of the Kaiser, and abolish their costly reigning houses and their expensive monarchical courts, after the close of the present war, they will make a clean job of the matter, and apply a similar treatment to Emperor William himself.

Whatever else one may say about the Germans, they are thrifty, industrious and businesslike people, and when, after the restoration of peace, they find themselves crushed and overwhelmed by the enormous volume of taxes that will have to be extorted from them in order to pay, not the cost, but merely the interest on the colossal expenditures incurred by their governments in the present war, they will rebel against the idea of paying considerably over a quarter of a billion of dollars per annum toward the maintenance of those perfectly useless monarchs of theirs, great and small, whom they hold accountable for all the appalling ruin, misery, and desolation brought upon them, against their will, by the present war.

Down to the beginning of the nineteenth century matters were even still worse in this connection in Germany. Her empire—it was then known as the Holy Roman Empire—comprised no less than seventy independent German states, each with its sovereign family and its expensive court, fattening like leeches on the taxpayer. The First Napoleon in 1806 swept the Holy Roman Empire out of existence, leaving a relatively very small number of German states in possession of their sovereign existence. But when his sun set, his power was overturned and he was sent off into captivity by the allied powers, a number of the German petty monarchies were restored to life, so that after the Congress and Treaty of Vienna there were about two dozen left in

the German Empire. The Kingdom of Hanover, the Electorate of Cassel, and the Duchy of Nassau were absorbed by Prussia in the war of 1866, and today there are but twenty-one left.

If they are to retain their distinctive independence after the war as a confederation there is only one thing for them to do, namely, to abolish their reigning families and their courts as a perfectly useless and under the circumstances intolerable extravagance, and to govern themselves, like the confederation of independent cantons comprised in the Republic of Switzerland, where the President only costs \$4000 a year, without any allowances or official residence.

If at least all these score of German petty sovereigns were of real use to their subjects some pretext or excuse might be put forward for the continuance of their existence. But there is little or nothing that can be said in their behalf. Many of them have been afflicted with peculiarities of character bordering on lunacy. Others have been raving lunatics and homicidal maniacs throughout a portion or the whole of their reign. Some of them have been merely imbecile, while the best that could be said of any of them was that they were inoffensive. That they should have been tolerated until now is almost incredible.

The present British Parliament, which in 1911 passed a law that no Parliament should thenceforth last more than five years, recently entered its eighth year, so short-sighted a creature is man. Only three other Parliaments in English history have exceeded that limit, the longest and latest being that of 1661-79. The modern record was really broken as far back as last March, for the longest Parliament since the Union with Ireland was that of 1820-26, which lasted six years and forty-two days. The shortest was that of 1806-7, which lasted 135 days.

"Why her family came over in the steerage only a few years ago." "But, my dear, why dwell on the painful past? Everybody knows that if they want to go back now they have money enough to charter a whole ship."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Kansas soldier is said to have written home to his mother that he had so many blankets on his bed that he had to use a book mark to see where to get in.

When Alton Michael Packward asked the porter of the Great Southern at Gulfport, Mississippi: "Is that the Gulf of Mexico?" the porter replied: "Only a po'shun of it, sah."

Professors of literature in the University of Indiana have discovered that the inspiration for the German policy in Russia came, not from Gobineau or Treitschke or Hegel, but from Eggleston and his character in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," who always remarked: "Git a-plenty while yer a-gittin', sez I."

The serving maid was awkward and the joint fell on the floor with a sickening thud. The young mistress was upset, and shrieked: "Now we've lost our dinner." The maid alone kept her head—and the beef. Like oil on troubled waters came the calm reply: "Indeed, then, an' ye haven't, mum. I've got me fut on it."

"Mamma," said Willie the other day, "did you tell Norah to say you were not in when Mrs. Jones called?" "Yes, dear." "Is it right to do that?" "It is customary, Willie." "Well, mamma," said the boy after a thoughtful pause, "bow would you like it if God should tell St. Peter to say that to you when you got to heaven?"

"The submarine blockade," said a government official at a dinner, "is a bluff. It does harm, of course; it does untold harm, but as a blockade it is a bluff. The bluffing, bragging submarines remind me of the hen. A hen, you know, set out to see the world, and met a crow in a remote forest. 'But, madam,' said the crow, 'are you not afraid without wings of losing your way in all this dense tangle?' 'Afraid? Oh, no,' said the hen. 'Every little while I lay an egg to guide myself back by.'"

"The King of Germany," announced the teacher in a solemn voice, "is called the Kaiser. Now, can any of you tell me what the ruler of Russia is called?" "The Czar," roared the class. "And what is the Czar's wife known as?" "Only two voices answered this time. 'The Czarina.' 'Ah!' said the teacher, eyeing his flock fondly. 'That is very good. Now, who will tell me what the Czar's children are called?' 'Czardines!' yelled one little boy, triumphantly, while the master wept.

A courthouse in a Yorkshire town stands near a common. During a trial the counsel was in the middle of his speech for the defense, when a donkey outside began to bray. The judge, a noted wit, put up his hand at this juncture and said to the counsel: "Kindly

stop a minute, Mr. B—. I am unable to hear two at once." A little later, while the judge was summing up, the donkey again brayed, and the counsel, seeing an opportunity for revenge, stood up and said: "Would your lordship mind speaking a little louder? There is an echo in court."

The small boy sometimes sees straight and sees far. He reads the signs of the times unabashed. John, at a co-education school in England, cut quite a good figure at the examinations, but failed to get the highest marks awarded in his mixed class. His father was astonished and incensed. John beaten by a girl! "John, I am surprised to find that you have allowed yourself to be defeated by a mere girl." "Yes, father," says John, unblushingly, "I have; but I can tell you something—girls are not so very mere after all."

Paul Gary of Anderson, Indiana, is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the United States Marine Corps at their recruiting station, but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by the sergeant in charge. "Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant. "I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back." He was advised to mail it.

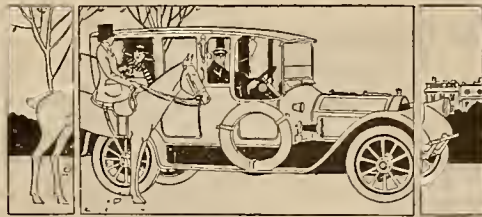
Recently an entertainment was given by the pupils of a public school. The fond mothers of nearly all the youngsters were assembled in the audience. Finally the boy orator of the occasion arose. "Friends, Romans, and countrymen," he began in a loud voice, "lend me your ears." "There!" whispered one of the fond mothers to the woman next to her. "I knew it! Just like his mother!" "Just like his mother?" returned the other wonderingly. "Yes," answered the first. "He's Mary Jones' boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."

A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account. "Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind: Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best." "Yes, father," said the young man. "And, by the way," added the graybeard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be bonest."

Senator George Sutherland of Utah relates the following: "One evening a young man attended a circus, where one of the big features of the show was a beautiful lion-tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed a lump of sugar between her lips, which the king of the forest took from her with his teeth. Instantly the youth sat up and began to take notice. 'Great stunt all right,' he enthusiastically shouted to the performer, 'but I can do it, too!' 'Of course,' scornfully replied the pretty performer, who didn't like having her act minimized, 'but do you really think you can?' 'Most assuredly,' was the prompt rejoinder of the young man, 'just as well as the lion.'"

One afternoon Mike was caught in a railway wreck, which, fortunately, wasn't a very serious one, and when his friends found him he was sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and a leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached. "How are you feeling, Mike?" asked one of the party, stooping to help the bruised man. "Are you badly hurt?" "Thot Oi am," answered Mike. "Oi fale as if Oi had troid to stop a fight betwene a road roller an' a mule." "Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It is not as bad as it might have been, and you will get damages, you know." "Damages!" exclaimed Mike. "Shure, an' Oi've had enough av thim. It's repairs thot Oi'm nadin' now."

Congressman John T. Watkins of Louisiana, explaining the thought that some people have a mighty easy way of explaining things, told the following story: "Some time ago a lawyer was called away from his office for the greater part of the day. On returning he observed certain symptoms of idleness on the part of his clerk. 'James,' demanded the lawyer, 'why hasn't that typewriter been working?' 'It has been working,' defensively answered James. 'I was using it less than ten minutes ago.' 'Then,' exclaimed the lawyer, pointing a convicting finger, 'how comes it that there is a spider on the machine and that it has woven a web over the keyboard?' 'A fly got in the works, sir,' easily explained James, 'and rather than waste time trying to catch it I introduced the spider.'"



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I am very, very selfish,  
And I like to sit and dream,  
Like a clam or other shell-fish  
At the bottom of a stream.  
And to me a maiden elfish,  
With a hypnotizing gleam,  
Is an octopus or hell-fish,  
Slinking slyly in the stream.  
All my days are Philadelphia,  
Calm and quiet I esteem:  
Cool and dark and on-the-shelf-fish  
Is the rule of the régime.  
Thus I float a spineless jelly-fish,  
(Egoistic though it seem),  
Like a moody, far-from-well fish  
Floating slowly down the stream,—  
(And you never can compel fish  
To proceed against the stream).  
Yes, I'm very, very selfish,  
Fit to make the angels scream,  
So, like any other shell-fish,  
I shall sit at home and dream,—  
Like the clam, that thoughtful shell-fish,  
I shall sit and I shall dream,—  
Like a clam or other shell-fish  
At the bottom of a stream.

—S. W. S., in New York Evening Post.

## Die Weisse Taube.

The white dove sat in a sauerkraut tree  
And sang of peace with a great big P,  
While the rest of the world stood round  
And listened to the luring sound.  
The white dove is a simple fowl,  
Not near so wise as is the owl,  
But it can sing a song so sweet,  
It shoves the owl plumb off its feet.

The white dove is a cooing thing,  
With only strength enough to sing,  
And keeps away from war because  
It hasn't either teeth or claws.  
The white dove folds its peaceful wings  
Across its breast and softly sings  
An ululating little coo  
Which sounds too good to be quite true.

The white dove croons a plaintive cry,  
And those who hear it, passing by,  
Would never in this world believe  
That it had something up its sleeve.  
The white dove trills its tender lay  
With no intent to lead astray,  
And those who say it does are low  
Unkultured slobs who do not know.

The white dove only sings of peace  
To follow with the world's release  
From frightful war, which can not stop,  
Unless the singer is on top.  
The white dove in the sauerkraut tree  
Is cooing soft for sympathy,  
While those who know its pleading cry  
Brace up and keep their powder dry!  
—W. J. Lampton, in New York Herald.

"You say you worship me? When do you do it?" "Dearest, in my idol moments."—  
Baltimore American.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Leigh Sypher has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, and Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman, U. S. A. Miss Bothin is the daughter of Mr. Henry Bothin of Santa Barbara, with whom she has been spending the past month. Lieutenant Lyman is the son of Captain Charles Lyman and Mrs. Lyman. The marriage of Miss Bothin and Lieutenant Lyman will be solemnized within a few weeks.

Mrs. Lucien Brunswick entertained a group of friends at tea Saturday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel, the guests having included Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Alexander Field, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mme. Simone Puget, Mrs. Richard Hanna, Mrs. Walter Deane, Mrs. Ashton Potter, and Mrs. Marshall Welborn.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dinner-dance Monday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Stanford Gwin. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. Walter Hobart.

Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a luncheon and bridge Monday at the Francisca Club, her guests including Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. Robert Smith.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Thursday evening at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, Captain Randolph Miner and Mrs. Miner, Captain Frank Helm and Mrs. Helm, Miss Mary Phelan, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. Downey Harvey, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Mrs. Henry Kiersted entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Tuesday, her guests including Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, and Miss Emily Carolan.

Miss Francesca Deering entertained at luncheon last Wednesday at her home on Larkin Street, her guests having included Miss Jean Howard, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Rosemond Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Carol Klink, and Miss Beatrice Lund.

Lieutenant-Commander W. C. Van Antwerp gave a dinner Friday evening at the Palace Hotel, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Edith Cheschrough, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Betty George, Mr. Frederick Kohl, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. George Pope, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Frank Peterson, Mr. Walter Hobart, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

## A SERENE HOUSE OF REST

Where tired, nervous and sleepless people may obtain what they need.

HILLCREST ORCHARD  
LOS GATOS, CAL.

Miss Barbara Donohoe gave a luncheon Saturday at her home in Menlo Park, complimenting Miss Alejandra Macondray. The guests included Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Gretchen von Phil, Miss Olivia Lillsbury, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Miss Elena Eyre.

Miss Grace Buckley gave a luncheon recently at her home on Pacific Avenue, complimenting Mrs. William Watt of Philadelphia. The guests included Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Percival Williams, Mrs. George de Latour, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. John Brooke, Mrs. Charles Nichols, and Mrs. Frank Fuller.

Miss Jeannette Bertheau entertained at dinner Saturday evening at her home on Gough Street, complimenting her sister, Miss Elsie Bertheau, who recently returned from the East. Those asked to the affair included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Mr. Edward Best, Mr. Ralph McFadyen, and Mr. Linwood Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained a group of friends at a dinner-dance Saturday evening in honor of Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong. The affair was held at the Palace Hotel and those asked to meet the honored guests included Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Mr. Percy King, Lieutenant William Bliss, Lieutenant S. C. Lusk, and Lieutenant Harvey Merrill.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday afternoon, the group having included Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Albert Gillespie, Mrs. Philip Wales, Mrs. Basil Rittenhouse, Mrs. Leopold Michaels, and Mrs. George Van Deusen.

Miss Louise Reding gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Walnut Street in honor of Miss Anna Lamprecht of New York. Those asked to meet Miss Lamprecht included Miss Flora Miller, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Catherine Wheeler, Miss Mary Gorgas, and Miss Alejandra Macondray.

Mrs. Charles Butters entertained a group of friends over the week-end at her home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pennoyer are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in New York.

A German astronomer claims to have discovered an asteroid with a satellite. Between the orbit of Mars and Jupiter, and exactly in the line which is indicated by the alleged law of Bode, is a wandering mass of material which has so far been resolved into a thousand planetoids, or little planets, the first of which was discovered in 1800. For a time it was supposed that these masses represented an exploded planet, but modern astronomers are more inclined to think that it represents a mass of matter which never was aggregated and may be simply a circuit of disjecta membra evolved at the time of the collision which produced our sun and the solar system. All that need be said here is that while all planets, from the earth outward, have satellites, this is the first suggestion that planetoids have any. These little planets range from about three hundred miles in diameter to as low as ten miles: most of them are discovered only by the camera, and that is probably the case in this instance. If it is a photographic satellite, it is small, but it can be said that such a discovery has been predicted by astro-physicists for a long time, and especially by the late Dr. Percival Lowell, whose mathematical observations on the ninth satellite of Saturn have become classic.

The state treasurer of Oklahoma reports that that young commonwealth has cash in its treasury amounting to \$8,398,000, and he boasts that Oklahoma is in as sound financial condition as any business within its borders. The receipts and the expenditures of the state in 1916 were both in the neighborhood of \$6,500,000 each, almost exactly balancing each other. The tax rate is one of the lowest in the Union.

Australian high schools are now giving instruction in the Japanese language and it is also being taught at the military school.

### The Late Mansfield Lovell.

The sudden passing of Mansfield Lovell on Tuesday of last week at his Berkeley home has caused widespread expressions of regret not only in local business and social circles, but in those of the East and abroad, where this prominent commission man was almost equally well known.

Mansfield Lovell was identified with San Francisco commercial life for nearly thirty-five years and was generally regarded as a notable example of the highest standards both in private, business, and civic life. He was a man of exceptional executive force and of strong convictions, just and honorable, and withal of unfailing kindness and courtesy. It is related that two prominent San Francisco business men who were about to go to law over a difference agreed to accept the decision of Mansfield Lovell on the question in dispute and both willingly accepted the arbitrator's judgment. The instance is typical of the late merchant's reputation for fairness and integrity, and is borne out by numbers of cables, telegrams, and letters which have come as expressions of condolence to the firm members and to the widow, daughter, and three sons—all these messages emphasizing that his passing is a distinct loss to the community in which his life played such a valued part.

Mansfield Lovell was born on Governor's Island, New York, August 13, 1854, the son of General Mansfield Lovell, and came of a line of revolutionary ancestors through whom he was eligible to membership in all of the revolutionary and colonial societies.

He married Minerva Hatheway, the daughter of one of the leading figures in pioneer social and financial circles. C. L. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 9, 1918.

After Russia gave up Port Arthur and Dalny to Japan in 1905 she still retained possession of two seaports on the Pacific—Nikolaevsk-on-Amur and Vladivostok. These two, the latter especially, are expected to play an important part in the future development of Asiatic Russia. Nikolaevsk-on-Amur, the less familiar of the two, is nearly at the mouth of the Amur River. That great stream affords means of communication with the interior as far as Sretensk, an important point on the Transsiberian Railway (2000 miles by the river from Nikolaevsk or about 1200 miles by rail from Vladivostok). The important commercial towns of Khabarovsk and Blakovystchensk can be reached by steamer, and Harbin, Manchuria, also by the Sungari River, a tributary of the Amur. The Russian government proposes to establish a harbor, especially for timber, above Nikolaevsk where ships may load cargoes for export. The basin of the Amur River is very rich in forests, and the prospects for establishing the timber industry at this point are most promising. Fisheries and the gold mining industry also offer attractive opportunities for trade. The soya bean traffic of Manchuria will likewise furnish a considerable amount of return freight for steamers calling at Nikolaevsk, and there are said to be other promising trade opportunities.

Besides having to pick up enough of the language that is spoken in Paris to get along with the French poilu, Uncle Sam's soldiers also will have to take a special course to clearly interpret English as she is spoken by the British Tommy, for Tommy's soldier slang is frequently as incomprehensible to an outsider as any foreign tongue. Besides the Britisher's familiar "blighty," meaning home, here are some other words of the British fighting man's vocabulary: Yob—One who is easily fooled; i. e., boob. Bohygee—Soldier-chef. Muckin—Butter. Bully beef—Tin corned beef. Bun wallah—A teetotaler. Clink—The guard-room. Stir—Imprisonment in barracks. Dog's leg—First promotion stripe. Square bit—Best girl. Atcha—All right; corresponding to "ata boy."

Ideas of the extent to which the government is making use of the normal activities of the automobile industry are given definite shape by the disclosure that motor vehicle equipment at the thirty-three divisional camps of the army requires a total of 31,345 machines of an aggregate cost of approximately \$34,000,000. These include passenger cars for officers' use, light and heavy trucks, special cars, and motorcycles.

Oregon and Washington are furnishing almost all the spruce for the airplanes of both the United States and its allies, a very small proportion of the output coming from British Columbia, New England, and the South.

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### Japanese Theatres Producing Shakespeare.

Japanese theatres are developing quite a passion for producing Shakespeare. A brief but vivid impression of the result in at least one instance is given in the following quotation from the *Far East*: "We have never witnessed a play in the vernacular that has entertained and impressed us half so much as Mr. Tsubouchi's Hamlet. Surely a Shakespearean play has never been staged in Japan before more crowded houses than those which have over-filled the Imperial Theatre during the past fortnight. The audience as interesting a study as the play itself. And the universality of Shakespeare! 'Kawaiso, Yorick!' One followed in the original the famous lines as the actor pronounced them in a strange tongue—and the last bloody scene, tragedy intense and complete—was it only the melodrama in it that appealed to the applauding spectators? It was Forbes-Rohertson's 'Hamlet' that was played. And Mr. Tsubouchi was Forbes-Rohertson. We do not say this in jest. As far as he could make himself so, so he was. But in the tragic, emotional scenes he became intensely Japanese, and the audience approved. A London audience would have left the theatre in disgust had Hamlet so betrayed his manliness—here we glimpse the vast gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental, between Japan and England. Conceptions of life as opposed to each other as heat and cold. It was a true exhibition of national psychology that was seen on the boards of the Imperial Theatre and reflected in the vast audience."

*Judge*—The evidence, madam, shows that you threw a hammer at your husband. *Witness*—It shows more than that; it shows that I hit him.—*Passing Show.*

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schwabacher have reopened their home in Menlo Park for the summer, after having passed the winter months in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who has been spending several months in the East, has returned to San Francisco and has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Misses Betty and Elena Folger returned Wednesday to Menlo Park to resume their studies, after having passed the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger.

Mr. Joseph Parrott has enlisted in the army and has been ordered to Camp Fremont for duty.

Mme. Margaret Chenu returned last week from Southern California and has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan left last week for Los Angeles, after a visit of several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland returned last week to their home on Washington Street, after a visit of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Charles Gayley and her daughter, Miss Mary Gayley, have gone to Washington, where they will reside for several weeks. Miss Gayley will leave for France later in the season.

Miss Margaret Brunswig, who passed the holidays at the Fairmont Hotel with her mother, Mrs. Lucien Brunswig of Los Angeles, returned Wednesday to Menlo Park, where she is completing her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Kales passed several days recently in San Francisco from their home in Alameda. During their visit here Mr. and Mrs. Kales were guests at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bryce of New York, who have been visiting in California for a few weeks, arrived recently in San Francisco and have been guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan, who have been spending the winter months at the Clift Hotel, will leave in a few days for Del Monte, where as usual they will pass the summer.

Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong, U. S. N., and Mrs. Armstrong arrived recently from the East and have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Neilson and her daughter, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, have returned from New York, where they passed the winter, and are staying at the De Guigné home in San Mateo.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs has joined the aviation school in Berkeley and arrived a few days ago from Coronado to take up his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin passed the week-end in San Mateo as the house-guests of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood.

Lieutenant Louis Sloss and Mrs. Sloss have concluded their wedding trip and have gone to Arcadia, Florida, where they will reside temporarily.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Owen have been passing several days in San Francisco from their home in Medford, Oregon. During their visit here Mr. and Mrs. Owen have been guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. James Keeney and her daughters, Mrs. Talbot Walker and Miss Helen Keeney, returned last week from the East. Mrs. Keeney and Miss Keeney, who have been away for several months, are occupying their home on Buchanan Street. Mrs. Walker has joined Mr. Walker at the home of his mother, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, who have been occupying a house on Clay Street during the winter months so as to be near their daughter, Miss Hélène de Latour, a student at the Sacred Heart Academy in Menlo Park, will return next week to their home at Rutherford.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after a visit of several weeks in the South and East.

Mrs. Joseph Tobin is spending several weeks at Woodside as the guest of Mrs. Edward Dimond.

Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., and her daughter, Miss Barbara Donohoe, have gone to San Diego, where they are guests of Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr.

Miss Olivia Long arrived last week from her home in Santa Barbara and has been the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. A. A. Long, at the Cecil Hotel. Before returning to her home in the south Miss Long will visit the Misses Rosamund and Ruth Codman at their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marion Baker are in Coronado, where Lieutenant Wakefield Baker, Jr., is stationed.

Mr. William Crocker returned a few days ago from a visit of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington returned last week to their home in Pasadena, after a visit with Miss Marian Huntington at her home on Maple Street.

Mrs. Charles Overton and Miss Laura McKinstry have returned to San Francisco, after a visit in Washington and New York.

Mrs. Cheever Cowdin and her little son left

Thursday for Washington, where they will join Mr. Cowdin, who will remain in the East during the period of the war.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford arrived a few days ago in San Francisco from their ranch at Pleyto and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Stanford Gwin left Tuesday for Texas, having recently joined the aviation section of the army.

Lieutenant Charles Keeney and Mrs. Keeney and Lieutenant Corbett Moody and Mrs. Moody have arrived at Kelly Field, Texas, from New York, where they have been passing several weeks.

Major James Longstreet has left for his station in Honolulu, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. K. L. Schanzer, Magerfontein, Cape Colony; Mr. R. J. Just, Lansing, Michigan; Mr. James H. Wilbert, Los Angeles; Dr. R. J. Kerg, London; Mr. Conrad R. Mertes, Bombay, India; Mr. G. Lindohl, Fresno; Captain Jules P. Wanrais, Paris, France; Mr. Charles S. Kolsche, Redlands.

The war has from the first been brought right home to Africa. The four German colonies over which the war extended have an area of more than four times as great as Germany, and there has been long and hard fighting in all of them except in Togo. Outside and within these areas of actual warfare live thousands of whites who are intensely interested in the European struggle. It may surprise many to know that not a few of these whites, even in the depths of Africa, are receiving the essence of the news every day and are well informed as to the most vital facts of the day's war history (says the *Electrical Experimenter*). Even the Sahara desert is now partly helmed by a telegraph line, a French enterprise, with wireless extension to Timbuctoo. Thus this once mysterious city of the Soudan is now in touch with the great events of the day. The Belgian Congo is efficiently served by the French cable to Libreville and the land line to Stanley Pool, where navigation of the upper Congo begins. The news is then wired up the Congo to the mouth of the Kasai River, 370 miles above the mouth of the Congo, and then by wireless to Stanley Falls, 870 miles above the Kasai.

The impression is general that at least nine out of every ten men in Ireland are named Pat Murphy, and for once there is some real ground for the popular impression, for if one call every person he meets in Ireland "Murphy," the chances are that he will be right once in eight times. At least so says a contemporary traveler in the Emerald Isle. If the others are not named Murphy, the chances are two in seventeen that they are Kellys. A strong and growing rival of Murphy and Kelly, however, is Smith. In both England and Scotland Smith is far in the lead, and in Wales heats Jones by a narrow margin. The number of typical English names in Ireland is surprising. Messrs. Baker, Cooper, Long, Small, Turner, etc., are frequently encountered, but, despite this invasion and the equally vigorous attack of Welsh Joneses, there are enough left of the Aherns, Riordans, Fagans, and Moynihans to keep alive the traditions of the land. Any Murphy in Ireland, or out of it, can tell you that "Murphy" is a concession to the poor, ignorant English, who found difficulty in pronouncing, the saints help them! a simple name like MacMurrough—the name of the ancient kings of Leinster, of whom Dermot was the last.

Australia's casualty lists to the end of the year show 43,000 dead, 115,000 wounded, 67,000 sick, and 4000 prisoners and missing, a total of 229,000. That includes more than half of the men sent overseas.

### THE GIANT GUN.

A novel theory to account for the Germans being able to shell Paris at a distance of seventy-five miles has been advanced by William A. Carruth, a Los Angeles chemist. In brief, it is that a projectile fired to a sufficient height from the east westward, and falling through the rarified atmosphere, would find that the earth had moved "out from under" it for several miles, causing it to reach the surface at a further distance westward than it actually had traveled. Shot to a similar height eastward, the result would be the opposite.

After mentioning two other causes of long-range shooting, both of which have been advanced by scientists in the East and in Europe, Mr. Carruth writes:

"A third cause for the long range of this German gun is one which at first thought may seem nonsensical. Its effects may be greater or less, but we may be sure our enemies have calculated them to a nicety. This contributing cause is the rotation of the earth about its polar axis.

"This old sphere of ours at average European latitude is moving from the west to the east at the rate of approximately 720 miles per hour, or one mile in five seconds. The atmosphere is, of course, carried along from west to east with it, losing a certain amount of speed from 'slipage.' An object close to the earth's surface maintains its condition of rest, or motion, as though the earth and the lower air strata were at rest. The rotation eastward affects it but slightly.

"Some years ago the department of physics of the University of Michigan conducted a series of experiments in gravitation in deep coal-mine shafts. When a weight was dropped down a perfectly vertical well it invariably struck, not at the bottom, but against the west side of the shafting. The conclusion drawn was that the earth had moved in its rotation toward the east and collided with the falling body.

"Experiments to show the influence of the earth's rotation upon objects falling from high altitudes to the earth's surfaces have not, so far as we know, been carried out. This much, however, can be set down as sound theory:

"An object falling from rest at a height of eleven miles would reach the earth in about sixty seconds. Were there no atmospheric or electric medium to catch the falling body and drag it along eastward as it neared the surface, the object or projectile would strike ground twelve miles west of the point over which it began to fall. In other words, the earth would have moved 'out from under' twelve miles toward the east. Sounds funny, doesn't it?

"A projectile discharged in a due westerly

direction, with sufficient speed and elevation to take it quickly out of the dense near-surface atmosphere, would have in the mid-portion of its flight a view of the earth moving under and toward it at a velocity that would be some very material fraction of 1000 feet per second, or some appreciable part of a mile every five seconds.

"Reverse the process, shoot the cannon toward the east, and the projectile does not have such a long range, since the earth is moving, or following it, in the same direction.

"If the Germans have been able to shoot their nine-inch shell westward with a sufficient initial velocity to enable it to reach a point at very high altitude and rare atmosphere at the end of a tremendously long range, gravity will take it earthward and Paris will move eastward to meet it.

"Shot toward Petrograd, their new gun would not do quite so well—at least that is the writer's opinion.

"Of course, there are a dozen mathematical calculations and cross-calculations involved, and we are not attempting to take the reader into a maze of calculus and ballistics. Probably the Germans, as well as some other folks not so far away, could give us the exact combination of theory and practical achievement that their gun represents. Always providing, though, that it is not a hoax.

"Whatever difference in range the rotation of the earth causes is in the Kaiser's favor, if it is only a couple of miles, providing the gun is shot from the east toward the west.

"Paris comes gayly out to meet the approaching shell. True Parisian style! Petrograd withdraws an equal distance. And we're not blaming Petrograd at that!

"Well, there's always something new to interest us in this war, and here's hoping it's going to be 'turn and turn about' soon. Ours the 'turn' and Germany's the latter part of it."

Oriental papers recently heralded the end of the prolonged Chinese New Year (old calendar). A paragraph in one of these announced that the old Chinese New Year is called Chun-chieh or Spring Festival, and is not the New Year officially, because January 1st was celebrated as the New Year of the Chinese Republic. Much the same conditions prevail in Japan. The official New Year is January 1st, but the old folk will have it that the New Year comes in February, and the "interior" will not abandon the old ideas.

*Dramas Persona*—Mr. Jones, name two or three of Shakespeare's comedies. Mr. Jones—Well—ah—um—the only ones that I'm familiar with are "Nothing Much Doing" and "Just as You Say."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

**THE THOUGHTFUL MAN** will prepare for an inevitable distressing crisis. For those who wish to honor their dead, reservation of space may be made now in the **MEMORIAL BUILDING** under construction at Evergreen Cemetery, Oakland. This is neither earth burial nor cremation.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Major Prof.*—Are you particularly studious, young man? *Minor Student*—Yes; very particular about what I study.—*Leland Stanford Chaparral*.

"Didn't you feel homesick, sometimes, Dennis?" "Sure; but I used to look at your photograph, and then I didn't feel homesick any more."—*London Bystander*.

"What station is this, conductor?" asked the lady on her way to San Francisco. "This is Reno, madam; do you wish to get off here?"

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were unknown to us until they asked to give us a figure on our proposed new building; but we consider ourselves very fortunate, indeed, that we secured them to do our work." Thus writes one client.

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Selected Cases of

Chronic Invalidism and the Acute  
Psychoses and Neuroses

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Telephone Market 8048

"Oh, no; I'm only engaged now."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

*Hokus*—She spends all her husband's salary on her back. *Pokus* (at a fashionable function)—I always heard that he didn't earn much.—*Buffalo Express*.

"Mrs. Newbride has made some real war bread." "Oh?" "The trouble is that she can't find a German to feed it to."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Patient*—Doctor, why does a small cavity seem so large to the tongue? *Dentist*—Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.—*Judge*.

"We're saving fuel," remarked the lady. "I just left my husband stamping on the floor to keep his feet warm." "Thrifty stamps, eh?" said her waggish friend.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you people in Crimson Gulch believe in prohibition now?" "Believe in it!" echoed Broncho Boh. "We've got to believe in it. They've proved it on us."—*Washington Star*.

"Average juries remind me of a self-cocking revolver." "In what way?" "They go off as soon as they're charged, but nobody knows where they're going to hit."—*Baltimore American*.

*Pat*—Well, no wan can prevint what's pasht an' gone. *Mike*—Ye could if ye acted quick enough. *Pat*—G'wan now! How could ye? *Mike*—Shtop it before it happens.—*Boston Transcript*.

*The Wife* (bitterly)—Our married life has been a long series of hattles, beginning with our wedding day. *The Husband*—Indeed, there was an engagement before that.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

*Lawyer*—I can't tell just now whether you should plead guilty or not. *Prisoner*—Why not? *Lawyer*—Well, it depends upon circumstances. *Prisoner*—Well, what I would like to know, just for my own curiosity, is whether I committed the crime or not.—*Life*.

*Parent*—Maria, what was you and young Gassam doin' last night when your little brother caught you? *Clever Maid*—Nothing, pa, except quietly discussing practical experimentation of osculatory theories. *Parent*—And that precious young rascal told me he was a-kissin' you.—*Baltimore American*.

"How's your boy getting on at the training camp?" "Wonderful!" replied Farmer Applecart. "I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early,

work hard all day, and go to bed early can do most anything."—*Washington Star*.

*She*—Was the neck on her dress a "V"? *He*—It was about ten times as much as that.—*Cornell Widow*.

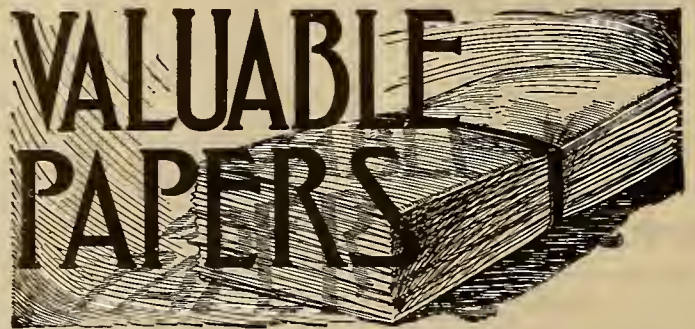
*Prospective Employer*—Why did you leave your last place? *Chauffeur*—The guy I worked for went crazy. Started shingling his house when his car needed new tires.—*Boston Transcript*.

A party of tourists were discussing the Darwinian theory, and one of them, turning to the guide, said: "And what, my friend, do you think of the matter?" "Well, sir," said the guide, "you gentlemen may all have come

from apes. It's not for me to contradict you. But, as for me, I can say that my folks came from Wales."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The defendant," cautioned the lawyer, "is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty." "Better excuse me then, squire," said juror No. 7. "I know the varmint and I can't stretch my imagination that fur."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Mistress*—Did any one call while I was out? *New Girl*—Yes, mum; Mrs. Wayup called. *Mistress*—Did she seem disappointed when you said I was not at home? *New Girl*—Well, she did look a little queer, but I told her she needn't get in a temper about it, 'cause it was really true this time.—*Pearson's*.



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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mr. Schwab Heads the Shipping Board.

That Mr. Schwab will vitalize and expedite the work of the Shipping Board goes without saying. But the appointment is even more important in its general stimulative effect. It implies that the Administration has learned an important lesson, namely, that big men must be chosen for big jobs. It indicates a departure from a narrow political policy in the selection of administrative agents to a broad business policy. Mr. Schwab is the fifth head of the Shipping Board. Each of his four predecessors was selected for some other reason than that of technical capability and established repute. Each in turn has failed; and at last, instructed by experience, a man of demonstrated power is called in to take up the job and bring order out of confusion. If now in connection with our general war activities this policy shall be enforced there will be less reason than hitherto for disheartenment and more for hope.

Precious time has been lost through a policy of ignoring demonstrated ability and in the effort to get effective work out of men of small calibre. The Administration has proceeded upon the theory that any man, provided he were a deserving Democrat, could be fitted to any kind of a job. Thus from the top to bottom our war activities have been in the hands of undersized men.

This policy has given us incompetence at a hundred points and, after the first great fault of failing to prepare for the war before we entered it, this policy has been responsible for the confusions and extravagances which have ruled the past year at Washington.

It is responsible, too, for the fact that the country has lost faith not in the intentions of the Administration so much as in its practical capability. One swallow does not make a summer, and the bringing into the administrative organization of one man will not change the whole situation. But it will do something to this end; and if it shall be followed up with other and similar drafts upon the expert capability of the country it will have a mighty effect in stimulating the spirit as well as in expediting the activities essential to the winning of the war. Well done in this instance, Mr. President! Will you now go further in the same direction and by so doing revive the drooping hopes of an anxious people? Success in the war, confidence in your administration and its ultimate standing in the historical record all depend upon bringing into the service of the government, not one man of the Schwab type, but a score of them. The country is full of talent—of demonstrated talent—of men who not only know their business, but are known by the country to know it. Every man-jack of them is at your service. You have only to invite the best men in every department of practical life to lend a hand. All will come promptly and cheerfully just as Mr. Schwab has come in response to a call to public duty. We repeat, one swallow does not make a summer. There is need in every department of inspiring leadership, and it is for you, Mr. President, to say the word!

### Our Germanized Schools.

Your specialist is notoriously a bad counselor and a worse guide. Inevitably he sees things in a distorted perspective. Whether his sphere be sociology, medicine, religion, or what-not, it is the same; his own "ism"—in other words his particular interest—whatever it may be, is the central figure in his vision and the controlling motive in his reflections. And in nothing, perhaps, is the bias of the specialist more marked or more mischievous than in the business of education. Where you have one "educator" of broad, normal, wholesome vision you have a hundred whose judgments are dominated by emotion or theory, or the two operating together. It can scarcely be otherwise in a way of life which deals always with abstractions and is subject rarely or never to the measure of concrete fact.

The attitude of our American colleges in recent years towards German models in education illustrates the principle. We find our whole system of higher education colored by German influence. Wherever our educational specialists have been permitted to have their way—and they have mostly had their way—they have discarded much that was characteristically American in manner and spirit for much that is essentially German. Not for a moment do we believe that our educators are consciously lacking in loyalty to country; yet our colleges have in positive degree become centres and agents of a mischievous anti-patriotic propaganda. Brought suddenly to the snubbing-post of loyal obligation, many of our prominent educators are aghast to discover that they have been made the victims of an adroit, insidious, and persistent movement to undermine American traditions and to establish in their stead the motives and standards of the German "Kultur." Standing theoretically for what they style "academic freedom," they have become exponents of a system devised and imposed by authority and leading inevitably to a state of mind embodying denial of the fundamental principles of freedom. All this has proceeded directly from German calculation. It is one of the developments of the plan

by which German autocracy has sought to impose its yoke upon the world.

There is that in the German system calculated to impress what we may style the "school-teacher" mind. In Germany the school is an agency—even an instrument—of government. Its spirit is that of authority. It not merely instructs—it commands. And no less by its authority than by its completeness and efficiency as a machine does it commend itself to the professional educator. The German teacher is in the great or small circle of his authority an autocrat; and in his heart every teacher is a lover of autocratic power. It is inevitable that to him there should be appeal and charm in a scheme of organization which emphasizes his individual importance and augments his prestige and dignity. Thus the American college professor who returns to his classroom after an experience in academic service in Germany finds in the contrast between the American and German school-spirit that which, from the teacher's standpoint, is to the credit of the latter. There he was an authority. At home he is merely an aid to his pupils.

It was not in the spirit of international courtesy, still less in the spirit of universal sympathy, that Germany a dozen years ago arranged a system of interchanging professorships by which her teachers were sent to us for certain periods and ours were invited into her schools for corresponding periods. The idea was to Germanize the educational life of America, and it has so far succeeded that we find training in German language and literature a fixed prerequisite to entrance upon many of our college courses, and further find in our elementary schools a multitude of text-books of German origin and imbued with German spirit and purpose. Nor is this all; there is hardly a college in America into which a notable percentage of German professors and instructors have not through one influence or another attached themselves. They teach not only the sciences in which German scholarship has fairly enough become eminent, but courses in history and sociology in which the German theory stands in definite denial of that upon which our system of government is founded.

All this has been accomplished by a combination of influences, with adroit play upon the weaknesses from which our educators are no less exempt than men in general. American professors have been systematically wrought upon through their vanities. His imperial majesty, the Kaiser, has condescended to lend personal aid to this particular form of propaganda. To affectation of intellectual sympathy has been added the subtle power of social graciousness. It has not been unheralded at home that our academic representatives have been the recipients of distinguished personal courtesies; and it is only a few months ago that a high German official let a cat out of its bag by declaring that the emperor had "even gone so far" as personally to attend lectures by visiting American scholars and to accord to a certain favored few his "personal friendship." While these facts do not justify the curious surrender of American standards for German standards widely observable, they do go far to explain a certain propensity for things German that has entered into and colored our American educational system in recent years. It enables us to see why it is that a very considerable element in the American world of education, even though it may proclaim itself and really believe itself loyal, is still so imbued with a kind of intellectual sympathy with things German as to create in and about every campus an atmosphere that gives offense and apprehension to those whose loyalty in the present crisis is of the robust and practical type.

In any sane and wholesome view it is unthinkable that alien sympathies and alien influence, in war-time or at any other time, should dominate in the educational



life of America. If our schools are not schools of loyalty they would better be non-existent. We would better return to the rudimentary culture of colonial days than at the cost of love and devotion to country fall under the intellectual dominance of systems alien to our own and fatal to the high purpose which lies at the base of our system. We would better be, if we must choose, a crude people under the inspirations of liberty and equality than a more "advanced" people yoked up in subjection to autocratic ideals and standards. Assuredly liberty is a higher good than any particular form of culture—more particularly that form which puts might above right and whose effects, as to morals and humanity, have been illustrated in German practice in the present war.

There is happily a movement promoted by certain associations of American educators, brought to their senses by the war, to purge our system of whatever there may be in it tending to subordination of American ideals. It is a movement which ought to have and we believe will have the sympathy everywhere of patriotic men and women. Nobody, we believe, will wish to exclude from American curricula whatever developments in any branch of learning may be brought to serve our purposes. But surely this is not incompatible with the casting forth of whatever may tend to undermine American spirit.

#### "Illusionment" and Its Consequences.

Somebody we hope will remember that long before the great German drive against the Allied western line began it was remarked in these columns that certain foremost members of the administrative organization at Washington were fundamentally pacifists, that as pacifists they failed to comprehend the gravity of the conflict, that their thoughts were more upon peace than upon war. This was said before Senators Lodge and Hitchcock and Representative Longworth and others under inspiration of duty to the country broke away from their reserves to expose the awful deficiencies in our war preparations. It was at a time when only the lone voices of Mr. Roosevelt and George Harvey were heard in the sphere of what is now described as constructive criticism. The declaration brought down upon the *Argonaut* what, even for it, was an unusual flood of anonymous letters denouncing its foresight as a "pipe dream" and its candor as treason.

But time and events have moved on; and now we have even from these same foremost members of the Administration confession of the truth as it was set forth in these columns months ago. "*I will be proud to my dying day*," said Mr. George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, last week, "*that my country was inadequately prepared to enter the conflict*." Thus the official public informant, specially chosen as the mouthpiece of the Administration, not only sustains the statement in these columns above referred to, but declares his pride in the fact to his dying day. But it has not been left for Mr. Creel to make the declaration of highest import or in most impressive form: "*In this moment of utter disillusionment*—" remarked the President in his Baltimore speech last week. "*This moment of utter disillusionment!*" One must have had illusions to undergo disillusionment. There you have it from the President's own lips!

The two quotations give the key to the Administration's defense in the issue defined by delays in ship construction, by the break-down of the aeroplane programme, by tardiness in getting our troops "over there"—in brief by the humiliating and possible fatal fact that at the end of a year following our entrance into the war and at the very crisis of its hazards the United States is all but a non-participant in the struggle. Reduced to unvarnished terms, the Administration theory has been that Americans are a pusillanimous, selfish people, and that in opposing preparedness and manifesting too long a tolerance for Germany, the government was merely following popular opinion. This theory will be urged to support the claim that the Administration has accomplished marvels in dragging the people up to a higher moral and spiritual level—to the point of giving support to the war. The theory thus baldly interpreted—and we submit that it is in logical sequence with the administrative programme—does not find support in the history of the four years just past. When the treaty of Belgian neutrality was reduced by German arrogance to a scrap of paper it was not the people of

America who condoned the crime. It was not the people who declared that with the "causes of the war" we had "no concern," that America must be neutral both in deed and in thought. When a thousand noncombatants were massacred in the *Lusitania* assault it was not the people who were "too proud to fight." True, following the injunctions of authority, the people of the United States smothered their rage and resentment as best they could, but they cherished no illusion as to the infamy of the crime or as to the moral responsibility for it attaching to the German leadership and the German nation. Not the people, but the Administration through the years 1915 and 1916—and until the national election was passed—cherished the fiction that we might be kept out of the war. All men of judgment knew a year or more before April, 1917, that we would be brought into the war. And there has never been one hour since the march of the German legions through Belgium when the American people might not have been rallied by a positive and inspiring leadership, if not to actual war, at least to legitimate preparation for it. Nor has there been an hour since the incidents recorded in Ambassador Gerard's records, and by him at the time reported to the Administration, that the people, if the facts had been given to them, would not have insisted upon preparation for the inevitable event.

Long before we got into the war the then Secretary Garrison, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, Mr. Choate, and others sought to impress upon the Administration the necessity for making ready. They were stigmatized as alarmists and agitators. The country was invited to believe that a wonder man, all wise and all good, was leading them through perilous paths and that the country was to come to the end of the European struggle unscathed. The people of the United States were fed upon pacifist pap, instructed to forget the lessons of history, further instructed that they could prepare for war over night if necessary. The illusions of the Administration—if they were illusions—were fed to the people for assured facts.

Then came our entrance into the war. The people responded with unsurpassed spirit. Through their representatives in Congress they provided money without stint. They promptly accepted the rule of universal military service without protest. It was late to begin preparation, but still there was time to do much before the German power should approach its climax. But quarrels in the Shipping Board were permitted to consume many months. Labor contentions, not merely unchecked, but encouraged by authority, paralyzed industry and transportation. It was three months before it was decided what type of rifle or what pattern of machine gun we should begin to manufacture. Nearly half a year passed before we seriously began the business of assembling and training an army. Commissions were appointed for this or that purpose and then permitted to fritter away time in speculative and tentative planning or in quarreling among themselves over petty issues of personal authority. When the movement became too slow for endurance by public patience, the official spieler for the Administration, the same Mr. Creel who will be proud to his dying day that we were unprepared for war, fed up the country on lies calculated to stimulate false expectation and to discourage patriotic insistence. And only just now, when nominally we have been in the war a full year and when our wearied Allies are bleeding and dying on the fields of France, has the Administration reached the moment of "utter disillusionment."

While the Administration was still nourishing pride in unpreparedness, while its head was under the spell of a now confessed illusionment, while confusion and delay were making havoc in every department, the people of the United States were supplying the government with billions of money, were cheerfully yielding their rights and privileges, were as cheerfully submitting to requests and demands involving sacrifices, were sending their sons to the training camps. Neither the people of the United States nor the Congress representing them has been reluctant or tardy. It is the executive administration that under pride and illusionment has permitted a whole year and more to go by without effective action in the war. Mr. Roosevelt suffered under no illusions four years ago, two years ago, or last year. Nor did General Wood, or Mr. Root, or Secretary Garrison, or Senator Chamberlain, or Senator Hitchcock, or others who boldly spoke

from time to time in warning and inspiration. The *Argonaut*, which has suffered somewhat from pacifist criticism, is proud to record itself as among those who saw clearly what was coming, recognized the need of haste and thoroughness in preparation, and found the hardihood to clamor for it, though in vain.

#### Our People Entitled to the Truth.

Criticism solely for the sake of criticism is but idle railing. But criticism which points out the errors of the past so that the future may be spared their repetition serves a necessary purpose. So it is that this is written. Will not the President learn the lessons of the past, and so learning recognize that the American people are worthy to know, are entitled to know, the truth, whether it be painful or agreeable; and that the American people will bitterly resent concealment or deception in matters vital to the very existence of their country?

The President's messages, we are told, are not so much for home consumption as for German. His is a long-range gun which from Washington bombs Germany with new ideas to the confusion of her rulers. This may be true. We do not wish to cast a doubt on its truth nor to belittle its ultimate consequences for good. But two things are obvious in this connection. First, that the immediate effect of these utterances has not as yet quenched German ardor nor lessened German initiative. Second, that while the President is conducting this long-range attack there should be somebody, speaking with the voice of authority and *speaking the truth*, to tell the people at home precisely what the war situation is.

That duty and that power the President has delegated to Secretary Baker and Mr. Creel. The latter is but the echo of the former. Mr. Baker in his official report of less than a year ago "rejoiced in our unpreparedness" because it established that we were a nation of peace. Mr. Creel publicly declares that he will to his "dying day" rejoice over the same thing for the same reason. One may point to unpreparedness as evidence of our peaceful intent precisely as one may point to it as evidence of our folly, of our stupidity, as evidence of a hundred other things. But, now that we are engaged in this deadliest of struggles, the mind that *rejoices* in an unpreparedness which necessarily involves an otherwise preventable prolongation of the war, with all its horrors, with all the added and unnecessary wastage of the lives of our men and those of our allies, demonstrates that its possessor is temperamentally unfit, not only to guide, but to have a voice in the guidance of the destinies of this nation.

For what is the result? While the President is training the heavy guns of his verbiage on Berlin four thousand miles away, while his eyes and thoughts are focused on his objective, all that the people of the United States know about this war is what Creel and Baker have chosen to tell them, and that, so far as realities are concerned, is nothing. Temperamentally unfitted, they would not know or at least would not tell our people the disagreeable truth. Encouraged, perhaps, by the President's January declaration to the farmers that the "vital issues" of this war would be determined this year, they construed that declaration as meaning that our allies would win the war this year (for the President could not have meant that we would *lose* the war this year) and that therefore America need not try to make her man power effective this year, as the war would be won in any event. So we have had Mr. Creel's naval victory to give us a "happy Fourth of July"; we have had declarations that no power of Germany could force the Allied trenches; we have had official pronouncements to the effect that Germany could not maintain two major offensives at the same time and that one such offensive could easily be disposed of, as witness Verdun; and, worst of all, we were told by this same officialdom that the German preparations for a drive on the western front were pure "bluff," and this at a time when as now appears from Lloyd-George's last speech the Allies knew the drive would be made, when it would be made and where it would be made, and were imploring America to speed up her man power to assist in its repulsion.

Whether as a result of deliberate design or inherent unfitness the result is the same—the people of the United States have been kept in a fool's paradise. Our first rude awakening has come from the plain heart-burning truths which the prime minister of Great



Britain has told the American people. From him, and not from our own leaders, do the American people first learn of the imminent peril of all the Allied armies in Europe; from him we first learn of the disposition and use of our own inadequate forces; from him we first learn that, successful or unsuccessful in resisting the foe, the "vital issues" will not be determined this year, nor, perhaps, for many years to come. Sad indeed is it to reflect that this knowledge does not come to a free people from our own leaders, but from the plain, heart-reaching tale of a foreign minister.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is discovered that one reason why the Shipping Board has not been getting ship plate from the steel mills in quantities needed and at times needed is that the army and navy have both been bagging and hoarding the output in violation of instructions. Both the army and navy, it appears, have maintained special officers in each of the great plants and each of these officers has been grabbing what he could, whether immediately needed or not, while the Shipping Board, depending upon the War Industries Board and priority orders, has had no special agents and so has been getting the worst of the deal. Mr. Hurley has just now got the situation in hand. He is this week putting special agents of his own into the mills and will at least get a share of the product. Still we are told there is no need for a coordinating service, that in some mysterious way it will all come out right. But in the meantime the war is going on in its most desperate phase and we are only limping into it because for one reason the Shipping Board has not been able to achieve the promised results.

Let us hope that no single copy of our absurd daily newspapers will reach the eyes either of our enemies or our friends in Europe. What would the Germans think of the flaring headlines which day by day assure us that the "foe" is beaten; that great "victories" have been "gained," in view of the fact that this same foe is steadily advancing day by day and that each of the luridly-acclaimed victories is a fake? And what must our allies think—our allies who are bleeding and dying by thousands—if they should read of the tremendous exploits of Americans at the front usually resulting in the wounding of a man or two and the picking up of a dead German, killed in a previous British or French raid? By current headlines it might be supposed that pretty much all the serious work on the battle front is being done by the few and scattering American forces, who are doing their part, we do not doubt, but whose part as yet is subordinate and relatively trivial.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Prescription for Spies and Traitors.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY, April 15, 1918.

MY DEAR FAVORITE EDITOR: I address you in this fashion, remembering a circular from an advertising agency asking which was my favorite magazine or publication. My wife said, "Tell them the *Argonaut*," and so I did. Now I write it directly to you without any reservation whatever.

But to the point: couldn't you give us an editorial that would start our authorities doing something about the spies that seem to be everywhere about us? I have just read of the one arrested at Crockett in whose room were found reports, maps, plans, photographs, information about coast defenses, etc. This gentle creature had taken out his "first papers" as a Dane and was employed about ships! Imagine what would happen to an American arrested in Germany under similar circumstances. Here, I suppose, he will be interned and given beer to drink, tobacco to smoke, and wheat bread, turkey and mince pie to eat. Oh, dear. F. M.

[The *Argonaut* is glad to discover that there is still somebody who believes in its capacity to "start something" by the method of editorial suggestion. But it must in candor admit that long ago it lost faith in the ability of any journal to achieve practical results excepting as it may by giving information help to energize the public opinion which ultimately controls in this and in all other countries.

As to the treatment due to spies we can not do better than repeat the suggestion of Mr. Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, made at a party love feast at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco last Saturday night. "Evidences abound," said Mr. Hays, "instructing us of the presence in this country of innumerable alien agents, also of domestic obstructors of activities essential to the carrying on of the war. Whoever," he said, "in this country is aiding our enemy either directly, or by interfering with production essential to war operations, is either a spy or a traitor—it doesn't matter much which. There is just one medicine for these evils; it should be administered to the patient standing—against a wall." Mr. Hays is right. We shall not stamp out the spy mischief or the sabotage mischief or any other of the several mischiefs obstructing the war by gentle methods. With a tolerance and patience beyond the limits of virtue, the Administration has tried out gentle

methods and they have failed. Dr. Hays' prescription is the right thing. Let the next hatch of culprits be treated according to his formula and we venture the prophecy that it will have a marvelous effect, not only in checking the enemy propaganda, but in reducing our domestic traitors to innocuous desuetude.]

#### A Word of Appreciation.

FRANCE, March 16, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir*: You will be surprised to receive a letter from a British soldier Somewhere in France. My brother (W. E. Lee of 1401 Valencia Street, San Francisco) forwards me each week a copy of the *Argonaut*, and I should like to express my admiration of your excellent journal. As a meteorological observer I have long night watches to pass away, and I always turn to the *Argonaut* with great relish. I hardly know which feature of its familiar pages to praise most highly. "Old Favorites" has filled a need out here, where it is impossible to drag about one's library of poetry. The literary reviews are splendid. S. Coryn's "The Theatre of War" is a most remarkable summary of war news. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,  
LEON G. HAROLD LEE.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Before these words are in print we shall probably have some clear indication of the issue of the battle that is being fought at the northern end of the lines, and that has momentarily taken the place of the even greater battle that was fought at Picardy. But if it is idle to speculate upon the results that are still so closely and tenaciously contested, it is at least legitimate to survey the events that have already become history, however recent, and to draw from them whatever conclusions they may legitimately bear.

The two battles must then be considered separately. They are, of course, parts of the same general plan of campaign, and they bear a sequential relationship to one another. But they are fought in different areas, with different troops, and they have different objectives. If the Germans had succeeded in their southern attack they might still have ventured upon their present movements in the north, but they would then have been in the nature of a subsidiary operation. The Germans would then have directed their intensive energies to reaching a finality in the south. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that nothing else would have mattered, that nothing else would have been needed. A German victory, that is to say the attainment of the German aim, would have had results so great, so disastrous, as to be immeasurable.

The German intention in the south was quite clearly in view, and it has been rendered additionally unmistakable by captured documents. The object was two-fold. The greater aim was to drive a wedge between the French and British armies, and to roll them up respectively to the north and to the east. The lesser aim was to capture Amiens, and to rupture the line of communications that passes through the city. The greater aim implies the lesser, since if the British and the French armies had been torn apart it would then have been easy to take Amiens, and indeed Paris itself. The Allied lines to the north and the east could then have been routed by overwhelming flank attacks. We may therefore exclude wholly from our minds all considerations of occupied territory, and this without any effort to be "optimistic," or to minimize the considerable success that the Germans have won. A military victory is the attainment of the military objective, or the destruction of the enemy's power to resist. A failure to win the military objective, or to destroy the enemy's power to resist, is not necessarily a defeat, but it can not be a victory, no matter how many successful steps may be involved. To estimate the results of a battle we must therefore appreciate clearly what the commander of the assailant forces set out to do, and we can then determine whether he has won a victory. Napoleon's objective in his Russian campaign was the destruction of the Russian army. His capture of Moscow was therefore not a victory, since it left the Russian army practically intact, and actually hastened the destruction of Napoleon himself. It may even be said that there can be no real victory without the destruction, or at least the rout, of the enemy's army. No army is beaten unless it has been pierced or outflanked, or so long as its integrity remains intact. And this is irrespective of the territory that it may have been forced to relinquish.

Judged by such a standard as this—and it is the only legitimate standard—we may say unhesitatingly that the German attack in the south has been a failure. It may be resumed, and it may then be successful, although this is not now probable, but at the moment of writing it is a failure. None the less it nearly succeeded, and for a short and distressing period it seemed as though it had succeeded, and that an actual breach had been effected in the Allied line between Albert and Montdidier. None the less the French and British lines are now cemented together even more firmly than before. Indeed they are practically one army, as they are now under one command. The line has not been broken, and therefore it has not been outflanked, since it can have no flanks unless they are created by a penetration of the line. It has fallen back in good order, and its morale has been unaffected. And, finally, Amiens has not been taken, and we may even doubt if its railroad values have been much diminished. Amiens is, of course, within artillery range, but this can hardly be very effective without aviation observation. Moreover, it should be easy to construct some sort of a loop line beyond the reach of the German guns. The German armies in this part of the line have therefore attained neither of their objectives. They have created a great salient which is absolutely useless to them unless they can drive its apex westward

to Amiens, or clear through the Allied lines. This salient, being almost an equilateral triangle, requires just twice as many men to defend it as did the base from which it started. It is also liable to attack upon two sides instead of only one, that is to say from the north and the south instead of from only the west. It would be decidedly premature to say that Germany has exhausted her impetus upon this particular field, but at least it is clear enough that the westward-pointing apex of her triangle or salient has ceased to move westward toward Amiens for the last week, that the whole movement has not only been blocked, but that it has actually retrograded to some slight extent, as at Hangard, under the vigor the British counter attacks. It can not be too clearly realized that the loss of territory means nothing whatever unless it contains positions of strategic value, which this particular territory does not. Germany is in no sense the stronger except for the guns that she has taken—and here she has grossly exaggerated—as a result of what she has done in Picardy, and she will gain nothing from it in the future unless she can carry it to a conclusion by the capture of Amiens or by breaking her way through the Allied lines. This will probably seem an excessive statement to those who suppose that a retreat is necessarily a defeat, or who draw their conclusions from newspaper maps showing the lines as they were and as they are: None the less it is literally true. Without any attempt to foresee what the Germans are likely to do in the future, it is incontestably correct to say that if they can be held in their present position in Picardy and the along the line eastward from Montdidier to Verdun they have gained nothing whatever from their first assault except a stretch of devastated country. Not only have they gained nothing, but they have lost much. As we have seen, their new position, being in the form of a salient, is much more vulnerable than the old one, and it is extended to twice its former length. Their supply difficulties are greatly increased, and their loss of man power has been enormous. And the loss of man power is by far the most serious.

Perhaps a word may advantageously be said on this particular feature of the German advance. We need not necessarily accept the frightful statistics that reach us from neutral countries, some of which speak of the German dead alone as reaching half a million. If half a million German soldiers had actually been killed there would now be no German army at all. Computations of enemy losses are necessarily vague, since there can be no precise information, and prisoners are usually prone to placate their captors by exaggerated stories of their own casualties. None the less the German losses must have been staggering. This is rendered certain by the extent of the attack, by its ferocity, and by the German adherence to the massed formation, the only formation in which Germans seem capable of fighting. The fact that the Allied guns were firing with open sights, that in many cases their target was only two hundred yards away, tells its own tale. The attack always suffers more heavily than the defense, and here there were many concomitants that must have added immensely to the German losses. The German commanders evidently believed that their objectives were well worth whatever they might cost in lives, as indeed they were. But in this case they have paid without winning, and they have paid so extravagantly and so irreplaceably as gravely to diminish their fighting force. Germany certainly did not lose half a million men in dead alone, nor anything like it, but she may easily have lost more than that in dead and wounded. There is no estimate, even the best informed, that places her total losses lower than half a million for the Somme battle alone. And this would represent a fifth part of her effectives on the western front. If she should duplicate that loss in her present battle it would be physically impossible for her to fight again on the same scale. Indeed the German losses have a much more immediate bearing upon the situation than discussions of the ebb and flow of the fight, unless we should presently learn that places of vital importance have been taken, such as the Channel ports. It is hardly possible that Germany can have more than about 2,300,000 men on the western front, and it is hardly possible that she can add to them except by dribbles from the east. However low an estimate we may make of her recent losses, they must form a very substantial proportion of her total available force, and they must bring the actual point of depletion within measurable distance. We may recall the policy of Joffre in this respect, a policy of attrition, and attrition means simply killing. He maintained that there was no other way to defeat the German armies than by the straightforward method of killing German soldiers in such numbers as to invalidate their armies. Even supposing that the Allies have lost in the same proportion as the Germans, we must remember that they are in far better condition to sustain such losses. France alone has more men in the west—and this does not mean on the actual battle line—than has Germany, if we may accept the unanimous and authoritative assurances to that effect. And Great Britain has many more men than France, although we do not know in what proportions they are distributed between England and the Continent. The time factor, which is actually the factor of attrition, is wholly on the side of the Allies. Every Allied casualty can be replaced—Lloyd-George says that both casualties and guns of the Somme battle have already been made good—but Germany can not replace her casualties, or only to a very partial extent. If the German forces can be held off from vital strategic points they will be beaten by attrition, no matter to what extent they can bend back the Allied lines. And we may remember also that American reinforcements are now becoming a vital factor, and perhaps with a rapidity that would surprise the pessimist.

The situation of the present battle between Ypres and Mi-



ville has hardly reached a stage where its probabilities are apparent enough to be discussed. But the Allied lines have held here much more firmly than they did in the south, presumably not because they are either stronger or more determined, but because the territory of the northern field is so much more important than that of the southern. It is only a matter of assessing respective values, and paying the respective prices. There were no particular territorial values in the south, short of Amiens, and therefore the ground was relinquished as soon as the price of its retention became too costly. But the situation in the north is very different. German occupation of the Messines Ridge would have rendered Ypres untenable, while a considerable retreat to the west of Armentières would expose Calais and Dunkirk, and the loss of the Channel ports would be calamitous, although not fatal. At the moment of writing the British are not only holding their own, but they have driven the Germans back from Mirville, and they have retaken Locon. They seem also to have brought the Germans to a standstill on the Ridge, and to have saved Ypres—temporarily at least. General Haig says in his appeal to his men that large French supports are on their way, although he gives no idea as to when they might be expected to arrive. The situation at this end of the line is a critical one, with the advantage now slowly turning in favor of the British. If they shall presently show their ability to save Ypres and the Channel ports, and to block a further German advance, then we may say confidently that the situation for the Germans will be distinctly worse than it was before they began their offensive. They will have won nothing of substantial value, nothing that can be considered to have any bearing on a final German triumph, and they will be so crippled by their losses that any further great attempt must be almost an impossibility. None the less it must be remembered that the situation is still critical, and that a real Germany victory is still a definite threat. The next few days ought to clear the situation.

What will Germany do if she should presently be compelled to desist from her offensive and to accept a return to the old immobility? She will, of course, suggest peace, and she will do it with a due mingling of military arrogance for home consumption, and of real earnestness for the edification of her enemies. If she shall fail to win a real victory she will be confronted with a greater embarrassment than ever before. For she promised her people that she would end the war with one great stroke, and she will not only have failed to end the war, but she will be no longer in a position to strike heavily—not, at least, on the western front. The present battles bear every indication of a German intention to win or lose everything. When Hindenburg allowed himself the silly boast that he would be in Paris during the first week of April—if he actually did this—he must have known that it was a last draft on the credulity of the people, and that if he should fail to redeem it there would no longer be any German military values worth redemption. In the event of failure Germany must offer peace, and her peace offensive is likely to be the most dangerous of all. With an attitude of insolent magnanimity, but tempered with the hope and the necessity of success, she will probably suggest peace on the single stipulation that her right-of-way into Asia Minor shall be guaranteed. The proposal will be a dangerous one, because it will be so framed as to persuade the democracies of the world that if they are asked by their own governments to continue the war it will be for the sake of Russia or Roumania alone. The "man in the street" can hardly be expected to understand that a German right-of-way through the Ukraine or Roumania into Asia Minor means the Teutonic domination of the human race, that it means a war fought in vain, the *Mittel Europa* scheme accomplished, a solid hold of Teutonic power from the North Sea to India and to Egypt. He will see nothing but a proposal that the war shall go on in order to upset a treaty or treaties willingly signed by Russia if not by Roumania. He will consider that a continuation of the war would be in defense of Russia and actually against her will, and he can hardly be blamed from looking with some equanimity upon Russian misfortune. To the larger issues he is likely to be blind. Germany undoubtedly made proposals—probably unofficial—for a peace at the expense of Russia. She believed they would be accepted. Because they were not accepted she brought her present offensive that she might thereby compel their acceptance by a fresh display of military power. What more likely than that she will now claim a great victory, and magnanimously offer to wipe the slate clean with the single exception that her treaties with Russia and with Roumania shall be recognized. But in that event she will have won the war. And in connection with peace there has surely been nothing more significant than the damning revelations that have just been made by the French government, and the pitiful writhings of Austria in her efforts to discount them. That the young emperor did not remember the incriminating letter is incredible, but it is not incredible that he should have been unaware that it had actually been handed to the French government. He may have supposed that its contents had been communicated verbally and the letter itself retained. That he should still wriggle and twist in his pitiful efforts at explanation is a moral humiliation unprecedented even in Austria, and to a royal house to which honor and truth have long been unrecognized strangers. But in one respect M. Clemenceau is mistaken in assuming that Austrian statesmen and Austrian monarchs have learned to lie from Germany. They need no such tutelage, competent though it may be. They themselves are to the manner born.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17, 1918.

SIDNEY CORY.

Nedjef, in Arabia, is a freak city. Not a green thing—plant, shrub, or tree—lives within its dry, hot limits. It is built on a high plain of soft sandstone.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Frederick E. Smith, Britain's attorney-general, is said by T. P. O'Connor to come from the "middle classes" and to be glad of it. He has no reverence for rank or title, says O'Connor, and thoroughly enjoys the heartiness and freedom of intercourse with men of all classes which he is experiencing in his visit to America.

Pope Benedict is said to appear younger than the sixty-three years which are actually his. His face remains unmarked by time, his hair is very black, his eyes are keen and extraordinarily active. He is lean and full of energy, a small man, of that build which we call "wiry." His voice is kindly, but not vibrant. He emphasizes his remarks with quick, rather graceful gestures.

Mme. Alexandra Kollantay, former commissioner of social welfare and the only woman honored by the Russian Bolsheviks with a cabinet position, has resigned from the cabinet because she was opposed to the organization of an army of defense. But she continues to support the Bolshevik party and is organizing crusades for guerrilla warfare and the spread of socialistic doctrine.

It is not without good reason that Clemenceau, the French premier, is called the Tiger. As he sits in his office one is reminded easily of the big cat tribe, so intense he is, so quiet, so lithe. As he crouches there his seventy-five years look like sixty. As he jumps from his seat and hurries across the room his movements are those of a vigorous man of fifty. He by no means suggests a man with a grandson in the war.

Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen, the conductor and composer, whose songs are popular the world over, came with his parents to England from Kingston, Jamaica, when four years old, and at the mature age of eight composed an opera, "Garibaldi," which was performed privately. In 1888 he succeeded Sir Arthur Sullivan as conductor of the London Philharmonic concerts and, resigning four years later, was reappointed in 1900 and held the post until 1907.

Jane Burr, poetess, the radical of the radical feminists, the wit of New York's Bohemia, is often called "the American Mrs. Bernard Shaw" on account of her command of the Shavian irony and satiric jest. Jane Burr originally was Rose Guggenheim. "My first husband was Jack Punch," says she, "my second Horatio Winslow, and my third wouldn't be St. Peter himself. The only difference between men and babies is that babies must be fed every three hours and men every four hours. I have always been forty years older than any man."

Padre George M. Schoener, who is promoting the movement for a grand floral highway from Santa Barbara to the Mexican and Canadian borders, has not attained the fame of Luther Burbank in this country, but he is widely known in England, France, Germany, and other countries, where he is regarded as the greatest exponent of Mendel's theory of plant life and evolution. Working for years unknown and unsung in Oregon, he has developed a seedless cherry, the fruit of which can be dried as one dries apricots and peaches; has developed an edible rose, a crossing of Spitzenberg and Jonathan apples with a rose plant in an attempt to make fruit follow on the domestic rosebush, and he is improving apricots, plums, and prunes, and has developed a cherry that ripens in September.

Henry F. Gilbert, whose "Dance in Place Congo" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and later with Edward McDowell. His first studies were in the Slavic music. He is a modernist, with intense interest in humanity and its comic as well as more serious experiences. Mr. Gilbert for some time has been interested in the music of the Afro-American, and his overture on negro themes produced in 1906 and his Negro Rhapsody written for the Norfolk Festival of 1913, are other proofs of his success in profitable study of folk music that has survived among migrants from Africa, and has flourished in the United States. He also is utilizing the folk music of the American Indian for his compositions.

Roger Ward Babson, who is to have charge of the bureau of information and education of the United States Department of Labor and work with Secretary Wilson in promoting among the workers of the country adequate intelligence as to the national war policies and achievements, is a statistician and social worker of Boston. He is interested in the ethical as well as the economic aspects of commerce, industry, and banking, and he utilizes opportunities to get information on the idealistic as well as the practical aspects of life. His sympathies are with the many rather than with the few. He grew up in Gloucester, Massachusetts, graduated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and then lived and worked in one of the best-known of the social settlements of Boston, where he gained knowledge of actual conditions of living in urban communities which has never ceased to be influential in shaping his conduct and message.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Lie.

(Certainly before 1608; possibly before 1596.)

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless arrant;  
Fear not to touch the best;  
The truth shall be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Say to the church, it shows  
What's good, and doth no good:  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
Acting by others' action;  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by a faction:  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That manage the estate,  
That purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate:  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending:  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion:  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time it is but motion;  
Tell flesh it is but dust:  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour how it alters;  
Tell beauty how she blazeth;  
Tell favor how it falters:  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness:  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
Tell skill it is pretension;  
Tell charity of coldness;  
Tell law it is contention:  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindness;  
Tell justice of delay;  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming:  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city:  
Tell how the country erreth;  
Tell manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell virtue least preferreth:  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,—  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stahbing,—  
Stab at thee be that will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

### The "Old, Old Song."

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away:  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down:  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maim'd among:  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

—Charles Kingsley.

Wheat is the staple product of Turkey. Bread is the staff of life for the millions of the poor. Barley is extensively raised to provide for the large number of horses throughout the country. During the past quarter-century cotton has been planted in the Adana plain and thus a new industry is rapidly developing. Experts state that the Mesopotamian plain, when properly irrigated, will produce a substantial share of the world's cotton crop.

The first epidemic of Asiatic cholera visited Ireland in 1832. The second plague was in 1847, which was succeeded by several other minor epidemics of the same scourge during the last century.



## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A Greek-American Lady Investigates German Intrigue and the Royalist-Venizelist Struggle.

Demetra Vaka, otherwise Mrs. Kenneth Brown, is a remarkable woman. She was born a Phanariote Greek in Constantinople and at the age of seventeen came to America. Here she is chiefly known for her extremely clever and entertaining books on Turkish life and affairs in the Balkans. Most of her life has been devoted to a study of the politics of the Near East and her knowledge of men and parties is comprehensive. It is not strange therefore that the unfortunate situation in Greece should have engrossed her attention and that she should have been moved by a patriotic resolve to visit that country a little over a year ago, both to find out the truth and to devote her efforts to helping Greece out of the difficulties resulting from misunderstanding and political divisions.

Accordingly she and her husband set out on the difficult and adventurous journey, filled with high hopes for their mission. She still had confidence in Constantine and believed him the victim of circumstances and international intrigue. In England they were anxious to see Lloyd-George and lay their plans before him:

I don't know just when the idea came to me that it might be possible to bring together Constantine and Venizelos and in that way save Greece. Certainly it was before we left England, for I well remember the encouraging words of one titled gentleman of influence, to whom we had a letter of introduction and to whom I unfolded this scheme, praying for his help.

"You are mad!" he cried. "I will not listen to you! I can not prevent your talking, but I shall not listen. You are insane! To begin with, you will never be able to see the king. You are crazy!"

It was Lord Northcliffe who arranged an interview with Lloyd-George and gave Mrs. Brown the opportunity to plead before him the cause of Greece. Ten minutes was the period allotted, sandwiched in between the other appointments of this busy man, and they found in him a sympathetic listener:

Great men are the simplest in the world. This lesson we were to see exemplified again and again throughout our long and adventurous trip. Mr. Lloyd-George greeted us as a childhood friend might have. He placed us one on each side of him and talked of Greece and of what England would have liked to do for the Greeks. Mr. Davis announced the arrival of the man with the other appointment. "Tell him to come some other time," said the prime minister, and our talk went on for forty minutes, instead of the ten promised us.

"Is it of any advantage to England that my little Greece should be divided?" I asked him.

"Quite the contrary," he replied, and added a friendly and reassuring message to be delivered to King Constantine. He finished: "Come and see me on your way back, and tell me what you have found out."

This conversation is particularly interesting because it shows how little was the real situation in Greece understood even at that time in English official circles. Had there been a better insight into the realities of Greek politics many costly blunders might have been avoided. At any rate the English government abated its attitude of suspicion and aided them in their journey, even after they reached Italy. Thomas Nelson Page in Rome warned them severely of the dangers of the Adriatic, but gave them assistance. Finally they crossed to Greece in small and crowded boats. On these the physical discomforts were equaled by the mental ones, for no one took her for a Greek and she had to listen to the most violent tirades against the character of her people on account of their failure to keep faith with Serbia and their treacherous attitude toward the Allies.

The story of these events is not very clear, for it is mixed up in the maze of Royalist intrigues. Some time in the autumn a French deputy, M. Benazet, had come to see King Constantine to urge his coöperation in the war. The king expressed his sympathy and apparently promised to give the Allies his mountain batteries as a protection against the Bulgarians. Later he repented of this, for his advisers made him believe that these would be turned over to Venizelos and that they would later be used against himself. He did not recall his promise directly, however, for the men about the king moved in devious ways to attain their ends. They indicated that since the arms belonged to the nation the French should make a show of force in taking them, so that it should not appear that Greece was surrendering the arms of her own free will.

What actually happened thereafter is somewhat confused. But Allied marines to the number of two thousand were landed and marched to Athens. Meanwhile the leaders had been warned that trouble was brewing, but they took no heed of it, for they had no idea that there would be actual resistance. Some twenty thousand reservists with their reckless commanders surrounded them. The marines had orders not to fire first. The reservists likewise had orders not to fire first, but to follow the French wherever they marched. Then the collision came. One hundred and sixteen of the French marines and one hundred and fifty of the Greeks were killed. Greatly outnumbered, the French found themselves prisoners. The Allied fleet fired a few shells, and the prisoners were escorted down to the Piræus and put on their boats.

When the Allies had thus meekly withdrawn, the Greek reservists seized the opportunity on the following day to intimidate or kill the Venizelists. There was a regular reign of terror, houses were looted and

people mistreated and slaughtered. For hours the city was in the hands of armed criminals. Some two hundred prominent Venizelists were thrown into prison, where they were kept for six weeks. It was no wonder, therefore, that these events formed the chief topic of conversation and that the Royalists felt that they had control of the situation.

Mr. Garrett Droppers, the American minister, was very kind to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, but he discouraged their efforts:

"Of course," he said, "you don't ask for my advice, but I am going to give it to you just the same. Take the next steamer and go home. You will never unravel this muddle—never! Mr. Blank"—he mentioned the name of a well-known correspondent—"came here to find out the truth. He stayed a couple of weeks, and then went away in despair at ever getting at the facts. Go home! You will save time and money, and escape going crazy over the situation."

But they refused to be dissuaded, and presently they found every facility placed at their disposal for interviewing the king and all the men connected with the several cabinets. All were bitterly opposed to Venizelos and exhausted their vocabularies in vituperation of him. In fact he was never mentioned by name, but only as "the traitor." They were much impressed by the king in their first interview:

King Constantine, from first appearance, is as kings should be: tall, well-built, magnetic, and full of charm. He wore a simple uniform, and though we had heard that his health was impaired, he looked in good condition, and no older than thirty-five—though he is forty-nine.

He came forward a few steps and shook hands with us, and then in the simplest, most matter-of-fact way picked up a chair for my husband and placed it beside an armchair which already stood ready for me, close to his desk. Never in my life have I liked any one so much at first sight as I did King Constantine.

"So you have come all the way from America," he said, smiling.

Then I poured out my heart to him, and in a few minutes told him all that the reader already knows. I told him how I had always believed in him; how I had stood up for him against hostile audiences in America; and how we had come to place our pens at his disposal in the cause of justice. And then, anxious that from the first there might be no misunderstanding, I added: "But I must tell you that, although I am for your majesty, I am against your policy."

He had listened with apparent pleasure to all the first part of my outburst; to the last few words he asked, with pained surprise:

"Why?"

"Because I think Greece had no choice: she should have gone into this war with the Entente."

It was about this time that I heard the door behind one of the screen open slightly. So quietly did it occur that it escaped my husband's notice entirely. Was it an accident—doors do open by themselves sometimes—or was it considered advisable that the king should have an interview without a certain oversight being kept on him? His conduct at our second interview threw an interesting light on this subject.

He did not seem to notice the opening of the door. "Well," he continued cheerfully, "you will see all the men here, you will talk to them, and you will find things out."

Unlike the rest of the Royalists, Constantine did not display animosity toward Venizelos. He spoke of him courteously, and with what was apparently good-will. He was interested in the plea for the union, but spoke of the difficulties. Nothing in what he said or in his manner suggested treachery or deceit. He talked calmly and without prejudice and conveyed the impression that the union was a thing he himself was eager for:

"But you must understand that I must stand by my friends," he declared. "I must consider them, and not sacrifice them." "There will have to be mutual concessions," my husband said with emphasis.

The king turned to him. "America is with me, isn't she?" he inquired.

Kenneth Brown is of New England stock on both sides of his family, and rather downright at times. "Who told you that?" he answered with another question, Yankee fashion. "Greeks in America sent me a telegram to that effect."

"They have misled you. There are a few people, like my wife, who are with you, but the bulk of the American people—and especially the press—are all against you; and had not the blockade kept out all newspapers, you would have seen that for yourself."

The king had pointed to signed photographs of the Czar and the Kaiser side by side on his desk as evidence of his impartiality, but he soon showed where his sympathies were:

"They are forcing me to do things because they are the stronger, that is all. The French are a contemptible, degenerate race, and I shall be glad of the day when the Germans will throw Sarraïl into the sea—as they will."

To say that I was dumfounded is to understate the fact: I was paralyzed, and to make him stop talking against the French I exclaimed:

"But, your majesty, the French have been sublime in this war. They have done the impossible."

"What have they done?" he asked contemptuously. "They have shown they can't fight."

"And the battle of the Marne!" Kenneth Brown and I cried simultaneously.

"The battle of the Marne—rubbish!" he replied.

"And the English, do you also despise them?" my husband asked.

"Oh, no, I like the English, but they can't beat the Germans. They don't know how. They have no officers, they have no generals. Those things can not be made in a day."

"Then you believe that Germany will win?" my husband asked.

"She has too many against her for that. It will be a *pair blanche*—a drawn battle."

"And you admire the Germans?" my husband suggested.

"How can I help admiring them? They are the only nation that knows how to govern, that has any system, and any discipline. Look at what is going on today! The whole world is against them, and they can hold the whole world."

All this was very discouraging and showed the bias of the king, but it did not in itself prove any treachery. There succeeded weeks of long interviews with the prominent men of the Royalist party. They spoke

freely, but it became evident that they had carefully prepared their stories to fit together. They told a good story, too, and made out that Greece was ready to stand by Serbia and go with the Entente at the beginning, but that the Serbian treaty referred only to Balkan powers and not to Austria, and that the Allies had flirted with Bulgaria and were ready to sacrifice Greek territory for this purpose. They used forged letters and telegrams to prove their case, palpable forgeries as later investigation showed. At the end of the second week of their stay in Athens they began to have doubts of these Royalists and their arguments. The cloven hoof began to show. Still they were not yet ready to attribute duplicity to the king.

Then they journeyed north to Saloniki and foregathered with Venizelos and his associates. It did not take long to find out to what an extent they had been the victims of misrepresentation and falsehood. The evidence was before them. Forty thousand Greeks were fighting on the side of the Allies. They got the full story of the treachery by which Fort Rupel had been handed over to the Bulgarians. Later they were to have proof that this had been done by an agreement entered into long before, proof that came from an inadvertent admission of a Royalist minister. Venizelos made a deep impression on them by his breadth of vision and nobility of character. It was a great relief after the atmosphere of Athens. Some of the most illuminating pages of the volume are devoted to what Venizelos had to say about the position of Greece in the early days of the war and to his attitude toward Serbia. It shows that he was the one big statesman in the Balkans, if not in Europe:

"Bulgaria—so long as Greece honestly threatened her—did not dare join the Central Powers."

"According to you, then, Greece did finally hint to Bulgaria that she was free to act, without danger of Greek interference?"

"Yes. That is the great treason of the king and his party," Mr. Venizelos replied.

"The Royalists told us that you were a near-sighted statesman, and did not see that a strong Serbia would be a constant menace to Greece," I went on.

"I would prefer a strong and powerful Serbia, who was a friend, to a weak Serbia, who was an enemy," replied Mr. Venizelos, and in that reply showed himself a statesman of a totally different order from many who aspire to that name. He went on to elucidate this idea further: "After the two Balkan wars, when Serbia was again denied a seaport, I offered her free access to the sea through Saloniki, without any expense for the land or buildings she required, for fifty years. We want Serbia to be the friend of Greece. It is through friendship and confidence in one another that nations, like individuals, can prosper."

In Athens they had gone over the whole ground of the position of Greece at the beginning of the war with Dr. Streit, the Germanophile minister. He regarded Venizelos as a visionary carried away by idealism, and complained that he had offered Greece to the cause of the Allies without driving a hard bargain, or in fact any bargain at all. The author asked him why he had offered Greece to the Allies unconditionally. His response showed the character of the man and how far he was removed from the narrowness of the small men about the court:

"Because, madame," he replied, "Greece is little: it would have been a great honor for her to offer what she had to France at a moment when France seemed overwhelmed. I thought that if I waited until France pushed back the Germans, as I knew she would, it would not be the same thing. Besides, there was another reason: the safety of Greece. Suppose that Turkey and Bulgaria, seeing Serbia occupied elsewhere, were to unite and attack Greece, we could not withstand those two nations together. But as the ally of the great powers, neither Bulgaria nor Turkey could harm us."

"But suppose that France and England were defeated in this war, would it not be better for Greece to have remained neutral?"

"To begin with, France and England can not be beaten. Even if they lose for five or seven years, in the end they will win."

"But suppose that you are wrong?"

"In that case, madame, I make the same answer to you that I made to King Constantine when he insisted that France and England would be beaten: 'Even if those two nations are beaten, it is better for Greece to be beaten on their side than to win on the side of Germany.'"

Armed with abundant information by Venizelos and Repoulis, they returned to Athens and again interviewed king and statesmen. Here they were able to check up to their satisfaction the discrepancies in the stories that had been told them, and to prove beyond any question the sordid plots of German intrigue. They were able to prove the complicity of the king himself in these plots; his communication with Germany through the neutral zone, giving all the information that his spies gathered in the Allied camp; the vast amounts of German gold that found their way through the same channel; and most of all the fact that the Kaiser had taken the king into his confidence as to his plans months before the outbreak of the great war. They uncovered the duplicity of the American, Paxton Hibben, whom the Royalists hired to fabricate a defense for them before the neutral world. That they escaped from this centre of intrigue with their lives is a marvel.

Few books have appeared since the beginning of the war that throw more light on some of its hidden diplomatic and political causes and manœuvres; few show greater cleverness in investigation or diligence in seeking and comparing first-hand information. It is fascinating from cover to cover.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. By Demetra Vaka. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

The bank clearings for the week ending Saturday, April 13th, according to the San Francisco Clearing House Association, aggregated \$95,817,193.59, as compared with a total for the corresponding week in 1917 of \$87,006,627.25. Saturday's clearings amounted to \$13,787,384.76.

Reporting its condition as of April 12th, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco Saturday showed a gain in total resources of \$7,755,000. This item now stands at \$191,126,000, as compared with \$183,371,000 on the corresponding day in the preceding week. Total gold reserve now stands at \$106,038,000, or 64.02 per cent. of net deposits and note liability. The gross deposits now amount to \$99,309,000, as compared with \$95,310,000, in the preceding week.

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the money to the government, the government lends some to our Allies, and our government and our Allies straightway spend the money, or the greater portion of it, among the people of the United States. In some instances the money paid in by wage-earners on one installment of Liberty Bonds is paid by the government to their employers, and by their employers paid back to them in the way of wages before the next bond installment is due.

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The announcement of the amount and terms of the Third Liberty Loan has been well received, the dominating feeling being one of relief that no greater amount is required at this time. After the talk about raising six, eight, or ten billions, the task of raising three looks easy.

The most notable thing about the announcement is that it clears up much of the misapprehension which has existed about the task of financing the war. The estimates footing up approximately \$19,000,000,000 represented what the government planned to spend in the year

ending June 30th next, and those figures have been painted on the sky as the sum of money which must be raised within that time. The figures for expenditures from month to month have indicated that nowhere near \$19,000,000,000 would be disbursed in the year, but nobody outside of official circles and probably nobody in those circles, was in position to know definitely what might be done in the latter part of the year. At last, however, the situation is sufficiently clear for the Secretary of the Treasury to know that a \$3,000,000,000 loan in addition to his other resources will carry him through. The total disbursements from July 1st to March 25th were \$8,220,658,030, and at this writing are running at a rate under \$1,200,000,000 per month.

This outcome makes the whole situation more comprehensible. In short the war problem is first an industrial problem. The financial ability required is dependent upon and corresponds to the industrial capacity. If we will develop and properly conserve the latter, there will be no trouble about the former. There is no need for alarm on the subject of raising money; no occasion for doubtful experiments. The theory that we must resort deliberately and designedly to inflation has not a leg to stand on. The only sense in which inflation can be said to be unavoidable is in the sense that so many people are ignorant of the principles of sound finance and mistaken as to the policies which individuals should pursue in order to assist the government, that a considerable lack of effective cooperation is to be expected.

The opening of the month of April witnessed a general decline in bond prices as peace rumors gave way to the prospect of a protracted war. The only exception to the decline and inactivity was industrials, which in some cases reached their highest prices of the year. During the latter part of the month the bond transactions were confined largely to Liberty issues to the exclusion of practically all other securities. On the announcement that the rate of the next Liberty Loan would be 4½ per cent. and the amount \$3,000,000,000, record bond transactions resulted on the Stock Exchange, the total amount of Liberty Bonds traded in one day being \$26,225,000 with prices on the 3½s advancing to 99 and on the 2d 4s to 97.98. After this announcement there was a more active interest in general securities, Burlington Joint 4s proving one of the popular railroad purchases.

During the month there were limited offerings of new public utility and industrial issues by bond distributing organizations, and over-the-counter business was fairly active; transactions, however, were largely with private investors and in small amounts, showing a very wide distribution, which resulted in firm prices and in some cases an advance over the issuance figures. This was particularly true of the \$25,000,000 Procter & Gamble 7 per cent. notes, which showed advances of from ½ per cent. on the 1919 maturity to 2½ per cent. on the 1923 maturity.

Municipals were inactive during the month, due to the limited number of new offerings. The first week showed a tendency to firmer prices, which eased off until the Liberty Loan announcement, when prices again strengthened.

The average price of forty standard issues as reported by the *Wall Street Journal* on March 28th, was 83.25, compared with 84.37 on February 28th, and 94.21 on March 28, 1917.—*The National City Bank of New York.*

The proportions of the public utilities industry are very little appreciated. Therefore the measures that are required for government financial aid have not had the support to which they are entitled.

The total bonded indebtedness of all electric light and power, street-railway, and gas companies in the United States is \$5,143,765,000. The amount of capital stock is \$6,206,878,000. This aggregate capitalization of \$11,350,000,000 compares with one of about \$17,000,000,000 covering the property costs of the steam railroads of the country. The approximate annual gross earnings of the three divisions of public-utility concerns are \$1,500,000,000, against \$4,000,000,000 for the railroads.

It has for some years been accepted as an uncontrovertible fact that the steam roads should have an annual fund available for improvements and betterments of between \$700,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000, but, as a matter of fact, it has been so difficult to obtain new capital on a reasonable basis that their actual commitments during the past six or seven years have only been from one-half to one-quarter this amount. Prior to the war public utilities were employing from \$600,000,000 to \$700,000,000 per annum for betterments and extensions. In other words, they were more active as borrowers than the steam roads, and in numerous instances they were able to obtain better terms than were available to carriers of the second and third-railroad classes.

Government aid came to the steam rail-

roads first. There were two reasons why this should have occurred. The first was that steam transportation had everything to do with the war programme, and, for various reasons, transportation was not properly functioning. The second was that the securities of the railways were very widely distributed not only among individual investors, but with the savings banks and other institutions that were permitted to hold them by legal statute. The public utility did not figure as a very considerable factor in freight transportation, but it was related quite close to essential industries which were dependent on it for power and light.

It is estimated that 60 per cent. of industrial or factory power in the United States is provided by the public utilities. Nearly 20 per cent. of the heat required in the manufacture of open-hearth steel is provided by the electricity which these utilities supply. In every war industrial centre new problems of transportation have been created. This is also true wherever the navy or the army has mobilized its forces for training or for industrial work. Consequently, extensions of traction lines have been required and new equipment and terminals have had to be provided, as 80 per cent. of the factory employees and a very large portion of men in training have been dependent on the electric street and interurban roads for their accommodation.

If they confine themselves only to the extensions demanded by the war the public utilities this year would have to find \$200,000,000 in new capital. But, before they are able to obtain this money, the question of meeting their maturing obligations has to be settled. These maturities amount to \$225,000,000. In the first seven months of the year they were \$152,000,000, of which over one-third was represented in the six-year notes of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. Like the railways the public utilities recently had been resorting to short-term financing as the most available and the least expensive method. Nearly 60 per cent. of the maturities between January and July were of this character. The situation was not unlike that which faced certain of the railways three years ago when noteholders refused again to renew maturing obligations and receiverships were precipitated. The added danger was from the fact that all securities were "frozen up," and that, so far as the public utilities were concerned, no legal agency had been established through which they might be thawed out.

In January a concern that ordinarily had high credit was forced to pay 13½ per cent. on a two-year \$10,000,000 note issue. In other cases arrangements were made by which notes coming due were in very small part paid off and the remainder taken up in new issues which cost the borrowers as high as 8 and 9 per cent.

Since the formation of the Capital Issues Committee an improved attitude to public utilities has been indicated and the interest taken by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency has brought from President Wilson the statement that "it is essential that these utilities should be maintained at their maximum efficiency and that everything reasonably possible should be done with that end in view. I hope that state and local authorities, where they have not already done so, will, when the facts are properly laid before them, respond promptly to the necessities of the situation."

This statement addresses itself to those authorities who have the ultimate welfare of the public utilities of the country in their hands; viz., the state commissions.

Railroad credit did not begin "to sicken and decay" until it became evident to the large banking and investment interests that the Interstate Commerce Commission had set up a permanent objection to higher rates for freight and passenger service and that it would yield very little to the evidence that operating costs of all kinds were increasing. The gap that ten years ago was so wide between the credit of the first-class railway and that of the public utility steadily narrowed as the limitation of earning power for the former was recognized and the rapidly expanding gross and net earnings of the latter became so evident in an era where the public utility accommodated the demand for services such as a nation of rapidly growing wealth required.

The fact was overlooked then that, among the state commissions, there was the same attitude to the rates which they control as was obtaining within the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission over interstate rates. So, when the public utility had thrust on it the burden of higher wages of employees and rapidly mounting prices for its supplies, it could not, like the industrial company, pass the new burden to the consumer unless the rate-regulating body in its political division assented to such a programme.

In most cases the commission dissented. In the final quarter of 1917, influenced by advances ranging from 20 up to 350 per cent. in materials, and in wages from 40 to 50

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per cent. over the pre-war period, the increase in operating expenses was \$290,925,000, as against a gain in gross earnings of \$229,000,000. This was analogous to the situation in the railroad field. In both instances a large increase in property investment brought no correspondingly increased property return.

Tables that have been submitted to the Senate Finance Committee show that so serious had become the credit position of the public utilities as a result of the lack of co-ordination between what they were called upon to pay to produce service of various kinds and the compensation they received for this service, that a decline of 53 per cent. occurred in the value of the common stock of seventeen leading companies compared with the high level of the last five years. In money value this depreciation was \$352,633,000. This is about the same degree of deflation that took place in a similar period in steam-railroad shares.

The encouragement for the investor in public utility preferred stocks and bonds arises from the following new influences: that of government interest which, while not so direct or compelling as with the steam railways, is strong enough to enforce the policy of defending the utility against default, and, second, the change in the attitude of the public and of the state commission toward the compensation requirements of the utility. Already a large number of state bodies have allowed increases in passenger fares from the old established rate of five to six and seven cents per trip, while various rearrangements have been made which add to the earning power of the corporation generating gas or electric current for lighting purposes. These, however, do not take up the slack nor is it probable that the most generous treatment that could reasonably be expected will accomplish this, including immunity from non-essential improvements, as paving, putting wires underground, making extensions, building stations, etc.

The assistance must be chiefly on the financial side and through the government agency. It is well, therefore, that the temper of the government is so well attuned to this emergency. Likewise, it is encouraging to find the managers of the utilities themselves disposed to assume so large a share of the burden. They have offered to levy a tax of one-half of one per cent. upon their annual gross earnings (this tax would produce \$8,000,000) to establish a guaranty fund to recoup the government for any losses it might sustain in advancing its funds or credits to utilities. The suggestion has gone even further: that the government, as the lender, might charge the borrower 6 per cent. against the 4½ per cent. at which it obtained its funds, the difference of 1½ per cent. being used to supplement the guaranty fund.—*Review of Reviews.*

More than a billion dollars of American agricultural exports were sold to the European nations at war with Germany during 1917. Had this nation maintained peace at the price of obedience to the German war zone decree, this European market would have been closed and this billion dollars' worth of agricultural products would, most of them, have rotted on farms and in warehouses, or been used in unprofitable ways, with consequent stagnation and ruin to the American farmers.

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LITERATURE IN THE TRENCHES.

By Coningsby Dawson.

The life that men lead in the trenches is greater literature than was ever penned. When a man gets a rest from fighting he doesn't want to spend his time in the same ecstatic atmosphere in which he has been existing close to No Man's Land; what he wants is something that will give him contrast. As far as my own personal taste is concerned, when I was in the trenches I would far rather read a penny dreadful than a novel by Jane Austen. The book which would give me the greatest delight is an unpurged edition of "The Lives of the Notorious Pirates." It's the same way with the songs of the trenches. The last thing you find anybody singing is a patriotic song; the last thing you find anybody reading is Rupert Brooke's poems. When men sing among the shellholes they prefer a song which burlesques their own heroism; consequently a sample ballad favorite to be sung under shell fire is "The Complaint of the Conscientious Objector." Please picture to yourself a company of mud-stained men in steel helmets

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plodding their way under intermittent shelling through a battered trench, whistling and humming. I am tempted at this point to be discursive and ask how it is that the doggerel poetry, which really represents our chaps, has never got out of the mud and back to civilization. It's all a mad burlesque of the splendid things that are being done—a parody of the fineness which our men are living. Here is an example, after which I will stick faithfully to the purpose of this article. This is a take-off on the popular song known as "A Little Bit of Heaven":

A little piece of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,  
It fell upon a soldier in a field not far away,  
And when they went to find him he was hurt beyond repair,  
So they pulled his legs and arms off and they left him lying there.  
Then they hurried him in Flanders just to make the new crops grow;  
He'll make the best manure they say and sure they ought to know.  
And they put a little cross up which bore his name so grand  
On the day he made his farewell for a better promised land.

I am not sure that in this indirect fashion

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I am not giving you a better idea of the literature of the trenches than if I had written many pages; it consists of poking fun at yourself. Literature in peace times consists for the most part in the expression of noble purposes, which nobody practices. As far as fiction is concerned its chief interest is as to whether the hero kissed her in the drawing-room or the pantry. When a man gets to the front there is no "her." He lives his noble purposes unconsciously and doesn't want to read about them. Therefore, the kind of hooks he likes to read and the kind of poetry he likes to sing, are the sort of reflection of himself that a concave mirror gives of a very thin man.

Since I have been on the western front I have discovered only one man who loved literature—not that there are not a great number there, but they are too busy getting forward in the mud, or coming back from being in the mud to think about it. This one man whom I met was a Shakespearean enthusiast. I had lost my way and had stumbled into a strange dug-out. I don't think I had been there five minutes before we found ourselves in a heated discussion over a highly technical point in the sonnets. My chief object in calling at the dugout was to discover the shortest way back to my battery. Shakespeare did not seem of vital importance to me at that moment. I only commenced the conversation as a means to an end. When I got up to go the officer in question volunteered to see me on the road. It was pitch black and there was occasional shelling. Nevertheless he poured out his soul about Shakespeare. We came to a cross road where ammunition limbers were going up. We climbed on to one and continued talking. Not so far away to our left was the Hun front line, with that wonderful phantom city made of flares and rockets and lights shooting up. Now one would dart flaming across the sky, like a taxi speeding among our lights on some happy errand. As we rode upon the limber through the blackness and the ruined country we forgot the tension and the horror of our environment. Presently we came to a point which I recognized, dismounted and tumbled into a trench. After fumbling our way a little further we came to my kennel. It was toward 3 a. m. before my enthusiast for Shakespeare left me. He was one of the few men whom I have met in France whose love for literature and the imaginative world outran his dog-tired love of sleeping.

One has a strange feeling about hooks when he is in the immediate presence of death. I remember an anecdote of a great Swedish writer which partly illustrates my mood. The watchers by his bedside thought that he was dead. Suddenly he raised himself up.

"Now I could write," he whispered. They were his last words.

In the light of my experience at the front I know what he meant. The petty personal problems which we cloak in words and call literature seem so ignoble a presentation of men and women who are planned for immortality and live in an infinite world. I went to France fully intending to keep a record of what I felt and saw there. I soon found that what I felt and saw was too grave to put on paper; I cheapened myself in my own eyes in the attempt. My feeling was somewhat akin to the disgust one feels when he sees Christ depicted on the stage. The truth depicted was once so divinely real that the imitation can only be tawdry. Yet there are moments when one's old love of self-expression survives. I remember a night on the Somme when I was forward as observation officer. We had a dug-out in a shallow trench in which we were supposed to take shelter during shelling. The Huns knew with absolute certainty the location of our observation station and used to place their shells so near to us that they would frequently blow the candles out with the concussion. I was comparatively new to the game then and I thought it was an officer's duty never to take cover during shelling, but to stand up making a pretense that he enjoyed it. I have learned better now and can slide to base as quickly as any one. On this particular night the moon was shining brightly over the recent battlefield. A great number of our unhurried dead were lying where they had fallen and one could distinctly hear the scurry of the scavenger rats. Some hundreds of yards away, etched against the horizon, were the ruins and blasted trees of a battered town. Behind that was the miraculous metropolis, of which I have already spoken, consisting of Hun signals, flares, and rockets. In the immense silence which prevails after a period of shelling I began to plan my next novel. I tried to think what there could be after the high experiences I was having that would be worth writing about. It seemed to me that nothing personal could ever again be worth recording. An army does not think in individuals; it thinks in crowds. The individual soon learns that he is of no importance, save as far as he marches in step with his battalion. Something like that happens to a writer when he has seen the populations of cities go over the top in an attack. It is the big motive that shoves the individuals out of

the trench and into heroism that alone is worth mentioning.

Unconsciously men in the trenches are creating a new literature. It will be the only literature after the war that will count, for it will be a literature of selflessness. These men who have staked everything they value in the world for the sake of an ideal will come back to the days of peace with a new vision in their eyes. Without any consciousness of having been heroes, they will speak and live and write in terms of heroism. Compare the sayings of Christ in the early years of his ministry with those he spoke when Calvary was in sight. The kind of literature we shall create when the war is over will be the kind that men write who have walked in Gethsemane together.

And yet the front has its humor as well—a grim kind of humor. This spring I was sent forward into a town which we had recently captured to discover an officer. The stones of the houses had already been knocked down and the Hun was doing his best to blast them into powder. I had reached a certain point when suddenly the Hun barrage descended. I knew that if I didn't complete my errand I should have the trouble of coming back later, so I made up my mind to try to find my illusive friend. I had hunted about for some time and the shelling was momentarily becoming more intense, when from underground a music-hall gramophone voice, commenced singing:

All that I want is some one to love me,  
And to love me well—very well.

That finished me. "You can love yourself," I thought and promptly beat it.

Soldiers don't have much use for poets or artists; the reason for this indifference my article has already explained. When I arrived at the front I found that the sole test of a man's worth was whether he had what is known as guts—the power to endure without the sense of enduring and to complete a duty at whatever cost to himself. I naturally kept the profession, to which I had devoted the bulk of my life, a dark secret. Unfortunately, quite by accident, a copy of one of my earlier books was discovered and read. I got rather fed up with hearing how little my brother officers thought of me as a novelist and of this particular novel as a sample of my work. I was, therefore, very nervous lest any one should procure a copy of "Carry On" when it came out. Until it actually appeared in book form, all that I knew of its proposed publication was a suggestion from my father that the letters might be of some public worth. To me, quite frankly, they seemed of no worth at all. As far as I could remember they consisted of repetitions of such statements as that I had been forward and had just come back and that the mud was growing worse. When the first copy arrived I was quite unprepared for it and did not use the necessary precaution in unwrapping the parcel. As the book fell out one of my pals caught sight of the name on the jacket. A struggle at once commenced for possession. Seeing that there were five officers against myself I was soon downed. They commenced to read selected passages aloud while two of them sat on my chest. Remembering, as I did, their opinion of authors in general and of myself in particular, I was rather more than embarrassed. Soon, however, the reading ceased. My two captors got off my chest and were leaning over one another's shoulders reading to themselves. I took my opportunity to slip out. When I returned I found them still reading without any look of cynicism on their faces. They looked up as I entered and, "That's true," they said. It was the most welcome endorsement I have ever received from any critic.

Literature! There's heaps of it at the front and no one to write it down. Men say and do more exquisitely poignant and noble things every day than have ever been penned. With the following example I will end:

In a certain attack the Hun set to work to knock out our artillery. He commenced with a heavy shelling of the batteries which lasted for some hours; this he followed up with a barrage of gas shells. The gunners' only chance of protecting themselves from the deadly fumes was to wear their gas helmets. All of a sudden when the gassing of the batteries was at its worst along our front S. O. S. signals were discerned.

Word came through that our infantry were being badly strafed and were expecting a heavy Hun counter attack. You can not lay a gun or set fuses in a gas helmet. If our infantry were to be saved some of the men at the batteries must sacrifice themselves. Without an order from any one the fuse-setters and gun-layers tore off their helmets. Our guns opened up.

The unmasked men lasted about twenty minutes; when they had been done others removed their only protection and followed their example. This went on for two hours. The reason for this splendid calculated devotion as the gunners expressed it, was that they weren't going to let their pals in the trenches down.—From the New York Times.



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Assets.....\$63,314,948.04  
Deposits.....60,079,197.54  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,235,750.50  
Employees' Pension Fund.....272,914.25  
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For the six months ending December 31, 1917, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 9.



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#### The Iron Ration

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### The Hunter.

This is a story of country folk and of the courtship and marriage of Louis Buttress and Silvia Lake of Alamance Creek. Louis has such a love for nature and such a distaste for human companionship that he is looked on as simple-minded. Indeed he is simple-minded, but it is the simplicity of absolute guilelessness. When Silvia's father dies she is importuned by her many suitors to make a choice among them, but she goes away to Chicago and Louis goes with her as her guide across the prairie to the railroad station. And Louis "makes good" by his modesty and integrity.

All the characters are admirably drawn, genuine types of strong, red-hooded men and women who have faults in plenty, but not the fault of meanness.

THE HUNTER. By Watson Dyke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

##### The National Parks.

No man in America is better qualified than Enos Mills to write of the national parks. He knows them all. He has traversed them at all times of the year, and he has saturated himself with their varied characteristics. They contribute a vast museum of primeval mysteries. They represent America as she was, and no change will ever be allowed to mar their historical values. Here is the home of the trail and of a wild life that knows nothing of the hunter or his gun. The national parks are the "No Man's Land, the Undiscovered Country, the Mysterious Old West, the Land of Romance and Adventure."

There are now seventeen national parks, and Mr. Mills advises that at least twenty others be made. No country can be too rich in natural beauties, and opportunities once lost can never be recovered.

Mr. Mills deals separately with each of the seventeen parks. With the aid of Laurence F. Schmeckebier, who contributes some detailed information for tourists, he shows us how they should be visited, the distinctive charms of each, the peculiarities of mountain, valley, and lake, and the varieties of wild life to be encountered. He gives us also a chapter on John Muir and various appendices on new proposals for parks, on national monuments, and on Canadian parks. Equipped with this volume, the tourist has everything that he needs in the way of information and it need not be said that he has it in its most attractive form. There are many admirable illustrations.

YOUR NATIONAL PARKS. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

##### Germany at Bay.

A work on strategy by Major Haldane Macfall is certain of interested attention. He is not only an expert, but he has the faculty of illuminating presentation. To read his latest book is to understand, not only how battles are fought, but the great military principles that underlie a war. Here we are shown, and almost for the first time, the definite military aims that Germany set forth to accomplish and how close she has come to her goal. To those whose opinions of the war are derived from newspaper headlines or from official bulletins there could be no more valuable work than this, and certainly none more interesting.

But perhaps the author is at his best when he is dealing with Germany's political aims. Germany's peace offensive is far more dangerous than her war offensive. To the average "man in the street" it would seem as though the liberation of France and Belgium would imply an Allied victory, or at least a long step toward it. It is in this connection that the danger lies. The occupation of France and Belgium is no more than the bludgeon by which Germany expects to compel the acceptance of her *Mittel Europa* scheme. If she is allowed an open corridor into Asia Minor she

has won the war, no matter how heavy a price she may pay for it, no matter how long the list of her evacuations and indemnities elsewhere. It was for this reason and no other that she made war upon Serbia, which was the one missing link in the *Mittel Europa* chain.

But Germany has now two alternative routes to Asia Minor. She can go by way of Russia and the Ukraine, or she can go by way of the Danube and Roumania. Suppose she were to offer peace on the single condition that her treaties with Russia and Roumania are recognized. Would the uninformed masses of the Allied democracies be willing to continue the war apparently for no better reason than to nullify treaties willingly signed by Russia? For this is how it would be presented to them by Germany. But Germany would then have secured her right-of-way into Asia Minor. She would have established her *Mittel Europa*. She would have won all for which she went to war. She would have won the war. This is the danger to which the world is now about to be exposed. It is the danger against which Major Macfall warns us. He quotes the opinion of General French that "no man of any common sense should remain ignorant of the fact that if Middle Europe comes out of the peace a German Empire, the war has been fought in vain."

GERMANY AT BAY. By Major Haldane Macfall. New York: George H. Doran Company.

##### A Book of Prefaces.

Mr. H. L. Mencken gives us four essays, one on "Joseph Conrad," one on "Theodore Dreiser," one on "James Huneker," and one on "Puritanism as a Literary Force." Mr. Mencken writes with such vivacity and wit as partially to compensate for his opinions, and that is saying a good deal.

Mr. Mencken does not like Puritanism. He believes it to be responsible for the paralysis of our literature and for the persecution of Mr. Dreiser. The average reviewer, he says, is an old maid who is always in a state of shocked surprise and who censors the novel in the interest of the maiden aunt. But as a matter of fact it is only the old maid and the maiden aunt who read Theodore Dreiser. He is too dull for any one else. "Sister Carrie," like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," directs its appeal to the Puritan. It is too commonplace for average humanity. Why should we pay to see or to read about our own normalities? If we were to suppress the old maid and the Puritan there would be an end to Mr. Dreiser and to all others of his ilk. His whole audience would be gone at one fell swoop.

The enemy, we suspect, is not Puritanism, but commercialism. It is commercialism that dreads the new idea as something vague, impalpable, and menacing and that dubs as "highbrow" any one who dares to think. Commercialism demands the commonplace outside of its own realm. It flourishes on the inanities of optimism and on the unthinking cheeriness that makes us want to buy things and to invest.

A BOOK OF PREFACES. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

##### Winning the V. C.

In this handsome volume we have a collection of some of the great deeds that have won the Victoria Cross for their doers. Many of them are almost incredible in their self-sacrifice and it need hardly be said that the greatest of them all were done for the rescue of the wounded and for the aid of comrades. Nor need it be said that deeds of this kind that are observed and recorded form but a small proportion of the total and that every recipient of the Victoria Cross is a representative of the many who are unknown.

The volume has a colored frontispiece and fifty-six other full-page illustrations printed on art paper and specially painted by W. S. Bagdasarian, Arthur Burgess, John de G. Bryan, Montague Dawson, Edgar A. Holloway, A. Pearce, A. Stewart, H. G. Swanwick, and others.

WONDERFUL STORIES: WINNING THE V. C. IN THE GREAT WAR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

##### The Great Sioux Trail.

Joseph A. Altsheler needs no introduction as a writer of frontier stories. Here he gives us a yarn of Indian fighting and of the adventures of young Will Clarke, who starts in search of a gold mine left him by his father and that is situated somewhere in the mountains of the Northwest. But the Sioux Indians harry the way, and so we have plenty of fighting and meetings with strange pioneers and outlaws. Mr. Altsheler has a keen sense of romance, but he does not allow it to obscure the historical.

THE GREAT SIOUX TRAIL. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35.

##### The Heart of the Veld.

This book is by a South African woman who for many years lived at a distance of fifty miles from a railroad and in nearly complete solitude. Certainly it would be strange if such experiences did not induce re-

flections worthy of record. And so the author tells us of the realities of life on the veld, of children, and housekeeping, and gardening and hooks. We learn something about the natives, and holidays, and visits, and the many interludes of solitary vigils while awaiting the return of one who is "somewhere in France." It is a book of much literary merit and of a happy mingling of humor and pathos.

FROM THE HEART OF THE VELD. By Madeline Alston. New York: John Lane Company.

##### Soldier Men.

There is necessarily a certain sameness about war stories, and already we seem familiar with the daily routine at the front and with the heroisms that are matters of course. But "Yeo" manages to give a novelty, an originality to his sketches. He helps us to look into the mind of the soldier and to understand some of its inconsistencies. And he has the gift of humor.

SOLDIER MEN. By Yeo. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

##### Briefer Reviews.

The report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1916 has been issued by the Government Printing Office at Washington. It shows the operations, expenditures, and condition of the institution, and it includes also a considerable number of scientific articles indicative of the general status of research and discovery.

"Leadership and Military Training," by Lieutenant-Colonel Lincoln C. Andrews (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1), explains what constitutes a good officer or non-com; how to handle men, how to arouse enthusiasm in a command and to develop discipline and morale. It is a soldierly little book and one that ought not to be overlooked by officers.

Magazine readers who are familiar with the vigorous verse of Berton Braley will be glad to possess the volume of his collected poems that has just been published by the George H. Doran Company under the title of "A Banjo at Armageddon." Mr. Braley has imagination, feeling, and craftsmanship. What more can one wish for in the poet? The price is \$1.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

News has been received from Mexico of the reported execution there of L. Guiterrez De Lara, the picturesque author, and self-appointed trade emissary of the United States to his homeland—a land peopled by his political enemies. Mr. De Lara will be remembered for his book, "The Mexican People, Their Struggle for Freedom," published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. De Lara has been repeatedly warned not to venture across the border and presumably he had ignored the warning and gone south to convince his people that they should establish commercial relations with the United States.

That Henry Adams was the author of "Democracy" was a well-kept secret for over a generation, and was only lately revealed in "The Life of John Hay." It is now revealed by his publishers that he was also the author of "Esther," a novel published in 1884. He insisted on the book not being advertised or even sent out for review.

In "Cuneiform Tablets," published by the Yale University Press, is a drawing of a sun-dried tablet found in the archives of the Temple of Telloh. The inscription refers to the establishment of a food office and the translation reads: "An office of food-making, Ur-A, son of Nahashag and Galbimu, on the bank of the Canal of Nina, set and made firm the year Kimash was destroyed." Among the documents found are a Receipt for Grain, An Allotment of Land, The Establishment of a Park, Payment of a Loan, A "Round-Up" of Cattle, Appointment to a Clerkship, and Inventory of Ships and The Establishment of a Food Office.

During a recent air raid an agent of "Kultur" dropped a bomb on the Scribner office in London. The "Hun" was baffled, however, as the bomb did little damage. Though it went straight through the five-story building it landed in the cellar without exploding.

John Buchan's versatility is amazing. A man who can write "Nelson's History of the War" and "Greenmantle" (Doran), who produces with the same pen "The Battle of the Somme" and "Salute to Adventurers" (Doran), has a brain capable of working strenuously, effectively, cohesively along different and divergent lines. John Buchan is not only a successful writer. He is a sound and successful business man, the head of a flourishing and prosperous house. As a correspondent of the London Times on the western front in 1915 and 1916 he was the most widely read of all the writers, with the possible exception of Philip Gibbs.

Mr. James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, whose new book, "Face to Face with Kaiserism" (Doran), supplementing his former work, "My Four Years in Germany"

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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PLACES MANUSCRIPTS FOR PUBLICATION

(Doran), gives us our most authoritative account of German conditions, was asked his opinion of the most recent events on the western front. Commenting on the German drive, Mr. Gerard said: "If they get through it may wake this country up. If they don't it may still do some good toward that end. I don't know anything more about this particular battle than you do, but I know and have always said that America has no conception of Germany's strength. Germany has her plans all laid to come over here and make America pay for this war."

An American publisher recently paid \$25,000 for a war song, and insisted that it was a good bargain. Arditi was paid \$250 for the popular "Kiss Waltz." His publishers made \$80,000 out of it. Of Chaminade's song, "The Silver Ring," more than 200,000 copies have been sold, and Eugene Cowles' "Forgotten," helping the title, reached a sale of 315,000, bringing the author \$15,750 through the royalty of 5 cents a copy. In all musical history the "best seller" has probably been "The Merry Widow," which sold to the extent of more than 3,000,000 copies in Europe in three years, and added many hundreds of thousands to that number in this country. But a close rival would be Carrie Jacobs Bond's "The Perfect Day," with its circulation of 4,000,000.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Firefly of France.

Marion Polk Angellotti has added another good story to her shelf. Naturally enough, she chooses the war and the adventures of an American who finds himself involved in the search for a young French aviator who has failed to return to his base with some vital information that he was sent to secure and who is under some suspicion of treachery. There is a beautiful girl, there are German secret agents of the most desperate description, an automobile flight into the fighting lines, a midnight struggle in an old chateau and other divertissements of a like nature, all of them described with admirable vigor and ending in a blaze of wounds and glory and the rewards that are bestowed upon glory.

It is a small point, but is it possible to film a departing steamer by flashlight? We believe not, and it is just as well to be accurate in matters of detail.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40.

New Books Received.

THE ESCAPE OF A PRINCESS PAT. By George Pearson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40.

Fifteen months in the hands of the Huns.

USE YOUR GOVERNMENT. By Alissa Franc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

What your government does for you.

THE HOLY COMMUNION. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents.

A Lenten consideration.

THE WARFARE OF TODAY. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azan, Litt. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

Translated by Major Julian L. Coolidge, U. S. R.

GERTIE SWARTZ. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.40.

A novel.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MYSTICISM. By Charles Morris Addison, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

An exposition of Christian Mysticism.

OVER HERE. By Edgar A. Guest. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.25.

War-time rhymes.

PRESTER JOHN. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE STUCCO HOUSE. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

GUNNER DEPEW. By himself. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.50.

A personal record of war.

ORGANIZED BANKING. By Eugene E. Agger. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$3.

The "whys and the wherefores."

STEALTHY TERROR. By John Ferguson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A story of the German secret service.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LILIAN. By Jessie Champion. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

SHAKESPEARE AND CHAPMAN. By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

A new thesis in Shakespeare criticism.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

How armies are managed.

MY EMPRESS. By Marfa Mouchanow. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50.

Twenty-three years with the former Czarina.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE. By H. Gordon Selfridge. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.

A picture of the world in a new guise.

OVER THERE WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Life in the war zone.

LEADERSHIP AND MILITARY TRAINING. By Lincoln C. Andrews, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.

A text-book.

MR. MANLEY. By G. I. Whitman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

SOME SAMPLES.

Gunner Depew Talks of Atrocities.

The next day the Germans went through the wine cellars, and shot all the inhabitants they found hiding there. A lot of people, who had taken refuge in a factory over night, decided to come out with a white flag. They were allowed to think that the white flag would be respected, but no sooner were they all out than they were seized and the women publicly violated in the square, after which the men were shot. A paralytic was shot as he sat in his arm-chair, and a boy of fourteen was taken by the legs and pulled apart.

At one place a man was tied by the arms to the ceiling of his room and set afire. His trunk was completely carbonized, but his head and arms were unburned. At the same place the body of a fifteen-year-old boy was found, pierced by more than twenty bayonet thrusts. Other dead were found with their hands still in the air, leaning up against walls.

At another place the Germans shelled the town for a day, and then entered and sacked it. The women and children were turned loose, without being allowed to take anything with them, and forced to leave the town. Nearly five hundred men were deported to Germany. Three, who were almost exhausted by hunger, tried to escape. They were bayoneted and clubbed to death. Twelve men, who had taken refuge in a farm, were tied together and shot in a mass. Another group of six were tied together and shot, after the Germans had put out their eyes and tortured them with bayonets. Three others were brought before their wives and children and sahdred.

The Belgian told me he was at Namur when the Germans began shelling it. The bombardment lasted the whole of August 21 and 22, 1914. They centred their fire on the prison, the hospital, and the railway station. They entered the town at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of August 23d. During the first twenty-four hours they behaved themselves, but on the 24th they began firing at any one they pleased, and set fire to different houses on five of the principal squares.

Then they ordered every one to leave his house, and those who did not were shot. The others, about four hundred in all, were drawn up in front of the church, close to the river bank. The Belgian said he could never forget how they all looked.

"I can remember just how it was," he said. "There were eight men, whom I knew very well, standing in a row with several priests. Next came two good friends of mine named Balhau and Guillaume, with Balhau's seventeen year-old son; then two men who had taken refuge in a barn and had been discovered and blinded; then two other men whom I had never seen before.

"It was awful to see the way the women were crying—'Shoot me, too, shoot me with my husband.'

"The men were lined up on the edge of the hollow, which runs from the high road to the bottom of the village. One of them was leaning on the shoulders of an old priest, and he was crying, 'I am too young—I can't face death bravely.'

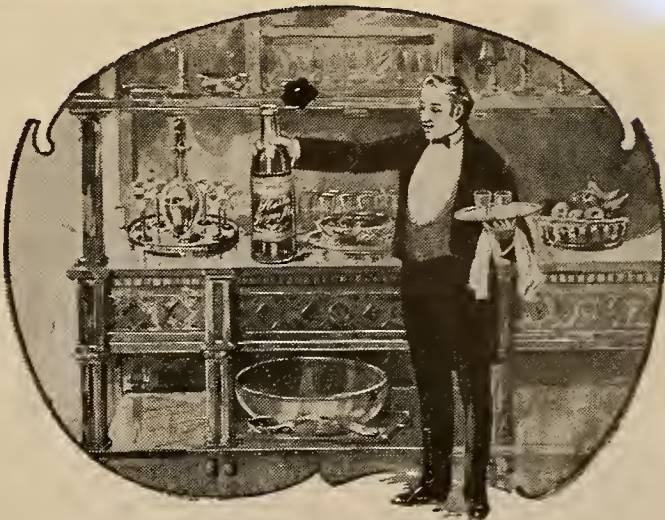
"I couldn't bear the sight any longer. I turned my back to the road and covered my eyes. I heard the volley and the bodies falling. Then some one cried, 'Look, they're all down.' But a few escaped."

This Belgian had escaped by hiding—he could not remember how many days—in an old cart filled with manure and rubbish. He had chewed old hides for food, had swum across the river, and hid in a mud bank for almost a week longer, and finally got to France.

He took it very hard when we talked about Dixmude, and I told him that the old church was just shot to pieces. He asked about a painting called the Adoration of the Magi, and one of the other prisoners told us it had been saved and transported to Germany. If that is true, and they do not destroy it meanwhile, we will get it back, don't worry!

My wound was just a clean gunshot wound and not very serious, so, although it was not completely healed, they let me go after three weeks. But before I went, I saw something that no man of us will ever forget. Some of them took vows just like the men of the Legion I have told about.

One of the patients was a German doctor, who had been picked up in No Man's Land,



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very seriously wounded. He was given the same treatment as any of us, that is, the very best, but finally the doctors gave him up. They thought he would die slowly, and that it might take several weeks.

But there was a nurse there, who took special interest in his case, and she stayed up day and night for some time and finally brought him through. The case was very well known, and everybody said she had performed a miracle. He got better slowly.

Then a few weeks later, when he was out of danger and was able to walk, and it was only a question of time before he would be released from the hospital, this nurse was transferred to another hospital. Everybody knew her and liked her, and when she went around to say good-by, all the men were sorry and gave her little presents, and wanted her to write to them. She was going to get a nurse she knew in the other hospital to turn her letters into English, so that she could write to me. I gave her a ring I had made from a piece of shell case, but I guess she had hundreds of them at that.

But this German doctor would not say good-by to her. That would not have made me sore, but it made this French girl feel very bad, and she began to cry. One of the French officers saw her and found out about the doctor, and the officer went up and spoke to the German. Then the French officer left, and the German called to the nurse and she went over to him and stopped crying.

They talked for a little while, and then she put out her hands as if she was going to leave. He put out his hands, too, and took hold of hers. And then he twisted her wrists and broke them. We heard the snap.

There were men in that ward who had not been on foot since the day they came to the

hospital, and one of them was supposed to be dying, but it is an absolute fact that when we heard her scream, there was not a man left in bed.

I need not tell you what we did to the German. They did not need to shoot him, after we got through with him. They did shoot what was left of him, to make sure, though.

Now, I have heard people say that it is not the Germans we are fighting, but the Kaiser and his system. Well, it may be true that some of the Boche soldiers would not do these things if they did not have to; myself, I am not so sure.

But you take this doctor. Here he was, an educated man, who had been trained all his life to help people who were in pain, and not to cause it. And he was not where he would have to obey the Kaiser or any other German. And this nurse had saved his life.

So I do not see that there is any argument about it. He broke that girl's wrists because he wanted to; that is all there is to it. Now, I say this German doctor was a dirty cur and a scoundrel. But I say that he is a fair sample of most of the Germans I have met. And it is Germans of this kind that we are fighting—not merely the Kaiser.

It is like going to college. I have never been there, but I have heard some people say it did not do a man any good to go. But I have never heard a man who went there say that. Probably you have not been over there, and maybe you think we are not fighting the German people, but only the Kaiser and his funkeys.

Well, nobody had better tell me that. Because I have been there, and I have seen this. And I know.—From "Gunner Depew," by Albert N. Depew. Published by the Reilly & Britton Company.

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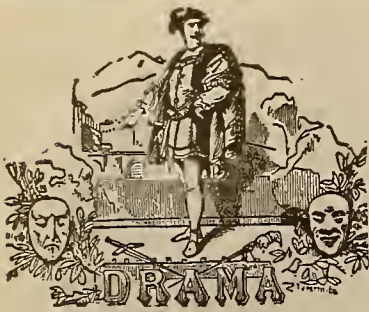
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"GENERAL JOHN REGAN."

Streams of people poured into the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. They wished to become acquainted with Dr. Lucius O'Grady. Dr. O'Grady, it will be remembered, is the Irishman who took up with such enthusiasm that he went him one better the casual joke of the rich, touring American who invented the great but purely imaginary General John Regan. Horace P. Billing, the American in question, while motoring through Ireland, hits the minute hamlet of Ballymoy. It gets on his funny-hone, with its numerically limited, dreamy populace, its ragged, bare-footed children, and its mute, head-shawled old women sitting in the sun. H. P. Billing feels the need of some American stir in the atmosphere. So he boldly invents General John Regan, together with some imaginary facts to his credit: that he is the liberator of Bolivia; that he is a townman of Ballymoy; that he deserves the honor of a monument to his memory, the jocular American solemnly professing his amazement at its absence. The American, however, is a good sport. When he finds that the local doctor is his equal in the matter of mental adventure-someness, and that not to be lacking in due honor to the mythical hero, he has invented for him a birthplace, a childhood's home, and a sole surviving relative the nervy American backs him up by starting a subscription, to which he handsomely contributes, for the erection of the missing monument.

Thus this delightfully absurd play is fully launched. With an infinity of pious Dr. O'Grady, wearing a perpetual smile of enjoyment over the rich and varied joys of life, persuades the lettered populace of Ballymoy to get busy. He cajoles subscriptions, reconciles warring factions, closes up the geyser eloquence of the troublesome local editor and town Nationalist, gets the two local ladies to lend a hand, smooths over their rows, presses the lesser village magnates into service, and enjoys his task every second of the time and with every fibre of his being. When rows are engendered and coats come off the doctor is even happier. He is a true humorist, for he can enjoy the joke without any one else to share it.

The stage, after the launching of the action, is in a perpetual hustle. The tiny hamlet, with its thatched huts, its bare-footed peasantry, and the husky, contriving, wrangling, reconciling group of men who are assisting in holstering up the fame of the imaginary Regan, has an absurd air of reality. Cyril Maude is a man who believes in thoroughness. He understands, none better, that there must be a serious, deeply-grounded efficiency sustaining every amusing and absurd action and scene on the stage. All these hustling, shifting, disagreeing, perpetually arriving and departing characters have evidently been rehearsed with the utmost care to give the scenes their due effect of spontaneity. Not only is the humor of the piece splendidly sustained, but the Celtic character of the picture and the contrasts in the various characters, each with its humorous reaction on the other, are further elements of enjoyment contributing to the genial vitality of the whole.

The dialogue is the work of a first-class humorist. It is casual, yet consistent. Its humor is never assertive nor self-conscious, but has the quality of spontaneity. The spectator carries away pictures and impressions with him and can enjoy the play almost as much in memory as when witnessing it. In fact, because of the absurd, whole-hearted completeness with which the characters of the play abandon themselves to an absorption in the affairs of General John Regan, carrying the spectator along with them, the auditor frequently forgets to laugh—aloud. He is mentally amused, but he has not time to stop and laugh it out, for he might lose something of those ridiculously grave and highly eruptive colloquies over the details of the imminent celebration.

For General John Regan has his monument. The lord lieutenant is invited to the unveiling, and the farce is played out to the sound of the hitherto partially repressed laughter of the audience. Into the details of this act it is not necessary to go. It is sufficient to say that after an infinity of veiled rows, rumpuses, and interruptions to his scheme, Humorist O'Grady, to the intense admiration of the American who first launched

the joke, steers it to a successful conclusion. The witty and fun-loving tendency of the author shows itself in one last burst of irrepressible humor, and, to the happy sound of unrepressed cachinnations from the audience, the curtain goes down on success.

Mr. Maude evidently is his own producer, and his standard impresses itself on his company. It is a company of pronounced English flavor, but the London star has too fine a sense of the eternal fitness of things to place an English actor in the rôle of the American. The members of the company undertaking Irish rôles were able to give them the Irish flavor, but what most struck the spectator in the collective merit of the performance was the thoroughness and consistency with which each contrasting character was worked out and the care lavished on details to contribute to the general effect.

Mr. Maude himself showed his usual rare perfection in his impersonation of the genial and persuasive humorist. That Celtic smile of relish was full of character. Everything, indeed, that he did was, even to the little half-tripping step with which he registered fun, light-heartedness, and the doctor's complete enjoyment of the cheerful trivialities of life.

Each of the dozen characters in the cast has its individuality, and the players showed the mettle of the company by the finish of their work. It is always extremely enjoyable to see the members of a company of such merit in different characterizations. This week we are having that pleasure with some of them in one and the same performance, on account of the screen scene from "The School for Scandal" having been given. It is a long time since this highly esteemed classic has been played in San Francisco. We have seen it done by famous players, but somehow the characters seemed so much nearer our time in the greater naturalness of the acting as compared to the standards of the old school that I do not at all doubt that I shared the sentiments of the majority in the desire I felt to see the entire play. Mr. Maude made Sir Peter a fine, hale, well-dressed old beau, with the stiff-legged walk of age, but the genial spirit and kindly and forgiving sentiment toward his young wife that gave promise of some happiness in the reconciliation. Miss Cumming's Lady Teazle completed the suggestion of the mental state of the elderly husband by its indication of good feeling, and shame following the slight compunction of the earlier scene. Mr. Frank Elliott's handsome person was seen to advantage in the rôle of Joseph Surface, and this actor's ability to suggest unscrupulousness under a fair outside made him particularly acceptable in the part. These old comedies often give hard knocks to our modern sensitiveness. It is an ungracious part that Charles has to play when he laughs in apparently heartless enjoyment of the shame of the wife and the grief and suffering of the aged husband when the fallen screen makes its damning revelation. A sudden gravity on Charles' part, and a gesture of pity as he departs, fails to remove the disagreeable effect left by the earlier mood. Mr. Ranson, of course, by indicating Charles' mirth adheres to tradition, but one could have wished that the mirth so cleverly represented might have been not only abbreviated, but less extreme.

The company appeared to advantage in the handsome costumes, except that Miss Dorothy Cumming's pretty young countenance and slender, girlish shape were so charming in the modern costume worn in "Grumpy" that, despite the grace of her pose of repentance and during the plea for pardon, one felt an objection to seeing those youthful charms set off by white hair. These powder-and-patches costumes are usually becoming, but they have, generally, the peculiar effect of making human beings seem like animated bisque statuettes; an effect considerably lessened, in this case, because of the excellent acting.

#### THE ELFIE VOLKMANN RECITAL.

A young San Franciscan made her début before San Franciscans the other night, Miss Elfie Volkmann having returned after nine years' study in Europe to take up her career as a professional singer. The young lady pluckily stuck to her task during the war and the results are promising. She is dowered with a voice of native beauty, of a quality similar to Fritz Scheff's. Indeed, the little lady has a similarity to Fritz Scheff in appearance. Opera singing is her goal, the lighter rôles probably being the ones in which her high, clear voice will shine. Difficult as it is to decide as to the quality of a verdict rendered by one's home-town friends, nevertheless Miss Volkmann made a very pleasing impression. We have probably not heard her at her best, as she was apparently suffering from some natural excitement. She mastered it, however, and the signal success with which she rendered the Micaëla aria gave some warrant as to the nature of her future achievements in the operatic world. She also pleased greatly by the daintiness and finish with

which she rendered the four encores which were demanded by her delighted audience.

#### THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Arthur Schnitzler represents even in the Anatol plays the subtle Viennese always intriguing his way through his loves, his friendships, his aversions. He is rather a shocking creature to our frank, careless Americans. The two breeds do not, can not, understand each other, and we shall never probably see a Schnitzler play adequately presented on an American stage; at least by American players. The Washington Square Players tried it without success. Our best professionals can not portray with due finesse a kind of people whose social code, social attitude, social line of thought is so different from ours. Hence "The Wedding Morn" shocked more than it pleased. Yet if we did not see Schnitzler plays in "little theatres" we would not see them at all. It is one of the functions of the "little theatres" to give us just such opportunities.

"The Shoes That Danced" is old-fashioned, declamatory romance. Prettily put on and nicely acted, still it also failed to particularly appeal to the tastes of the audiences. "The Prisoners of War" was the play that made the hit. This is the piece, founded upon a Guy de Maupassant story—as was also, by the way, Paul Potter's "The Conquerors," which, in its time, helped to color American ideas of German officers—in which Messrs. Clay M. Greene and Charles Josselyn collaborated. The play is an excerpt from the gory melodrama of war, and is particularly timely just at the present. The original story evidently was located in the Franco-Prussian war, but might just as easily have transpired in the present one. The piece has action, tension, suspense, and an excellent climax. The sympathies of the audience were warmly excited in favor of the plucky heroine, and the movement and situation of the characters appeal so strongly to the sympathies of players that the piece is very actable. There is need of re-writing and stiffening up some of the dialogue between the woman and the German officer, but otherwise the piece could immediately be used as a playlet on the vaudeville stage, and would probably make a hit.

And we heard the Offenbach music once more—"The Rose of Auvergne" being vivaciously rendered by a cast of three. It does not contain Offenbach's best music, but one recognizes at once the gayety, the animation, the tunefulness of this celebrated bouffe composer of the mid-nineteenth century, and realized the reason why his bouffe operas traveled the world over.

#### "OH, BOY!"

This musical comedy has long runs to its credit; two years somewhere; London or New York, I forget which. If musical comedies were not given that way I would be mildly surprised, as there is nothing particularly distinctive about the piece except its happily chosen title. A young bridegroom's solitudes over the embarrassments to his bride caused by rivers of girls streaming through his supposedly bachelor apartments, invited thereto by his chum; this is the situation. A rather razzle-dazzle young woman makes a violent entry by the window in flight from the police, and of course her identity gets tangled up with that of the bride. Complications, embarrassments, and compromising situations ensue for the luckless bridegroom, who yearns only for solitude *a deux*, and of course can't get it.

A musical comedy should, above all, shine in its music and its comedy. The competent company at the Cort yields several deft comedians; Hugh Cameron, James Bradbury, Henry Darnton. Joseph Santley's boyishness is attractive, and he is a good dancer. The bridegroom's slick friend, Jim, is neatly impersonated by Lawrence Sweet. All these players do their various scenes dextrously, there being no one comedian to monopolize the white light and retail yards of jokes. But the collective result is quite telling. Lavinia Winn is a nice little innocent as the bride, and Dorothy Maynard—the razzle-dazzler—is dowered with a light dancing figure, a light dancing temperament, and plenty of light dancing specialties in her rôle.

In the matter of music, however, the performance is rather lacking. None of the principals have any voice to speak of. The choral volume is rather raw and childish in tone. The girls, however, are young, pretty, and daintily costumed, and there are any quantity of them.

Two mature actresses—Lillian Brennard and Lenore Chippendale—do the rôles of a suspicious mother-in-law and a Quaker aunt very amusingly. Especially does Miss Chippendale make the utmost of her opportunity. In fact, the particular trait in "Oh, Boy," is the number of deftly played little comedy scenes scattered through it; this, and the innocent fragrance of the bridal bouquet. For the young couple are not smirched with vulgar

suggestion, in spite of the embarrassments caused by the unexpected presence of the razzle-dazzle fugitive.

Jerome Kern supplied the music, which has the usual quality of tunefulness and gayety. The book and lyrics are well written, for they are the work of Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Under government protection the brown bear has so increased in numbers in Alaska that cattle and sheep are safe only in strong buildings. The bears demolish fences and they swim the channels to the smaller islands where settlers have sent cattle and sheep in the fancy that they would be safe. Successful live-stock growing is now said to be practically impossible. The bear, too, is a great destroyer of salmon. He is so fastidious that he will eat only the salmon cheeks, and will consume one-third of his weight in this delicacy every day. When his hunger is satisfied he amuses himself by tossing the fish out on the banks. The fish are in the stream to spawn, and the eggs destruction is by no means insignificant. Authenticated reports come from Alaska of streams, the banks of which are trodden like a pasture for 100 to 150 feet back from the shore.

Although Finland is not much larger than the State of California, with nearly 300,000 more people, and Helsingfors, the largest city, with a population of only 161,000, yet there are many remote sections which remain virtually isolated. This is especially true of the far northern provinces, where a post each fortnight is their blessing. One who has never lived in the quiet serenity of a fortnightly mail service can imagine its indescribable charm; days glide smoothly by without a jolt or hurry, and without the morning and afternoon anxiety that the postman may pass you by without leaving a letter. When from these tranquil Finnish firesides a young man or woman—as often one as the other—fired with the zeal of ambition, fares forth to the great city, he is regarded as a super person—an embryonic conqueror, and a prayer is said for him at every hearth.

A vegetable fibre which is produced in considerable quantities in the "Costa Chica" district of the State of Guerrero, Mexico, is taken from a low and rapidly growing tree known locally as "majahua." The fibre comes from the inner surface of the bark, and is retted and dried in the sun, then turned into cordage.

## Look in the Glass

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## Elman's Final Concert.

Mischa Elman will give his second and last recital for this season at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, starting at 2:30. He will play the old Nardini Concerto in E minor, arranged by Hauser, a work of the old school and filled with the soft loveliness of the Italian masters. Saint-Saëns' Concerto in B minor will come next. Then will come two Scarlatti numbers, specially arranged for Elman by Julius Harrison, a Pastore and a Capriccio. Memories of his Chopin playing last Sunday will be duplicated when he plays another Chopin Nocturne tomorrow, the one in D major, arranged for the violin by Wilhelmj. The "Turkish March" from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" comes next. This arrangement has been made by Leopold Auer. The final number will be the "Gipsy Dance" (Zigeunerweisen) of Sarasate. Philip Gordon, the splendid pianist, whose success last week renewed his position as a San Francisco favorite, will again preside at the piano. The tickets for this concert may be purchased at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and at the theatre, and on Sunday the ticket office of the theatre is kept open from 10 o'clock continuously until concert time.

## Cyril Maude in "Caste."

On Monday night, April 22d, Cyril Maude will enter upon the last and final week of his stay at the Columbia Theatre. For the concluding eight performances of his engagement, with the exception of that of Thursday night, the actor will stage and act in a revival of "Caste." This play is something more than a hardy relic of mid-Victorian theatrical composition—it is an epoch-marking comedy—a human document presented with a rare regard for consistent dramatic and logical construction, a keen knowledge of the real emotions, and a nicely balanced sense of individual portraiture. For the first time in its American revivals "Caste" will on Monday night be presented with a true costumed regard for the period in which it was written. On Thursday night Mr. Maude will interrupt his "Caste" performances to play "Grumpy" for the last time in this city. Altogether the appearances that Maude has made in this part amount to nearly 1300 and cover a period of five seasons, therefore he has decided that the "Grumpy" tour which takes him East from the Pacific Coast shall be positively his farewell in the part of the lovable octogenarian. The popular matinee of Wednesday and the regular afternoon performance of Saturday will both be devoted to "Caste."

## "Oh, Boy" at the Cort.

"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley and the original Chicago company, will start its second week at the Cort Theatre next Sunday night, April 21st.

The story tells of a young college professor who elopes with the girl of his choice. He has to keep the marriage a secret because of a Quaker aunt who has charge of his family estate. While he is taking his bride home after the ceremony an actress, fleeing from the police, sees his living-room window open and climbs in for safety. When he returns he finds her dressed in a pair of pretty blue pajamas. She explains that he must introduce her as his wife or place himself in an embarrassing position. This he does, and the complications that arise when his bride appears with her mother, the Quaker aunt, the

father-in-law, and the constable all go to make one of the funniest situations ever seen on the musical-comedy stage.

Supporting Joseph Santley are Laurance Wheat, Dorothy Maynard, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Henry Dornton, Lenore Chipendale, Lillian Brennard, Billy Gould, Mabel Grete, Estelle Barry, Lola Frink, and others.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Greater Morgan Dancers will be the next week's headline attraction at the Orpheum. Marion Morgan has made descriptive pantomimic dancing her life study and she also brings to it a thorough knowledge of calisthenics. Her Roman ballet is in three episodes, the first being a living replica of Tadema's famous painting, "The Spears." The second is an idea of her own based on an old Roman legend. The final episode is a mythological story made into pantomime and set to music. The scenic invetiture is so elaborate that twenty-three people are carried with the company. The sixteen dancers who appear in the episodes have accomplished one of the very big things of the dancing world.

Tarzan, the chimpanzee, is just as near human as it is possible for an animal to be. No other monkey, no matter how cleverly trained, can approach him, and he displays more skill and intelligence than many human beings.

William Macart and Ethlynn Bradford, popular farce comedians, will appear in their latest success, "Love, Honor, and Ohey."

Count Perrone is really a member of the Italian nobility whose presence in this country is due to the fact that he was invalidated from the Italian army and compelled to earn a livelihood. Being gifted with a fine baritone voice which has had the best cultivation, he determined to turn it to account. In this effort he has been most successful. He is assisted by Miss Trix Oliver, the possessor of a beautiful mezzo-soprano.

The Three Natalie Sisters are musical geniuses. Each is an expert on a musical instrument. Claire is a pianist, Ethel a 'cellist, and Lily a violinist.

Burley and Burley in their skit, "The Dude and the Scot," sing, dance, talk, and perform queer acrobatic stunts in an unusual way.

The only holdovers in this remarkable and novel bill will be the Washington Square Players' success, "In the Zone," and Leona La Mar, "the Girl with the Thousand Eyes."

## Dorothy Churchill Hess.

An interesting song recital is promised by Dorothy Churchill Hess, lyric soprano, at the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, Tuesday evening, April 30th. Her range extends from F above high C down to G below C in the middle register, a very unusual compass. Her coloratura work comes easily. The volumes of her voice is not great, but she has a good carrying quality, with clear pianissimo tones and a good legato. Her songs will include groups of French, Italian, and English works, as well as "The Query," by Dorothy Crawford. Mrs. Hess will be accompanied by Miss Marian Prevost, a sympathetic and intelligent young pianist. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the Hotel St. Francis.

## Dr. Hillis' Lectures.

Newell Dwight Hillis, one of America's foremost ministers, for nineteen years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, succeeding to the exalted position occupied for such a long period by Henry Ward Beecher, and who spent July and August of last summer making a tour of investigation by command of the United States government through the battlefields of France and Belgium, will lecture at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and Sunday evening at 8:30, April 28th, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. In this lecture Dr. Hillis tells what he saw personally in the great devastated region from which the Germans had been expelled. Dr. Hillis knows the exact conditions prevailing where the present conflict is raging, and he presents in San Francisco the first overwhelming evidence confirming the reports of German atrocities. Theodore Roosevelt is quoted as saying, "I wish every one in this nation could hear this indictment by Newell Dwight Hillis." Seats are now on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

## Galli-Curci.

While the sale of tickets for the concert of Galli-Curci at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at 2:30 o'clock, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, is progressing satisfactorily and there is every indication that hers will be a record-making audience, there are still thousands of good seats to be had at from \$1 to \$2.50. The supply of 75-cent tickets has been exhausted. The ticket sales are being held at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

of notable attractions for the near future. Among them will be found the farcical success, "Mary's Ankle," Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella," Richard Bennett in "The Very Idea," Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth."

## WE FIGHT FOR GOOD FAITH.

Professor Ephraim Douglass Adams Explains Why We Are at War.

"The faith of treaties is the only solid foundation on which a Temple of Peace can be built up" (James Bryce). Good faith between nations, as between men, is the one and only safeguard from a return to barbarism. Without it brute force, sheer might, must rule. Without it there is no security in human relations—no security, even, for life itself. To keep one's word, when once given, that is the evidence of the progress of civilization, and the test of it.

Hence the case of Belgium becomes the single greatest German offense against civilization in this war. At first, in our American ignorance of world conditions, we did not see this. We do see it now; more and more we realize that until the crime against Belgium is atoned for, there can be no peace, and no hope of a world at peace.

What are the facts? By treaties signed in 1815, again in 1831, and still again in 1839, this last revision being in effect in 1914, it was agreed "Belgium shall form a perpetually neutral state. The five powers guarantee to it this perpetual neutrality, as also the inviolability of its territory." These five powers were Austria, France, Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia. By such treaties the neutral state was pledged to defend in arms the neutrality of its territory; and each of the great powers pledged itself not only not to march troops into or through the neutral state, but also to aid her, in case her territory were violated.

The world, thinking no nation so base as to break its word, was completely taken by surprise by the attack on Belgium. But we know now, from German statements, that German military plans had for years intended to break this pledge. German rulers lied as to this consistently, and lied up to the last day. On the morning before the German troops advanced the German minister assured Belgium she need feel no alarm, and in the evening of that same day he delivered his ultimatum.

The world has never seen so complete a denial of the binding effect of the pledged word. Why has Germany so lost sight of the principle of honor among nations? Her own answer reveals the cause; it is again the plea of might. "The fate that Belgium has called down upon herself (note the hypocrisy of this) is hard, but not too hard, . . . for the destinies of the immortal great nations stand so high that they can not but have the right, in case of need, to stride over existences that can not defend themselves" (Professor Oncken). When the British minister at Berlin notified the German chancellor that Great Britain was in honor bound to defend Belgium's neutrality, the latter argued that this was "Terrible," a war "just for a word—'neutrality'—just for a scrap of paper." The pitiful—yes the terrible—significance of such utterances is that Germans believe them justified.

"If I am asked what we are fighting for," said Prime Minister Asquith, "I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, to fulfill an obligation . . . not only of law, but of honor, which no self-respecting man could possibly have repudiated; secondly, to vindicate the principle . . . that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith."

America was not a direct guarantor, like Great Britain, of the neutrality of Belgium, though in various conventions (of which Germany also was a signer) we were pledged to the maintenance of the world principle of "good faith." But every nation was attacked when Germany broke faith. "The law protecting Belgium which was violated was our law and the law of every other civilized country. . . . It was our safeguard against the necessity of maintaining great armaments. Our interest in having it maintained as the law of nations was a substantial, valuable, permanent interest" (Elihu Root).

In the hope of an enduring peace, in the hope of an advancing civilization, we can not forget Belgium. In the hope for unmolested self-development, in the sense of our own security necessary to progress, we must not forget Belgium, until her wrongs are righted. —From "Why We Are at War With Germany."

The annual property loss in the United States due to lightning, according to the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, is approximately \$8,000,000, chiefly in the rural districts, while the average number of persons struck by lightning is 1500, one-third of whom are killed outright and the remainder permanently injured.



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## Lemare Recital.

Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" will be one of Organist Edwin H. Lemare's selections at his recital at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Toccata in G by Duhois will open the programme and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" will be the concluding number. The "Lullaby" by Ethelbert Nevin and the "Farewell" and duet from "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen," by Hofmann, will complete the organist's programmed selections and he will also give one of his improvisations on a theme sent up from the audience.

The vocalist of the afternoon will be Señor Manuel Romero Malpica, baritone of the San Francisco Grand Opera Company. His voice will be heard to advantage in the "Vision Fugitive," from Massenet's "Herodiade," and the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen." Señor Malpica will be accompanied by Señor Eduardo Diaz, also of the local opera company.

A new type of garden laborer, known as the "moonlighter," has appeared in the suburban country districts, owing to the shortage of general laborers. The moonlighter is a workman who is employed all day, but who is willing to earn a little extra money by working during the moonlight nights in the gardens and allotments. His is the only sort of labor that the suburbanite can now employ in the digging and sowing of the vegetable plot which every suburban householder regards as an essential part of his household.

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## German Atrocities

Dramatic Illustrated Lecture by

Dr. Newell Dwight

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The Columbia Theatre has hooked a number



## VANITY FAIR.

Glancing casually over an important English newspaper our all-seeing eye is arrested by the society column. At a time when we are all busily engaged in making the world safe for democracy it is natural that we should feel some interest in the characteristics of a tenant for whose security and comfort we are making such unexampled sacrifices. Perhaps it is equally natural that we should turn to the newspaper society column for the desired indications of democratic vitality. The society column is a peculiarly aristocratic institution. It is the expression, the synthesis, the essence of everything that is opposed to democracy. Just as the financial status of the individual may be gauged almost unfailingly by the rental value of his house, so we may gauge the democratic sentiment of a nation by its appetite for society news. No one can pretend to be democratic who feels an interest in the doings of people whom he does not know, and who have no claim upon his attention except their wealth and luxury.

One would suppose, therefore, that aristocratic England would be peculiarly interested in the doings of its lords and ladies and that ecstatic "splurges" of society tittle-tattle would be found in its newspapers. But we can not discern them there. The English public seems to be indifferent to such matters. In the particular newspaper under review—an important London sheet—we find one column of large type headed "Court and Society." It contains fourteen paragraphs. Seven of these paragraphs relate to royalty, mostly to the charities of royalty—Red Cross and the like—one to the pearls worn by some of the princesses, and one to some new portraits of the royal family. The remaining seven paragraphs are devoted, three to the engagement of Lord St. Germans to Lady Blanche Somerset, one to the engagement of Mr. Geoffrey Scott to Lady Eybil Cutting, two to the marriage of Mrs. Arthur Egerton to Major Vesey Bruce, and one to the box parties at a new opera. That is all. If the British public wishes to bask in the rays of royalty and the social elite its desire is at least severely curbed. Several other English newspapers make about the same showing. The most conservative of them all devote about a third of a column of very small type on a back page to the doings of aristocratic people. The Englishman is popularly supposed to "dearly love a lord." Perhaps he does, but if so he lets concealment, like a rose in the bud, prey on his damask cheek. He may love a lord, but apparently he has no wish to read about him. Perhaps the subject is too painful for vulgar printing ink.

And what about our own newspapers? If we accept the yardstick of the society column as a gauge of real democratic sentiment, what must be the result here? For here we find that the yardstick is hardly adequate to the task. What we need is a surveyor's chain, a quadrant, and the Forty-Ninth Proposition of Euclid. In a current issue of a daily newspaper we find sixteen columns of society news and the mention of perhaps two thousand names. We find it worthy of note that Mrs.

Porchclimber is visiting her daughter in Petaluma, with hints of the wealth of daughter's husband and a delicate emphasis on the fact that Mamma traveled to Petaluma in her automobile. We are fascinated to learn that Mrs. Vere de Vere drank a cup of tea at a fashionable hotel on Tuesday afternoon, at least it looked something like tea and it was in a teacup. We browse exultingly on the fact that Mrs. Cressus will close her sumptuously furnished home in order to be in Washington with her son, who has magnificently resolved to defend his country by accepting an office appointment in the War Department. And so it goes, column after column of slush, of rapid inanities, of sycophantic fawnings and writhings, of abasements and head-knockings. Where, we may ask, is the democracy for which the world is to be made safe? Who reads this drivel? Have we still to learn that democracy is not a matter of votes nor law-making, but of honest, upstanding, and self-respecting thought?

If Vanity Fair still remains alive in the European countries that are at war it must be having the deuce of a time. Vanity Fair does not flourish in daylight, and it is now the rule in England that when daylight is over you must go to bed, or sit up in the dark, which is not hilarious. A new law prohibits the illumination of shop windows. No food must be cooked in any hotel, club, restaurant, or boarding-house between 9:30 at night and 5 in the morning. All lights in the dining-rooms must be extinguished at 10:30, and the gas and electricity for private houses is being "rationed" to two-thirds of last year's consumption.

It could not be said of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, writes a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, that he was a diplomatist of the frigid type.

"When I was in America last year but one I had instructions from the foreign office that I was to go and pay my respects to the British ambassador in Washington as soon as I arrived. It was desperately hot, and the great rooms of the embassy were all divided into cubicles, and filled with a deafening clatter of typewriting machines. The ambassador himself, with his coat and waistcoat laid aside, his sleeves rolled up, without a collar, and with his shirt open at the neck, rose to greet me. 'Good-morning, Mr. W—,' said he. 'Isn't this place h—?' He broke off with a look of alarm at my tight linen collar. 'But my dear chap, if you don't go and get a collar at least two sizes larger you will have apoplexy before the day is out. I am not joking; it is a serious danger. Now tell me what your plans are.' I went on to give him an outline of what I had come over to America to do. 'Yes, very good,' said he, 'very good idea indeed. But now let me give you a word or two of advice. I think if I were you I should not write anything while you are here. You are sure to be asked, but I should refuse. And don't talk too much. Let others talk rather.' 'But,' I objected, 'if I mustn't write and I mustn't talk, what am I to do?' It seems to me I may as well go back.' 'Oh, dear! no,' said he, 'by no means; just listen. Listen carefully, and try always to look as wise as you do now.'"

The Bishop of Birmingham is of opinion that we should revert to the old betrothal ceremony in order to give a much-needed formality to our marriage preliminaries. The ordeal of a ceremony would not be lightly encountered if there were no serious intention to follow it up, so to speak. A certain amount of stigma would attach to young people who figured too frequently in such ceremonials, say every Tuesday and Friday. Another ecclesiastical reformer was Bishop Welldon, who thought that marriage to a German or Austrian ought to be sufficient grounds for divorce. Then Sir Arthur Conan Doyle joined in the fray. He said if there were 200,000 graves in France it was necessary to have 200,000 cradles at home and something appropriate to put in them. Divorce, said Sir Arthur, ought to be more simple. There ought to be some way other than murder by which the mismatched could remedy their wrongs. It is strange to note how elastic the moral law becomes at the hands of churchmen when they are faced with an emergency. They discover that they have completely misunderstood the moral law and we may hope that this may lead to a wholesome humility in days to come.

The Philippines have twenty-one species of mangrove in their swamps—two more than are found in Borneo—and the Mindoro growths are not the only ones in the archipelago. Supplementing them are the swamps in Batang on Manila Bay; at the mouth of the Danao River in Occidental Negros; in the municipality of Barotac Nuevo in the province of Iloilo, and stretches along the island of Palawan, as well as the growths for forty-five miles along the shores of Mindanao. The possible catch production of these swamps is tremendous.

## THE BADEN DYNASTY.

Scarcely a week passes without Prince Maximilian, heir-apparent to the Grand Ducal throne of Baden, making some public appeal to his countrymen. He has taken upon himself the duty of endeavoring to controvert every one of President Wilson's messages emanating from the White House, and, differing from the Kaiser, argues that Germany can never win by the sword alone, but can only achieve complete victory through convincing her foes by appeal to their "ecumenical conscience," whatever that may mean. His latest effusion (remarks the *Marquise de Fontenoy* in the *Providence Journal*), more sensible than the others, warns not only Germany, but other more civilized nations as well, of the peril of the press, and propagation throughout the world, of the doctrines of the Bolsheviks, which have reduced Russia to such an indescribable condition of chaos, anarchy, famine, and general desolation—a danger which threatens the United States quite as much as most of the European nations.

Prince Maximilian has been described in cable dispatches from Europe as one of the sanest and most level-headed men in Germany. However much we may admit his contentions about the Bolsheviks, which are so self-evident as to partake of the nature of platitudes, the assertion as to his sanity does not speak well for his fellow-countrymen, for he spent several years in the lunatic asylum at Purkersdorf, near Vienna, where Princess Louise of Coburg, eldest daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium, was for a considerable time under restraint.

In his youth Prince Maximilian was extremely wild. The pace which he had gone was too rapid, even for the Grand Duchess Helen Vladimirovna of Russia, whose father and brothers were assuredly not straitlaced or inclined to Puritanism. She therefore felt herself constrained to break off her engagement to him, almost on the very eve of the day appointed for the wedding. Prince Max was genuinely in love with her. Her action in jilting him was such a shock to a constitution impaired by dissipation that it affected his reason, and he had to be committed to the celebrated Austrian retreat for the insane above mentioned. A number of years afterward he secured the hand of Princess Marie Louise of Brunswick and of Great Britain, whose father, the septuagenarian Duke of Cumberland, ex-Crown Prince of Hanover, and whose brother, the sovereign Duke of Brunswick, are both of them under restraint as mentally disturbed, in the Cumberland Chateau on the shores of Lake Gmunden, in Austria.

Whether Prince Max's only boy, now twelve years of age, will escape the blight which rests upon the reigning house of Baden, and of which he is for the present, next to his father, the only hope and heir, remains to be seen. With a father who has spent some years in a lunatic asylum, and a mother whose brother and father are insane, he is assuredly somewhat handicapped. The blight upon the Baden dynasty may said to have found its expression in the childlessness and chronic state of invalidism of the reigning Grand Duke, likewise in the insanity of Grand Duke Louis, throughout the eight years of his reign, during which time the government of Baden was administered by his younger brother, Frederick, as regent, also in the rebellion, bloodshed, and Prussian invasion which marked the reign of Grand Duke Leopold and caused so many of his subjects to seek refuge in America.

The blight is popularly supposed in Germany to have been due to the curse placed upon the now reigning branch of the dynasty by Grand Duchess Stephanie, wife of Grand Duke Charles, whose only son, Crown Prince Alexander, vanished from his cradle at the age of thirteen months, a dying child, disfigured by erysipelas, being substituted in the little boy's stead. The disappearance of young Prince Alexander was ascribed by Grand Duchess Stephanie and by the German people generally, to Grand Duke Charles' uncle, Louis, who was bent on securing to himself the succession to the throne and of preventing any son of the French-born Grand Duchess Stephanie from succeeding to the crown. The missing Crown Prince is said to have turned up twenty years later under the name of Kaspar Hauser, and it is significant that on the very day when the Earl of Stanhope and his daughter, the late Duchess of Cleveland, had arranged for the meeting of Kaspar Hauser with Grand Duchess Stephanie, he should have been mysteriously murdered without any trace being obtained of the perpetrators of the crime.

## Dieting to Get Fat.

Nowhere in the world do women devote so much attention to dieting as in Tunisia. When young they keep at it all the time. This is because in that country a girl's chances of getting a husband depend at least very largely upon her avoirdupois.

But she does not diet to get thin. Quite the contrary. Nobody in Tunisia wants to

marry a skinny woman. The ideal of feminine pulchritude in that part of the world is fat. The fatter the better.

It is the custom for the Tunisian wife-seeker to give to the girl of his provisional choice an anklet many sizes too large, with a promise to marry her as soon as she is unable to slip it off.

She is considered to have attained perfection in beauty if she is unable to put on a commodious mother-hubbard gown without bursting the seams. By dieting she hopes to attain 250 pounds. But a weight of 300 to 350 pounds is not uncommonly achieved.

The Tunisian woman, to make weight, relies largely upon the seeds of a leguminous plant, called "fenugreek," which are supposed to have a marvelous effect that way.

A firm which has a plant just outside of Dairen, Manchuria, produces 20,000 barrels of cement per month, and ships its product as far south as Manila and the Straits Settlements, as well as to China coast ports and Chinese cities. There are several line producers in this district, but all of them work on a small scale, burning oyster and other shells.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Did ye bring home that pane of glass for the kitchen windy, Pat?" "Oi did not. Oi was after a twelve by fourteen, an' the only soize they had was fourteen by twelve." "Ye fool, why didn't ye get it? Ye could have put it in sideways, couldn't ye?"

The story is told of two traveling salesmen, detained in a little village hotel in the West. They were introduced to a crazy little liliard table and a set of balls which were of a uniform dirty-gray color. "But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the drummers. "That's easy," said the landlord. "You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

"Look here, Charlie," said one young collegian to another who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you have spelled jug g-u-g." "I know," said Charlie, "but you see I need the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

On a certain evening last autumn a group of farmers sat round the stove in the general store and joined in a general and heartfelt complaint about the ravages of the potato bugs. "The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer. "They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more." A salesman who was traveling for a seed house cleared his throat. "That's remarkable," he said, "but let me tell you what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the hooks about a week before planting time to see who had hought seed."

"The Kaiser's dream of world domination," said a United States senator recently, "has already begun to experience a rude awakening and to leave the Kaiser in exactly the same position as Wash White. Farmer Cornelius Husk heard a noise in his chicken-house one night, tiptoed down with a shotgun, and discovered Wash in the act of filling a hurlap bag with chickens. 'Wash, you rascal, what are you doing there?' said Corny Husk. 'It's all right, sah,' Wash replied, 'I'm here on account of a dream I had, sah.' 'A dream? You black scoundrel, what are you talking about?' 'Well, sah,' said Wash, 'I dreamed I was goin' to have chicken fo' dinner tomorrow; but I see now it haint true!'"

Colonel G— of a certain regiment in the National Army is a fine commander, but not a musician. He sent for the chief musician of his regimental band one day and delivered this scathing criticism: "I notice a lack of uniformity about the band which must be regulated. Yesterday morning they were out on parade, and the largest man in the band was playing a little bit of an instrument—flute or something of the kind—and you had the big

drum played by a small man. That sort of thing doesn't look well, and must be attended to. I want the small men to play small instruments and the big men big instruments. And another thing—I want the trombone players to slide their instruments in and out in unison. It annoys me to see them all out of step with their hands."

Writing of a Zeppelin raid on London an American woman who lives in that city tells of a little girl who exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh, lady, guess what God did last night!" "Who?" asked the lady, failing to understand that the child referred to the Almighty. "God, God," she shrieked. "'E sent us a baby—came down with the Zeppelins, and we're going to name her Zeppelina."

A member of royalty recently was going through a hospital, when she came to a young man of most happy disposition. He was convalescent. She chatted with him for some time. When she went on her rounds she left a valuable package with him, saying, as she placed it beside his chair, "Will you please keep your eye on it?" When she returned the chair was vacant, and on it was a glass eye with a note saying, "I did as you requested."

Dr. William H. Crawford, president of Allegheny College, said on his departure to do war work at the front: "Don't ask me for an interview. There's something sinister about an interview. It suggests that I'm never coming back. Yes, you make me feel almost as blue as the rich old fellow whose little nephew said: 'Uncle, will you please make a noise like a frog?' 'Why, Willie,' said the rich uncle, laughing heartily. 'Why on 'earth do you desire to me make a noise like a frog?' 'Because,' said Willie, 'whenever I ask papa to buy me a pony or bicycle or anything he always says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.''"

A country minister was driving a spirited horse through the village, when he overtook the local physician on foot. "Jump in, doctor!" he said, pulling up. "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well." The doctor jumped in and the parson drove off. The horse did not go well and ended in tipping over the carriage and spilling both the occupants. The doctor jumped to his feet and felt himself all over to see if he was injured. "Look here," exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?" "Well, you see," gasped the parson, "luckily this time there's no bones broken; but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

A story is told of the pastor of a rural parish who had in his seminary days been considered a bit of an orator. After his assignment to X it worried him that his people seemed to grow so restless during the sermon. Meeting one of them upon the street—a man notorious for his candor as well as for his piety—he asked: "Why is it, Pat, that the congregation don't seem to like my speaking? Is it that I don't put enough fire into my sermons?" "Well, your reverence," said Pat, struggling between deference for the cloth and a desire to tell the truth. "I don't think it's because ye don't put fire enough into your sermons. I think maybe it's that ye don't put enough of your sermons in the fire."

An elderly person, in neat but somewhat threadbare clothing, with his side whiskers all carefully combed, entered a fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurant and ordered an expensive but discriminatingly chosen dinner, with a pint of good wine and a 50-cent cigar to follow. When he had finished and the waiter laid a check for a considerable amount on the tablecloth the gentleman who had dined said he wished to speak to the manager. Promptly the manager came. Impressed by the dignified hearing and distinguished face of the guest, he bowed. "I trust everything has been satisfactory?" he inquired. "Everything," stated the older man, "has been quite satisfactory." Then a touch of gentle reproach stole into his voice. "It was of another matter I wished to speak to you. Do you perhaps recall that about a year ago a man well past the prime of life—a man somewhere near my own age—came in here and ordered such a meal as the one I have just enjoyed, and when he finished he told you that he had no money with which to pay the bill, and you called two of your assistants—both strong men—and had that old gentleman thrown bodily into the street?" "Yes," stated the manager regretfully, "I do recall the incident you mention. I am sorry that it should have happened, but we have to protect ourselves against imposition. Nevertheless I confess that the thing has lain heavy upon my conscience ever since. It has troubled me no little. But why do you speak of it now?" "Because"—and here the venerable person rose—"because"—his tone was soft and low—"because, my dear sir, I'm afraid I'm going to have to trouble you again."

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### THE MERRY MUSE.

My Army Lorry.  
The Menin road is bonnie,  
Where big shells fa' like dew,  
And it's there my Army lorry  
Went hopelessly askew,  
Went hopelessly askew,  
And tried to climb a tree,  
And my bonnie Army lorry  
She laid her doon to dee!

She a'ways sulked at startin',  
Her brakes were nearly gone,  
Her seat it was the hardest  
That e'er a man sat on,  
That e'er a man sat on,  
In a' the A. S. C.,  
And I'm glad my army lorry  
Has laid her doon to dee!

—C. E. B., in London Evening News.

### At Old Fort Riley.

The Laramie Kid sat down at ease,  
And a visitor, who passed,  
Turned back and said: "My friend, how long  
Will this here big war last?"  
And Laramie Kid looked up and said—  
He is a short-spoke cuss—  
"Till No Man's Land is Somebody's,  
And Somebody is Us."

The Laramie Kid comes from a land  
Where speech is somewhat brief.  
A cowpuncher aint much on talk—  
Orations bring him grief—  
But he said it all when he said them words  
About our part in the fuss:  
"Till No Man's Land is Somebody's,  
And Somebody is Us."

So the Laramie Kid mused in the sun  
Where old Fort Riley sprawls,  
And he hummed for just a minute or so  
Between two huckle calls.  
There wasn't much music to the song,  
But the words he sang went thus:  
"Till No Man's Land is Somebody's,  
And Somebody is Us."

—Laramie Republican.

### Farm Specialists.

In our little town, oh! sad to tell,  
There is a merchant who doesn't know how to sell,  
A sawyer who doesn't know how to saw,  
A teacher who doesn't know how to teach,  
A preacher who doesn't know how to preach,  
A painter who can't paint very well,  
A printer who doesn't know how to spell,  
An odd-jobs man with never a job,  
A cobbler who doesn't know how to cob,  
A miller who doesn't know how to mill,  
A butcher who doesn't know how to kill,  
A racer who doesn't know how to race,  
A mason who doesn't know how to mace,  
A clocksmith who can not mend a clock,  
And a doctor who doesn't know how to doc;  
And, since none of these are husy men,  
You will find them again and yet again,  
Ever anon and a few times more,  
'Round the stove in Mendolsen's store,  
Each talking freely and through his hat,  
Doing the one thing they are expert at,  
Giving advice to farmers.

—The Prairie Farmer.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Alejandra Macondray and Mr. Alvah Kaime was solemnized Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre. Miss Margaret Trimble attended the bride as maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Laura Kaime, Miss Elena Eyre, and Miss Mary Elena Macondray. Miss Mary Grace Hayne and Master Christian de Guigné were the train-bearers and Miss Marianna Avenali was the flower-girl. Mr. Tallant Tuhbs was best man. Rev. George Lacombe officiated at the services. Mrs. Kaime is the daughter of Mrs. Macondray Moore. She is the sister of Mr. Robert Macondray and the niece of Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mr. Atherton Macondray, Mr. Arthur Macondray, and Mr. Faxon Atherton. Mr. Kaime is the son of Mr. George Kaime of Santa Barbara and the brother of Miss Laura Kaime. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Kaime will reside in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger gave a dinner last Monday evening at their home on Buchanan Street, their guests including Miss Anne Peters, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Lieutenant John Lusk, U. S. N., Lieutenant Frank O'Brien, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. S. Merrill, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. M. McGinnis, U. S. N., and Lieutenant G. Montgomery, U. S. N.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Miss Mildred Chapman, Mr. Downey Harvey, and Mr. Guillermo de la Pena.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Olivia Pillsbury gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in compliment to Miss Alejandra Macondray and Mr. Alvah Kaime. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mrs. Macondray Moore, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Miriam Beaver, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stedman, Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Percy King, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. Lawrence Harris, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. James Folger, Mr. John Wigmore, Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Morris Barroll, Mr. Ream Black, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Horace Van Sickle, Mr. Robert Clappett, Mr. William Downing, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Alfred Derott, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Lieutenant John Lusk, Lieutenant Ward Ruhendell, Lieutenant A. S. Merrill, Lieu-

tenant William Bliss, Lieutenant G. H. Montgomery, and Lieutenant George Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Monday evening at their home on Broadway, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Henry Breeden, and Captain William Van Antwerp.

Mrs. Clinton Walker entertained at luncheon recently at her home in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. William Walker and Mrs. Otis Skinner. A benefit tea was held yesterday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel for the Red Cross. The patronesses of the affair included Mrs. Max Sloss, Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. George Crothers, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Frank Turner, Mrs. J. G. Moore, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, Mrs. Walton Moore, and Miss Sara Hamlin.

Mrs. Dixwell Davenport entertained at dinner Friday evening at her home in compliment to Mrs. Richard Waldron.

Mrs. Joseph Hooper gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan. Mrs. Hooper was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson and Miss Ursula Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Greenbaum entertained at dinner recently at the St. Francis, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Stern, Mrs. L. Schwabacher, Mrs. S. Schwabacher, and Dr. Morris Herzstein.

Lieutenant Raymond Armsby gave a supper party recently in San Diego, complimenting Mme. Nellie Melba. The guests included Admiral William Fullam and Mrs. Fullam, Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton, ex-Mayor John Purroy Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell of New York, General Leroy Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, Lieutenant Arthur Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy, Mrs. Ruth Parsons, Mrs. Austin Sands, Mrs. Robert Irvin, Lady Fitzclarence, Miss Susan Mullally, Miss Rhoda Mullally, Major V. E. C. Dashwood, Colonel Thornwell Mullally, Captain R. A. Banon, Captain R. J. Pinto, Lieutenant Robert Mairesse, and Mr. Frank St. Leger.

Mrs. Ashton Potter entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday, her guests having included Mrs. Lucien Brunswig, Mme. Simoné Puget, Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, and Mrs. Edward Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Miss Marion Zeile, and Mr. William Fardon.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marion Baker gave a dinner recently in San Diego, their guests having included Lieutenant Harry Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, Lieutenant Joseph Donohoe, Jr., and Mrs. Donohoe, Lieutenant Berrien Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Platt Kent, Mrs. William Tuhbs, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Emelie Tuhbs, Captain A. A. Krantz, Major Albert Shaw, Lieutenant Wakefield Baker, Jr., Lieutenant George Montgomery, and Lieutenant Kittle Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the St. Francis in compliment to Consul-General M. Hanibara and Mrs. Hanibara.

Mrs. Fletcher Rycer gave a dinner last Wednes-

day evening at the St. Francis, with her guests later attending the theatre. Those asked to the affair included Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhbs, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mr. Joseph Tobin, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Charles McCormick, and Mr. George Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller entertained a group of friends at a dinner and theatre party Monday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and Mr. Robert Miller.

Dr. Chester Moore and Mrs. Moore were being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

#### Medical Officers Reserve.

Major Henry D. Jump of the Medical Officers Reserve is announced to speak at a meeting to be held in the Mural Room of the Hotel St. Francis on the evening of April 19th for the purpose of arousing interest in the work of the Medical Officers Reserve Corps and extending the sphere of its activities and usefulness.

The number of surgeons in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps in active duty is fifteen thousand, with about three thousand still in preparation—in actual figures, 18,138 officers in the corps, 14,911 of whom are on active duty.

The constant addition to the men in training at the training camps and the new draft which apparently is imminent will increase the demand for surgeons, so that the surplus of unassigned men will very soon be exhausted. Even at the present time men are being called to duty more rapidly than they are being admitted to the M. O. R. C. and trained.

In this particular work California, with 5689 regular physicians, has 783 for commissions. This is 13.8 per cent. of the medical population of the state. Twenty-eight states have done better than this. At least two hundred medical men should go from California into the M. O. R. C.

The meeting at the Hotel St. Francis will be public and there will be music. President Wilbur of Stanford University will speak on war conditions as he knows them through recent residence in Washington. There will be other speakers and Major Jump will have his opportunity to present the subject to a mixed audience.

#### Concert at the Palace of Fine Arts.

The third concert in the second series of Half-Hour Musicales will be given in the Lecture Room of the Palace of Fine Arts next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, under the direction of Mme. Emilia Tojetti, who has arranged for this occasion an international programme comprising notable works by Russian, Finnish, English, and Norwegian composers. Participants in the programme will be the Fairmont Quintet, Mrs. Joseph B. Keenan, and Miss Beatrice Becker.

The commonwealth government of Australia has decided to install two Balsillie plants for the stimulation of rain in Victoria and New South Wales, in the Mallee and Riverina districts, respectively. J. G. Balsillie, an Australian, has become famous for his inventions in wireless telegraph. He has now carried his inventive genius into the domain of rainmaking or rain stimulating by means of high-tension electricity liberated in the upper atmospheric strata. As a result of official trials made with his device at Bookaloo, fifty miles west of Port Augusta, an increased rainfall of between 50 and 70 per cent. has been noted there.

Here are the average salaries per year for clergymen of the various denominations, as shown by the California State Church Federation's figures: Brethren, \$925; Christian, \$1115; Congregational, \$1193; Episcopal, \$832; Evangelical Association, \$991; Friends, \$811; Methodist Episcopal, \$1141; Methodist Episcopal, South, \$673; Free Methodist, \$450; A. M. E. Zion, \$438; Nazarene, \$581; Presbyterian, \$371; United Presbyterian, \$924; Cumberland Presbyterian, \$334; Reformed Presbyterian, \$1200; Seventh Day Adventists, \$963; United Brethren, \$1118; Universalist, \$1460.

"What's for breakfast, Bill?" "Well, if we 'ad heggs we might 'ave 'am and heggs, except we aint got no 'am."—*Passing Show.*

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#### The Connaught Rangers.

I saw the Connaught Rangers as they were passing by,  
On a spring day, a good day, with gold rifts in the sky.  
Themselves were marching steadily along the Liffey quay  
An' I see the young proud look of them as if it was today!  
The bright lads, the right lads, I have them in my mind,  
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind!

A last look at old Ireland, a last good-bye mayhe,  
Then the gray sea, the wide sea, my grief upon the sea!  
And when will they come home, says I, when will they see once more  
The dear blue hills of Wicklow and Wexford's dim gray shore?  
The brave lads of Ireland, no better lads you'll find,  
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind!

Three years have passed since that spring day, sad years for them and me.  
Green graves there are in Serbia and in Gallipoli.  
And many who went by that day along the muddy street  
Will never hear the roadway ring to their triumphant feet.  
But when they march before Ilim, God's welcome will be kind,  
And the green flags on their bayonets will flutter in the wind.—*W. M. Lettis, in Yale Review.*

With an average of little more than two and one-half inches of moisture, this has been the driest winter in Kansas for fifty years. According to the university weather records at Lawrence the average winter precipitation for the last fifty years has been 5.61 inches. In the winter of 1869-70 it was only 3.45 inches, the next driest winter to this one.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan have returned to their home in Los Altos from a visit of several weeks in the East.

Captain Philippe de la Lande of the French army has been passing several days in San Francisco being a guest at the Hotel St. Francis. He has been ordered to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he will be stationed for several months.

Mrs. Roswell Brooks arrived a few days ago from her home in Minneapolis and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel, where her daughter, Mrs. Willis Walker, has been spending the winter months.

Mrs. Lucien Brunswig returned Sunday to her home in Los Angeles, after a visit of several days in San Francisco.

Dr. Lovell Langstroth and Mrs. Langstroth have been passing several days at Del Monte from their home on California Street.

Commander Kirby Crittenden, who arrived in San Francisco a few days ago from San Diego, has left with his ship to be gone indefinitely. Mrs. Crittenden is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, at their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman have returned to their home in Ross to pass the summer, after having spent the winter season at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Margaret Trimble arrived Monday from her home in Santa Barbara, having come to San Francisco to attend Miss Alejandra Macondray as maid of honor at her wedding on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Park, who has resided abroad for the past two years with Dr. Park and their daughters, the Misses Nancy and Elizabeth Park, has returned to her home in Montecito, where she will remain for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Richard Waldron has been passing several days in San Francisco from her home in Los Angeles and has been the guest of Miss Eleanor Davenport.

Mrs. Norman McLaren has been passing several weeks in the East with her daughter, Mrs. Millen Griffith who has been making her home in New York for several months. Mr. Griffith is on duty with the transport service, so Mrs. Griffith will probably reside in the Eastern city during the period of the war.

Mrs. John Owen Miller, who has been spending the winter at the Gables, has gone to Bakersfield for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Stewart White, the mother of Major Stewart Edward White, has been passing several days at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Vawter and their daughter, Miss Cora Vawter, have returned to their home in Chicago, after a brief visit in San Francisco. During their visit here Mr. and Mrs. Vawter and their daughter were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Robins and their daughter, Miss Theodora Robins, have been passing several days at the Palace Hotel from their home in Pasadena. Miss Robins spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the house guest of the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe.

Lieutenant Heister Hoogewerff, who has been stationed here for some time, has left for Seattle, where he has been ordered for duty.

Mr. Covington Janin, who is with the aviation corps of the army, has left for Miami, Florida.

Mrs. George McNear, Jr., returned a few days ago to her home in Petaluma from a sojourn in New York.

Mrs. Morgan Adams of Los Angeles has gone to Panama to join Lieutenant Adams, who is on duty there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken, who have been passing the winter as usual at the Fairmont Hotel, have opened their home in Alameda for the summer months.

Mrs. William Crocker and her daughter, Miss Helen Crocker, returned last week to their home in Burlingame, after a visit of several months in the East.

Mr. Roger Bocqueraz, who recently received a commission in the army, has been ordered to Camp Lee. Mrs. Bocqueraz will leave later in the summer for Virginia to join Mr. Bocqueraz.

Mrs. William Hathaway and her daughter, Miss Mahel Hathaway, have been spending several days at their country home at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Merrill Dow has taken a cottage at Long Beach so as to be near Mr. Dow, who is stationed at San Pedro.

Mrs. Robert Smith has gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Sidney Ford has gone to New York to join Ensign Ford, who has been in Atlantic waters for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble have returned to San Francisco, after a trip to the southern part of the state.

Miss Marion Zeile passed the week-end in Burlingame as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs.

Richard McCreery. Mr. William Ferdon of Santa Barbara was also a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. McCreery.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz on Russian Hill for the coming year.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer will leave in the near future for New York, where her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Nixon, reside.

Mrs. Manuel Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. John Nuttall, have gone to New York for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum are passing several weeks in the East, dividing their time between New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have returned to Menlo Park, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin have reopened their home in Ross for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson made a brief visit in San Francisco last week from San Pedro, where the former is stationed. While in San Francisco Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were guests at the home of Mrs. Gibson's mother, Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster and their daughters, Mrs. Lawrence Draper and Miss Louisiana Foster, have gone to American Lake to visit Captain Benjamin Foster, who is stationed at Camp Lewis.

Mrs. Martin Erickson arrived last week from her home in Oregon for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, at their home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Woods of Los Angeles have taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline returned last week to San Francisco from a trip to Portland and Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike have gone to their home in Contra Costa County, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. Prescott Ely and Mr. William Stone of Boston are passing several days in San Francisco. Mr. Ely came to California to visit his son, Lieutenant Prescott Ely, Jr.

Mrs. S. E. Dutton has gone to Coronado to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Colonel George French and Mrs. French, who are passing several weeks in the south from their home in Washington.

Judge William Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, who have been spending the winter at the Hotel Cecil, have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore will leave in a few days for San Antonio, Texas, to visit their son, Lieutenant Kenneth Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, at their New York home later in the season.

Mrs. Leonard Abbott is spending several weeks in San Rafael at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike at their home in Contra Costa County.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. Bailey C. Hoover, brother of the United States Food Administrator, from the City of Mexico; Dr. A. G. Grenville, Anglican Bishop of Auckland; Mr. Fred J. Mace, Chicago; Mr. John B. Doris, New York; Mrs. Ernest Wiltse, Paris; Mr. Mario Donda, Cali, Colombia; Mr. Thomas A. Ray, Lincoln, Nebraska; Captain John B. Conger, British army, Hongkong.

A breed of "fainting goats," as they are called, is found in Tennessee, but seems to be restricted to one small locality. In other respects the animals are just like ordinary goats, but on slight provocation they will "throw a fit." If suddenly approached or otherwise startled they fall to the ground. Apparently the trouble with them is not heart weakness, but a peculiar nervous complaint. Any sort of alarm gets their goat, so to speak.

"A mule," said Uncle Eben, "should be a warnin' against kickin'. De hetter he does it, de more unpopolar he gits."—*Washington Star*.

#### General Grossetti.

General Grossetti of the French army, who recently died, was undoubtedly the fattest and perhaps the most popular officer in the French army. The general's girth was so generous that he found it impossible to walk with any degree of ease, much less to ride with any comfort, either to himself or to his horse. General Grossetti, however, was none the less a very cool and gallant soldier, as evidenced by many stories of his conduct in trying situations.

One of these stories is told by the Paris *Gaulois*:

During the battle of the Yser, toward the end of the afternoon, when it was judged impossible for the French troops longer to withstand the enemy's fire, a British staff officer, sent by Sir John French, arrived on the scene to inquire what the French commander proposed to do, for the retirement of his division might involve the retreat of the English forces.

General Grossetti, when his troops had begun to fall back, had calmly seated himself on a camp chair, easily within range of the German shells, which were falling continuously in close proximity to his exposed position. When the Briton appeared Grossetti ordered another chair.

"Pray give me the pleasure, sir, of sitting down beside me," he said. Notwithstanding his British calmness and courage, the English officer hesitated a second or two. Finally he sat down. The French general said:

"You may say, sir, to Marshal French that my name is Grossetti and, as it indicates, I am too fat to retire."

That was why Grossetti was afterwards known as "the armchair general."

#### Spirit of Mysticism

An Eastern newspaper correspondent writes the following to illustrate the prevalence of the spirit of mysticism in times of war:

"I was on my way last night to a military camp. A soldier slightly drunk was on the train. In merry mood he chaffed his comrades and the rest of the passengers.

"The train suddenly halted in the rainy dark and far from any station. The soldier ran to the door, meaning to take advantage of the unscheduled stop to stretch his limbs and cool his brow. He lurched into the open vestibule—and I thought he had jumped from the steps.

"At that second, with a fierce blast of wind and a rattle of gravel on the panes of our car, an express train roared past on the other track.

"The soldier came back into the car pale as ashes, trembling like the aspen. His face as solemn as that of a judge pronouncing a death sentence.

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"I was just going to jump," he said to me. "Something held me back. Do you know what it was? It was this!"

"He took from a pocket-hook over his heart the picture of a baby about eight months old. 'It was my baby's hands,' he said, almost sobbing. 'It's the third time they've saved me. I'm going to swear off.'"

In every United States marine officer's scabbard rests a testimonial of the American sea soldiers' valiant participation in ridding the world of the old Barbary pirate nests. The marine's scimitar, with its curved blade and Mameluke grip hilt, was adopted from the knife surrendered by the pirate chief at the time the historic frigate *Philadelphia* crushed the Tripolitan hrigands. Swords in other branches of America's fighting forces are adaptations of the old Roman blade.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bob—You look sweet enough to eat. Gertie—I do eat. Where shall we go?—*London Tit-Bits.*

Man in Passing Car—Have an accident, old fellow? Man Under Car (grimly)—No, thank you. Just had one.—*Nebraska Awgcon.*

First Fresh—My father is a veteran and has a hickory leg. Second Ditto—S nothing. My sister has a cedar chest.—*Dartmouth Jock-o'-Lantern.*

"Your wife is very ingenious." "I should say so. It seems to me she finds a new place to hide my dress shirt studs every time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Your son needs the conceit taken out of him." "Well, we are trying to do it gradually. We don't want him to shrivel entirely away."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"The surgeon of the regiment was both professional and military in the order he gave the men when he wanted to vaccinate them." "What was the order?" "Present arms."—*Baltimore American.*

Sammy—How do you manage to get on so well with the French girls when you can't speak the lingo? Jackie—You're dead slow. Can't ye kiss a girl without a dictionary?—*Browning's Magazine.*

"Going to send your wife to the seashore this season?" "No, I can't afford it." "Why, she isn't extravagant, is she?" "Not in the least; hut last year while she was away I blew in four hundred dollars."—*Boston Transcript.*

"He can't ask for anything simply. Yesterday when the waiter asked him what he wanted, he said to bring him a harnyard terminal." "What on earth did he mean by that?" "He wanted a cocktail."—*Baltimore American.*

"What did they do with that fellow that ditched a train, shot a woman, and brutally beat three children? Hang him?" "No; he claimed his diplomatic rights." "Eh?" "Why, he proved he'd blown up a shipyard and hurned an elevator, and produced his spy credentials, so they had to intern him."—*Life.*

"A number of plays I have seen were consistently ungrammatical." "Sure they was," said the girl who chews gum rapidly. "Drammers that thrills your heart has to be put across in the plain language everybody under-

## LOOKING FORWARD

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

At least protect your Sons and Grandsons by keeping the valuable papers you hold in trust for them in a Safe Deposit Box at the

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UNDER MANAGEMENT

JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

stands. I never could get up any interest in that grammatical dialect."—*Washington Star.*

"Were you ever patroness at a society affair?" "No. I'm always one of the patronized."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

First Poet—Heard a jolly good compliment on your "Daffodils" yesterday, old chap. Second Poet—Indeed? First Poet—Yes. Fellow asked me if I wrote it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Of course you don't permit your husband to talk back to you," remarked the first strong-minded woman. "Certainly not," said the second strong-minded woman. "But sometimes, after I have given John a piece of my

mind he rushes to the cellar and shakes down the furnace so furiously that I have an idea what he might do to me if he dared."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Take a good look at this ladder, my hoy." "What for?" "And then remember that if it were possible to get to the top at a single bound there would be no need for the bottom rungs."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"By George, yes. I'm the very devil on germs and microbes and all that sort of dope. I sterilize and filter everything I can lay hold of. Now, for instance, only last—" "Great Caesar! It must be pretty rough on the other people in the house?" "Oh, I s'pose so. Even my relations are strained."—*Sydney Bulletin.*





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The "Hindu Cases."

Regarded broadly the outcome of the Hindu cases is a triumph of the government of the United States over men and forces who thought themselves strong enough and subtle enough to flout and to disregard its mandates. The offense was that of a wide-reaching conspiracy to organize in and promote from this country a revolutionary movement in India. The parties to it were: (1) The Government of Germany and its agents in the United States; (2) a group of Hindu revolutionists resident here and elsewhere, and, incidentally, (3) a number of American speculators willing in their sympathy with Germany or their eagerness for profit to disregard the law of their country. The original indictment had reference to upwards of a hundred persons, later reduced to thirty, representing each of the classes above described. Three governments—those of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States—were directly interested. The trial has occupied the continuous attention of a United States court in San Francisco for more than five months. A prodigious mass of testimony was developed, requiring the attendance of witnesses from many corners of the world. By the verdict, the authority and dignity of the law and the integrity of the United States have been maintained. Those who presumed upon the indifference of the

authorities or the insufficiency of the machinery of justice have been rebuked. Good fortune attended the procedure almost up to its last hour in that no accidental or incidental circumstance developed tending to thwart or unduly delay the trial. It is due to be said that a presiding judge less competent than Judge Van Fleet at the points of administrative energy, of capacity for quick apprehension, of readiness in sifting and assimilating remote and obscurely related facts, of knowledge of the law, and of prompt powers of judgment and interpretation, could hardly have brought this great case with its unparalleled complications to a definite and satisfactory conclusion. To Mr. Preston, the Federal prosecutor, also is due the fullest measure of appreciation for organizing the forces of prosecution and for untiring energy and careful judgment in conduct of the case.

### The Battle Line.

Without venturing upon the field of prophecy, the Argonaut will set forth certain general considerations which have served—and still serve—to sustain its hopes during the past five anxious weeks.

First—With reference to the advance of the Germans in Flanders. An aggressive force addressing itself to an extended line has an obvious advantage over a defensive force as respecting a particular point or points. The assailant may mass his forces at a particular place and so by sudden attack achieve an advanced position before a force sufficiently strong to balk him may be brought to the point of assault. Thus a very considerable advance may mean nothing more than the loss of ground, unimportant unless it opens the way to a definite objective. The advance of the Germans, although, regarded geographically, a considerable one, has small military significance excepting in so far as it may endanger the direct line of communication between England and Paris. Practically all the territory occupied in this drive by the Germans was held by them more than three years ago to so little advantage that they ultimately withdrew from it for "strategic reasons," if we may accept their own explanation. The purpose of this latest drive was primarily to separate the British and French armies; second to capture the important city of Amiens, a very considerable base of Allied supplies. Both have failed. Excepting that they are nearer in miles to Amiens and Paris than they were a month ago, the Germans have gained nothing.

As to relative strength of the forces engaged: Offensive operations are always more costly in men than defensive operations. We do not have to accredit at face value the reports of German losses in this great movement to know that it has been made at heavy cost. The advance has been in a flat country open to direct artillery action. When for hours together heavy guns are fired point blank into massed bodies the effect can not be other than sanguinary. Reports of half a million dead and wounded Germans are only guesses, but the loss to the assailing forces has been vastly great, while the defensive losses have been relatively light. An offensive and advancing army must in the very nature of things grow weaker the further it gets away from its base. The bringing forward of supplies and of heavy guns must be attended by diversion of its energies and by delays; on the other hand the carrying back of its wounded is another serious charge upon its resources. In the immediate instance the German army must in the nature of things be a good deal reduced in strength as compared with its status when the drive began. It has fewer men, measured by its losses of dead and wounded; its supplies of guns and ammunition must be considerably reduced; its morale must be more or less affected by the loss and the sufferings of its men and by the failure of its general aims. True, losses have been inflicted upon the opposing Allied forces, but the ratio of Allied

losses is less, while time has been given to mass reserves and otherwise prepare for the vital struggle in which the fate of the movement is ultimately to be decided. To sum up: Today the Germans at the western front are relatively weaker than they were a month ago, while the Allies are relatively stronger.

Now as to the Allies: The Kaiser has been quoted as declaring that the great drive must succeed because it was a case of a unified offensive force opposed to a divided defensive force. As the result of this offensive the condition upon which this hope was based has been nullified. Under pressure of the great drive there has come unification of the Allied forces under General Foch. The French, English, Belgian, American, Portuguese, and Italian forces in France are now being handled as a single army by a supreme commander. If there was division of purpose and method before, there is none now. How thorough the amalgamation of the Allied armies has become is illustrated by the fact that regiments of different countries are now brigaded together.

As to General Foch: There is observation of the fact that practically there has up to now been no counter-stroke on the part of the Allied forces. "What is Foch doing?" is a question frequently asked. We know enough of General Foch to know that in this great emergency he is not idle. We know enough of his habit in warfare—he was second in command at the Marne and in full coöperation with Grand-père Joffre—to have faith in his energy, his skill, his judgment. He has not yet struck. Not even the movement toward the Channel ports has drawn him into abandonment of his defensive plan. There is assurance in his silence. It is recorded of a great commander of antiquity that when urged by subordinates to act in advance of his plan because the opposing commander had invited him to action he replied: "I do not permit mine enemy to fix the time or the place of my battles." Apparently this is the mettle of which General Foch is made. He has not allowed the German to hurry him out of his fixed arrangements. If he were a weak man he would now be explaining and apologizing for inaction. Since he neither explains nor apologizes—since he calmly waits his hour—we may be assured of his self-assurance. Confidently we believe that when in his judgment—a judgment of approved discretion and experience—the hour has come to strike, Foch will strike precisely as he struck three and a half years ago at the Marne.

The duty of the hour upon all of us is that of calmness, of patience, of confidence. Nervousness and anxiety at home—even so far away from the battle line as California—may have its effects in breaking the morale and weakening the arm on the battle line. Confidence at home is translatable into the strength at the front. Men and brethren—and sisters—let us strengthen our Allies and our own lads at the front by firmness in faith that discretion as well as courage is guiding affairs and that all will work out for good!

### Congress Yields to Organized Labor.

Congress has gravely enacted an "anti-sabotage" law and the Executive has as gravely approved it; and careless observers no doubt are comfortable in the conclusion that from now on there are to be no labor troubles as related to war industries. So at least we are assured by our daily newspapers which under their own pretensions keep the public informed as to what is going on in the world. But behind this legislation and back of the assurances accompanying it there is a state of facts which ought to be known.

The demand for an anti-sabotage law came from the Department of Justice and its prescription was for an act to prevent interference with or delay in the production or transportation of war material. The State



passed a bill as requested, embodying the points which it was desired to cover. When the measure came before the House of Representatives Uncle Joe Cannon suggested an amendment providing a penalty for acts or conspiracies "to prevent the erection or production of war premises, war material, or war utilities." The purpose was to make the measure a positive bar to hindrances and annoyances which in shipyards and elsewhere have in months past balked the activities of government and delayed its effective participation in the war. Mr. Cannon's amendment was adopted without a record vote over the opposition of the labor element, who discovered that it would make strikes unlawful in war-time. Immediately after adoption of the measure as amended the labor element, through Representative Lunn of New York, proposed a second amendment setting forth that nothing in the act should be construed "as limiting the right of workmen to strike peacefully to obtain better working conditions." The labor element on the floor was strong enough to obtain a roll-call on this amendment, so of course it was adopted.

Thus there came back to the Senate a bill purporting to punish whoever might delay war work, but expressly legalizing and inviting delays provided they were produced under the name of "peaceful strikes." In other words a bill designed to prevent strikes had been twisted into such form as to make it a direct invitation to strike. The bill as thus changed from its original purpose to the direct opposite of that purpose went to conference, and after a sufficient discussion to demonstrate its meaning was accepted. The conferees surrendered absolutely to the labor leaders, whose demand was that "organized labor must not be interfered with" in war-time or any other time.

When the conference report came to the Senate that body took its courage in hand. It decisively refused to accept the strike-protection amendment, though by way of camouflage it was pleaded that the amendment legalizing strikes was "unnecessary." In other words it was sought by the Senate to throw out the amendment without appearing to antagonize the labor element. But the attempt to get an effective law without giving offense to organized labor was a flat failure. When the word went out that the Senate had rejected the conference report, because of its strike-protection clause organized labor literally frothed at the mouth. Senators who had voted to reject the report and thus to make a law that would really protect the war industries from interference and delay were deluged with protesting telegrams, many of them violently abusive. Senators were warned that the "avenging hand of organized labor would fall upon those who sought to bring the workers of the country under the yoke of industrial absolutism." A few senators stood firm; more were panic-stricken. An effort was made to reconsider the vote by which the conferees' report had been rejected, but the effort failed. Then the conferees came together again and reached a compromise something after the manner of the classic story which recites that when the wife wanted to board and the husband wanted to keep house the matter was "compromised" by agreement—to board. The conferees amiably agreed to the elimination of all "objectionable language." Everything, of course, is objectionable to which anybody objects. Both Senate and the House accepted the emasculated bill; so now we have a useless bit of law—one which decrees that nobody shall interfere or delay any war activity unless he wants to. The masters of our national legislation have spoken and Congress has come to heel.

It appears that under the necessities of war there is no tyranny in commandeering anything that the government needs or wants; that under the necessities of war the youth of the country, willing or otherwise, may be drawn from its home or its labors and sent to Europe to fight; that the capital of the country may be called upon for its bottom dollar. But when it is proposed that labor shall be held to its duty, that it shall not be privileged to hold up and delay, that it shall submit its demands to arbitration and adjudication—that this is tyranny. All other elements in the country must submit to reasonable regulation under the necessities of war, but labor shall be free from all restraint, permitted to play upon the emergencies and necessities of the country to the end of demanding and getting whatever it may choose to ask for. In effect the new anti-sabotage law is a law whose whole practical effect

is an expressed legalization of the right to strike in war-time as at other times.

### It Is Up to Labor.

Practically all the able-bodied men of France are in the war or are invalidated as an effect of the war. The bulk of the work of the country now for three years or more has been done by the women. But the job of cultivating the fields of France is too big for their resources of strength or numbers. If the armies are to be fed, if the children are to be nourished, help must come from without. So there is appeal to America for farm labor. It is positive and urgent. Help must come or many fields must lie fallow even though there is sore need of food which the land is capable of producing.

This is a situation in which America can not help. Her own man power has been depleted. The demand here as well as in France is scarcely less urgent for fighters than for agricultural workers. With a million of our men in the training camps and with other millions soon to be withdrawn from industry, the question of agricultural labor becomes with us a great and vital problem. We can not spare men from our own fields.

In China there are multitudes precisely suited by temperament and disposition to the work of agricultural labor in France and in this country. They have offered their services upon terms and conditions guaranteeing their return to their own homes when the day of our necessity shall be past. Common sense dictates the acceptance of this offer both on the part of France and on our own part. Practically—apart from prejudice and politics—there is no reason why we should decline that which is at once guardedly and generously offered. On the other hand there is every reason why we should accept. We ought to find in China that which our necessities and the necessities of France call for.

Labor in America, now employed at rates far above normal and which must see that it is unable to perform the tasks presented to it, ought to consent to the bringing over for the period of the war of a sufficient force of Chinese for the work crying to be done both in this country and in France. But our politicians in and out of the government will not accept the offer of aid from China unless our laboring element shall consent to it. True our government ought to be strong enough to meet the situation without asking the permission of any particular class. But practically the thing is impossible. Nothing is more certain than that our government will not act if labor protests.

Therefore it is up to labor to determine if we shall do what obviously ought to be done in common sense and in patriotism. It is for the laboring element in the United States to say whether or not the armies and the people of France shall be fed or go hungry. Again it is for the laboring element of the United States to say whether our fields and gardens shall for the period of the war be worked to their highest efficiency or be neglected and so rendered only half productive.

### "Sa-ca-ga-we-a"!

Truly fine in conception and in form is the poem, "Sa-ca-ga-we-a," by Edna Dean Proctor, which may be found on another page of this number of the *Argonaut*. Sacagawea was an Indian girl of sixteen or seventeen, half slave half wife, of a French-Indian *voyageur* who served Captains Lewis and Clark as guide and hunter on their famous journey from the Missouri region to the mouth of the Columbia River. As a child Sacagawea had been stolen from a tribe inhabiting the region now included in the State of Idaho and she retained a dim memory of the country thereabout. She, in fact, and not her *voyageur*, was the real guide in so far as there was a guide. It happened that when in the dangerous country the party encountered a band of Indians who would have disputed their progress westward that Sacagawea recognized in the leader of the band her own brother, whose mood was by this circumstance changed from hostility to friendship.

Sacagawea was truly the mascot of the great adventure. She shared in all the hardships of the journey, including a full share in its labors, and through it all bore on her back "her baby nestling there." A charming incident of the terrible winter spent by the Lewis and Clark expedition near the present city of Astoria was Sacagawea's appeal for

permission to accompany a party which forced its way through the forest to the shore of the Pacific at a bold point now known as Tillamook Head. It is pleasant to record that this request was granted and that the Indian girl, still bearing her baby on her back, was among the little group to look upon the Pacific Ocean. There, we venture the suggestion, and not upon "the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide," is where the figure of Sacagawea "in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek" should stand. It appears to have escaped the attention of the poet that Sacagawea has already been immortalized in bronze. Many years ago a citizen of Portland, Oregon—Hon. David P. Thompson, a former governor of Idaho, now dead—erected a figure in her memory in one of the city parks. It is a worthy work of art, but in the judgment of the *Argonaut* wrongly placed.

An artistic mistake similar to that of placing the figure of Sacagawea in a Portland park was the placing in Golden Gate Park of the stone cross commemorating the first reading of the English church service on the American continent. Neither Drake, who commanded the expedition, nor his chaplain, Fletcher, ever saw San Francisco Bay. The place of their encampment and the place where the service was first read was on the shores of Drake's Bay, near Point Reyes, on the property now known as the Shafter-Howard ranch. Here the commemorative cross should have been erected. In Golden Gate Park it is easily accessible, but it lacks the value of geographical identity. Its significance would be vastly greater if it stood in the lonely spot where was enacted the circumstance whose name and fame it commemorates. Bunker Hill monument is a significant and noble thing because it stands on Bunker Hill. Much of its inspiration would be lost if it had been placed elsewhere.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Schwab makes a good beginning by moving the executive offices of the Shipping Board from Washington to Philadelphia. Thus he avoids the confusions of the capital and gets directly upon the job. It is precisely what might have been expected from a man of business, and precisely what no politician would ever have done. At Philadelphia Mr. Schwab and his office force will be relatively free from political annoyances—from annoyances which have had much to do with holding up the work of the committee in months past. The President, who is to be congratulated upon the appointment of Mr. Schwab, ought now to go further and put the various constructive jobs into the hands of men of demonstrated capacity for big tasks.

While it is difficult to regard with patience or toleration certain extravagances and puerilities incidental to the rising war spirit in this country, there is nevertheless a distinct gratification in the discovery that at last our people are coming to understand the gravity of the war and the necessity of backing it with moral support, not only abroad, but at home. Thus while the spectacle of imitation Ku-Klux organizations at Salinas and elsewhere are far from edifying, and while the flag-kissing bees at various points illustrate emotionalism run to silliness, these developments and incidents have a certain value as showing that the pulse of the country is beating high. At last our people are coming to feel that we are really and seriously at war and coming to resent treason or indifference, which hitherto have been too patiently endured.

No doubt sheer hoodlumism had much to do with the assault of an army of young men and boys last Friday and Saturday nights upon the tented "Tabernacle of David" in Berkeley. Yet it must be admitted that there was provocation; and it is difficult to suppress a certain satisfaction even with respect to the extravagances of that incident. For some weeks past a mountebank, working upon the credulities and emotions of ignorant persons, has maintained an offensive activity at Berkeley. Sane and serious minded persons have resented not more the anti-patriotic utterances of an irreverent faker than his gross and anti-moral preachments. It was high time that the nuisance should be abated, and certainly no great wrong has been done in elimination of the "tabernacle," its unclean prophet, and his motley following. But all this might have been accomplished without resort to criminal methods with their demoralizing



suggestions and exhilarations. No one of the three hundred youths who burned the tent of "David" to the ground and destroyed the possessions of the faker-priest and his dupes but received in the process a lesson in petty criminality. There is gratification in the fact that a moral nuisance has been abated, but it is a pity that this result might not have been achieved without stimulating the spirit of hoodlumism and criminality.

Of the several candidates for the governorship who have thus far declared themselves with respect to the issue of prohibition Mr. Hayes of San Jose has, in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, exhibited the largest measure of courage and common sense. He would, he says, by stringent regulation put the saloon out of business. That is, he would by the so-called Rominger law or some other measure embodying the principle of discrimination knock out at one blow the gross evils of the commercialized liquor traffic. But he would not destroy the great wine-making interest of California nor prohibit the exercise of individual judgment with respect to the use of the lighter beverages. He would have California reject the proposal for national bone-dry legislation. All this is in the line of rationality, and being so is a bit of a surprise as coming from an eager candidate for public office. It gives to Mr. Hayes' candidacy an atmosphere and a dignity which ought to commend it, at this point at least, to the sober judgment of the people of California.

Some say Camp Frémont; some say Camp Fremont. Which is correct? The camp was named in honor of General John C. Frémont of the United States army, the early explorer of California; and as every intelligent person is supposed to know how to pronounce his own name, we may trust General Frémont's opinion on this subject—if we can be sure what his opinion was. General Frémont never left any one in doubt about it, for he habitually put an acute accent on the *e* when he signed his name. His "Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842" has an accent on the *e* in his name wherever it is mentioned throughout the book. Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography, Volume II, page 545, gives a facsimile of General Frémont's signature, and at page 548 is a facsimile of the signature of his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont, and in both cases the *e* is clearly accented. The Century Cyclopædia of Names, at page 412, also has the *e* in Frémont accented. If necessary many other proofs might be given to show that the name should be pronounced Frémont.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### A Word Direct from the Battle Line.

Mr. William Bethune Ireland of San Francisco and Berkeley has received the letter which follows from his brother, Captain Richard Ireland, of the Royal Scots, now serving as an intelligence officer with the Fourth (British) Army Corps in France. It comes hot from the front, five days after the German advance began, and has definite value as setting forth a situation in precise accord with conservative judgment here based upon reports to date:

FRANCE, 25th March, 1918.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Just a line to let you know that I am all right and going strong.

This is the fifth day of the great battle. The old Hun is putting up a great show, but it is costing him a terrible price. His losses are something colossal.

In a show of this kind, and one prepared on the magnitude that this has been, it is always the case that the attacking side gains ground. The whole question is, is it going to pay in the long run? He has been attacking in dense masses for days now, and the targets he has offered have been almost inconceivable. Our fellows have got almost physically tired mowing down the enemy with machine guns and artillery at point blank range. In one case our fire step had to be arranged to enable our fellows to fire over the heaps of dead piled on the wire in front of the trench at those coming behind. Can you conceive it?

All the ground he has gained is waste ground where everything has been destroyed by himself when he retired to his Hindenburg line a year ago or laid waste after the Somme battle of 1916. I know most of the ground very well, as I have fought over it with the infantry and often have been over it since—and personally I say he is welcome to it. That is what he is gaining, and he is losing tens of thousands of men a day. He'll be held up in the end.

### "An Unmistakable Grievance."

From the New Republic.

In a speech recently made in the House Mr. Frear of Wisconsin called attention to one example of Democratic campaign tactics in the recent Wisconsin election, which supplies the Republicans with an unmistakable grievance against their party opponents. He quoted an advertisement which appeared in a newspaper printed in Rockford, Illinois, on April 2d: "To the Wisconsin Soldiers at Camp Grant—You are entitled to vote for United States senator from Wisconsin to succeed Senator Paul O. Huston. President Wilson, your commander-in-chief, desires all loyal Americans to vote for Joseph E. Davies for United States senator. Davies' election

means joy at Washington and gloom at Berlin. Davies' defeat means gloom at Washington and joy at Berlin."

We do not remember to have seen a clearer case than this of the unscrupulous abuse of patriotic feeling for partisan purposes. If the Democrats continue to capitalize in this way their control of the government the coming congressional campaign will degenerate into partisan war of unprecedented bitterness and futility.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The German offensive has reached its second phase, and if we may judge from the present lull in the fighting the third stage may be about to begin. It is well that we should make this clear division into stages because only in this way can we measure the successes and the failures. It is also well that we should formulate a clear concept of the definite military aims involved in order that we may judge the extent to which they have been achieved. Newspaper headlines that indicate advances and retreats are not able to help us very much, and this is particularly true so long as we identify retreats with defeats and advance with victories. An army that is compelled to fight because timely retreat is prevented by deficiency of transport or by unfavorable ground is in a much worse predicament than the army that falls back smoothly in order to evade an irresistible weight or in search of strategic advantage. An army in full retreat may be losing nothing but worthless ground. An army that is unable to retreat may be endangering its existence. The only way to measure the progress of the war is to look clearly at the main military objectives and to measure the extent of their attainment. In this instance we may also take into consideration the fact that Germany set forth not only to win a battle, but to end the war. She said this clearly enough, and she hardly tried to conceal the further confession that she must win the war now or not at all.

The battle of Amiens may then be written off as a closed chapter, unless of course it should be resumed, and in that case it will be a new battle. We know precisely what the Germans expected to do, and we know with equal precision that they did not do it. They expected to take advantage of the dual command of the Allies and to separate their armies at the point where the two commands came into contact. The diary of a dead German officer says: "The general line of attack will be in a westerly direction to Boulogne, Arras, etc., so that we may separate the British and the French. France will then make peace quickly, and for this reason the chief blows are to be directed against the British in order to remove their influence over their allies." The diary then goes on to describe the measures that have been taken which were so perfect that "failure is almost an impossibility." The Germans argued rightly enough that with a divided command each general would concentrate his attention upon his own army to the detriment of the common welfare, and that there would be no single mind to measure the relative values of the two interests. Germany has, of course, been profiting from this multiplicity of commands since the beginning of the war, and only stern and painful experience has compelled its abolition. There were a few critical hours during the battle of Amiens—so Lloyd-George tells us—when the Germans actually succeeded in penetrating the Allied lines at the junction point of the two armies and in inflicting a serious defeat upon General Gough, but the gap was sealed by the French in the nick of time and the situation was saved. The position on this particular battlefield is now a nearly exact equilateral triangle, with a base about fifty miles long, and with its apex at Moreuil, ten miles southeast of Amiens. The French have just won a slight success near Moreuil, and there is a continuous artillery duel to the east of Montdidier on the southern side of the triangle. The Germans are also reported to be fortifying themselves heavily in this area, which is precisely what they would be likely to do. If the French should seriously attack this triangle or salient it would naturally be on its southern side, and at the most easterly point from which their artillery fire could reach right across the triangle and so cut off or isolate as much of its western area as possible.

Lloyd-George in his recent speech to the House of Commons said frankly that the Allied commanders were in doubt as to the area upon which the Germans would attack. They believed that the St. Quentin-Amiens field would be chosen, as we now know that it was, but they were not sufficiently sure to justify transfers of defensive troops. They knew that there were heavy German concentrations against the French as well as at the northern end of the line, and it would have been too risky to guess at the threatened points. Germany was moving her men successfully under cover of night, and while the aeroplanes had done good service their observations were gravely hampered by the foggy weather. Lloyd-George told his hearers that he was only partially informed as to what had actually happened, and that he could not ask for additional reports while the commanders were actually engaged in a continuous battle. But the advantage, he said, had been clearly on the side of the Germans, as it must always be on the side of the attack, which knows all the factors of time and place which must be matters of speculation for the defense. There was also the fact that the ground was phenomenally firm for the time of the year when ordinarily it is difficult for the pedestrian to escape being bogged. Lloyd-George did not suggest that the Germans have discovered the secret of weather prediction, but none the less there are observers who remind us of recent scientific efforts to identify a weather cycle, and who hint at the possibility that German thoroughness may have achieved even this.

There were various causes for the discontinuance of the

German advance toward Amiens. First, there was the stiffening of the resistance and the increasing price that was being exacted for every foot of territory gained. Secondly, there were the difficulties of supply over an ever lengthening line of communications from the base and over devastated country. Thirdly, there was the danger of an attack upon the sides of the triangle as those sides become longer and therefore more thinly manned. We see a German recognition of this last danger in the attacks brought at both extremities of the base line in the effort to lengthen it, and thus to widen the triangle itself so that the point of a possible counter attack might be shifted westward and toward the apex. It is always to be remembered, as has been said before, that a plow-point advance, or a salient, is twice as vulnerable as is the base line from which it starts because it can be assailed from two sides instead of one only, and that this vulnerability is lessened by an increased width. All such movements must come automatically to an end unless the base line can be lengthened proportionally to the side lines. The recent French attack upon the apex of the German triangle was doubtless for some local advantage. The point of a salient is never seriously attacked in an effort to obliterate the salient. However successful such an attack may be, its advantage must be very limited. Salients are always attacked either at their base angles if they are small salients, or at some point along their sides which would compel a retirement from their apex. The Germans evidently expect that the Amiens salient will be attacked in the neighborhood of Montdidier or Lassigny, but this is by no means a guarantee that their expectations will be realized. General Foch may have some other plan much more radical than this. The battle of Amiens therefore takes its place in history as the first stage in a struggle that left Germany in occupation of a large area of devastated country, but in which she failed to attain her immediate military objectives, and in which she failed still more signally to paralyze her enemies or to end the war by a German triumph. Looking at the battle in its widest aspects, we may believe that the balance of its advantage is against Germany. In other words it would have been better for her if it had not been fought, and this may be said confidently, and without any desire to mitigate a situation that was decidedly ugly, and that for one brief period was critical in the extreme.

For the second stage of the German offensive we find ourselves in an entirely new area. Lloyd-George said in his speech before the House of Commons that there were known to be three great German concentrations, one against the British lines in the north, one against the St. Quentin district, and one against the French in the south. They did not know which of the three concentrations would be used, and were therefore compelled to await the determination of events. The St. Quentin-Amiens battle having been fought to a standstill—always remembering the possibilities of a renewal—we now find a transfer of the struggle to the banks of the Lys, with nearly the same tactics, and with a resulting formation similar to that in the south, but on a much smaller scale. The first point of attack was directly to the east of Ypres, which marks the extremity of the small British salient created by the battles for the Ridge country marked by Messines and Passchendaele. But on this occasion there was no element of surprise, and the British defense contained no weak points such as was disclosed by the defeat of General Gough in the south. The British held the Ridge firmly, and the point of the German attack was then shifted to Armentières immediately to the south in the hope of pushing to the rear of the Ridge and forcing its defenders to fall back, and it was then shifted still further south as far as Givenchy. Southwest of Armentières the Germans succeeded to the extent that the greater part of the Ridge was abandoned, with the result of an acute threat to Ypres itself. In this field there could be no question of a voluntary retirement except under the pressure of actual necessity. The stakes were too big for that. The British line may almost be said to be the outpost garrison of Dunkirk and even of Calais. There was no room for retreat without danger to the seaports that are of such critical value to the British communications with England. General Haig's appeal to his troops was strikingly similar to the appeal issued by Joffre before the Marne. Haig said, "Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement." Joffre's general order announced that "the hour has come to advance at all costs and to die where you stand rather than give way." The army was heartened by the assurance that the French were coming in great force to their relief, an assurance that seems subsequently to have been fulfilled. None the less the Germans took Bailleul on April 15th, which carried them well to the southwest of Ypres. The British maintained their resistance west of Mirville and Givenchy, and so barred the road to Bethune. At the moment of writing the attack has died away with the advantage tending more and more toward the Allied side. We shall presently know whether the Germans will make a further effort to advance toward Hazebrouck and Bethune, or whether they will now test the mettle of the Belgians to the north. Looking at the two battlefields of Amiens and Ypres, and at the German gains, we see that they have a rough resemblance to an old-fashioned hour-glass, the upper bulb being smaller than the lower, and connected with the lower by the short neck of line from Arras to Lens. Upon neither field have the Germans gained their objective. If we could assume that neither battle would be resumed we might say unhesitatingly that Germany has gained nothing in any way commensurate with her losses. And certainly she has not taken even an initial step toward the paralysis of the Allied armies and a consequent winning of the war. We may note also that her present position in the north and in the south with their unattained objectives are highly dangerous to herself with their exposed salients. On the other hand, if the Germans should



renew the battle and make a further advance west of Mirville it will mean the fall of Ypres and the cutting of the important railroad from Ypres to Bethune.

It is evident that a considerable number of French troops were thrown into this northern battle and that they helped in stemming the German advance. We do not know where these troops came from, but it is not a little significant that they should be so quickly available. Presumably they were detached from the army of reserves that Foch is holding somewhere in the background for effective use whenever he shall judge that the time for their use is ripe. We find frequent references to this army of reserves, as well as definite statements that it is of large size, and that it has not participated in the present battles except to the extent already noted. Certainly it is not hard to believe that such an army exists. If we compare the number of men whose whereabouts can be accounted for with the number that we know to exist we shall see at once that there is a large margin for the composition of such an army, and this apart from the fact that it is known to have been created by the conference at Versailles, and that it has been fully discussed by competent experts in neutral countries. Foch is said to have declared that he will not be hurried into anything premature even though the Germans should advance much further than they have yet done, and that even an immediate threat to the Channel ports would not be allowed to force his hands. We shall certainly be making a great mistake if we assume that all the factors of the struggle are now within sight, and that we need do no more than watch the fluctuations of the armies that are now on the battlefields. Foch was so sure of himself that he asserted the safety of Amiens at the very moment when that city seemed almost to be doomed. He seems to be quite sure of himself now. The situation in its entirety is not necessarily represented by official bulletins, nor discernible upon the map. If Foch has a large army of reserves for use at the right time and in the right place—both naturally hidden—he may be able to view with equanimity a situation that to the uninformed seems critical in the extreme. His blow would certainly be postponed until the moment when the German exhaustion and losses were at their height. At least we may remember to our solace that we have already passed through many periods of depression and pessimism, and that so far none of them has been justified, that most of them were due to unawareness of the facts. Paris was not taken four years ago when its fall seemed imminent, and had we known of the army of Manoury hovering unseen on the German flank we should not have allowed ourselves to despair for the French capital. But that was one of the things that we were not allowed to know. We should have had no dreary presages of the fall of Verdun if we had known that the siege could have been stopped at a much earlier date by the signal for the battle of the Somme. Four years ago the Germans were in possession of Amiens, and were even far to the westward of Amiens. They were then nearer to Calais than they are now, and nearer to Dunkirk. Our despondencies upon all these occasions were wasted. The situation was saved again and again, and usually through instrumentalities that had been kept secret, even more secret than that army of reserves whose movements will not be hastened by our sense of emergency, however acute.

The movement of Italians northward to the battle lines in France is supposed to be due to the fact that Italy has more men than she can use or munition, but it is at least a curious commentary upon the many bulletins heralding the approach of a great Austrian offensive in the Trentino and on the Piave. The explanation advanced may be the true one, but there may be another reason that is not so apparent. A few days ago it was unobtrusively announced that Italy had to some extent renounced her claims to Austrian territory inhabited by southern Slavs and that a possible cause of friction between Italy and the Slavs had thus been removed. If the dream of a Southern Slav Confederation led by Serbia was to be realized it would evidently conflict with the Italian claim, which was just as injurious to Slav hopes as even a continuance of Austrian domination. Now the Russian successes against Austria were largely due to the unreliability of Austria's Slav forces, which were unwilling to fight against their Russian brothers, and who deserted in large numbers to the Russian side. Austria partially solved this problem by assigning her Slav regiments to the Italian field, where they would be pitted against armies that were not Slavs and that were even fighting for a sovereignty over Slav peoples. The antagonism between Italian and Slav ambitions was kept in the background while the greater issues were at stake, but it was none the less unmistakably there, and bodeful of troubles in the future. But if Italy has renounced her claims to territory that would conflict with the hopes of the Slavs she has not only obviated this trouble, but her action may have a marked bearing upon the attitude of the Slav soldiers composing the Austrian armies. They may fight with the same unwillingness that they displayed in the campaigns against Russia, and this may quite easily prove to be a large factor in any operations that Austria may now be contemplating in the Trentino. Much of the danger to Italy may have been obviated, and this may easily be a factor in Italy's ability to send troops to France. That Italy would actually prove herself an obstacle to the liberation of any people whatsoever was never at any time likely. It would have been opposed to her traditions and to her enlightened policies, but it is none the less gratifying to find that she has definitely placed herself upon the side of Slav liberation and independence. It might have been expected.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William T. Jerome, former district attorney of New York, is said to be very fond of practical mechanics. At his summer place near Lakeville, Connecticut, he has three shops, one for lathes and such heavy fixtures, one for hand-work at the bench, the third mainly for photography, of which also he is very fond.

General Foch, the Allied commander-in-chief, is credited with being nearer the hearts of his fighting men and with knowing more of their thought, their desires, their most insignificant longings than any man in France. And although he never permits of familiarity that would endanger discipline, he has learned to know the heart of the French soldier by mingling with them in the trenches, talking to them at first hand, being of them, but always above them.

William James Pirrie, K. P., P. C., LL. D., D. Sc., the British shipbuilding controller, has been called a masterful man. He is much more, according to a recent biographer. He is a real master of men, one to whom other men defer instinctively as to one who knows his business so thoroughly that no other man can teach him anything, and who has the strength of character to take his own way, no matter what other men may think or say. He is, in one sense, a lonely figure.

Twenty years ago Harold Bell Wright, the American novelist, was the pastor of a little church in Pierce City, Missouri. His salary was \$400 a year. The royalties on "The Winning of Barbara Worth" were \$80,000 in one month. When he finished his first novel he was a very sick man. He had often toiled the night through, overtaxing nerves and strength. For several months he had virtually dwelt within the four rooms of his study, and at one time his friends feared he would never live to complete the book. He wrote the last chapters while confined to his bed.

Mary McLane, the authoress, in her recent work, "I, Mary McLane," makes it apparent that she cares absolutely nothing about styles, and she designs all her own dresses. Loose and clingy for the most part, they are said to reflect the weird artistic sense of this eccentric genius. Still another unusual thing about "I, Mary McLane," is her hatred of big cities. Most authors, when they gain fame, flock to New York or Chicago, where they can bask in the sun of their own fame, but not this woman. "I, Mary McLane," goes to the big towns only when business calls. All her work takes place in the little copper-mining city of Butte, Montana, to which she is devotedly attached.

Robert Scott Lovett, selected by Mr. McAdoo to be the head of the division of betterments and additions in the Department of Railway Administration, is Texan born and bred, for whom the city of Houston was a home and training place until he began to be a national figure and came to be the right-hand man and legal adviser of the famous E. H. Harriman. Mr. Lovett entered on a career as legal adviser for railways in 1884, his client being one of the smaller Texan lines; and he steadily rose in this calling until he was counsel for all the Southern Pacific lines in Texas. Then Mr. Harriman discovered his worth and ability, and made him counsel for the Harriman system, which included both the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific roads.

In endeavoring to arrive at a proper appraisal of Leon Trotsky an American newspaper remarks: "Trotsky's development needs to be noted with some care. As he changes, Russia may change. If he grows sane, the bulk, even of the Bolsheviks, may grow sane. Trotsky entered upon a new phase when he refused to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty, denounced it and resigned as foreign minister. He showed power to cast off the worst illusions of proletarian internationalism by breaking with Lenin. Our ambassador to Russia now reports Trotsky as opposing the ratification of the treaty with Germany by the Soviet Congress at Moscow, as advocating the reorganization of the army, with 'iron discipline,' and as favoring war. It does not now matter so much what Trotsky has been as what he thinks it worth while to be. To a degree the Trotsky mind is the Russian mind, and in its changes of view one may forecast the troubles ahead for the Germans 'restoring order.'"

Dr. Sidonio Paes, the new President of Portugal, is making a special effort to clean Lisbon of undesirables and criminals, who had made life in the capital a danger. It has been ascertained that two thousand of them were at large when Dr. Paes overthrew the government of President Machado. More than one thousand have been apprehended and interned. Others have left of their own accord for the colonies, as the atmosphere was becoming too warm for them. The "White Ants," the name by which the secret societies were known, are also having a hard time of it, and many of the chiefs have been placed behind the bars. It is alleged that the police of the old régime were in league with the criminals, and that some of them who were known as notorious "carbonarios," enjoyed liberty and apparent immunity. Documents found in the ministries are said to show that the late government spent \$6000 a day to maintain the "White Ants." Now this has been stopped.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### A Salem Witch.

The wind blows east,—the wind blows west,—  
It blows up on the gallows tree;  
Oh, little babe beneath my breast,  
He died for thee!—he died for me!

The judges came,—the children came  
(Some mother's heart o'er each had yearned),  
They set their black lies o'er my name:—  
"A God-curs'd witch who learned

"Each night (they said) the Devil's art,  
Through Salem wood by devils drawn."  
I, whose heart beat against his heart  
From dark till dawn!—from dark till dawn!

He faced them in his fearless scorn  
(The sun was on him as he stood);  
"No purer is her babe unborn;  
I prove her sinless with my blood."

They spared the babe beneath my breast,—  
They bound his hands,—they set me free,—  
Hush, hush, my babe! hush, hush and rest;  
He died for thee!—he died for me!

They dragged him, bound, to Gallows Hill  
(I saw the flowers among the grass);  
The women came,—I hear them still,—  
And held their babes to see him pass.

God curse them!—Nay,—O God forgive!  
He said it while their lips reviled;  
He kissed my lips,—he whispered: "Live!  
The father loves thee in the child."

Then earth and sky grew black,—I fell—  
I lay as stone beside their stone.  
They did their work. They earned their Hell.  
I woke on Gallows Hill, alone.

O Christ who suffered, Christ who blessed,  
Shield him upon the gallows tree!  
Oh, babe, his babe, beneath my breast,  
He died for thee—he died for me!

—Ednah Proctor Clarke.

### Sa-ca-ga-we-a.

*The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific.*

Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a—captive and wife was she  
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;  
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun  
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.

So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,  
Stayed their marvelous journey in the land of the Minnetaree  
(The Red Men wondering, wary—Omaha, Mandan, Sioux—  
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),

Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,  
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;

Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;  
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.

Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,  
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;

In brodered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,  
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there—

Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,  
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprint—

Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a led the way to the West!—  
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,  
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;

To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;  
The sunless trails of the forest, and the cañon's hush and gloom;

By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim—

Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's brim;  
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,

And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide—

Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide—  
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim  
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,

She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,  
With brodered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;

And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,  
"Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"

—Edna Dean Proctor.

The study of languages is probably the most popular of all subjects of study that are not obligatory on the native student in Japan. Several schools in Tokyo are devoted wholly to languages; and there are few of any sort above elementary grade that have not English in the curriculum. In the Tokyo School for Foreign Languages English takes first place, normally, but had Germany made a better showing in the war the situation today would have been completely reversed, for even as it is German takes second place with French. The candidates for all languages have increased of late with the one exception of Italian. While English usually takes first place in the schools there has been an abnormal demand for Russian, in view of the growing Russo-Japanese commercial relations, and Chinese follows. There is also an increasing interest in Dutch, for the same reason, which is taken by students of Malay.



## "LADIES FROM HELL."

Sergeant R. Douglas Pinkerton Writes Something About Scottish Soldiers at War.

Scottish troops are known to the Germans as "ladies from hell" because their uniform is supposed somewhat to resemble that of ladies, while their behavior on the field of battle is by no means ladylike.

Sergeant R. Douglas Pinkerton enlisted in the early days of the war, and now he tells us of the things that befell him until the moment when a German shell put him out of action. German spies were a perpetual nuisance in the early days and doubtless are so still, and their devices were ingenious and varied:

There was an elderly woman living in the place, and I can testify that she was a marvelous cook. Her home, partly by reason of her kindness and her cooking, aided, perhaps, by her remarkable immunity from shellfire, soon became a gathering-place for our officers. She was always most solicitous about our health, and showed an apparently justifiable interest in our movements. She also had a dog. Even the dog was friendly, and, like the woman, was soon adopted as a part of our trench family. But for the canniness of one of our superior officers she and her dog might still be dishing out soup with one hand and shrapnel with the other.

When suspicion was at last centred upon her, the first move was to watch the house and the dog. Two days later the dog appeared innocently meandering homeward from the direction of the trenches. Three Tommies waylaid the unaccountably shy Fido and abstracted a neat bundle of German memoranda from his tubular collar. Our dear French friend had kept the Hun batteries well supplied with full data, and the mystery of their remarkably well-ordered fire disappeared forthwith.

Two hours after her arrest her home was visited by a German high-explosive shell. Who told them of her arrest? Ask the Huns. They have a system all their own.

The most trying of all sights to the young soldier is that of the wounded. It does more to unnerve than the scream of the projectiles overhead:

Here the horrors of war hurst in upon us in all their awful realism. Oh, how a chap's heart goes out to those poor wrecks, tottering, crawling, dragging themselves as best they may to the haven of a first-line dressing station! You pity them, yes, and you envy them. Their duty is done, their waiting is over, they are going back; your duty is ahead, your fate is uncertain.

They say that the first wounded man you see remains with you throughout your life, and to this day I remember mine with an awful vividness. He was just a kid, and was sitting propped up against the sand-hagged parapet, by the side of a shellhole filled with slimy water. Off to the left a frog croaked tirelessly, heedless of the hell about him. The wounded man's eyes were closed, and his breath was coming in labored gasps. His tunic was thrown back, and his chest was as white as a hah's; but just over his heart was an ugly red smudge. Clean through the lung he had it, and as we passed by he went west, quietly and peacefully, like a little child moving in its sleep. There was none of the glory of a dying hero about his passing over the great divide. He had merely done his duty, having been shot on his return from delivering a despatch. Through will-power only he held consciousness long enough to crawl back to his superior's dugout to report his duty finished, and then he had passed on.

The author tells us something about the Goorkha troops, who have a way of fighting all their own and who are restive under the restraints of discipline:

And while we waited, let me just say a word about those same Goorkhas. They are peculiar fellows, as faithful as dogs, fierce as tigers, with a love for their superior officers that is childlike in its simplicity. Many times, when one of their leaders is killed, the thin veneer of civilization which divides the Goorkha from the stone age peels away, and without orders or leaders they will go over the top, sans rifle and revolver, armed only with a howie-knife and a fanatical rage that knows no fear or reasoning.

The bowie-knife is the Goorkha's favorite weapon, and his expertness with it is uncanny. I have known one to snake away across No Man's Land at night and tap gently on the German parapet. Instantly a helmeted head hobs up in inquiry, a polished blade flashes swiftly, silently, and a German head rolls back into the trench, while a Goorkha snakes back across No Man's Land with a fiendish gleam in his eye, and another story of prowess to tell to the family circle hunched about the meat-pots hack home.

Poison gases have now lost some of their horror, but in the early days of unpreparedness they inflicted immeasurable mischief. The author tells us of his own experience:

We were returning to the front line with our rations, and had almost reached our goal, when there came the scream of a shell, a blinding flash, and then a deafening explosion but a little way ahead of us. It was fifteen or twenty feet away, I should say. Our column of ration-carriers stopped like a man who has been hit a solar-plexus blow. I saw a few of the fellows up front plunge forward or topple over and sink down, as though their legs had been made of putty. A sweet, apple-cider-like smell wafted its way to my nostrils. At first I did not recognize it and took a deeper breath. Instantly I felt as though a giant hand held my lungs. Gradually these hands tightened, and my muscles contracted. I was not suffocating for want of air, but for want of strength to breathe it.

I flung down my load of biscuits and grabbed my gas mask, made only of a piece of medicated cotton and a veil. But it was too late. This grim chlorine giant who held my lungs merely tightened his grasp, and I bounded to the top of the trench and sped away as fast as my legs and a reeling earb would let me. Over to the dressing station I went, where the medical officer, between spells of violent coughing and spitting of greenish phlegm, dosed me with a vile licorice compound that somewhat eased my discomfort.

The sniper carries a rifle furnished with a telescopic sight and a silencer, the latter making the report practically inaudible. The telescopic sight brings the target almost within reaching distance. The marksman can pick out any place upon the body of his victim and almost snip the buttons off his coat. Upon one occasion a Hun sniper had been giving particular trouble and the author tells us how he eventually disposed of him:

Gradually, across the hair-line of my sight, his face ap-

peared, and then his chest. He rested his rifle with his usual debonair flourish, sighted it very carefully, and then apparently the dandy's collar hurt him, for he made a motion as though to stretch his neck and release his Adam's apple from uncomfortable pressure. Through my rifle-sight the whole action was as clear as though it were ten feet away, and I smiled quietly as I pulled the trigger.

There was a crack, my observer shouted, and I could see our friend, the Boche jack-in-the-box, flop forward across the Teuton parapet like a beheaded chicken. The honor of the snipers' corps had been retrieved, and my old friend Nichols had been avenged.

It is, of course, inevitable that there should be retaliation for German outrages and that appeals for mercy should sometimes fall upon deaf ears. Men who have seen their comrades tortured and murdered in cold blood are not always disposed to mercy when their enemy is forced into surrender. And so we are told of an attack upon a farm house in which several Germans had fortified themselves:

At the back I found the boys just breaking into the house. Up the stairs the seven of us rushed as one man. The Germans were harricading the door of the room, but the scanty furniture that remained in the house afforded little material for their purpose. Presently we hurst into their quarters, after only trifling work with an old chair which served as an improvised, but effective, hattering-ram.

Instead of being greeted by a volley of shots, as we had expected, we found five Germans on their knees, with hands uplifted, and the word "Kamerad! Kamerad! Mercy!" spouting from their lips like some well-rehearsed chorus.

It was the same old piffle that you hear from every German when you have him cornered, and it met with a cold reception at our hands. Our officer took the floor and replied:

"Little enough mercy you showed us a few weeks ago down by Lille! You had plenty of time to cry for mercy when we were coming across that last five yards. When mercy is yours to give, you never give it. You cut my pal's throat like some porker; you blinded our lieutenant; Mercy? Hell!"

With that the bayonets in our hands got busy, and there were five less Germans to wear the Iron Cross that night.

Sergeant Pinkerton gives us many reasons for a disinclination to show mercy. Here are some of them:

In one of the minor advances in which we engaged we returned without our sergeant. The following day, in a second attempt to retake the coveted ground, we came upon him. He had been captured, evidently while in a dazed condition from a shell-wound in the head. A rifle bullet had grazed the front of his skull above the eyebrow, making nothing more than a flesh wound, but probably rendering him senseless or dazed for a considerable period.

What treatment do you think the Teutons gave this wounded soldier? I do not know. I only know that I, with my own eyes, found him transfixed through the chest with a bayonet, the point of which had been shoved into a barn-door. There he hung, mute testimony to the German treatment of wounded prisoners.

One of the boys coming down to us from a neighboring sector told of an advance there in which they captured one of the small villages whose name now escapes me. He told me that as they entered the village—this was a surprise attack—they came upon twelve women, three of them wandering about crazed beyond all recall. Eight others were lying dead upon the public square, all naked as Mother Eve, victims of German brutality.

Another story comes to my mind which for sheer hideous inhumanity exceeds all imagination. One of our boys had been party to an attack upon a village some fifteen or twenty miles distant. There he came upon an old Frenchwoman living in a little hut in the rear of her former home, which had been burned to the ground when the Germans retired. She was the sole survivor of a family of five. Her soldier sons had been connected with the regiment which defended the village. As the Germans swept through, the French retired, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. She followed the Germans and came upon her boy lying beside the road, fatally wounded and dying.

By this time the French troops had been reinforced and were sweeping the Germans back through the town. The Germans came upon the mother and her son by the roadside. As they retreated the Germans poured oil upon the houses and lit them, and one of these companies of incendiaries stumbled across the pitiful scene of the mother and her dying son.

It seems hardly possible that any man could not be touched by such a sight. The mother had a little flask of wine which she was administering to her son in the vain hope of reviving him, if only for a moment. But the Germans saw in this scene only another opportunity to demonstrate their lack of human sensibility, and over this wounded soldier they poured their oil. Then with a rough jest and an oath they touched the flaming torch to him.

I believe that the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis speaks of this story, and I believe that he has photographs to demonstrate its absolute truth.

I might go on and continue to rehearse tale after tale, all awful, almost unbelievable, were you not intuitively familiar with the beast who breeds these horrors. Perhaps you in America will never believe them, until they come back to you on the lips of your own sons, but there is gradually sifting over to you some graphic demonstrations of the truth of the tales which you hear.

Little Belgian children are being adopted now and then by philanthropic Americans, and it was two of these children whom I met one day upon the railroad platform at Schenectady, New York. Their odd, half-familiar dress attracted me to them, and I asked them, first in English and then in French, whether they were bound. They did not answer me, but a station attendant came up and said that they were Belgian children. I asked him why, if this was true, they did not speak French, and he informed me that the children's tongues had been cut out. Yet more. As they pulled their little arms from their muffs, they pulled only the stumps, for their hands had likewise been cut off.

Among the failings of the British soldier is a tendency to eat cordite, or nitroglycerine, and this produces heart failure. The author tells us of one such ease in the hospital to which he himself was taken, and he then goes on to relate a story of a wounded Goorkha and his horrid souvenirs:

After the incident of the cordite-eater another load of wounded was brought in, and a Goorkha was put down at my left. Hardly had he arrived when my nostrils quivered under the most hauntingly familiar, yet unfamiliar, odor. What was it? Where was it? I could answer neither question. As the minutes dragged along, it became unbearable. I turned my

head and scrutinized the Indian. Certainly he was dirty enough to create a stench, but not such a stench as this. At last I could stand it no longer.

"What smells so?" I asked the Goorkha.

His teeth gleamed, and in reply he shot out a mixture of English and native jargon. About all I could understand was a word that sounded strangely like "souvenirs." For half an hour I pondered. Souvenirs? Odor? I could see no connection between the two.

In a fit of anger I at length called the orderly. He agreed with me that no odor like that belonged in a hospital, and, like myself, he suspected the Indian. But in reply to his questions, only an excited medley of impossible English was forthcoming. At last, in sheer desperation, I said, "Look in his pack."

The orderly opened it, and recoiled in horror. The Goorkha sat up, reached over, and pulled out a string of six or eight human ears, purloined from dead Germans.

"Souvenirs!" he cackled delightedly. "Souvenirs!"

I presume that his family back home would require some physical proof of his prowess, and he, poor savage, inspired perhaps by his peep into the ways of enlightened kultur, thought that his string of awful "souvenirs" would be his best and most modern answer to them.

Germany is sure to lose, says the author, because she has not the true spirit of the fighter:

Do not misunderstand me. The German is a splendid, a tremendous fighter, but only when he is fighting *en masse*. Individually, he is a coward at heart, and has none of the righteous anger behind him that inspires the Allied soldiers. He fights because he is ordered to fight, because he will face certain death if he does not fight. His arm is not steeled by the cry of humanity nor by the cries of murdered women and children.

It is because the German does not fight for the love of righteous fighting, but because he is ordered to fight, that I know we Allies will win. It is not in the hook that the Germans shall come out victorious. It was not in the hook when a mere handful of British stood off the German hosts at the battle of Mons.

Sergeant Pinkerton has something to say to Americans about the spirit that is aroused by a grim determination to win. He says we are not yet in the war spiritually:

Those fur-clad women who go down at 9 in the morning to serve as clerks in the department stores of London do not do it for sweet charity's sake. They do not brag melodiously of the number of sweaters they have knitted or the number of socks they have presented to our soldiers. All that is taken for granted; it is only natural. They do not even brag of the fact that they work. It is only the natural and normal thing to do in England today.

Contrast this with your country. I am a little amused at times to hear your women—and your men, too—tell of their mighty deeds of valor. Can you blame me? I come from a land where every nerve is strained to its utmost to win the war. I come to a land where the uttermost hounds of patriotism seem to be the purchase of Liberty Bonds or the knitting of socks. Wait until you get into it, my good friends, and then you will know why I smile a little sadly to myself as I compare England of today with your own United States. It is an unfair comparison, perhaps, and, anyway, you are not to be blamed. You are at war only diplomatically and to a certain extent physically. You are not at war spiritually, and for this you are in no way at fault.

War, says the author, must be waged with hot, strong pulses. America must go to war with her emotions, with her inmost and uttermost soul. Certainly his book is an inspiration to that end.

"LADIES FROM HELL." By R. Douglas Pinkerton. New York: The Century Company.

The pearl fisheries of Bahrein are the finest in the world. This little island in the Persian Gulf has been a Mecca for pearl merchants for over 2000 years. Arabian divers were plumbing the waters of the gulf when Julius Caesar ruled in Rome. Perhaps the pearl Cleopatra drank in Antony's honor was a Bahrein pearl. Some of the finest pearls in the world today were first sold in the markets of Bahrein. The natives of the island say that the pearls are raindrops caught in the oyster's mouth. The native divers wear a peculiar costume resembling a pair of white overalls. The dress is to protect them against the bites of sharks, for these dreaded monsters are supposed to have a distaste for white flesh. The costume is a disguise. To complete the outfit the diver wears a fatam, or clothespin, on his nose and carries a basket. The boats push out over the waters, prayers are said, and the divers go overboard. Besides the crew the tiny craft carry an extra man to say the prayers for the divers. They are something of a race of artists, these hunters of pearls, loving their work for its own sake. As a rule they work for wages and the profits go to the trader who hires them.

Coffee takes its name from Kaffa, a district in Abyssinia where it came from, and where it still grows in a wild state. The story goes that in the fifteenth century an Arab herder of goats, having noticed that his animals, after browsing on the leaves and berries of certain bushes, became exceedingly lively and playful, was prompted by curiosity to chew a quantity of these berries. He found them of pleasing taste, and that they had the same refreshing and stimulating effect upon him. Having told other herders of this, they tried them in various ways, until it was finally discovered that the best results could be obtained by making a strong infusion of the roasted beans in boiling water, which yielded an aromatic beverage of pleasing taste, which greatly refreshed and stimulated.

Originally the tiara, or triple crown, of the Pope was a plain high cap, much like those in which the doges of Venice are so often represented in old pictures. It was first introduced by Pope Nicholas I in 860.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

In the week ended Saturday, April 20th, according to the report of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, the clearings of the local banks aggregated \$106,298,732.62, as compared with a total of \$90,259,792.86 in the corresponding week of 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$19,622,252.66.

Total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, as shown in the statement of condition as of Friday last, issued Saturday, were \$196,630,000, as compared with \$191,126,000 at the close of the previous week. This is an increase of \$5,504,000, the gain being almost wholly in gold reserves. Gold reserves at the close of the week ended with Friday were \$111,687,000, as compared with \$106,038,000, a gain of \$5,649,000. There was also an increase in legal tender notes of \$102,000, making a total reserve gain for the week of \$5,751,000.

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Total gross deposits increased during the week to the extent of \$1,948,000.

Leo V. Belden, manager of the bond department of McDonnell & Co., is now in the northern part of the state touring ten counties in the interest of the Liberty Loan. The purpose of Belden's trip is to facilitate the collection of subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan and to act in cooperation with local committees in a general checking up of results.

The enactment of the new railroad law was required to provide full legal basis for the changes which were made necessary by the action of the government in taking over the railroad industry for operation during the war period. It is one of the most important laws ever enacted in the United States and one of the most extraordinary laws which the war complications have produced. Under the provisions of this law, holders of railroad securities will be amply protected so far as the continuance of their incomes on the basis of pre-

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viously existing dividends is concerned. In this way also the financial needs of the roads are provided for and the government has assumed other important responsibilities which weighed heavily upon the owners of roads before they were taken over by the government.

A striking illustration of the spirit with which the undertaking for the nation-wide drive for the third Liberty Loan was begun is the fact that practically all the financial houses which deal in investment bonds, and particularly those which send out "road salesmen," have suspended their own ordinary activities, so as to apply their whole machinery to selling Liberty Bonds. In the cities the banks are foremost in putting pressure on their clientele to subscribe; the department stores and the schools being also more thoroughly organized for the purpose than ever before. In the country districts the personal and house-to-house canvass has been thoroughly mapped out. Local associations, labor organizations, and farmers' unions are essential factors in this part of the campaign. It is certain that the agricultural districts of the West and South, whose resources were hardly touched in the last two war-loan subscriptions, will be attacked with systematic energy.

In one respect this third Liberty Loan campaign stands quite apart from any previous canvass of the sort during the war; and that is, that such doubts as have surrounded it at the outset were based, not on the fear that the amount asked for by the government was too large, but that it was too small. The explanation of that singular paradox is that the campaign committees, having been keyed up for a six or eight-billion minimum requisition by the government, were chiefly concerned lest the reduction of that requisition to three billions (because of discovery of the overestimate of war expenditure) would cause such relaxation of effort as would imperil the best achievement.

At the moment there seems to be little danger of any such result. On all sides one encounters evidence of enthusiasm, of determination to eclipse previous efforts, and of that "sporting spirit" which instills determination to make one city's subscription surpass its previous achievement and one Federal Reserve district not only heat its own record, but run beyond the neighboring district. Back of everything else is the immense stimulus imparted to the imagination by the news of the final assault of the Hohenzollern armies on the western European front, the magnificent reply of our French and English allies, and the movement of the American expeditionary army to the battle front.

It has been urged that serious inflation might result from the War Finance Corporation and that the same results might have been accomplished through private loans made by the banks or through amendments to the Federal Reserve Act. There exists practical necessity, however, for such relief in war-times. The general investment markets are virtually barred to private corporations, except in instances of extreme necessity and then only with the consent of the Capital Issues Committee of the Federal Reserve Board. There exists such a respect for the findings of this committee as to make it practically impossible for any corporation borrower to obtain the assistance of any banking house in placing a loan which was not approved by this committee. The indications are therefore that the kind of assistance which will be dispensed by the War Finance Corporation had to be provided in some form, so as to enable industrial corporations whose work is necessary to winning the war to finance necessary requirements. All great commercial countries engaged in the war have provided some such expedient as this for the purpose of enabling the vast business enterprises to continue operations.—Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.

President Wilson's speech at Baltimore struck a responsive chord in every American breast and did much to speed on the Third Liberty Loan to abounding success. The big business in our financial world just now is this loan, and at times there seems a sort of patriotic revulsion against any other financial efforts. At that, the market here and there betrays distinct evidences of wanting to go ahead. Big things are being done of great moment to the securities markets which will have their proper reflection later. The War Finance Corporation is now a reality instead of a possibility, and means a vast expansion of credit arrangements wherever necessary to hasten war endeavors. The railway bill does the same thing in another field, and certainly affords great relief to banking interests who were quite perplexed by the problems presented by New Haven and other railway maturities.

Crop prospects are not unfavorable. Spring has brought also a big and favorable change in transportation conditions and in manufac-

turing circles where activities are directly connected with our war aims. There is still going on a readjustment in the "non-essential" industries, but this is gradual rather than abrupt, and so the changes are less violent in their individual effects. However, the stock market should not forget that these are war-times and that the big profits will continue to go to those corporations that are turning out war materials.

The best stocks to buy are, naturally, those that represent big earning capacities not only during the war, but during peace. The railway equipment concerns certainly come in this class. So do iron and steel and shipping companies, among others. Railway securities still fail to present the attractions that are found elsewhere, but this section of the list presents some rare opportunities to the buyer who is willing to hold on patiently.

Raw silk at \$5 per pound has apparently no terrors for the people of the United States or the manufacturers who supplied them the \$500,000,000 worth of silk goods which they consumed in 1917. A lecture recently delivered before a class in the educational department of the National City Bank of New York showed that the value of raw silk imported into the United States in the calendar year 1917 was double that of 1915 and far exceeded that of any earlier year.

Never before has so much raw silk been imported; never before has so high a price been paid for it; never before has so great a value of silk manufactures been brought in from abroad. The quantity of raw silk imported in 1917 was 36,500,000 pounds, against 32,455,000 pounds in 1916 and 30,979,000 in 1915, and the value, including 6,800,000 pounds of "waste," \$190,000,000, against \$150,000,000 in 1916 and \$95,000,000 in 1915. The average price of the raw silk imported in 1917 was over \$5 per pound, against \$4.42 per pound in 1916, the former high record year, and \$3.53 per pound in 1915. During the second half of the year 1917 the import price ranged as high as \$5.75 per pound in certain months.

This importation of nearly \$200,000,000 worth of raw silk suggests that the value of the silk goods turned out by the manufacturers of the country in 1917 was probably about \$500,000,000, since a comparison of the census figures of the silk manufactures of the country in 1914 and 1909 is the stated value of silk imported in these respective years shows that the factories turned out about \$2.50 worth of finished goods for each \$1 worth of raw silk imported. Should this relation of the value of output to the value of raw material imported hold good for the calendar year 1917 the value of the silk product of the country for that year would approximate \$500,000,000 at factory prices, against \$254,000,000 in 1914, \$107,000,000 in 1899, \$87,000,000 in 1889, \$41,000,000 in 1879, and \$12,000,000 in 1869. The value of silk manufactures imported in 1917 was \$39,718,000 and exceeded that of any earlier year.

The campaign under way to sell the three-billion-dollar bond issue of United States government 4 1/2 per cent. bonds is in all respects the most important movement undertaken in this country to place a huge loan with the investing public. The First Liberty Loan closed on June 15, 1917, with total subscriptions of \$3,035,226,850. On this occasion the government asked for subscriptions of only \$2,000,000,000 of 3 1/2 per cent. convertible bonds. The Second Liberty Loan campaign closed on October 27th last with total subscriptions of \$4,617,532,300. The amount asked for in that instance was \$3,000,000,000, the interest rate being 4 per cent. In the Third Liberty Loan the bonds will not be convertible into any subsequent loan, the interest rate will be 4 1/2 per cent. and the bonds will be accepted in payment of the Federal inheritance tax. A unique feature of this issue will be the creation of a sinking fund of 5 per cent. per annum during the period of the war and for one year thereafter. There is no doubt whatever concerning the success of this great bond offering, which bids fair to break all records in American war finance. The results for the first week's campaign are most encouraging. In the preceding loans two great classes of our citizenship were hardly reached, viz.: the industrial wageworkers, now receiving such unexampled pay; and the farmers, among the most prosperous of all our people. And it is of the utmost importance that these particular classes should subscribe, for the reason that their subscriptions are generally taken out of income, an income which is thereby rescued from unnecessary spending and waste and thus becomes actually a creation of new capital at a time when our country so urgently needs capital. Furthermore in these cases the individual is benefited largely through the inculcation of thrift, a habit which may well persist after the war, to his great and permanent advantage. Reports from the field indicate that both the industrial worker and the farmer have been aroused to their duty and opportunity in sub-

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scribing to the Third Liberty Loan, the farmer in particular having come forward nobly as shown by the fact that many of the farming districts, within a few days of the opening of the campaign, came "over the top" in exceeding their allotments.

The magnificent Flood Building, located at the corners of Powell, Market, and Ellis Streets, which has recently been vacated by the Southern Pacific Company, has been remodeled throughout into several hundred office suites and equipped with every modern device, making it the model office building of San Francisco. The building will be open for occupancy about May 1st.

In the April number of the *Sperry Family* is a most interesting letter from S. B. McNear, vice-president of the Sperry Flour Company, to the company's employees, appealing to them to buy Liberty Bonds and assisting them in doing so:

"On May 31, 1917, I appealed to you to subscribe for Liberty Bonds of the first issue. You responded splendidly to that call and subscribed for \$50,000 of Liberty Bonds. At this time it is my privilege and duty to ask you to subscribe as liberally as possible to Liberty Bonds of the third issue. Our company, our directors and officers individually, will buy Liberty Bonds of the third issue, and I ask each member of the Sperry Family to do his or her 'bit' in buying at least one Liberty Bond. In order that you may do your share without material sacrifice our company will buy Liberty Bonds for you and allow you to pay for them at the rate of \$1 per week for each \$50 bond, and \$2 per week for each \$100 bond, until the full amount has been paid; these payments will be deducted from your weekly salary and credited to your Liberty Bond account on our books. When you have made your final payment the bond will be delivered to you. The management at each office of the Sperry Flour Company has been authorized to receive initial and subsequent payments on Liberty Bonds. When you have decided how many Liberty Bonds you will purchase, please fill out the attached application blank and hand it to your manager. Those employees who are now paying for Liberty Bonds of the first issue on the installment plan, and who wish to purchase bonds of the third issue, will not need to begin paying for the latter until the bonds of the first issue have been fully paid for. However, you should subscribe for the bonds of the third issue at once. In order to make the purchase of Liberty Bonds as interesting as possible, we will award three Sperry Liberty Bond Honor Flags to the three offices in the three divisions which purchase the most Liberty Bonds in proportion to the number of employees."

The Missouri Pacific Railroad reports net earnings after all charges for the first seven months of operation since the dismissal of the receivership, amounting to \$6,618,181, which is at the annual rate of \$11,345,443, or \$9.36 a share on common stock. This is one of the best reports thus far presented by the recently reorganized roads.

Consul-General W. Henry Robertson reports from Buenos Aires, Argentina, that numerous inquiries have been made for flower and garden seeds and nursery stock, and suggests that American exporters in this line send their catalogues for the file of the consulate-general.

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WHY REVOLUTION IS UNNECESSARY.

British Labor's Bloodless Victories in High Wages and the Franchise.

(Writing in the *Liverpool Post*, a paper friendly to the labor interests, "Scrutator," one of the special writers, recently gave the following significant view of the British labor situation at large. It is not without application to the situation in America.)

What will this country be like to live and work in when the war is over? That question is agitating the minds of many at the present time. The answer will depend very much on whether one is a pessimist or an optimist by nature. One man sees nothing but chaos and bankruptcy and civil strife in front of us, while another predicts a great era of peace and prosperity and of war hordens borne cheerfully to the tune of "Rule Britannia." Mere moods, whether gloomy or rose-colored, will not of course decide what the future is to be. The decision will rest on policy and conduct, and most of all on the policy and conduct of the laboring masses of the people, who are now not only creators of wealth, but also the wielders of tremendous

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political power. In a very real sense the future of Britain is in the hands of the manual workers, and that is why I want to say something regarding that future in the columns of the *Weekly Post*.

I do not want to preach to the workers, but I would draw their attention to some considerations arising out of the war and its consequences. I want them to realize now that whenever and however the war against Germany may end they themselves have already won two great bloodless victories over forces which have hitherto been hostile to their interests. The first victory consists in a universal recognition of their value to the state as industrial factors. There have been surprisingly few strikes during the war, and yet wages have been forced up to a level unknown in the history of this or any other country. But much more than that: they are likely to remain high in spite of the advent of women workers in such large numbers, and even in the face of the flooding of the labor market on demobilization. I say this because I know that a very big change has come over the views of the employers and of the public generally. I do not say that the fancy figures now paid to favored piece-

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workers in the munition shops will be maintained in their integrity, but I am convinced that the general level of wages will be much higher than it was before the war; in other words that by general consent the working classes will enjoy a greater share of the wealth they help to create.

I was speaking one day this week to the head of one of the biggest wage-paying undertakings in Lancashire. A wages award had just been made which increased the expenditure of the concern by from £40,000 to £50,000 a year. I expected to find him furious, and eloquent in prophecies of impending ruin. Not a bit of it. He was quite genial and smiling. He actually welcomed the award. More than that—he said he hoped the new rates would stick after the war. "I trust," he said, "I shall never again have to ask a man to keep himself, his wife, and children at a miserable wage of thirty shillings a week." That gentleman has been a Tory all his life, and he now talks like a humanitarian Socialist. The law of supply and demand in regard to the reward of labor is being forgotten, and it is recognized that every hard-working, law-abiding man or woman is a citizen and worthy of something like a dignified life, instead of being compelled to submit to a bare existence, or its alternative, starvation.

That is one of the victories which the war has made possible, and it means that sweating and slumdom are to go. When a man like Lord Leverhulme declares again and again that underpaid, overworked, and badly-housed labor is inefficient, and another like Sir Charles Macara pleads for a thorough understanding between employers and the trade unions, and other captains of industry are finding that profit-sharing is good business, you may depend upon it that the would-be sweater and slum-builder is in for a bad time. There will be no resisting a proposition that is both just and profitable, and for that reason the new standard of living which the war has brought about for civilian workers will be found to have come to stay. The recommendations of the Whitley Committee, whose second report is now issued, show that real reconstruction is being aimed at, and that the weakly-organized trades and the women workers are to secure protection. Rehousing, too, will help. The kind of new houses that public opinion will demand can not be built to suit the old standard of earnings. And as they must be built, it follows that wages must be higher than they were before the war, if adequate rentals are to be charged.

The second great victory is the political victory—the victory that has given us the highest extension of the franchise we have ever known. That victory was won without a fight, and not even Lord Rosebery warned us that the end of all things was at hand. It is up to labor now to make use, and a wise use, of the power which the vote gives to it. All talk about a revolution in this country to follow the defeat of Kaiserism is, I submit, mischievous nonsense. The revolution has, as I have shown, already taken place. By force of numbers the workers are now supreme. If they choose to use their power they can change the composition and tone of Parliament and mold the laws of the country, so that the greatest good may accrue to the greatest number. What more could they hope to gain from a revolution after the style of Russia? There are many wrongs that must be righted; but, now that the doors of the House of Commons are thrown wide open to the representatives of labor, there is no excuse, I would urge, for imitating, or for talk of imitating, the violence and confiscations of the Bolsheviks. Our extreme Socialists are dangling an earthly paradise before the eyes of the workers; but this paradise is a fool's paradise, the fleeting pleasures of which would by no means compensate for the strife and chaos, and quite probably the loss of national independence and personal liberty, that would follow.

I plead not for stagnation, but for ordered progress. I plead for unity between all sections of the community in the great coming work of reconstruction and expansion. We need unity to win the present war against Germany—the great need of the hour is unity and smooth working in the shipyards—and we shall need unity equally for the solution of the problems of peace. The moment peace on the Continent is declared another war will start—a fierce, throat-cutting war of trade. The winning of this second war will be as important as heating the Kaiser's armies, because the victors in it will ultimately rule the world. If we divide our forces and waste our energies in fighting one another in the workshop and the shipyard, the railway, and at the docks, the Germans will heat us in industry and commerce, and the next clash of arms may well result in a Teutonic annexation of the fragments of a bankrupt British Empire. That is looking forward a good bit, I admit, but we must look forward if we are to survive, and those who assume power must accept the responsibility. Mr. Fisher's education scheme will help the future genera-

tion of workers to safeguard their economic interests, and to use their political power justly and wisely.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Watch in the Night.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

"Rumors clash from the towers;

The clocks strike different hours;

The vanes point different ways.

Through darkness leftward and right

Voices quaver and boom,

Pealing our victory's praise,

Tolling the tocsin of doom."

"Optimist, what of the night?"

"Night is over and gone;

See how the dawn marches on,

Triumphing, over the hills.

Armies of fœmen in flight

Scatter dismay and despair,

Wild is the terror that fills

War-lords that crouch in their lair."

"Pessimist, what of the night?"

"Blackness that walls us about;

The last little star has gone out,

Whelmed in the wrath of the storm.

Exhaustless, resistless in might,

The enemy faints not nor fails;

Thundering, swarm upon swarm,

He sweeps like a flood through the vales."

"Pacifist, what of the night?"

"We bear the thunder afar,

But all is still where we are;

Good and evil are friends.

Here in the passionless beight

War and morality cease,

And the moon with the midnight blends

In perennal twilight of peace."

"Soldier, what of the night?"

"Vainly, ye question of me;

I know not, I hear not nor see;

The voice of the prophet is dumb

Here in the heart of the fight.

I count not the hours on their way;

I know not when morning shall come;

Enough that I work for the day."

—London Punch.

It's a Queer Time.

It's hard to know if you're alive or dead

When steel and fire go roaring through your head.

One moment you'll be crouching at your gun

Traversing, moving heaps down half in fun:

The next, you cboke and clutch at your right breast—

No time to think—leave all—and off you go . . .

To Treasure Island where the Spice winds blow.

To lovely groves of mango, quince and lime—

Breathe no good-by, but ho, for the Red West!

It's a queer time.

You're charging madly at them yelling "Fag!"

When somehow something gives and your feet drag.

You fall and strike your head; yet feel no pain

And find . . . you're digging tunnels through the hay

In the Big Barn, 'cause it's a rainy day.

Oh springy bay and lovely beams to climb!

You're back in the old sailor suit again.

It's a queer time.

Or you'll be dozing safe in your dug-out—

A great roar—the trench shakes and falls about—

You're struggling, gasping, struggling, then . . .

bullo!

Elsie comes tripping gayly down the trench,

Hanky to nose—that lyddite makes a stench—

Getting her pinafore all over grime.

Funny! because she died ten years ago!

It's a queer time.

The trouble is, things happen much too quick;

Up jump the Bosches, rifles thump and click,

You stagger, and the whole scene fades away:

Even good Christians don't like passing straight

From Tipperary or their Hymn of Hate

To Alleluia-banting, and the chime

Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not well to-day . . .

It's a queer time.

—Robert Graves.

The Mail-Runner.

As ugly as sin, and as black as the Pit,

With clothes nothing much and those few do not fit,

A goat-skin or two, and a rag on his back,

He bears on his shoulders a dream-crowded pack.

He comes like a shadow far over the bills,

He comes with his burden of sorrows and thrills,

Of love and of laughter. As light as the foam

He springs down the trail with—the letters from Home!

And here's one for you and another for me

To bring us a glimpse of the whispering sea,

The tang of the salt and the touch of the brine,

And a dream that was yours, and a dream that was mine.

And this gives us Spring in the far, far away.

The perfume of Thyme, and the scent of the bay,

And the hush of a memory broken and pale—

These, these are the letters that come by the Mail.

And what would ye have but the trust of a friend,

A letter to read, and a day-dream to spend,

A heart that can smile through the mist of the years,

And the dear written word that would hush the tears?

Though ugly he be and as black as the Pit,

With clothes nothing much and those few do not fit,

He might be an angel with wings white as foam

For he brings to us Wanderers letters from Home!

—Edmund Leamy.



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Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,235,750.50

Employees' Pension Fund..... 272,914.25

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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### The Business of War.

An army represents the most colossal piece of housekeeping to be found in the world. Millions of men far from their homes must be furnished with every need of their daily lives from a minister to a shoe lace, from a square meal to a package of insecticide. How the miracle is done is here explained by Mr. Marcossion.

He gives us twelve chapters, including one on Sir Douglas Haig and one on Lord Northcliffe. He tells us how the supplies are produced in England, how they are conveyed to France, and how eventually they reach the men in the trenches over the shell-swept roads of France and Flanders. England has had to search for the men to do this work, and all precedents have been swept away in the process. Capacity is now the only thing that counts, the only saleable commodity.

Mr. Marcossion writes in his familiar vein, cheerily, vividly, and with knowledge. He knows how to observe and how to admire, and these virtues will carry any man far on the road of the successful writer.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

#### Appalachian Songs.

The authors are to be congratulated on a particularly interesting and valuable work. Having already made a collection of the folk songs of England, it occurred to them that there might be other discoveries in the English communities scattered in various parts of the world. They found such a community in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, a region covering 110,000 square miles and in-

cluding one-third of the total area of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia. The result is a volume containing 122 songs and ballads and 323 tunes, distinctively English in character, but so far as we can judge, unknown in England.

The authors' introduction is even more interesting than the songs. They speak highly of the dignity, courtesy, and independence of these Appalachian people. Their religion is an austere Calvinism, but it has no effect on their hospitality and kindness. On meeting a stranger they bow, doff the hat, and say, "My name is —; what is yours?" Most of them are illiterate, but they are good talkers and with a racy vocabulary. They seem to use very little alcohol, but they chew and snuff tobacco a great deal, although no one smokes. It is remarkable that an illiterate people should be so cultured, but this, it is suggested, may be due to the absence of the grinding mental pressure incidental to "making a living." Their speech, we are told, is English, not American, and from the number of expressions they use which are now obsolete elsewhere, and their old-fashioned pronunciation it is clear they are talking the language of a past day. One of their peculiarities is to aspirate the impersonal pronoun—"hit"—a practice that is universal.

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS. Collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

#### Mr. Gibson's Poems.

This volume of the collected poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is a surprising reminder of the quantity of good work that has been done by a poet whose place must be a high one in the literature of the day. The book contains 552 pages and it represents Mr. Gibson's labors between the years 1904 and 1917. But if the quantity is remarkable the quality is much more so. There is not a single page that suggests a makeweight nor arouses a regret. Mr. Gibson has not only the mystic touch almost essential to poetry, but he has also virility and music, a combination that gives to his work a permanent value and a perpetual charm.

POEMS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

#### The Invisible Guide.

There may be a certain satisfaction in knowing what dead men think about the war, although why a dead man should know more than a living one is not quite clear. We should rather expect him to know less.

The narrator of these reflections has lost a friend, Jimmy Carstairs, and now we find Jimmy intervening in the composition of the book in order to state his opinions, which are certainly terse and relevant. But on the whole we like the author himself better than

we like Jimmy. Certainly we agree with his implied remonstrance against those who invite God to stop the war. We can see no reason for asking God to stop the war unless it can be shown that God made the war. The war was made by men, and it was the inevitable answer to their greed, their hates, and their cruelties. In other words it is purgative and remedial, and it will cease when its work is done, and not, let us hope, before. We have no right to pray for a cessation of effects until the causes have been obliterated. There can be no effects without causes, and causes without effects would be chaos. We like this little hook for its breezy honesties.

THE INVISIBLE GUIDE. By G. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

#### American Literature.

A welcome is assured in advance for "The Cambridge History of American Literature" to be issued in three volumes under the editorship of William Peterfield Trent, M. A., LL. D., John Erskine, Ph. D., Stuart P. Sherman, Ph. D., and Carl Van Doren, Ph. D. The first volume has now appeared, and it is of a quality to assure a certain eagerness for the arrival of its successors. It is on a larger scale than has yet been attempted. It is the first history of American literature composed with the collaboration of scholars from every section of the United States and Canada. It will provide an extensive bibliography for all periods and subjects. And it will be a survey of the life of the American people as expressed in their writings.

The first volume is divided into two books, the first devoted to "Colonial and Revolutionary Literature" and the second to "Early National Literature." Among its eighteen chapters of nearly uniform scholarship and excellence may be mentioned "The Historians," by Dr. John Spencer Bassett; "Franklin," by Dr. Stuart P. Sherman; "Colonial Newspapers and Magazines," by Dr. Elizabeth Christine Cook; "The Early Drama," by Dr. Arthur Hohnson Quinn; "Fiction," by Dr. Carl Van Doren, and "Emerson," by Paul Elmer More, who also contributes a chapter on "Edwards." Perhaps the present volume is a little overweighted with fiction and we should have liked more about Emerson from Mr. More, but we find partial compensation in the able chapter on "Transcendentalism." The two coming volumes of the history will be devoted to "Early National Literature," Part II, and "Later National Literature, 1850-1900."

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. In three volumes, Volume I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

#### Trotsky as a Bolshevik.

Seldom in the history of the world have men that have dreamed wild theories of social reconstruction been favored with an opportunity to put them in practice. Yet such a man is Leon Trotsky, or Bronstein. For twenty years he has been a fanatical revolutionist obsessed by deductions from the teachings of Karl Marx. He has suffered exile and imprisonment in Siberia. He has eked out a bare existence in various cities while dreaming his revolutionary dream. And now by a turn of fortune's wheel he suddenly finds himself in a position to try out his theories on 180,000,000 people, and to play a big part in the world's affairs. Surely it is a titanic romance.

It is this tremendous experiment, carried out at the expense of these millions of helpless peasants, and with the fate of Europe hanging in the balance, that makes a study of Trotsky's earlier thinking and experience interesting and important. This has led another Socialist, Mr. M. J. Olgin, to undertake the publication of a volume of collected writings of Trotsky on various political and social subjects. Mr. Olgin leads us in his introduction to infer that he is not entirely in harmony with Trotsky's views, but of his close sympathy there can be no doubt. A history of the Russian revolution by the same author, one of the best of recent works on Russia, sufficiently expresses the Socialist point of view.

There is not in Trotsky's writings anything noticeably new or original. He is keen in dialectic, and uses, or misuses, much historical allusion. He interprets all European international relations in the light of his own theory of the capitalistic state and he holds some queer ideas on the French Revolution and the revolutions of 1848. The book does not make easy reading, for the style is heavy and involved, but it throws much light on the mental processes of the man who is now playing such a part in the destinies of poor, chaotic Russia.

OUR REVOLUTION: ESSAYS ON WORKING-CLASS AND INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTION, 1904-1917. By Leon Trotsky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

By the loss of a particular chemist taken into the army a firm of Lancashire sugar refiners had to discontinue the making of golden syrup, with the result that 6,720,000 pounds of syrup were lost to the country.

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### The Making of a Modern Army

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How an army is made up in 1918 and its operations in the field, by a Divisional General of the French Army.

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### The Secret of the Marne

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### A "Temporary Gentleman" in France

12". Wrapper by Bairnsfather. \$1.50.

Home letters from the front—frank, unstudied, humorous. The author was a suburban clerk before the war.

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#### Dancing.

The art of the dancer has fallen upon evil days. It has become at best a branch of gymnastics and at worst something unmentionable. Helen Moller, in her extraordinarily handsome book, tries to apply a corrective.

Her lesson is a simple one. Dancing, she says, is natural. It has a direct correspondence with the mind. It is a language. All nature is an intricate arrangement of time and space. Space implies form and shape, and time gives rhythm to motion. Time and space are the expressions of mind. When they are found in the human body, and when they are correct, we have true dancing, which is thus governed by laws as positive as those of music. Just as the face expresses momentarily and changeably the mood that is behind it, so should the body in dancing. It will do so automatically if it is unfettered, and dancing is therefore the liberation of the body, its charter to express the mind. This is certainly a crude and possibly an inaccurate presentation of the author's idea, which should be studied in her own fine rendering. Even to those who do not dance it should be valuable as a study in what we may call physical psychology. Moreover, there are forty-three full-page art plates that are a delight to the vision.

DANCING WITH HELEN MOLLER. By herself. New York: John Lane Company; \$6.

#### War Verse.

A place on the shelf of war books that are worth while should be found for this volume of verse by Jesse Edgar Middleton, with its fine colored frontispiece picture of the Canadians at Ypres. It is described as "a Canadian book of songs," but most of the poems are equally applicable to brave men everywhere and to brave women who send them forth and who wait tearlessly for their return.

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS. By Jesse Edgar Middleton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

#### The Maid with Wings.

This volume contains nineteen sketches described as "fantasies grave to gay," most of them having appeared originally in the London *Morning Post* and now making a somewhat more formal how to the public. The author has evaded the war, confining himself to the eccentricities and ironies of human nature that belong to no particular time nor state. And some of them are American.

THE MAID WITH WINGS. By E. B. Osborn. New York: John Lane Company.

#### The Lamp of Poor Souls.

This new volume of poems by Miss Pickthall contains much of the work to be found in her earlier volume, "The Drift of Pinions." But there are some new poems and notable among them "Mary Shepherdess," with its fine fancy and exquisite imagery. Miss Pickthall's verse is accurate and musical, and the things that she says are worth saying.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

#### Mid-American Chants.

The author of these poems, Sherwood Anderson, says that he does not believe that the people of mid-western America, immersed as they are in affairs, harried by industrialism, have yet come to the season of song. None the less they are awakening, and a million men

and women are trying to express something deeper and better than the hunger for gain. Thus encouraged and supported, Mr. Sherwood puts forth a sort of prefatory effort. We might sometimes wish that he were more musical and a little less pagan in his adoration of things rather than of the immaterial, but perhaps that belongs to the mid-west and to the stage of its growth. But at least we have virility and a muscular energy that counts for much in poetic righteousness.

MID-AMERICAN CHANTS. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

#### Briefer Reviews.

Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, D. D., rector of Grace Church, New York, in his preface to "The Holy Communion," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (50 cents), describes his essay as an attempt to help the communicant to feel the presence of Christ more intensely in the Sacrament.

"Happy Hollow Farm," by William R. Lighton (George H. Doran Company; \$1.25), is the story of a newspaper man and his family who purchased a mountain farm and made it pay. We are told exactly how this feat was accomplished, and it makes a capital story and one that tempts to emulation.

"National Miniatures," by "Tattler" (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50), is a collection of hijou character sketches of public men and women, about fifty of them to three hundred pages of print. These miniatures have been appearing serially in the *Nation* for the last three years and are undeniably shrewd, clever, and penetrating.

Elizabeth Cooper is to be congratulated on "The Heart of O Sono San," a Japanese story told from the inside, so to speak, and with a delicate sympathy that is admirable. We know no book of its kind that so well expresses the domestic and family spirit of old Japan. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.75.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Our Minnesota," by Hester McLean Pollock. The author intended in beginning this book only to write a reliable history of Minnesota for her high school pupils. As she worked the fascination of this story of pioneering days, of settlers and explorers, took hold of her, and she found herself forced to express the romance of the creation of a great commonwealth. So she has written more than a school book, a history which may be read with pleasure by all men and women who love their state or who wish to know its story.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Donald Thompson, the author of "Donald Thompson in Russia," has been on every fighting front in Europe since the war started; he has been in the midst of thirty or forty battles, great or small, has been wounded three times, and has been arrested so often that he has lost count. He has worked his camera with bodies falling around him and upsetting his machine. He has made during the war and sent back to the United States 115,000 feet of moving-picture film and has snapped more than 7000 kodak pictures.

The Century Company announces the publication of "Right Above Race," confessions of patriotic faith, by Otto H. Kahn, the well-known American banker of German birth.

The engagement has just been announced in New York of the Baroness Vera de Ropp, daughter of the Baron and Baroness de Ropp, formerly of Russia and now of Los Angeles, California, and Eric Fisher Wood, author of two popular war books, "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" and "The Note-Book of an Attaché."

It is interesting to note in a letter which Lincoln wrote to Bayard Taylor in December, 1863, and which is included in "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin Company), that he says: "I think a good lecture or two on 'Serfs, Serfdom, and Emancipation in Russia' would be both interesting and valuable. Could not you get up such a thing?" A lecture or two on Lincoln in Russian, for Russia, would be both interesting and valuable just now.

"One of the best things that ever happened to me," Amelia Josephine Burr says of the letters of appreciation sent to her from members of the Belgian army. "Wouldn't you feel that to be cheered in the same breath with America and King Albert by a group of Belgian soldiers in the trenches is worth all the medals that could be piled on a human chest—except the V. C.?"

#### New Books Received.

"THE DARK PEOPLE." By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. Russia's crisis.

"A TEMPORARY GENTLEMAN" IN FRANCE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50. War sketches.

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Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

The year-book of the American short story.

THE AIMS OF LABOUR. By Arthur Henderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents. British labor and its aspirations.

SURGEON GROW. By M. C. Grow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50. An American in the Russian fighting.

THE WORLD AND THE WATERS. By Edward F. Garesché, S. J. St. Louis, Missouri: The Queen's Work Press; \$1. A volume of verse.

COVERED WITH MUD AND GLORY. By Georges Lafond. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50. A machine-gun company in action.

MELODIES IN VERSE. By Mary B. Ehrmann. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. A volume of verse.

THE BRITISH SHIPPING INDUSTRY. By Edgar Crammond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents. A survey.

THE WORLD WAR AND THE ROAD TO PEACE. By T. B. McLeod. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents. A survey and a suggestion.

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A novel.

AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Percy H. Boynton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.25. An anthology of American poetry with brief critical comments.

MID-AMERICAN CHANTS. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25. A volume of verse.

EVENING HOURS. By Emile Verhaeren. New York: John Lane Company; \$1. A volume of verse.

THE DAY AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Chapell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1. A volume of verse.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN AMERICAN PARSON IN ENGLAND. By G. Monroe Royce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. Notes of a clerical excursion.

HAY HARVEST. By Lucy Buxton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1. A volume of verse.

FRONT LINES. By Lloyd Cahle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50. Stories of the front.

ECONOMY COOK BOOK. By Maria McIlvaine Gillmore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1. Food in war-time.

WAR-TIME CONTROL OF INDUSTRY. By Howard L. Gray. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. The successive stages of governmental control over industry.

EVERYDAY FOODS IN WAR-TIME. By Mary Swartz Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company; 80 cents. A war message about food.

THE TWO CROMWELLS. By Liddell De Lesseline. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50. A play.

CRESCENT AND IRON CROSS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25. "What about Turkey?"

HOME HELP IN MUSIC STUDY. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.25. For parents, teachers, and students of music.

STEPHEN'S LAST CHANCE. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A story of Montana ranch life.

WHERE DO YOU STAND? By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents. An appeal to Americans of German origin.

BRANDED. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35. A novel.

THE BLUE JAYS IN THE SIERRAS. By Helen Ellsworth. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25. For children.

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES. By Coningsly Dawson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1. War sketches.

THE UNWILLING VESTAL. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50. A novel of ancient Rome.

THE NEXT OF KIN. By Nellie L. McClung. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25. Stories and sketches of Canada at war.

RIGHT ABOVE RACE. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents. An incitement to patriotism.

TO BAGDAD WITH THE BRITISH. By Arthur Tilton Clark. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50. A first-hand account of a great enterprise.

THE UNSEEN HAND. By Clarence Herbert New. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.40. The adventures of a diplomatic free lance.

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY. By Lieutenant Jack Turner, M. C. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1. War verses.

The most powerful electric locomotive yet built has recently been put into operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad, having a rating of 3800 horsepower, with a maximum working horsepower of 7000. This is the first locomotive of its type, and is designed for use on the Altoona grade electrification of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Johnstown and Altoona, in Pennsylvania. This route includes the famous Horseshoe Curve and many heavy grades, the maximum being a twelve-mile stretch at 2 per cent.

The Atlantic Monthly Company announces that it has assumed control of Littell's *Living Age*. To those familiar with the solid tiers of bound volumes of this venerable American journal to be found on the shelves of all the older libraries of the country this announcement is of uncommon interest.

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### "CASTE."

So many old things are timely during these cataclysmic times of social upheaval. "Caste" is one of them. What courage was displayed by Tom Robertson when, in the very midst of the famous mid-Victorian era that was cradled in conventions and crusted with conservatism this author sounded a lone note of social democracy. It must have been far more startling than we today realize, for the British world has been gradually changing. The iconoclastic American has helped to bring it about. Since heavily gilded, unlineaged Americans have been taking their places as brides in English society, and holding their own with the Lady Maudes *et al.*, it has been gradually dawning on the conservative mind of British upper-classdom that rich brides from the lower walks of English life might be equally adaptable. And, besides, scientists and sociologists have been shedding light by spreading abroad a keener perception that blue blood doesn't necessarily monopolize beauty, brains, refined instincts, or shapely joints. For caste is made by man, not by nature, and often those most insistent on establishing its lines of demarcation are of obscure origin. The daughters of rich, unlettered Americans who have been enjoying the exclusiveness and deferential atmosphere of the upper classes of Europe return to America announcing their belief in caste. The snobbery of the dear children is quite unconscious, and they do not pause to realize that they could never have soared so high in Europe if stricter caste lines had been established in America.

It would seem, now that many old institutions are beginning to crumble, that the caste of the future must be, not a matter of lineage, but of actual superiority. There must inevitably be some kind of aristocracy of intellect, and the wealthy will flock together for the convenience of it. But those reared in other walks of life will not be barred out by lack of birth or breeding. Today, in republican France, Frenchmen of obscure origin who have soared to lofty altitudes in various lines of achievement display a wonderful proficiency in attaining distinction of appearance, and the social polish of the well-bred. This is, doubtless, one of the pleasant fruits of democracy.

Tom Robertson, in carrying out his idea that the true lady is one by instinct and not by birth, had the courage to surround his heroine with characters and circumstances most trying to the sensibilities of an aristocratic wooer. Lucky me, that had never seen or read the play! I count it a great mistake to read plays before you see them on the stage, for they were written to be acted, and not read. It was, to be sure, an awful shock when Eccles, filthy and drunken, tumbled in. The author meant it to be just as severe, although in my case it was enhanced by my dismay at learning, through the reception given him by the knowing ones in the audience, that Cyril Maude was there under those leers and smirks, those stained and spotted garments, and that fishy-eyed, murky, and gin-impregnated countenance. Eccles seems, in this play of romantic sentiment, to be, at first, one of the subordinate characters. But he means much to the play, although he is not omnipresent by any means, and, strange as it may seem to say it of a representation of such artistry, one generally breathed a sigh of relief when he left the scene. But it was because it was artistry, for Eccles was a particularly odious and unpleasant personage, whose absence was at all times greatly desired by those who had the displeasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Maude, as usual, did a wonderful piece of work, almost dismaying, if it were not so amusing, in its fidelity to type.

"Caste" is the most romantic of comedies, and it was enjoyed in the proper romantic spirit by an audience that knew what it was about when it went to see it. Talent endures, though times and manners change. Even to our sophisticated modernism the comedy of the piece is most amusing, the romantic sentiment almost appealing. Its old-fashionedness of treatment is most noticeable in the soliloquies, one or two long monologues and the faintings of the heroine, for, in spite of the author's occasional breaks with the traditions of the time, he adhered to the idea that excessive sensibility in woman is a lovely trait.

But he had a very keen sense of humor and a happy faculty for giving it appropriate vent. When in the last act George returns there is a delightful postponement of shrieks, faints, and displays of emotion in favor of a most amusing comedy interlude which makes Dolly's subsequent demonstrations of deep feeling all the more refreshing. This touch of modernity during that solemn epoch of stilted romanticism was surely the mark of an original and daring innovator.

The company made a delightful impression, Dorothy Cumming as the young wife and Betty Murray as the frolicsome sister thoroughly fulfilling the author's idea of two young creatures full of wholesome, sweet, instinctive charm. Mr. Ransom gave a sufficiently romantic and agreeable impersonation of the adoring lover and husband, but it was Mr. Frank Elliott who made the hit, this clever young actor showing, in the rôle of Captain Hawtree, an ability to submerge his own rather marked individuality and not only a very pronounced talent for comedy characterization, but skill in indicating the solemn, self-contained Englishman's capacity for deep feeling.

Mr. Turner gave a very apt presentment of Polly's cockney gas-fitter, and Miss Payer, who is really young and plump, contrived to appear venerable and thin as the garrulous old marquise.

"Caste" leaves a very good taste in the mouth, for the spectator has bathed in sentiment, has gurgled over comedy, has approved of the author's underlying ideas, and is thoroughly satisfied with the outcome. And now, won't some one, during these hard times when new plays come high, do an economical stunt and please theatre-goers at the same time by reviving Tom Robertson's once famous "Ours"?

### THE ORPHEUM.

It may be said that the numerous alleged mind-readers appearing before the public have got the best of us, since we haven't the faintest idea whether or not their acts are made up by the use of trickery, marvelous memory, or actual telepathy. Leona La Mar, the bright smile of the impulsive manner and the flow of mechanically swift divination, is with us again. This young lady's act is a variant on numerous others of a similar nature because she pretends to read the future. Now, whether or not there is such a thing as telepathy—for the scientists, recognizing that many of their brother savants have gone daffy when investigating this line of human research, are very coy in following it up—it is difficult for any but the primitive type of mind to believe that the future can be unveiled. I observe that Miss La Mar is almost unvaryingly and suspiciously flattering in her prognostications of the future. Yes, husband will return safe, and aureoled with glory; yes, baby's operation will be a glittering success; yes, sweetheart will be true to him; yes, Jacky will be accepted in the navy; yes, Harry is going to France; yes, sonny is going to have a raise, but (regrettably) the poor dear will have to wait for the endless period of six weeks; yes, everything is lovely and promising and auspicious until, unexpectedly, but rarely, comes No! (here register amazement) you will not sell your patent.

"Love, Honor, and Obey" is a farce of the familiar, stereotyped kind in which all that is required of the lady acting the wife is to be a lusty yeller. Mr. Macart has had experience as a farcical actor, and carries the heavy load of humor with some airiness; but it is a tiresome and unlovely spectacle to see a young and comely woman bawling her way into your risibles. In fact, the piece is written for the delight of entirely unexacting tastes.

Of the two other playlets I missed "Exemption." "In the Zone" is timely, for the country is passing into the grip of a hate wave. The brute threatens to attain a bad eminence, and mob spirit to prevail. Nothing would suit the wily German propagandist better. We are even warned that he is trying to stir up ebullitions of hatred, and the lynchings that are apt to ensue, in order to disseminate a wide knowledge of them through Germany, and thus stiffen up German morale. It is therefore a salutary thing that the large audiences assembling in vaudeville houses should be led to remark how quickly suspicions may centre on a perfectly innocent man, and put his life in deadly peril. The piece, written by Eugene G. O'Neill, is well played by a company of eight actors, who tellingly impersonate the rough sailors in the fore-castle of a British tramp steamer which is passing through the danger zone.

Messrs. Burley and Burley gave rather a neat blend of acrobatics and clowning, agreeably set forth in London English and Glasgow Scotch. The Natalie Sisters are three, attractive girls who offer a good musical number, one presiding efficiently at the piano, another varying fresh-voiced singing with feats on the cello, while a third plies a delicately nimble bow on the violin.

The Morgan Art Dancers are back again,

giving quite a pretentious act, set off with scenery designed by Livingston Platt. There is a flavor of antique Rome to the story that is danced and pantomimed, the emotions, however, being on rather too remote a plane to reach those of the audience, who content themselves by enjoying the harmoniously colored stage pictures, the sensuous Massenet music, and the graceful whirl and rhythm of the dance.

And there is Count Perrone on the bill. The count has a full, strong, rather inflexible and unshaded voice, and the appearance of a good-looking foreign villain in society melodrama. He also has an air of unruffled conviction that he is it. Perhaps, after all, he is all wool and a yard wide. But no; a count could not so easily part with his aristocratic composure as did this one in the alleged laughing song. What is a count like, anyway? Here we are in all our native innocence not knowing whether or no to accept this foreign importation as having the genuine glitter. Well, anyway, the countling and his little partner made a hit. Said partner is Miss Trix Oliver, a smiling little soubrette with the natural beamingness of her young orbs accentuated by a circle of rays neatly painted around them. She also has plenty of voice and a rather fetching stage manner. The pair gave a good musical number of popular arias, pouring forth their abundant voices lavishly, although without any delicacies of effect, and wound up with the old and popular song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

I sized up Tarzon, "the marvelous chimpanzee," as a shrewd human dwarf who gives an exceedingly clever imitation of the gait, the tricks, the manners, and moods of a trained chimpanzee. So skillfully is he gotten up, so artful is his facial make-up, so almost perfect is his reproduction of the irrational moods and movements of the animal imitated, that the house generally accepted him as what he purported to be, while those who detected the trick, instead of feeling cheated, admired the ability with which the act had been planned and the cleverness with which it was carried out.

### THE BREADSOMANIC.

We have always permitted ourselves to look down with bottomless contempt on the dipsomaniac who can not deny himself of that for which his appetite most loudly and insistently demands. Yet here are hundreds of thousands—possibly and probably millions—who have not yet begun to deny their appetites on the wheat question. For it is all a question of appetite. The smoker wants his smoke, the dipsomaniac his drink, the breadsomanic his bread. Oh, the goodly wheat bread! Never has it seemed so delicious as now that it is vanishing. We took it once quite calmly; it was our need and our right, as are air and water. And now we learn that we must limit ourselves, and eventually, for a few months at least, go without it.

Well, as a result of all this, what happens? Just this; many, many householders, some of them, and perhaps even a majority of them, the bone and sinew of the decent part of the nation, are just calmly waiving the question. For, they say to themselves serenely, "Oh, we must have wheat bread." They know well the slogan, "Food will win the war." They approve it and believe in it. But they simply haven't faced the issue. It is so much easier to do the helpful things that we like to do than the helpful things that we don't like to do.

People of this type are aware that in certain hotels and restaurants wheat has been eliminated. That satisfies them. Somebody else is attending to the matter, and they needn't bother. Others whose consciences are pricking them, but who have not yet evolved a satisfactory substitute for the missing staple are saying fretfully, "Why don't the bakers get busy, and make us absolutely wheatless bread? I'm sure I'm willing to go without wheat, only I must have bread." In the meantime one supposes that the unfortunate bakers are madly, passionately experimenting with rice, potato, corn, and soy bean flour, since the rye and barley flours are also becoming prohibitively scarce. And in the meantime let us not forget also that the peoples of Belgium, Serbia, and Armenia are perishing by the thousand for lack of food.

What occasions these remarks are the placidity, the calm self-approval and utter lack of any sense of individual responsibility with which really fine people, people who, in other respects, are freely performing patriotic services, are evading their duty in this one particular, and are daily, and three times daily, tucking away their usual quantity of bread containing 75 per cent. of wheat. It is true that some of them believe because they are eating war bread that they are complying with the requests of the food conservation authorities. And there is an astonishing vagueness existing in the retail bakeries. The other day I actually heard a clerk in a bakery reply to a customer's tentative request for absolutely wheatless bread, "Yes, all our bread

is wheatless. Will you have a loaf of this whole wheat?"

The fact of the matter is that we are taking a base advantage of the tactfulness of the authorities, who are at present letting us settle the question with our individual consciences. They are really gradually preparing us for that epoch ahead of us when all our wheat must go to our allies. Kicks he ever so lustily, yet must the pro-German submit. And let us not kick with him.

In the meantime it would be well for us to consider, as we look at the nations across the Atlantic tightening their belts and perforce limiting the rations of their luckless soldiers, how very, very fortunate we are. Food is high, but so are wages; and work is plentiful.

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But the great thing is that there is plenty of food. The children at play in the streets still as of yore throw away half-eaten slices of bread, while the roads in Russia and Serbia are lined with the bones of their starved little brothers and sisters. One condemns the ignorant mothers who overfeed their children in times like these, and then at a friend's house we are served with bread and butter sandwiches (75 per cent. wheat) and deceptively plain cakes (but 75 per cent. wheat). Or one dines *en famille* with other friends, and notes no wheat restrictions; or one is present at some woman's club function and observes that at a purely superfluous meal the members are despatching their usual proportion of wheat flour dainties; although it is but fair to chronicle some efforts to comply with the requests of the food conservation authorities.

It all goes to show how conservative the world is. We are doing our duty in other things—some of us. Many devoted women are giving a big proportion of each day to war service. Professional women are devoting their recreation time to the nation—teachers, worn and weary after their day's work, are volunteering to do clerical work in the local exemption boards. Many of them, full of enthusiasm, are undertaking the task of instructing night classes of soldiers in a knowledge of English. Hundreds of society and club women are offering services of various kinds in such numbers that the few slackers are almost overlooked. And yet these very patriots, or at least many of them, are postponing any serious consideration of self-denial in the matter of wheat. Willingly they will do it when they are made to, but, oh well, the government and the bakeries will work it out. And quite overlooking various lacks in the dietary of our Allies, and mindful of the grumblings of their hungry families, they say, "We must have bread."

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"Oh, Boy" at the Cort

"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley, will start the last two weeks of its engagement at the Cort Theatre next Sunday. Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, authors of "Oh, Boy," have interwoven a funny combination of a wife who is a good Christian and a husband who is a good fellow, a Quaker aunt who mistakes three Bronx cocktails for lemonade with hilarious result, an actress in pretty blue pajamas, a funny constable who is always breaking into people's houses at most inopportune times, and a young college professor who secretly marries a sweet little girl, only to have her taken from his sheltering arms on the night of the marriage. All of these characters become entangled in the meshes of seeming deception, which affords loads of fun for the audience.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will next week not only maintain the highest standard of vaudeville, but is also remarkable for its novelty and variety.

Edwin Arden will present his latest triumph, "Trapped," a war playlet of the secret service and one of the outstanding achievements of vaudeville this season. Mr. Arden has in Major John Dent, U. S. A., one of those dramatic opportunities he delights to exhaust. He is supported by a cast of three people.

Elizabeth M. Murray, who shares the headline honors, has long been recognized as one of the greatest and most popular artists on the musical comedy and vaudeville stages.

The spontaneity with which Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin deliver their patter is refreshing. During the twenty minutes of their act they introduce a new brand of singing, dancing, and light comedy.

The Four Haley Sisters will be heard in popular melodies.

Loney Haskell, the celebrated monologue comedian, is indeed a genial jester. There is only one Loney and his reappearance after a lengthy absence will be gladly welcomed by all who enjoy a hearty laugh.

Count Perrone will be heard in new numbers, and his accompanist, Miss Trix Oliver, will also sing new songs. Tarzan, the marvelous chimpanzee, will repeat his performance, and the Greater Morgan Dancers will appear in their historical Roman Ballet.

Washington Theatre.

The San Francisco Opera Company at the Washington Theatre has ended its third week and with gratifying success. The arrival of Signor Giuseppe Mauro will now permit the presentation of still more attractive works and this will become evident during the fourth week of the company's performances. Signor Mauro will take the part of the Moor in "Otello," wherein his voice will be heard to the best advantage. Elena Avedano, dramatic soprano, will be Desdemona, and Bartolomeo Dadona will have the rôle of Iago. Among other artists to appear in the same opera will be Blanche Hamilton Fox, Genia d'Agarloff, Aristide Neri, and José Corral. "Rigoletto" will be repeated next Wednesday night, with Malpica in the title-rôle and Lina Reggiani will be the Gilda. For Thursday night "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be offered.

Dorothy Churchill Hess.

Musical circles are looking forward with interest to the song recital to be given in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis by Dorothy Churchill Hess next Tuesday evening, April 30th. She will be accompanied by Miss Marian Prevost, and her songs will include works in the French, Italian, and English languages. A number of particular interest will be "The Query," a manuscript song by Dorothy Crawford. Seats for the recital may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mme. Petschnikoff's Recital.

After a long record of European and American triumphs Mme. Lili Petschnikoff will make her home in California, and interest is being taken in her forthcoming recital on Tuesday evening, May 2d, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. At an early age Mme. Petschnikoff left America and went to Europe, where she studied under Joseph Joachim. She married Alexander Petschnikoff, the famous Russian violinist, and for years appeared with him in recitals in all the musical centres of the world. Her repertory is extensive, embracing the masterpieces of the classical and modern styles. Her violin is a Stradivarius. The difficult piano parts of the Kreutzer Sonata and the Cesar Franck Sonata will be played by Mrs. Robert Hughes.

Galli-Curci.

W. Olin Downes of the Boston Post pays the following tribute to Galli-Curci, who will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at 2:30, and for

which there are still plenty of good \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50 seats to be had at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase:

"It is very seldom that a voice is found with such range and flexibility and at the same time such texture and beauty of tone. The tone that is bright and hard like a diamond is not Mme. Curci's. She can sing as rapidly and as brilliantly, and with as much technical precision on occasion, as any of the greatest coloratura singers known today. But there is more than brilliancy and sparkle in this voice. It is extraordinarily fresh and beautiful practically throughout its range."

Paulist Choristers.

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, under the leadership of Father William J. Finn, is touring America to raise a fund for the immediate aid of stricken France, and will be heard in a mammoth concert at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 26th, at 2:30 sharp. Tickets are on sale now at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

## WAR SONG.

By the Bulgarian Court Poet.

(Pamphlets, even large volumes, have been published on the unprecedented crimes committed by the Bulgarians—civil and military—against the Serbian, Greek, and Turkish populations during both Balkan wars, and recently in Greek Macedonia. Ferocity is the soul itself of this people; it is inborn in the Bulgarian, whatever may be his social condition. Their poets exalt cruelty. The following, for example, a war song, due to the diabolical imagination of a poet very much in vogue in Bulgaria, Ivan Arnaudoff, recently proclaimed the "Bulgarian Pindare," and honored, if one may say so, with the title of "Court Poet"—the court of the felonious King Ferdinand, worthy master of his subjects.)

FORWARD, YOUNG BULGAR!

The sun rises to the horizon colored with the blood of our enemies. Why do you tarry, young Bulgar? Lift high your hands that they be hessed by the bloody rays. And, then, sink them into the entrails of a young woman . . . in order to make jealous the royal purple of Apollon. With the incense of vapours which dawn sends to the king of skies, make rise the vapour of blood dear to the gods. Forward, young Bulgar, ever forward!

Before the planet of day arises from seven fathoms to the horizon, let the lake of blood which will be shed by your sword rise to seven fathoms. See that decrepit old man who drags his miserable years, seeking to cheat death and your zeal. Fell him under your hoot, with a fork tear out his troubled eyes which are unworthy to admire the grandeur of Bulgaria, and give them him to eat, for three days he hungers and thirsts.

Why do you tarry, young Bulgar? Forward, ever forward.

The carpet of the velvet hodies of women and children is softer than April's grass. Taste first of their due, charm your soul with the savory fruit of their youth, and then, when you are intoxicated with voluptuousness and heroism, scatter the useless remains and ride over them as on a royal carpet. Let the iron shoe of your horse sink into the breasts of beautiful women that the milk which vivifies our enemies may dry up.

Why do you tarry, young Bulgar? Forward, ever forward!

Son of the typhoon, imitate your father wherever you pass. Let not one stone rest upon another, not one child rejoice on its mother's breast, not one old man lean on his grandson's shoulders. Throw their skulls to the starving dogs which greedily lick themselves at night, when sniffing your approach, and their souls to the Tartar, there where the great abyss prepared to swallow up all souls unworthy to raise their eyes to the light of the Bulgarian sun; and before God's day arises, let there remain on the ruins which your hand has sown, only skeletons and ghosts, and that there may rise to the sky nought but the odor of burned hodies, dear to the gods of the Bulgarian Olympus.

Forward, ever forward!

See a chimney still smokes, a pot boils on the fire, a hungry mouth awaits its pittance. Shame to you! Do you not know that from the moment when you have set your foot here there must remain no food for your enemies other than the earth, which they will hite with ravenous teeth! Make a torch of the old body which stirs up the dying embers in the hearth, light it from end to end, and when leaving the spot which your steps have sanctified, leave behind you only ashes and cinders. The god of Bulgaria spreads his bear-fue over you as a shield. Fear nothing, young Bulgar. Forward, ever forward! —Extract from the "Mercure de France."

Applicant for Jab—What's the chance for a fellow beginning at the bottom and working up? Foreman of Telephone Gang—None; our job is digging holes.—Dallas News.



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Capitals in War-Time.

The occupation of Petrograd by the Germans would add a notable chapter to the history of the vicissitudes of capitals (says the London Observer). Though a much newer town, Petrograd shares with London the distinction among the chief capitals of Europe of having been inviolate from the foot of the invader throughout the modern era. It was already the seat of government when Napoleon captured Moscow in 1812, but never at any time does he seem to have contemplated a march on St. Petersburg. It was Napoleon, of course, who was the great over-runner of capitals. His armies were the last to occupy Berlin (1806), Vienna (1809), Rome (1808), Madrid (1808), and Lishon (1807); the last of those to be liberated was Rome, which was not restored to the Pope till the peace of 1814. We were ourselves the last invaders of Copenhagen, which surrendered to Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart after a three days' bombardment in 1807. Berne is hardly a parallel case, for though it yielded to the French in 1798, it did not become the capital of Switzerland till 1848. Of Constantinople, secure behind the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the Turks have remained in undisputed possession since they captured it in 1453. During the present war Brussels, Belgrade, Cetinje, and Bucharest have been in succession occupied by the Germans—none of the four being an adequate consolation for the failure to reach Paris in 1914. Till the siege of 1871 that capital had been one of the most fortunate, for it had been immune from foreign occupation since the days of our own Henry VI.

In April, May, June, and July, 1916, the ton-mileage on American railways never exceeded sixty-six miles a day. In the same months of 1917 the mileage was never less than 68.8 miles per day. In May of last year the average mileage made was 71.3 miles.

A Chicago railway war supply man while in the western war zone built for the French military authorities a nine-mile spur from the main line to an aviation field in nine days. Two months had been allowed for the job.

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## VANITY FAIR.

One of the abiding obsessions of the official mind is the conviction that public service implies some sort of obligation to evangelize the community. It is a little difficult to trace the origin of this delusion, but probably it began with the influence of women in politics and their insistence upon personal purity as the only necessary credential for office. Now a man who is chosen for his pieties and for nothing else will naturally try to enforce those pieties upon his neighbors, and he will use his official authority to that end. And the greater his incapacity for his designated duties the greater will be his resolve to make us say our prayers. Look at Josephus, for example.

The latest illustration is furnished by the Internal Revenue Commissioner. Now an all-wise Providence, otherwise known as Congress, has enacted that a married man shall enjoy a certain exemption from the income tax. Personally we think he ought to be wholly exempt, as a reward of courage and endurance, but the day of the married man has not yet come. Now the intention of Congress is obvious enough. The exemption was designed as a recognition of the fact that the married man has expenses not incurred by the bachelor, and these additional expenses were estimated at \$1000. Of course a wife—even the inferior, cheap, shop-soiled, remnant or bargain-counter variety, costs much more than \$1000 a year, and even a congressman ought to know this. But that is another question. The exemption was intended to defray the cost of the wife and it was intended for nothing else.

But now comes the Internal Revenue Commissioner with the usual official itch to make us good. Having a little power, he promptly uses it for the purposes of purity. He says the married man can not claim exemption unless he is actually living with his wife. The fact that he is still supporting her does not matter at all. A deviation from the marital proprieties must be punished by additional taxation.

But there is an exception. The married man who is not living with his wife may still claim the legal exemption if the lady is in the lunatic asylum. Not otherwise. Henceforth we shall send our wives to the lunatic asylum if we should find it impossible to live with them.

Now by what right does the Internal Revenue Commissioner thus override the clear meaning of the law in order that he may inculcate a moral lesson and express his personal disapproval of husbands and wives who do not live together? Who made him a judge in Israel? Who gave him the power to punish a man because he can not bear his wife, or his wife can not bear him? Who authorized him to impose a fine on couples who can not agree? So long as a man is paying for the support of his wife, what difference does it make where she lives?

The Canadian Parliament is expressing some uneasiness as to the bestowal of titles by the British government. It has no particular objection to titles, but it would like to be

consulted before they are given to Canadians, and it has very decided opinions as to the impropriety of hereditary titles. All distinctions of this sort should cease with the lives of their recipients, and no distinction at all should be given without the approval of the prime minister of Canada.

It is a knotty problem. Theoretically we all disapprove of titles, but actually we would grab at them like sharks if they came our way. Our wives would see to that. Titles—or decorations, which are almost the same thing—are apt to fly around pretty freely in times of war, and if Canadians are to be forbidden to receive the much-coveted "Sir" or "Lord" they ought also to be forbidden the V. C. or any other military decoration of the sort. The military decoration is usually bestowed for personal bravery, but since the high commanders of an army have seldom an opportunity to display their bravery they are rewarded by a peerage, or a baronetcy, or a knighthood. The decoration and the title have the same object. They are intended to show that the recipient is a better, braver, wiser, or greater man than his neighbors. It is true that they are usually given to people who have none of these qualifications, and often to those who have won them by crawling flatteries, bribes, and general nastiness. But the idea is to reward merit and capacity, and it seems to make very little difference how this is done so long as it is done honestly.

There is nothing undemocratic about a title so long as it is not hereditary. The hereditary title is, of course, inexcusable, and should be disowned and discarded as a disgrace. But there is no reason why man should not be called "sir," or "lord," as well as "judge," or "president," or "honorable." Theoretically they all indicate a capacity to perform certain functions, a public recognition of specialized powers. An English commander is very apt to be made a lord if he can avoid being defeated too often, and we smile in a superior way at the childishness of it. None the less an American commander runs a good risk of being made President, which is a much more serious matter and carries with it a thousand times more power.

It is probable that many American soldiers will be decorated by the military authorities of France and England. Legally they are not allowed to wear these decorations as being undemocratic. But why are they more undemocratic than a promotion in rank with its corresponding uniform and title? Our highly moralized and ethically deodorized War Secretary was told by a wounded soldier in France that he had received a decoration from the French government, but was not allowed to wear it. "I give you authority to wear it," said the War Secretary, swelling visibly. But will this authority be given to all soldiers who are thus decorated, or will it be given only to those soldiers who happen to catch Mr. Baker in one of his more melting moods? And if not, why not? And if soldiers may receive foreign decorations, why may they not receive foreign titles? What is the difference?

Says an English magazine, "Americans are often surprised at the limited use in Great Britain of Indian corn, whether green or dried, as human food. In the United States corn-cobs are a favorite vegetable among all classes of the community, while maize enters largely into the dietary of the people."

No, gentle scribe, you are in error, and we hasten to remove a misconception that may cause a rift in the lute that now binds the hearts of two great nations. There is a confusion of metaphor here, but that often happens in moments of stress. Americans have many peculiarities, dietary and otherwise, but they do not eat corn-cobs. We do not know quite what they do with the cobs, except make tobacco pipes from them, but take our word for it they do not eat them.

A labor-saving invention of the year is the "Phantom-circuit" control, by means of which street lighting at a distance from the central station can be connected direct to 2300-volt feeders without running wires for each separate system, yet be under control of the station operator. This method obviates the necessity previously existing for manual operation of the distant lighting circuit switches, or the use of time switches. Its operation is based on the well-known fact that a circuit can be used for more than one purpose at the same time. The alternating current power lines are utilized for the transmission of a small direct current without interfering with their normal functions of carrying power. The high-voltage lines are used as one side of the direct current circuit and the ground as the other. The use of reactance permits the passage of the direct current, while the amount of alternating current which passes during the few seconds required to operate the switch is practically negligible.

The first order for war locomotives was placed with the Baldwin Locomotive Company on July 18th. The first engine was completed August 9th.

## BEHIND THE JAPAN SCREEN.

Marshal Prince Yamagata and Marquis Matsukata are the surviving elder statesmen in the minds of all Japanese when they refer to the Genro: later elevations to this exalted if rather visionary and fictitious rank are those of Marquis Okuma, Marquis Saionji, and Admiral Count Togo. Without the concurrence of these aged and eminent men, although their direction of state affairs has often been denounced as unconstitutional, no measure of grave national importance can be successfully executed (observes the editor of *Far East* under date of March 23d). The ministry of the day is subordinate to these pillars of the state, and once more they are demonstrating to the world at large that the constitution and modern ideas notwithstanding, they are the real rulers of Japan.

It is true that even within the ranks of the Elder Statesmen there are intrigues and cliques. What politician would be happy without his intrigue and cliques! We are assured that the silent and intensely bureaucratic Prince Yamagata abhors the somewhat garrulous sage of Waseda, Marquis Okuma, and that the two can never agree. Moreover, the junior Genro are more or less associated with political parties, which is a disadvantage, particularly so in the eyes of the autocratic Yamagata, who abhors political parties. Abhorrence of this or that is indeed the sining virtue of the old gentleman whose arrival in Tokyo for the settlement of cabinet troubles and international problems is hailed by press and public as the chief event of the week.

Years ago Marshal Yamagata played a grim joke on the newspapers. As said before, he is a silent man, with a contempt for the press whose depths it would be difficult to gauge—and as a particular concession to modern ideas he consented to be interviewed. That interview may be forgotten now, but it was a classic. There was nothing in it, and the scribe who had engineered the achievement must have felt that old men, after all, are not devoid of the craft and wit that go to make the efficient, Machiavellian statesman. The paucity of the length and substance of that interview was a poor return for the mighty effort expended in securing an audience of the great man.

Prince Yamagata still dominates, and it is he who is directing Japan's policy at this moment—a critical moment in the history of the country. Across the sea a great people is helpless in the grip of a military nation which has abandoned itself to utter moral degradation in its lust for power. Those with vision see peril, disruption, anarchy ahead, and many calls have come to Japan to take heed. Japan is on the brink of the cauldron of war. Hitherto her part in it has been that of a spectator. For her it has been a flirtation. Now—to plunge or not to plunge, may be the thought distracting the mind of the nation's Hamlet.

But we are assured in the newspapers that there is no thought of intervention or mobilization. The Genro are more concerned with domestic politics than with what is happening outside Japan's borders. The newspapers arrive at their conclusions by entirely telephatic processes, for the Genro have not spoken and all lesser statesmen are silent. Intuitively they know the minds of their leaders. But decision in council and public announcement can not long be deferred. So much is due to the people, not to mention those other peoples who have so eloquently eulogized Japan, her loyalty, and her part in the war. The Genro must speak, since the cabinet can not.

## CURFEW RINGS IN ENGLAND.

For the first time since its repeal by Henry I the curfew law is revived in London, but in terms and varieties of application as complex as our civilization. There is the theatre's curfew, the restaurant's curfew, the gas and electricity curfews, so far as they go, the shopwindow curfew, and the blind and curtain curfew, on which a new order was issued only yesterday. Added to these are the consequential "curfews," as they may be called, on travel and town locomotion. In short, the whole night life of London is concerned.

The same night life has produced much dubious literature, but a book neither sordid nor uninteresting could be written on its larger social aspects. The new curfew is really the drastic speeding up, under stress, of a long tendency to devote the night to its natural purposes. Dining once in Ivy Lane with some friends, Dr. Johnson was aggrieved when his friends rose to go at 10 o'clock. Yet they had been sitting since 3 in the afternoon. Under the curfew regulation now impending these hours would have reconciled his inclinations with his patriotism to a nicety, for not only restaurants, but clubs, are to turn out their dinner lights at 10 p. m. It may have been on this occasion that the doctor denounced the man who proposes to go to bed before midnight as a scoundrel. It was not until a hundred years had elapsed that Lord Campbell's Act, called by the "slap you and

put you to bed act," closed the London licensed houses at half-past 12, thus saving a great part of the population from scoundrelism by thirty minutes. Inasmuch, however, as clubs did not fall under this rule some thousands of Londoners were able to maintain their respectability until 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and in some cases all night. It seems hardly credible that less than four years ago a man could call for a whisky-and-soda at his club when "the star-dials hinted of morn." Already the privilege seems too obsolete for pride and too distant for regret. The alcohol curfew has long been enforced at half-past 9 on a consenting London.

But until now a kind of half-and-half effect has been produced on our night amenities. It is likely, though, that the new regulations, which have called the curfew out of Collier's History with the newspapers, will reshape London's night life in definite and interesting ways. It seems rather a pity that the theatre curfew, which was intended for 9:30, has been changed to 10:30. Theatre-goers will now emerge on streets of Sunday quiet. The restaurants will have had their doors locked half an hour earlier. Going home will be a solemn and almost stealthy business.

Broadly speaking, the public evening will end at half-past 9, and throughout the "summertime," which begins today, people will be at home in the normal daylight of half-past 8. What will they do? It is certainly a delusion to suppose that they will go to bed. Even the children refuse to do that. Lack of locomotion facilities will tend to keep the parks empty. But there will be the allotments, the back gardens, and the doorsteps. We may anticipate, I think, a vast development of pleasant strolling and sitting-out life. The curfew will certainly not damp down the fires of sociability. I fancy that much coffee and cooling drinks will be consumed in suburban back-gardens, and we need not be surprised if the laughing doorstep coterie which have been seen so increasing in recent summers in Bloomsbury and Kensington developed into something very pleasant indeed. We may have curfew dances and curfew concerts in unlikely places, and we old stagers who remember what was, and what was not, may walk with fluttering hearts through the London dusk.—*London Observer*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that among the applicants for a change of name before a Detroit judge was one Stein. He asked that his name be changed to Abraham Jahlonsky as being more American. The petition was granted.

Tommy Atkins, ashore on leave in Duhlin, met a full-headed Irishman and thought he would have a little fun with him. "I sye, Pat," he said, "when are ye goin' to place yer whiskers on the reserve list?" "Whin ye place yer tongue on the civil list, hegorra," was Pat's comeback.

"Papa," asked little Percy, "what is the difference between a city and a village?" "A city, my son," replied the portly plute, "is a large body of hoobs entirely bound up in franchises, while a village is a small collection of yaps who possess so little of value that it is not worth taking away from them."

The feeling of superiority in the sterner sex is inborn. "Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, looking thoughtfully into his mother's face. "Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the mother, cautiously, wondering what was coming next. "Then please be good, for papa and I would be lonesome without you."

Two colored waiters were lately overheard deep in a discussion of various phases of dumbness. Finally, after a number of illustrations had been cited, one capped the climax by observing with great seriousness, "Yes, suh, dat nigger wuz dat dumb dat when he died and dey opened his haid at the morgue dey found his brain hadn't never been used."

Little Raymond returned home from Sunday-school in a very joyous mood. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, as he entered the house, "the superintendent said something awfully nice about me in his prayer this morning." "Isn't that lovely! What did he say, pet?" questioned his mother. "He said, 'O Lord, we thank Thee for food and Raymond.'"

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout: "Allez—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I iver learned their language."

Dr. Henry Moskowitz, commissioner of public markets, said in an address in New York recently: "A cynical and self-seeking spirit prevailed in huying and selling when the war began, but this spirit is being fast supplanted by a generous spirit of coöperation and fraternity. The cynical spirit, now

happily on the wane, was like that of the aged hanker, who said to a friend: 'Yes, I expect to marry one of the proudest and most beautiful girls in New York. You see, a young suitor sings to his sweetheart, "Love me—and the world is mine." But I've got a better method, hy jingo. I sing, "Love me—and the world is thine." I'm bound to win out, don't you think so, George?'

A country clergyman who was nailing up a refractory creeper observed a young lad watching him for a long time with obvious interest. "Well, my young friend," he said smilingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?" "Noa!" said the youth. "Are you surprised to see me working like this?" "Noa! I do he waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thoomh."

The American in England affords cause for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen. A Yankee soldier was being shown over an old church wherein hundreds of people were buried. "A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand. "So?" said the Sammy. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

A recently retired admiral of the British navy tells a story of his visit to an old boatswain of the flagship, who had fallen heir to a little money and had retired. The admiral found him possessed of an apparently useless man-servant and asked what he could possibly be there for. "Every morning," explained the old sailor, "e comes to me 'am-mock and tell me to roll hout. 'The hadmiral wants to see you,' e says to me. Hand hi says to 'im, 'Tell the hadmiral to go to 'ell,' says hi."

A negro who was well known to the judge had been haled into court on a charge of having struck a relative with a brick. After the usual preliminaries the court inquired: "Why did you hit this man?" "Judge, he called me a black rascal." "Well, you are one, aren't you?" "Yessah, maybe I is one. But, judge, s'pose some one should call you a black rascal, wouldn't you hit 'em?" "But I am not one, am I?" "Naw, sah, naw, sah, you aint one; but s'pose some one'd call you de kind of rascal you is, what'd you do?"

A French soldier who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked: "You spik French?" "Nope," answered the American, "not yet." The Frenchman smiled complacently. "Aye spik Eengleesh," he said. The American grinned and the Frenchman looked about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim in her peaked hat, long coat and high-laced shoes, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American, and said triumphantly: "Cheeken." The American roared. "Shake," he said, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American."

Two Irishmen, who had been hoys together in the same village, did not see each other for several years. "You remember my brother, Michael?" said Pat. "He's turned out a fine athlete and has just won a gold medal for a 100-yard sprint." "Good for him," replied Dennis, "hut do you mind my uncle Maguire at Ballyhenty?" Pat was not quite sure that he had ever heard of him. "Well," resumed Dennis, "he got gold medals for half a mile, five miles, and ten miles; three silver cups for swimming, a marble clock for wrestling, two silver belts for boxing, and a heap of prizes for cycling." "Shure, he's the champion athlete, indeed," said Pat, with enthusiasm. "Not at all; not at all," exclaimed Dennis. "He keeps the local pawnshop."

The following story is credited to Andrew Carnegie, who objects to the smell of tobacco: "Recently I was traveling on a local line near London," he said, "and at a wayside station a man hoarded the train, sat down in my compartment, and lighted a vile clay pipe. 'This is not a smoking carriage,' said I. 'All right, governor,' said the man; 'I'll just finish this pipe here.' He finished it, then refilled it. 'See here,' I said, 'I told you this wasn't a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe I shall report you at the next station.' I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, hut lighted his pipe nevertheless. At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment. Calling the guard, I told him what had occurred, and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken. 'Yes, sir,' said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed. He bent over me and said apologetically: 'Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is Mr. Andrew Carnegie.'



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Poke you o'er and o'er,  
Send for a specialist,  
Then there are four.

Four little doctors  
Wonder you're alive,  
Another brings a stomach pump,  
Then there are five.

Five little doctors  
Trying fancy tricks,  
Order in an alienist,  
Then there are six.

Six little doctors  
Preparing you for heaven,  
In comes a D. D.,  
Then there are seven.

Seven little doctors  
Decide to operate,  
Call in a surgeon,  
Then there are eight.

Eight little doctors  
Think it's in your spine,  
Ask for a neurologist,  
Then there are nine.

Nine little doctors,  
All of them are men,  
Send for Mary Walker,  
Then there are ten.

Ten little doctors  
Standing by your hed,  
Come to a decision:  
Find that you are dead.

—Kenneth MacGowan, in *Catholic Monitor*.

## The Good Old Days.

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With welcome loads draw near.

A. D. 1800.  
The coach and four! Hurrah!  
How great the horses' power!  
With pride the people watch it fly  
So fast—eight miles an hour!

A. D. 1918.  
The railway-train! Oh dear!  
So slow! What makes it wait?  
We've traveled scarce a thousand miles,  
And fifty seconds late!  
—Herbert N. Casson, in *Railroad Man's Magazine*.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. Frank Woolsey and Mrs. Woolsey have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Woolsey, and Major James Durst, U. S. A. Miss Woolsey is a sister of Miss Marion Woolsey. She is a niece of Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack, of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Woolsey, and of Dr. Chester Woolsey and Mrs. Woolsey. The marriage of Miss Woolsey and Major Durst will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Leontine de Sahla, and Dr. Hamilton Lyle of New York. Miss de Sahla and her parents have been residing in New York for the past year. She is the sister of Mrs. Theodore Payne and of Mrs. Clement Tobin. Mr. Ferdinand Thieriot and Mr. Joly de Sahla of New York are her cousins, and she is a niece of Mr. Leon de Sahla. No date has been set for the marriage of Miss de Sahla and Dr. Lyle.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Beaver and Mr. Horace Van Sicken was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at the bride's home on Webster Street, Rev. Edward Morgan officiating. Miss Margaret Madison was the bride's only attendant and Dr. George Lyman was the best man. Mrs. Van Sicken is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver and the sister of Mrs. John Cushing, Lieutenant Frederick Beaver, Jr., and Mr. Peter Beaver. Mr. Van Sicken is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken. He is the brother of Mrs. George Lyman, Miss Hilda Van Sicken, and of Mr. Frederick Van Sicken, Jr. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Van Sicken will reside at the Fairmont.

The marriage of Miss Alice Snook and Mr. John Wells of Minneapolis was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at the bride's home in Oakland, Bishop Sanborn officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Mildred Snook, Miss Winifred Tinning, Miss Marion Ralston, Miss Marian Fitzhugh, Miss Mildred Kellogg, and Miss Marion Wilson of Wyoming. Mr. Archer Barnard was the best man. Mrs. Wells is the daughter of Dr. John Snook and Mrs. Snook of Oakland. Mr. Wells is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wells of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward McLernand gave a luncheon recently at the Presidio Golf Club, her guests including Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. William Hunt, Mrs. Lea Fehiger, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, and Mrs. Arthur Murray.

Miss Flora Miller gave a dinner and theatre party last Friday evening in honor of Miss Miriam Beaver and Mr. Horace Van Sicken. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Elena Eyre, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Lieutenant Hale Sattley, and Lieutenant George Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo, their guests having included Comte André de Limur and Comtesse de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. William Scaife, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Douglas Alexander.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner on Saturday evening, the affair taking place at her home on Broadway. Mrs. Martin's guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Miss Mildred Chapman, Mr. Guillermo de la Pena, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Mr. Downey Harvey.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton gave a dinner recently in San Diego in compliment to Major Philip Chancellor and Mrs. Chancellor. The guests included Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott, Lieutenant Arthur Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy, Mrs. Austin Sands, Mrs. William

Devereaux, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Colonel Thornwell Mullally, and Lieutenant R. A. Banon.

Mrs. Joseph Helfman entertained a group of friends at luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont, her guests having included Mrs. Meyer Ehrman, Mrs. Albert Frank, Mrs. Achille Roos, Mrs. Sanford Goldstein, Mrs. Louise Schwabacher, Mrs. Joseph Silverberg, and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mme. Nellie Melba. Those asked to meet Mme. Melba included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Landfield, Comte André de Limur and Comtesse de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Lady Susan Fitzclarence, Miss Helen Crocker, Captain Alfred Payson, and Mr. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a luncheon and bridge Monday at the Francisca Club, her guests having been Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. Eugene Murphy.

Mrs. Anson Blake entertained a group of friends at luncheon Saturday at her home in Berkeley, complimenting Mrs. Porter Garnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. William Sherwood, and Mr. William Taylor, Jr.

Miss Sara Wright gave a tea recently at the Palace Hotel, her guests including Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Martha Sutton, Miss Catherine Wheeler, and Miss Elizabeth Wright.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel gave a dinner and bridge Friday evening at her home on Laguna Street, her guests including Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Charles Joselyn, Mrs. Berthe Welch, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Russell Wilson, and Mrs. Anson Hotaling.

Miss Elizabeth Adams gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Miriam Beaver. The guests included Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Elena Eyre, and Miss Olivia Pillsbury.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett entertained at tea Monday afternoon at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. George Van Deusen, Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Edward McLernand, Mrs. John Murphy, Mrs. Philip Wales, Mrs. Basil Rittenhouse, and Miss Agnes Sargent.

Mrs. Seward McNear entertained a group of friends at luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. A. Koshland gave a luncheon and bridge last Tuesday at the Palace Hotel, her guests having included Mrs. Richard Ellis, Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, Mrs. A. Mcertief, Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer, Mrs. George Rothganger, Mrs. A. Gianinni, and Miss May Sinsheimer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teague entertained a group of friends at luncheon Saturday at the Palace Hotel, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bray, Mrs. F. N. Griffith, Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia, Mrs. Henry Coon, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Elvira Mejia, Miss Ada English, Miss Coralie Mejia, and Dr. Radford Fearn.

Miss Helen Pierce gave a luncheon Friday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Miriam Beaver. The guests included Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Helen Spalding, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mrs. Robert Bentley gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Josephine Moore. The guests included Mrs. Robert Bentley, Jr., Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Dorothy Stone, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Jean Seales, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Mary Armsby, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Cecile Brooks, and Miss Flora Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained at "A Night in Egypt," given by the Golden Gate Park Endowment Committee Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis. Their guests included Rear Admiral Charles Tremont Pond and Mrs. Pond, Hon. Joseph Russell Knowland and Mrs. Knowland, Mrs. Frederick L. Joyce, and Mr. Albert J. Lowenberg.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." "I doubt, however, if an orchid by any other name would cost as much."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### TALES OF BRITISH MARINES.

The individual experiences of marines all the world over during the present war would fill a volume, and it is characteristic of war that gallantry and humor are so often to be found blended in these stories.

It was on the western front that a private of marines one day took a fancy to leave the comparative security of his own trench in order to investigate the abode of the Boche opposite. Armed with only his rifle, the inquisitive one calmly strolled across to the German lines, and, finding the enemy "at home," demanded his immediate surrender. Apparently this appeared a reasonable enough suggestion to Fritz, for out he came by ones and twos and threes until at last no fewer than fifty Huns had stepped sheepishly into the open; and with his fifty prisoners our marine returned happily to his own trench.

Somewhere in France a color sergeant of marines wanted food for his men, but was told that supplies had been sent up for him on the previous evening. He had not received them, and said so. His word was doubted, and this made him angry; so, on hearing that there was a canteen further on along a certain shell-swept road, he determined to fetch the supplies himself. He had not proceeded far through the hail of bullets before he was spotted by his commanding officer, who peremptorily ordered him back. There was no choice but to obey—until the C. O. moved off, which he presently did; then the indignant grub-hunter resumed his dangerous journey.

Several enemy machine guns appeared to be devoting their attentions to that strip of road, and the ditches along the roadside proved just as dangerous as the road itself, with the additional drawback that they were full of mud. So our friend stuck holdy to the middle of the road, and eventually reached the canteen untouched. The canteen man produced some tins of bully beef, remarking cheerfully that any one who tried to go back through that shower of bullets must be mad. The sergeant placed the tins on his head and prepared to prove his madness, whereupon the canteen man wished him a grim good-by. The return trip was begun with bullets still driving over like hailstones; two of them went clean through the bully beef tins, but not one touched the sergeant, who reached his men without a scratch. "The only drawback was," he concluded, when telling the story, "that the C. O. came to hear of what had happened. The consequence was I got it rather hot, but—my men got their grub!"

While the marines were advancing against a German trench a private noticed one of his officers drop. After the capture of the trench a German counter attack obliged our men to retire. While returning the private kept a sharp look-out for his wounded officer, and eventually succeeded in finding him. Unable to bring his comrade back, the devoted soldier remained out there in No Man's Land for thirty-six hours, doing all he could for the wounded officer; and when the poor fellow had passed away his personal papers were brought back in safety to our lines by this marine. The D. C. M. was his reward; but some V. C.'s have been won more easily.

Upon one occasion during the operations in Gallipoli a batch of sixty Turkish and German prisoners were halted near the marines' position on their way to the rear. Amongst them were two German and two Turkish officers, and when the order to halt was given the Germans went and sat down by themselves on the roadside. Presently the British N. C. O. in charge of the party gave the order to fall in, and all the prisoners promptly obeyed except the German officers, who continued talking with studied carelessness. The N. C. O. then sent a private over to where they sat; this man touched one of them on the shoulder and pointed to the waiting prisoners. The German looked up, sneered, and resumed his conversation, while the British soldier stood beside him awkwardly, not knowing quite what he ought to do. At this point one of the Turkish officers, a huge man, left the other prisoners and stalked across to the Germans. With some guttural remark in his native language the Turk seized the two Germans by the scruff of the neck, dragged them to their feet, and kicked them back to the other prisoners, as though they had been a pair of ill-behaved mongrels.—*London Observer*.

The undeveloped maximum water power of the nation is estimated to amount to considerably more than all the mechanical power, including locomotives, used at present in the United States.

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#### Lecture by Dr. Hillis.

Dr. Hillis, one of the most powerful orators, preachers, and lecturers in the United States, will give his illustrated lecture, "German Atrocities," at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and Sunday night at 8:15. Dr. Hillis has been for the past nineteen years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and has been called many times the Henry Ward Beecher of the present war, for he is pleading the same cause at this time that Beecher did in 1861, when the Civil War threatened the very existence of the Union, for now again the very ideals for which our fathers lived and died are being threatened by Germany.

At his lectures on Sunday Dr. Hillis will have as an added feature Ada Louise Armstrong, a beautiful and talented San Francisco girl who has recently returned to this city. Miss Armstrong, who was a leading mezzo-soprano on the Eastern tour of Max Rahinoff's Boston Opera Company, will sing songs of the Allies.

Tickets for this lecture are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

The workhouse farm of Columbus, Ohio, last year raised about 800 bushels of potatoes above the needs of the city institutions. These have been sold to charitable organizations in the city at \$1.25 a bushel and will be resold by these agencies to poor families under their care.

After being a showplace for half a century the famous old jail at Charleston, West Virginia, in which John Brown was lodged is to be sold at auction so the government can build a postoffice on the site.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Havemeyer and her daughter, Miss Vera Havemeyer, have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel for the summer months.

Judge Max Sloss and Mrs. Sloss have returned to their apartments on Powell Street, after a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles Keeney, who returned recently from San Antonio, Texas, is staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned to their home in Burlingame from a visit at Del Monte.

Rear-Admiral Charles Gove and Mrs. Gove have returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin have returned to the Peninsula Hotel, after a brief stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline and their daughter, Miss Claire Scheeline, will spend the summer in Atherton, where they have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mrs. Dudley Cates and her little son, Master Dudley Cates, Jr., have gone to Indiana to visit Mrs. Cates' parents, Judge William Foulke and Mrs. Foulke.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue from a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Peter Rossi and Miss Marita Rossi have gone to American Lake for a visit of several weeks.

The Misses Amy and Alice Regua have returned to Oakland for a brief sojourn, after having passed the winter season in Washington with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regua.

Mrs. Joseph Helfman returned Sunday to her home in Omaha, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. During her visit here Mrs. Helfman was a guest at the Fairmont.

Miss Frances Bentley has been passing a few days with Miss Katherine Bentley from her home in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Loring Pickering arrived a few days ago from San Antonio, Texas, and is the guest of Mrs. Loring Pickering, Sr., at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their apartment on Jackson Street.

Mme. Nellie Melba, who has been spending several days in San Francisco, has taken the home of Mrs. William Grahame in Santa Barbara for the summer. Mme. Melba will be accompanied south in a few days by Lady Susan Fitzclarence.

Mrs. John Beale of Santa Barbara is the guest of Major William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick at their home in Bakersfield.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have returned to their home on Broadway from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Captain Miles Gorgas and his daughter, Miss Mary Gorgas, left last week for Washington, where they will remain a month.

Miss Ysabel Chase returned Sunday to her

home in Burlingame from a visit of several weeks in the southern part of the state. Miss Chase was the guest of Mrs. Frederick Hussey in San Diego, and also visited Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis at their home in Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray returned last week to their home in Palo Alto, after passing several days at the Clift Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Macondray came to San Francisco to attend the wedding of Miss Alejandra Macondray and Mr. Alvah Kaime.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Burr have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will reside for several weeks.

Miss Mary Phelan and her niece, Miss Gladys Sullivan, left last week for Washington, where they will join Senator Phelan. En route to the Eastern city Miss Phelan and Miss Sullivan will visit at American Lake.

Mrs. William Mopre left a few days ago for Indianapolis for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Kenneth Moore, who has been passing the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, at their home on Pacific Avenue, will pass the summer in Burlingame.

Mrs. Donald O'Mulveny is visiting in San Francisco from her home in Los Angeles and is a guest of Mrs. Robert Monroe.

Mrs. Burton Elkins has arrived in New York from France, where she has been engaged in relief work.

Captain Curtis O'Sullivan and Mrs. O'Sullivan have been passing several days in Carmel at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hathaway.

Mrs. De Lancey Lewis passed several days of last week at the Fairmont Hotel from her home in Menlo Park.

Miss Ruth Boettcher returned Monday to her home in Denver, after a visit of several weeks in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale returned last week from Washington and have been guests at the Fairmont.

Admiral James Bull and Mrs. Bull, who have been visiting in San Francisco from their home in Santa Barbara, have gone to Aberdeen to see their son, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Bull, who is stationed there with the aviation corps.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns has gone to Boston, where he will remain throughout the summer.

Mr. René Criticos, who arrived last week from Southern California, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wright at their home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Louis Parrott came to San Francisco last week from her home in Monterey, and during her sojourn in town was a guest at the Clift Hotel.

Mrs. Stephen Peahody has gone to New York, after having visited in San Francisco for several months.

Mrs. Le Roy Woodhead is visiting in San Diego as the guest of her father, Dr. Humphrey Stewart.

Major Henry Breckenridge, who was recently stationed at American Lake, has called Mrs. Breckenridge of his safe arrival in France. Major Breckenridge and Mrs. Breckenridge formerly lived in San Mateo.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall and her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Woods, will pass the summer in the East at Martha's Vineyard.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Goodall, left Friday for a visit of several weeks in the East.

Captain Lawrence Brown and Mrs. Brown, who have been stationed in New York for some time, have gone to Washington to reside.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen has been spending several days at Byron Springs.

Captain Philippe de la Lande left Friday for San Antonio, Texas, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Pillsbury will spend the summer in Ross, where she has taken the home of Lieutenant Charles Mills and Mrs. Mills.

Dr. Ernest Chipman and Mrs. Chipman left Wednesday for a visit in New York.

Mrs. Wilson Dibblee returned last week to San Francisco from a visit in San Jose.

Mrs. Lewis Thornton has been visiting in San Francisco from her home in Portland, en route to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber have been spending several days recently at their home in Burlingame, having come up from their ranch in San Benito.

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### A New Ghost Dance

From the expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, which has been carrying on ethnological research work in Central America for the last eleven months, advices have been received of a new ghost dance performed by the Sumo Indians in the back forests of Nicaragua. Periodically the tribe comes together to celebrate a peculiar ceremony for the dead. Dr. Henry J. Spinden, who was in charge of the expedition, describes the ceremony:

"The dead are buried some distance from the Indian villages. The natives then clear the fields and plant manioc or yuca, used as foodstuff. When these products are fully grown a knotted string is sent to members of the tribe as an invitation to a communal ceremony.

"A clearing is made for a big dance, which forms a prominent part in the ceremony. The women are not allowed to take part in the dance. The men paint their bodies and cover themselves with feathers and bark. Cloth masks are worn, so that when the spirits of the departed return identities are concealed.

"String is then attached by the men to the graves of the deceased and carried over the tops of the trees to the scene of the tribal ceremony. This represents the road to be taken by the ghost of the dead on its return to earth. If the string is taken across a stream it is first fastened to a canoe left standing on the far side, providing ferriage for the spirit. The end of the string is fastened to a bowl of intoxicating liquor, called 'mishla,' an yeastlike preparation made from the manioc root by the women, who

chew the root and throw it into a large bowl to ferment with other juices.

"Toward midnight the men commence dancing to the music of little drums made from toad skins, which are beaten with the finger-tips. Weird notes on bamboo flutes are played by others.

"A delegation with an instrument composed of a long pole surmounted by a flat piece of bamboo summon the spirits. A roaring noise, which can be heard a great distance, is made by this instrument. It is believed that the ghost hears this noise and begins his journey. The dance in which the shades are supposed to take part begins, the participants stopping only long enough to drink 'mishla.' The dance continues until all fall in a maudlin stupor."

German postoffice authorities, who control the telegraphs and telephones throughout the German Empire, have decided that the overhead wires must go, and in the course of the next few years the entire system, rural as well as in the town, will be placed in underground conduits. The adoption of the conduit system is due to the serious breakdowns in overhead wires which have occurred repeatedly during the war owing to storms and other causes.

California's fourth annual wild flower festival, under the direction of Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, will be held in San Jose from May 10th to 15th. In keeping with the spirit of the times the show will assume a distinctly patriotic nature. Conservation will be the keynote. Economic features will predominate.

**THE THOUGHTFUL MAN** will prepare for an inevitable crisis. For those who wish to honor their dead, reservation of space may be made now in the **MEMORIAL BUILDING** under construction at Evergreen Cemetery, Oakland. This is neither earth burial nor cremation.

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But if you spend your money even with the belief that by putting it into the channels of trade others into whose hands it comes will lend it to the government, you will have done something the patriotism of which may be very questionable.

First, you have withdrawn from the supply of material of the Nation something to replace which in the market will require labor and material which should be devoted to war purposes.

Second, the person to whom you pay your money may also use it to purchase things requiring material and labor which should be devoted to war purposes. And the person to whom he pays it may repeat the operation.

But when you lend your money to the government instead of spending it, you will at once lessen the drain to a certain extent on our country's resources, its material, its labor, and its transportation facilities, and in addition you supply your government with money to be used in winning the war.

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"A man used to apologize for wearing an old suit." "And now." "He brags about it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"They separated on account of incompatibility, I understand." "Yes, he would never get angry when she was."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pa, what is meant by political preference?" "In a majority of cases, my son, it means that a man spends all the money he has and all he can borrow from his friends, makes a lot of enemies, gets elected to office

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by the skin of his teeth, and is ever after incapable of earning his own living."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"There's no trouble at all, sir; the ladies are behaving like perfect gentlemen," said a Dublin policeman at a suffragette meeting.—*Manchester Guardian*.

*Bix*—It is said that "we shall pass away as a tale that is told. *Dix*—But tales that are told don't pass away; they are forever being told over again.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Maxie," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?" "You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," answered Maxie.—*Chicago News*.

*Medley* (enthusiastically)—What a change a baby makes about a house! *Hedley*—Well, I don't know about that. There's been very little change about our house since the baby's advent.—*Houston Post*.

"That young politician is paying you marked attention, girlie." "Um, yes. Another problem added to our girlish troubles." "Eh, what?" "Is he after me or my vote?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I understand that he's an expert criminal lawyer." "One of the greatest in the country." "Yes?" "Why, time and again he has won a favorable verdict for his clients without employing an alienist."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*She*—Here's the paper says a lawyer told a man in court that he was *particeps criminis* in the affair. What does that mean, William? *He*—My dear, you ought not to ask me to explain such things to you before the children.—*Baltimore American*.

*He*—Of course, women should vote. They deserve suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner. *She*—Of course, their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that? *He*—Because they change them so much oftener.—*Puck*.

"It would please me very much, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "if you would go to the theatre with me this evening." "Have you secured the seats?" inquired Miss Vera Stout. "Oh, come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—*Topeka Capital*.

"Mr. Dulwaite, I do wish you wouldn't interrupt me!" "But, my dear, that would impose an unnecessary hardship." "What do you mean, sir?" "You surely don't expect me to live with you for years and years and

## LOOKING FORWARD

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

At least protect your Sons and Grandsons by keeping the valuable papers you hold in trust for them in a Safe Deposit Box at the

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UNDER MANAGEMENT

JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

never open my mouth."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You don't seem to take much interest in history." "I'm afraid I'm too busy," replied Senator Sorghum. "You see, history is publicity that comes too late to be any good in a campaign."—*Washington Star*.

"Too bad about Tom and the girl he's engaged to. Neither one of them is good enough for the other." "Where did you get that idea?" "I've been talking the matter over with both families."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I thought I knew what it was to have responsibilities," said the head of a large concern. "But you found yourself mistaken?" "Yes. My wife went away, leaving a poodle,

a Maltese cat, and a bowl of goldfish in my care."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Farmer Crabtree* (who has just cashed a check)—I don't think this is right. *Cashier*—Would you mind counting it again, sir? I think you'll find it correct. *Farmer Crabtree* (having done so)—Yes, but you be careful, young man; it is only just right.—*Pearson's Magazine*.

*First Soldier* (in the trenches)—Aint that just my luck? *Second Soldier*—What's the matter now? *First Soldier*—With all the pretty girls there are in the States knitting sweaters for soldiers I have to draw one with a note pinned to it saying it was knitted by a man.—*Detroit Free Press*.





# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Battle Line.

In view of the record of the past four years it would be a bold prophet who should predict when and in what manner the Teutonic forces shall cease their efforts and accept defeat. None the less present aggressive operations on the western war front bear all the marks of a desperate effort. The commander looking to the long run—to an extended and prolonged war—saves his men. Under the old standards of war it is only in situations where all is staked upon a single movement that a commander is reckless of consequences in the degree now exhibited in furious and successive assaults upon the French and British lines in Flanders. Many there are who argue that if the movement fails it will mean the end of the war. We do not think so. Yet if the movement shall fail, if the Germans shall be beaten and driven back, the effect upon the morale of the German people and the German army can hardly fail to be of serious import. Victory was promised in advance; victory is expected, even in the face of adversity; victory has been declared upon the slender basis of an advance upon valueless territory. Only an invincible gullibility

on the part of the German people, and they appear to be invincibly gullible, can bring them to accept a fresh and humiliating disappointment without despair and revolt.

There have been days in the past six weeks—there are still days—when from this distance the situation appears desperate for the Allied forces. Yet it is to be borne in mind that for all his advance of forty miles or more upon territory previously ravaged, the German has gained no positive advantage. For all his desperate energy, for all his sacrifice of men and material, he has gained only a reoccupation of a devastated region. His objective is as distant as it was at the beginning. At the same time his actual and relative strength are vastly reduced. It may be too soon to say that he is beaten back on the western front, but as we write on Wednesday it looks that way.

We who follow the battle from afar may well take to ourselves the courage and confidence that animate the fighting men. Every word that comes from the battle line speaks not only of determination and of fortitude, but of confidence and hope. Faith in the supreme commander, General Foch, on the part of the Allied fighting men is complete and absolute. They have immediate observation of the plan and of the means of present defense and of ultimate counter stroke. Here, it would seem, is the best possible pledge of strength and of victory.

### The Power of America.

Every authoritative voice in Europe, from Lloyd-George down the line, has declared in plain terms that there is need at the battle front of men—men and more men—from America. Every American entitled to be called an expert and bold enough to speak out has repeated and emphasized the call for men. General Wood, the one man who appears to combine military knowledge, with a broad general vision, has declared that there is imperative need for an American army in Europe not less than 5,000,000 strong. If we fail to provide an army, and in the shortest possible time, of 5,000,000 men or more it will be in contempt of counsels and estimates which we are bound alike in prudence and honor to respect.

Yet curiously enough the government is planning, not for an army of 5,000,000, but for 2,500,000 men, or only half the number declared to be necessary. Still more curiously, the government is limited by existing law to a maximum force of 2,500,000 men. And most curious of all—curious to the degree of amazement—the Administration is stubbornly resisting efforts to enlarge the authorization for a military force numerically in excess of the 2,500,000 provided for by existing law.

It is obvious that influences—the same or similar—that prevented preparation for war at a time when it was evident that entrance into the war was inevitable are now active in holding back rather than in speeding up war plans on a large scale. The spirit of pacifism—the spirit once exploited in the sentiment embodied in "Too proud to fight" and which more recently has gloried in our unpreparedness—is still, it appears, sufficiently alive, if not to control, at least to minimize the energies of preparation.

The situation is remindful of that of three years ago, when the late Hon. Augustus Gardner of Massachusetts undertook to get the facts about our dangerous situation before the country. Mr. Gardner visited Europe in the early months of the war, and returning in 1915 set about a campaign of information and preparation. He spoke wherever he could find an audience, and wrote broadly, declaring necessities then pooh-poohed at Washington, but now admitted in part if not in whole. He invited our leading military men to explain the situation from the professional standpoint, with the

effect of drawing forth the famous "General Order No. 10," which for the integrity of history we here reproduce:

### GENERAL ORDERS NO. 10.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, February 23, 1915.

Officers of the Army will refrain, until further orders, from giving out for publication any interview, statement, discussion, or article on the military situation in the United States or abroad, as any expression of their views on this subject at present is prejudicial to the best interests of the service.

(2260070 A. G. O.) H. L. SCOTT,  
OFFICIAL: Brigadier-General, Chief of Staff.  
H. P. MCCAIN, the Adjutant-General.

That was the order that in 1915 sealed the mouths of the only men in the country whose knowledge of military affairs, including the problems of preparation for war, entitled them to speak. It is the order that kept the American people in a fools' paradise for two years. This order is still in force. Among our military authorities only General Wood has had the temerity to honor it in the breach rather than in the observance. And because of this order our military authorities are still tongue-tied, leaving it to confessed pacifists of the Baker and Creel type to give to the country interpretations of present conditions and requirements.

What the Argonaut has said before it now repeats, and with the emphasis of profound conviction. We can not fight this war effectively and successfully under the official leadership of men whose impulses, whose conceptions, whose passions, whose calculations, who hopes look, not to war, but to peace. If the power of America in the war is to match the will and spirit of the people, and to reflect their generosity in financial provision for its prosecution, there must be placed at the head of those executive branches of the government which direct the operations of war men of warlike spirit, men of ardor, men of force. Until men of this stamp and character shall give direction to affairs our policy will be that of mincing, minimizing, and paltering, tending, not to the maximum, but the minimum of military energy.

### Bigger and Better Men for Congress.

Colonel George Harvey is not up to the mark of his customary wisdom in the suggestion that the country "cut out" the congressional campaign this year 1918. True, it is not a time for contention over personal or other considerations of small politics. But on the other hand it is not a time so marked by patriotic abandonment of trivial motives that things may safely be left to their own courses. Rather it seems a time for taking stock of practices and tendencies in politics and of seeking better ways of sustaining the responsibilities involved in democratic government. It is a time for sober consideration of the larger motives of politics—of politics in the best sense—in this great country of ours. The mind of the country is, or ought to be, disposed to serious things, to be out of the rut of indifference and habit, therefore hospitable to ideas founded in patriotic spirit and emphasized in their importance by stress of current events.

It should be plain to serious observation that American politics has now for some time been a deteriorating quantity. Politics, once the first interest of our wisest and best, has become not only unfashionable, but in a measure disreputable. Appointive office is still considered respectable, but for a citizen to enter the competition for votes involves a certain definite loss of consideration. The best brains of the country have turned away from the political sphere—so definitely that it comes as a surprise if a man of real ability and of notable force enters the "game." Thus politics has come to be widely regarded as a sporting proposition rather than as a grave civic duty. It has largely been abandoned to men who make of it a more or less



profitable trade, or to rich men who go in for politics as a diversion or in respect of its sporting chances.

And what has followed? We have only to cast a passing glance at the composition of Congress to discover a humiliating answer to this question. With few exceptions the Senate is made up of men of moderate calibre, while the House of Representatives is a convention of more or less respectable nonentities. Who is there in either of these bodies to whom the country may turn with confidence for instruction or leadership? Ask the first man you meet if there be any member of either Senate or House in whose judgment he has confidence, and he will not know how to answer you. Yet Congress is a great potential force in the government. It is a pity and a shame that at a time of national stress it should be so weak at the points of brain and character as to be a negligible or minus factor in the government of the country.

No country is richer in brains and character than our own. In no department of practical life is there lack of ability or force. Nor is there lack of patriotic spirit combined with efficiency. Men of the highest type are not only willing but eager to serve the country, as witness current tenders of service for any work the government needs done since we entered the war on the part of men highly placed in public consideration.

We venture the suggestion that nowhere today is there greater need of first-class men than in Congress. A score of really competent men representing the great states in the Senate or in the House could quickly remedy much that is amiss in the government. Here it would seem—in Congress—is a situation crying aloud for men, for men large enough in public consideration to command attention and respect, large enough in character and patriotism to be willing to make any sacrifice for the good of the country. Instead of letting this campaign year go by default rather we ought to make it a starting point for new and larger and more patriotic motives and practices in our political life. It ought to mark a revival of the spirit of earlier days, when the best men were not only willing to serve the country, but to come to its service through and by the methods prescribed by the system.

That the President, under the limitations of an unfortunate temperament and of a narrow partisan view of things, has not brought into the government the highest respect, the largest repute, or the best capacity of the country is matter of common observation. He has passed over the best available material for inferior material, as witness the make-up of a mediocre cabinet. The country—the several states—have now in the coming congressional elections opportunity to correct this great mistake. A new Congress is to be elected this fall; and it is within the province of the states to send, not the customary group of commonplace men, but men of the highest ability and character. Take California, for example: Will anybody maintain for one moment that we have commissioned the largest and best men available? Who dares to say that California could not do better in the next Congress if she should set about it with the purpose of putting her best foot foremost?

And so with states the country over. There is every reason for changing the deal—for putting in Congress men of high quality in place of the mediocrities who now all but monopolize congressional service. Some of the states are fortunate enough to have in their citizenship men of great powers and of large repute. All can command the service of character and force. New York ought to put Theodore Roosevelt in Congress. Connecticut ought to send William Howard Taft. And so on down the line. It is not a time when any man, however large his previous part in the political life of the country or however important his home duties, should or could decline any service. And surely there is no service of greater importance at this time than that of the legislative branch of government.

#### Congress Yields.

The Senate has yielded to the insistence of the President in the matter of the Overman bill and the House of Representatives is obviously preparing to be equally complacent. The President will be authorized to "make such redistribution of functions among executive agencies as he may deem necessary," and to "utilize, coordinate, and consolidate any executive or administrative commissions, bureaus, agencies, offices now existing by law, to transfer any duties or powers from one

existing department or to transfer the personnel thereof." These powers, however, "shall be exercised only in matters relating to the conduct of the present war."

In brief, Congress will abdicate a very considerable measure of its constitutional responsibility and powers to the end of enlarging the powers of the executive beyond the constitutional limits. It is a strange procedure—strange because it is both unprecedented and unnecessary. No other President has ever asked for such powers. There is no emergency which requires executive action at the points involved free from congressional consent and oversight. For all legitimate purposes the President has already under special grant of Congress all the powers he needs. Not one valid reason has been advanced for nullification of the constitutional responsibilities of Congress. Yet it has, under executive pressure, practically reduced itself so far as executive duty in connection with the war is concerned to a mere machine for granting money.

Granted that in time of great emergency one-man authority tends to the expedition of business, when the man in question has large experience and high executive ability. But Mr. Wilson has not had large experience; in truth no business experience at all. Up to five years ago the absorbing interests of his life had been academic. His record as the executive officer of a great university does not tend to inspire confidence in his judgment or capacity for dealing with men and things. In the presidency he has shown himself curiously self-sufficient, aloof from counsels, variable in his expressions, vacillating in his courses, and conspicuously a poor judge of men. The record of the shipping board, of the aeroplane service, and of a dozen other war activities have illustrated his deficiencies at the point of practical judgment and of administrative thoroughness. Along with a strange greed for authority he has a singular hesitancy in exercising it. No man in the presidency has ever stood in greater need of the counsels which Congress should be able to give than one whose obvious determination is to decline coöperation and to take to himself, not only the powers of his own department, but those of the coördinate branch directly representative of the states and of the people.

It is a mistake—a very serious mistake. It is not only a mistake as related to the precedent which it creates, but as related to Mr. Wilson personally. Congress should not have been asked to abandon its authority and powers; it should not have yielded when the request was made. The fact that it has yielded under pressure and against the will of its wiser heads is a sad mark of tendencies in our system unfortunate if indeed they shall not prove fatal to it.

#### British and German Finances.

The British budget for the coming fiscal year affords fine and inspiring evidence of the stability of both British character and of British finance. The chancellor estimates expenditures in the coming year £2,972,197,000. He places the revenue at £774,250,000, plus £67,800,000 to be gained from new taxation; making a total of £842,050,000. By subtracting the amount to be raised by taxes from the total of estimated expenditures it will be seen that there is a balance of £2,130,147,000 to be covered by borrowing. British loans, says the chancellor, to allies in the last year were £505,000,000. In the same period he adds that the United States has advanced to all the Allies £950,000,000. "It is only necessary for us," adds the chancellor, "to lean on the United States to the amount the other allies lean on us. In other words, we are self-supporting."

Concurrently with his presentation of the budget for the coming year the chancellor sets forth a new schedule of taxation. The postal rate to the United States, Canada, India, and the various dominions is to be advanced from a penny to three half-pence. The postage on postcards will be a penny. The income tax will be raised from 5s. to 6s. in the pound. The stamp duty on checks will be a penny to two-pence. The increased income tax will yield £11,000,000. There will be no change on the tax incomes under £500. There will be no increase in the rate of army pay. Present British law assumes that a farmer's income is exactly equal to his rental; hereafter farmers will be taxed at the rate of twice their rentals. Duty on spirits will be increased from 14s. 9d. a gallon to 30s. The beer

duty will be raised from 25s. to 50s. a barrel. The tobacco duty will be raised from 6s. 5d. to 8s. 2d. The sugar tax will be increased by 11s. 8d. per hundred-weight. The chancellor announced a new tax on luxuries, along the line of the French method of taxing these articles, details to be hereafter arranged. It will be higher than the tax in France. The issue of tax-free 4 per cent. war bonds has been suspended. The national debt of Great Britain at the end of the present year, said the chancellor, will be £7,980,000,000. The total debt due Great Britain from her allies at the end of the year will be £1,632,000,000.

An interesting phase of the chancellor's statement in introducing the annual budget was his exposition of German finances. Germany's daily expenditure of £66,250,000 is practically the same as the British, but it does not include various charges borne by the general government in England. The total German votes of credit up to the present time aggregate £6,200,000,000. Assuming that the German estimates will be realized, the total taxation levied by the German government will amount to £365,000,000 as against £1,044,000,000 in Great Britain. This, added the chancellor, is not sufficient to pay the interest on accumulating war debts. The German balance sheet, reckoned on the same basis as the British, would, with interest on the sinking fund, pensions, and pre-war expenditure be £720,000,000 yearly. With an additional permanent imperial revenue of £120,000,000 it would make the total additional German revenue £185,000,000. This amount added to the pre-war revenue would bring the total up to £335,000,000, showing a deficit of £385,000,000. "If this were our position," adds the chancellor, "I would say that bankruptcy was not far distant."

Referring to Russia's war debt to England, the chancellor declared that he did not believe it was lost money, since sooner or later there will be an orderly government in Russia. The natural resources of the country are great and they can be exploited only by the aid of capital. Whenever there shall be a stable government in Russia foreign capital will be required, and that government will realize that it can not be obtained unless previous debts are paid.

#### Editorial Notes.

The spectacle of Mooney—a known anarchist and "direct actionist," likewise a convicted murderer who has made appeal from the law to a private association—the spectacle, we repeat, of such a creature conferring by correspondence with the President of the United States and putting forth messages of advice to organized labor is not one tending to moral edification or to respect for the forces of government.

A Kalispell (Montana) Post, G. A. R., has started a movement to so expand the charter of the Grand Army of the Republic as to include returning veterans of the present war. The "passing away of several thousand of members of the association" each month "creates a necessity," so it is argued, for taking in new material if the association is to be "perpetuated." It is recited that the cardinal principles of the Grand Army of the Republic are "patriotism and loyalty to the United States in time of war and in time of peace." This is truly a fine sentiment, and if it meant just that and nothing more it would be worthy of universal reverence. But as a matter of fact the Grand Army of the Republic has to a very considerable extent become a political organization, one whose main function has been in recent years to promote the fortunes of its members. Patriotism and loyalty to the United States have largely become considerations secondary to the massing of political force for extracting pensions from the general government and winning support for "comrades" in local elections. It is not too much to say that in the past twenty-five years the G. A. R. has more definitely represented organized appetite for pensions and for office than enthusiasm in loyalty. It is of course inevitable, as it is in every way desirable, that the spirit in which the youth of the country is entering the war should be sustained. But there ought to be a way to do this without perpetuating the obvious evils that have flown from the political activities of the G. A. R.

In so far as she represents anything besides private griefs, embittered resentments, and emotional extravagances, Mrs. Skeffington speaks for a move-



ment whose mainspring is enmity to one of our allies in the war. In so far as she has or may have any influence it tends to embarrassment of this same ally. This being so, it is hardly necessary to add that Mrs. Skeffington should be denied the privilege of holding or addressing meetings in this country. We would not allow one of our own citizens to preach a doctrine mischievous in its effects upon one of our allies, nor should we permit an alien who has no claims upon our courtesy or forbearance to do it. Thus far two considerations have combined to accord Mrs. Skeffington an illegitimate license. One is the fact that she is a woman; the other is that she speaks in the name of a cause which finds a considerable measure of support among a certain hyphenated voting element. Already the matter has gone too far; and it is time—indeed something more than time—to bid Mrs. Skeffington and all others who like her seek to stimulate in this country enmity against a friend and ally to go back—a good way back—and sit down.

Theoretically there is no geography in knowledge and culture. Yet in practice we find that there are vast differences in the forms which knowledge and culture assume. There is an English culture, a French culture and a German culture. It is hardly needful to add that the latter assumes many arrogant and hateful shapes. It has, as we have very definitely seen, largely possessed itself of our colleges and to a very considerable extent demoralized and corrupted them. These reflections are pertinent in connection with current proposals to exclude the German language from our school curriculums. It goes without saying that there is much in the German scheme of education—in culture as distinguished from Kultur—which might profitably be incorporated in our American system. But the methods of its inculcation under present conditions tend to evil. In studying the German language, German science, or German anything else we get, not American adaptations of these things, but the German idea as expressed in German literature and through German versions of history. In brief we get a rank mental poison in the form of unadulterated and unmitigated German propaganda. Under the circumstances and conditions it would in the judgment of the *Argonaut* be well for the present to cut out the whole business, leaving it to the future to draw as we may wish and in such terms as we may wish from the well of German culture. As matters stand in the world today, the less of German thought and of German interpretation of things impressed upon the mind of our youth the better. P. S.—And the sooner we dismiss all German and Germanized teachers from our schools the better for our manners and our morals.

The necessity for education of American youth in patriotism was clearly appreciated by Washington, and his solicitude for American as distinct from foreign education was so great as to find reflection in his will. "It has been," he said, "a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for education, often before their minds were formed or they had imbibed just ideas of the happiness of their own; contracting too frequently \* \* \* principles unfriendly to republican government and to the true and genuine liberty of mankind." Inspired by these considerations, Washington left a considerable share of his private fortune to educational institutions—\$20,000, specifically, "to a national university to be founded in Washington \* \* \* to which the youth of fortune and talents from all parts of the country may be sent for education in all the branches of polite and useful learning, and especially of politics and good government."

The celebrated Chinese black tea from Anhui is produced on the slopes of the Li Mountains at an altitude of over 3000 feet, while the famous "Hsiensya" tea comes from even greater heights in the mountains of Kiang-si. Hunan, Hupeh, Fukien, Kiang-si, Anhui, Chekiang, Kwang-tung, and Yunnan are the chief tea-producing provinces of China. Hunan exports the greatest quantity destined for foreign countries, but Anhui's output is considered superior in quality.

The Caiman Islands, dependencies of Jamaica, are the turtle hunters' paradise. The largest of the group, Grand Caiman, has the finest turtle fisheries in the world. Columbus called the island Las Tortugas from the abundance of the species.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The third great battle of the German offensive is now in progress, and it may be said to be a simultaneous renewal and combination of the other two. It is well to make a clear discrimination between these various combats, since to a great extent they have different objectives and are fought in different ways. If the first fight for Amiens had been successful there would probably have been no struggle for Ypres and the Channel ports. The separation of the French and British lines would have sent the German armies northward and eastward in two vast flanking movements that would have uncovered Paris and driven the British backward to the Channel. Hindenburg evidently believed that he could do this, and so allowed himself the foolish boast that he would be in Paris early in April. Such a disaster would have been almost immeasurable, and certainly it would have placed a wholly new complexion upon the war. But that calamity was averted, thanks to the promptness of the French in sealing up the breach resulting from the penetration of General Gough's army. The German momentum exhausted itself as the salient that had been driven westward became dangerously extended, as the Allied resistance stiffened, and as the difficulties of communication became greater. The first battle for Amiens drew to a close with the German objectives unattained, and without any radical or essential change in the situation. A large devastated area had been overrun, but without strategic advantage to the aggressive forces. Amiens remained in Allied possession, and the French and British armies remained intact and undismayed.

The second battle was for the possession of Ypres and the Channel ports. The first frontal attack upon the defenses of the city failed, and it was promptly transferred to Armentières in the south, with the obvious intention of outflanking the Ridge positions and so rendering Ypres untenable by a threat to its rear. Here the Germans met with a considerable success, although at the moment of writing Ypres remains in British hands. Fighting over a wide front to the southward of Ypres, the Germans succeeded once more in forcing a salient westward into the British lines and in the general direction of Hazebrouck. It is to be remembered that Ypres owes its importance to its railroad features, and so does Hazebrouck. The loss of the railroad would be by no means fatal, but it would be a considerable embarrassment. The Germans captured the southern portion of the Ridge that defends Ypres, but they have not taken the northern part, although it must be admitted that they are likely to do so unless a counter attack should restore Kemmel to the Allied forces. Once more the German assault exhausted itself, and with its objectives unattained. There was a pause of nearly a week in the infantry fighting on any large scale, but it was a pause for the rearrangement of plans and for the bringing up of fresh German divisions. But the pause was equally useful to the defense, which foresaw an immediate renewal of the battle and strengthened its fortifications in the south around Amiens as well as in the north around Ypres.

The struggle is now in full swing once more, and this time upon both the former battlefields. The Germans are again pressing hard upon the Ridge that defends Ypres, and they are bringing a simultaneous attack toward Amiens and also Albert. The meaning of this renewal of the southern movement will be considered later on. Ypres lies in a deep pocket or hag with the farthest extension of the German salient far to its southwest at Merville. The Germans, arrested by Ypres itself, have flooded into the hack country to its southwest and now threaten to make an island of it. Kemmel and Loere lie immediately to the southwest of Ypres, and the Germans, having taken Kemmel, are pushing to the west and north from there with a view to the envelopment of the city. Any further German success in this direction must imply the evacuation of Ypres. Indeed Ypres can hardly be held at all unless the Germans can be ousted from Kemmel, and no doubt a determined attempt will be made to do this. Loere, about two miles to the west of Kemmel, is being firmly held, and we read of small local successes here which seem to point to the strength of the defense, and already there are signs of the waning of the attack. At the moment of writing the Germans have won none of their objectives. They have not captured the railroad line, although they have come perilously near to doing so at Ypres. They are practically as far from the Channel ports as they have ever been. They have not separated the French and British armies, nor shaken their morale. They have created two considerable bulges in the Allied lines, but these bulges contain nothing of essential value. They can not be extended westward without danger unless at the same time their bases can be lengthened to the north and south. That is to say, the hag must not be deepened unless at the same time it can be widened at the neck. The triangle must be as nearly equilateral as possible. It seems now highly unlikely that there can be any widening of the southern or Amiens triangle. The northern triangle would be substantially widened by the fall of Ypres at its north, but the southern extremity of its base seems to be firmly held by the British at Festubert and Givenchy. If Ypres can hold out during the next few days we may consider the situation has been saved. We may also consider that the German offensive as a whole has passed its high-water mark, and that any future attacks will be of a far weaker kind. At the moment of going to press comes the news of the repulse of a formidable and prolonged attack upon the Ypres line and of actual Allied advances on both fields. It is a damaging German reverse, a portent and a presage of German failure. Germany must win now or fail forever.

There is an aspect of the present campaign to which a cer-

tain amount of mystery attaches and that we are apt to lose sight of in the immensity of the actual fighting lines and the absorbing nature of the struggle. Upon at least two other critical occasions during the last four years we have seen the whole nature of the war transform itself through the interposition of forces of whose existence we were unaware or from which our attention had been diverted. The battle of the Marne may be said almost to have been decided by the arrival of Manoury's army of reserves upon the German right flank, and the siege of Verdun was arrested at its most tremendous stage by the beginning of the battle of the Somme. We knew nothing of the army of Manoury, or our anxieties for the fate of Paris would have been far less acute. We knew nothing of that other army of reserves commanded by Foch which struck so heavily at the centre of the German line, already weakened by the intensity of Manoury's assault on the right. Nor did we realize the power of the British army to intervene at the siege of Verdun, and to begin a battle in the north that would necessarily divert all those German energies that were centred around Verdun. In these instances the key to the situation was out of sight, and we fixed our attention only upon the combats that were being enacted within our view. But the keys when they were finally produced were found to fit the locks, and we discovered that our apprehensions had been unduly magnified.

In this instance the unknown quantity is the army of reserves that unquestionably exists, and that has not yet made its appearance in any force upon either of the two great battlefields. The reality of this army is in no sense a matter of speculation. It was created at the conference of Versailles, and in no other way can we account for the immense discrepancy between the Allied forces actually engaged in the fight and those that are known to be in being. The size of the French army has always been a matter of some doubt, but there is almost complete unanimity of opinion that it now amounts to over three million men. Lloyd-George in his recent speech before the House of Commons said definitely that Great Britain had raised and trained an army of six million men, while other statements of almost equal weight place the British strength at seven and a half millions. Now the German strength in the west is certainly not more than two and a half million men, and again we have the authority of Lloyd-George for saying that the rival forces on the battle lines are about equally balanced with a slight advantage on the side of the Allies. After we have made all allowances for England's home defense army, for her forces in Asia Minor—quite inconsiderable so far as white troops are concerned—and for British and French forces at Saloniki and in Italy, it is obvious that a very large number of men remain unaccounted for. It is idle to speculate just how many men are here involved, since we do not know all the factors, for example the size of the army still in Great Britain. But even though we make our deductions on the most liberal scale we have still a very large force of whose whereabouts we know nothing, but that must certainly be credited with a power of intervention that may be as decisive as Manoury's intervention at the Marne, and that must certainly be very much larger than Manoury's or that other little army with which Foch pierced the German centre. However engrossing the actual battles may be, it is this army of reserves that we must keep steadily in view as holding the probable key to the whole situation. Haig's assurance to his own men that the "French are coming in great force to our relief," the actual arrival of French reinforcements, is proof of the existence of a mobile army that is available for crises, and for an attempt at a final decision whenever the time shall be judged ripe for such an effort. These French reinforcements did not in themselves constitute the army of reserves, but they were certainly drawn from it, and probably drawn with a very cautious and reluctant hand. Foch evidently spoke with a sense of power when he guaranteed the safety of Amiens at the moment when we were nervously expecting news of its fall. He seemed to speak with the same realization when he said that not even the safety of the Channel ports should compel him to derange his plans. He actually displayed that power when he arrested the German advance in the north by furnishing the requisite force to sustain the hard-pressed British army.

Naturally we are not informed as to the whereabouts of this army, but a glance at the situation enables us to form a fairly accurate guess as to its situation. We should reasonably expect to find it at the point of greatest strategic danger, and as intervening between the German army and the main objective of its campaign considered as a whole. The main German objective is, of course, Paris. All other objectives, Amiens, Ypres, etc., are subsidiary to the culminating aim at the French capital, and the paralysis that would result from its capture. The point of junction between the French and British armies was at Montdidier, which lies southeast of Amiens, and which is just fifty-three miles from Paris. If the Allied line here had been penetrated anywhere between Montdidier and Amiens the road to Paris would have been open so far as the actual battle lines were concerned. But a French force interposed and closed the gap, and we may attribute this intervention to reinforcements from the reserves. Obviously the main army of reserves must be sought for somewhere between Montdidier and Paris, and at some point where it would serve the double purpose of guarding Paris and also constituting a threat against the southern side of the Amiens salient which stretches from Montdidier to Laon. The presence of a French army between Montdidier and Paris at once illuminates the main features of the campaign both in the north and the south. It knits up the two battlefields. The Germans, being well aware of the existence



of this army, would naturally regard it as the chief obstacle to their final triumph, as well as the chief threat to the whole of their southern salient, which they hope to convert into a spear point against Paris. The more intense and sustained their attacks elsewhere, the more likelihood there would be a diversion of this army to the defense of the areas under attack. And if that army were only diverted there would be a German assault on the French lines between Montdidier and Laon, perhaps at Lassigny, which, if successful, would instantly open the road to Paris as well as facilitate an out-flanking movement against the British to the north and the French to the east. Indeed Paris would then be so helpless that it might be left until later. It is hardly possible that the defense of Paris rests upon the French battle line between Montdidier and Laon. These eggs are too valuable to be placed in one basket. It is to be remembered that these lines are new. They must depend for their strength upon man power rather than upon fortifications. They were pushed back into their present positions by the German attack of a month ago. If they were the only obstacle to a German advance upon Paris we should find that the Germans were concentrating their attacks here and not elsewhere, for it is only here that a wound would be instantly fatal. But we can not believe that they constitute the only defense of Paris. There must be a large reserve army behind them, and therefore it is to tempt this army elsewhere that the Germans are attacking Albert, and renewing their assault upon Amiens. This also helps us to account for their energies at the northern end of the line. It is true that the possession of the Channel ports would be a tremendous success in itself. The capture of Ypres and the railroads would also be a success, although a far smaller one. But a complete failure to take the Channel ports, even to take Ypres, would find its abundant compensation in a diversion of the army of reserves from its present position before Paris to some other part of the line, with the resulting opportunity to the Germans to break through at Montdidier or Lassigny and so to find an unguarded Paris before them. The presence of such an army in such a place would abundantly account for Foch's conviction of the safety of Amiens, for his apparent reluctance to move northward to the aid of the British, and for his comparative unconcern at German progress elsewhere. Not only would it be fatal to move the army away from its task of protecting Paris, and so to give the Germans the opportunity for which they are praying, but Foch would thereby deprive himself of the coming chance to strike heavily at the southern side of the German salient and to cause its instant collapse. No matter how spectacular the fighting elsewhere, no matter how imminent the apparent danger elsewhere, we may still consider that the actual strategic heart of the present fighting is to be found in the comparatively quiet sector of Montdidier and Lassigny. For here is the nearest point to Paris, and here also is the most vulnerable point of the German lines. For these same reasons we hear of a concentration of German troops in this area, and also of the construction of powerful German fortifications. The concentration is for a German smash at Paris if the army of reserves can be wheeled away, and the fortifications are intended to resist a French attack by that same army, which, if successful, would crumple up the German salient like an empty egg shell. We may be quite sure that Foch has it in his power to strike heavily whenever he shall judge the time to be propitious. The present campaign will be decided, not by the armies that are now struggling for the mastery, but by those other armies that are still out of sight, but that will eventually be called upon for the last throw of the dice.

There is still some doubt as to the exact measure of success that rewarded the naval attack upon Zeebrugge. It is natural that the Germans should speak sneeringly of the effort as a total failure, and for this we can make allowances in view of the irritable nature of German public opinion. But even the Reichstag seems to have its suspicions that a good deal more was done than the official bulletins have disclosed. One member referred to these bulletins as "incorrect to say the least of it," and outspoken skepticism of this kind is certainly significant. Probably the full extent of the damage has yet to disclose itself. The mole at Zeebrugge was built in order to prevent the silting of sand into the harbor mouth, and we are told that a wide hole was torn in this mole. We do not know how fast this silting process would proceed, and probably this may be the real gauge of the success attained by the attacking force. If the harbor mouth is once choked by silting sand it may be a laborious process to clear it again. The fact that the emperor himself at once proceeded to Zeebrugge seems to suggest that a good deal of damage had been done, unless we may suppose that he was persuaded to make this inspection by harassed generals who found that his presence on the battlefield was an embarrassment from which they were legitimately eager to free themselves.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1918.

SIDNEY CORVY.

The appearance of Snowy Owls, a rare occurrence, is reported in Nebraska. These remarkable, and remarkably beautiful, birds come from the Arctic regions. Only four previous visitations have been recorded in the ornithological history of the country. The Snowy Owl is a bird of wonderful plumage, is about two feet in height, and is more likely to be found roosting on a straw stack or a hummock of some sort than in the branches of trees.

Germany has 150 corn-drying plants, 250 vegetable-drying factories and twenty-two milk-drying plants. About 200 of the 1500 malt kilns also are equipped for vegetable drying.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Tuan Chi-jui, who was again made premier of China recently, is a graduate of the Peiyang Military School. He was Yuan Shih-Kai's chief military adviser while Viceroy of Chihli, brigadier-general in Fukien in 1906, deputy lieutenant-general of the Chinese Bordered Yellow Banner, October, 1907, and general commanding the sixth division of the Luchun, December, 1909. As commander-in-chief, Kiangpe, December, 1910, he was in a large measure responsible for the reorganization upon modern lines of the northern army.

Henry C. Emery, representative in Russia of one of the leading financial institutions of New York City, who was taken prisoner by German forces while making his way out of the country by way of Finland and Sweden, was for nine years professor of political economy at Yale University. Mr. Taft later made him chairman of the tariff board. It was because of this latter experience that he was selected to go to Russia to promote the trade and financial interests of the two countries, under the auspices of the Guarantee Trust Company.

Sir Joseph J. Thomson, recently appointed master of Trinity College at Cambridge, England, is the first scientist to occupy the post within recent years. His selection is spoken of as a reversion to type, since it was specifically "for the promotion of science" that Henry VIII founded Trinity College, 362 years ago, probably on the suggestion of his chaplain, Dr. Redmon, who became the first master. The new master of Trinity is sixty-two. He received his knighthood in 1908 and he is one of the few possessors of the distinguished Order of Merit.

Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, has gone through four big gas attacks; he has seen three years' service in Y. M. C. A. work at the front, and the King of England has decorated him for the work he has done in keeping up the spirits of the men. He is in America for a short time, making a tour of army camps to talk on things just behind the firing-line in France. He puts the basis of the American alliance in no unmeasured terms: "America and Britain are so closely allied in blood, breeding, faith, and religion that they must stand together to the end for the freedom of the world." What he is doing now is to him "the biggest piece of work" he has ever undertaken.

A broker was praising Charles M. Schwab's conduct of Bethlehem Steel. "Schwab runs that plant well because he's in absolute control of it," the broker said. He chuckled and went on: "A big minority stockholder tried to get gay with Schwab one day—wanted to oppose the recent stock dividend—actually tried to boss the shebang. Schwab just looked at the duffer in that cool way of his. Then he said: 'I may as well tell you first as last, my friend, that there are only three men who have any say in this concern—only three men.' 'Humph. Who are they?' growled the stockholder. 'The first is Charlie Schwab,' Schwab says. 'The second is Schwab. The third is Charlie.'"

Professor Arthur Newton Talbot, who is to head the new department of construction of the United States War Department, which has more than \$1,000,000,000 to spend swiftly for housing and manufacturing purposes of the government, is professor of municipal and sanitary engineering at the University of Illinois, and an expert in that field. He is an Illinoisian, who supplemented study of applied natural science in the state university with special service as a civil engineer engaged in all the tasks that go with building of railways, constructing water and lighting systems for municipalities, and studying the durability and reliability of all sorts of materials that enter into modern public works and private buildings.

William J. Flynn personifies the fictional detective, according to a sketch in the Los Angeles Times. Heavy of jowl, but not obese; of massive frame, with a large, round head set on a pair of Frank Gotch shoulders, Mr. Flynn looks you in the eye and immediately you begin to take a mental invoice of your past life. Yet when he laughs his face lights up and you readily see the humor of Irish parentage in his eyes. Twenty-one years, in the United States secret service, observing the seamster side of life as perhaps no one else has ever done, has not caused him to become soured or a disbeliever in the good of the average man. Neither has it caused him to lose his interest in the ordinary everyday pleasures of life.

Wisconsin's newly elected senator, Irvine L. Lenroot, was once described by Scott C. Bone as "a distinctive product of a hayoc-making insurgency." A lieutenant of La Follette's when he was reforming Wisconsin and had access to Uncle Isaac Stephenson's barrel to promote his ambitions, Lenroot reached Congress and immediately began to insurge there, as he had insurged in the Badger State. His insurgency knew no bounds. Anti-everything, the especial object of his aversion was the house oligarchy and Cannonism. Ten years later said Mr. Bone: "Times have changed and he has grown. Even 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, forgiving soul! mayhap looks upon the rising Wisconsinite with a degree of reluctant admiration and softening fatherly pride."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Einar Tamberskelver.

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
Stood beside the mast;  
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,  
Flew the arrows fast;  
Aimed at Eric unavailing,  
As he sat concealed,  
Half behind the quarter-railing,  
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller  
Just above his head;  
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"  
Then Earl Eric said.  
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
Sing his funeral wail!"  
And another arrow flying  
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
As the arrow passed,  
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman  
Standing by the mast!"  
Sooner than the word was spoken  
Flew the yeoman's shaft;  
Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing  
On the quarter-deck.  
"Something heard I like the stranding  
Of a shattered wreck."  
Einar then, the arrow taking  
From the loosened string,  
Answered, "That was Norway breaking  
From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"  
Straightway Olaf said;  
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,  
Let thy shafts be sped."  
Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
Reached he from above;  
Einar saw the blooddrops oozing  
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;  
At the first essay,  
O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
Flung the bow away;  
Said, with hot and angry temper  
Flushing in his cheek,  
"Olaf! for so great a Kamper  
Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
On his headless lip,  
Sealed he, light and self-reliant,  
Eric's dragon-ship.  
Loose his golden locks were flowing,  
Bright his armor gleamed;  
Like Saint Michael overthrowing  
Lucifer he seemed.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### The Haunted Palace.

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago),  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting,  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh—but smile no more.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Iceland proposes to design a new flag as a symbol of the independence which it has not yet got. The Danish ensign which it wishes to abandon is one of the oldest national flags in existence. It dates from 1219, when King Waldemar, leading his troops against the pagan Livonians, saw a white cross in the sky, which he accepted as a sign from heaven and embodied in his flag. It is still there—white on a red ground; and the flag has the distinction of being swallow-tailed.



## A TALE OF SERBIA CRUCIFIED.

Lieutenant Krunich Tells Us Something of the Sufferings and Sorrows of Serbia.

When the clouds of war have lifted, and the public is able to survey the present years with at least some measure of calm and dispassionate reflection, it will be found that not the smallest of the blessings left in destruction's path will have been an enlarged, enriched, and spiritualized literature. This will be especially true of American literature, which now, happily, has begun to open its gates to the heart-stories of the world's refugees.

The sufferers of Belgium, of Poland, of Armenia, of Russia, who are coming to the United States as their temporary haven, are transferring the records of their tragedies and the vows of their heroism to the American-printed page; and these records infuse the American literature with something strangely and inspiringly new, exalted, and uplifting. They incarnate in the English tongue the mental viewpoints, the imagination, the character-conceptions, the passions of other and older nations and races.

Lieutenant Milutin Krunich's "Serbia Crucified" is an impressive instance in point. One expects to be led by it into a soldier's narrative of his country's military disasters. But, instead, one is transported in a poet's tale of his country's heart—into a love story that begins in rapture and ends in tragedy, and is set in a majestic atmosphere of nature's marvels and man's emotions.

The very first lines, for example, open thus:

"How beautiful is this country!" exclaimed Bata, filling his breast with the pure fresh air, and stretching out his arms in a tender imaginary embrace towards the fields, forests, rose hills, blue mountains, white and peaceful villages of the paradise which sped before our eyes, bathed in an ocean of morning sunlight.

In the midst of this setting are placed two heroes, who move through the remaining pages as if they were the creations of some great story-maker, not the real men of an all too real and immediate war that wages today before our very eyes:

Bata and Spale were both young, but they had won, by their work, a high place in Serbian society. Both, with their great knowledge, will, and power, and undying love of their country, had put themselves at the head of Young Serbia, guiding it by their genius to a happy future. Each in his own direction had endeavored to show the twentieth-century world that Serbia, although little, had the right, by her progress in all the fields in which other European nations had grown, not only to be a free country, but also, by all her public works to be ranked with modern nations. The work of those two young men, like that of the whole nation during this later period, had flourished with a strange beauty and with tremendous success. Art is the life of a nation, the scale on which its value is computed, the light which brightens a nation, showing to the whole world its life. The artists are the creators of this light, the leaders, the first men, who are glorified by the grateful people. Certainly Bata and Spale had begun to feel the sweetness of a beautiful, deserved glory.

Continuing, the author says of these two companions, foreshadowing a scene from his later pages which has few equals in literature:

And now? There are no more poets, no more painters, no art, no glory, but only soldiers, desperate defenders of liberty. Liberty is the mother of art, and art is life. When there is no liberty, then there is no art, no life. Now the people who were proud of their liberty and their art are hurling themselves to destroy Serbian liberty, the liberty of our good mother who had created such beautiful, healthy, sweet, and wonderful children. Yet the children defend and die for their mother. They become as one: poet with blacksmith, minister with workman, painter with peasant, gentleman with shepherd. All are going in one line, the line of soldiers, defenders, a living wall of manly breasts with only one thought: death or liberty.

If Serbia has been to the minds of those who stand out and away from her merely another of the victims of the German Kaiser, Lieutenant Krunich's story quickly and wondrously lifts it to another and entirely unique plane. For example:

Really there is something strange in my people, which I have scarcely seen in other nations, something so powerful, so truly beautiful, pure, and ideal, that it can be expressed by only one language, the language of song. Because of that, song is always on a Serbian's lips; he speaks with it, he expresses with it the desires of his heart for beauty and liberty. And the soldiers are the fathers and brothers defending this beauty and liberty. Perhaps this is why every Serbian regiment has its song.

"Yes, my wonderful people!" said Spale. "Thy wonder is song! They have chosen song to be their ideal aim of life, their teacher, and most powerful help. The Serbian people know the power of song. In their simplicity they say, 'Song has supported us; to it, our gratitude.' Yes, songs strengthened us through the centuries of Turkish slavery; songs have given to us liberty; songs have opened to us the wide gate of a happy future; songs have avenged Kosovo, and made free our brothers. Those songs are living in the fields, forests, and mountains; they are living in the breast of the Serbian nation. That is why we are still alive. And now there is need of the whole of Krupp's Kultur, all the Mephistophelian philosophy, all the devilish schemes, Shwaba's legions, millions of 'brothers,' hunger, thirst, horrors, and everything imaginable, to destroy this song. But, so help me God, these legions and millions, ten to one, can destroy, kill, and crush into the dust everything but one, and this is Serbian song. When our whole regiment shall be destroyed, its song will hover over its ruins, and with its wonderful power, its might of eternal life, create again a new life, a new future."

Thus Lieutenant Krunich prepares the mind to understand why the "great engine of aristocracy," as he denominates it, chose Serbia as the initial point of its attack. He speaks of his country as:

Serbia, the stumbling-block of the Kaiser and his Junkers, the watchful sentinel of the East, the deep cliff on the road

to India, the pyramid at the foot of which had broken the waves of Teutonic invasion, the key of the victory of the Central Powers; her people a band of heroes who, in their own way, had explained the *Drang nach Osten*, little black scarecrows in the midst of Potsdam, a bug in the eyes of "magnissimus Caesar."

With direct and courageous candor, as if he were some historical novelist of the future writing backward over scenes long gone by, the author continues:

They [the German aristocrats] knew that it would not be war between states and states, but the war of Pan-Germanism against the whole world, the war of idea against idea, the war of tyranny against liberty, the war of democracy against aristocracy. They knew how very dangerous it was, but it was the only way to save their noble lives (up to this time the cost had been only half a dozen million of human lives). They knew how great a world-tragedy it would be, for which a reason must be found.

Finally the diplomats at Ballplatz and Potsdam ingeniously invented the reason. It was ingenious, simple, and natural: a democrat must kill a member of their society whom they will avenge by smashing the democracy. But where to find a victim among them, and where a murderer? The victim was the less important thing (for they are so many). The chief thing was, where to find a murderer, and the place of the murder? Where will it be? Certainly in Serbia, that little country, their greatest hindrance, that pearl of the Slavs, that "wild people," that "democratic rag," that gate of the East, that undying force, that little worm which is gnawing at the great tree. Now comes the height of aristocratic wildness. Neither had their aristocrat known that he was to be killed, when they sent him to Serajevo, nor the little democrat known, when he pointed his pistol bravely at the breast of the nobleman, that it was the hand of the aristocrat which guided him (poor Prinzip died in a terrible prison when he saw whose tool he had been). And here the good old experience had helped, the experience acquired in the use of the "dust." The dust which was thrown in the eyes of this poor boy was "Velecka Srbija." The future member of this new, young, and democratic state had killed the nobleman, the future ruler of an old aristocratic state.

After the murder, fire, crying, consternation, regrets and tears . . . then Serbia was called to the prisoner's dock. Haughty, swollen, disdainful, the Teuton aristocracy had dragged in by the collar the "ragged, miserable beggar." And without waiting for a trial they hastened to smash the worm. Austria declared war upon Serbia. And booming, thundering, shaking, the engine began to move.

With this graphic, intense, and emotional description of the beginning of his country's crucifixion, Lieutenant Krunich passes impressively and stirringly over the ensuing stages of the great tragedy. At every point the human heart-story rises above the noise and stress. Bata and Spale reappear in their rôles of friendship, comradeship in arms, heroism in patriotic self-sacrifice. In the very teeth of the Bulgarian charge Spale, the poet, pauses to let his poet's fancy run in such passages as the following:

"As I have said, Goethe had known the Mephistophelian spirit of the German nation, and feeling its disastrous power, he, the good teacher, wrote 'Faust,' as the best example of the horror. The Teutons, haughty and foolish, born with this devil, have taken Goethe's work as the way. This way has brought them to this day, to the stage of which the Kaiser is the manager. The Teutonic nation is Mephistopheles, Bulgaria, Faust, and the Democracy, Marguerite (on this stage, Serbia). Beautiful cast! Eh! Dissatisfied with the 'weak' Gounod, the Kaiser gave the libretto and baton into the hand of Krupp. Look out, Mr. Leader is holding that little baton in the air. The opera will begin any minute," ended Spale, laughing.

Later this same Spale, lying fatally wounded in the hospital at Nish, recalls to Krunich the plot of his tale of "The Fence" and continues:

"This fight is now on. Do you see, do you feel, that the earth is now shaking? The cities are destroyed, the churches are gone, the mountains are leveled, all traces of the forests are lost, millions are dying. For this is the fight of the people for democracy. For this is the only way of the future, for this is the only road to the final happiness of humanity. The Spirit of this century is fighting now with the whole of History from its creation. Now this earth is in the *status-nascendi*, in the moment of creation, in which, by natural laws, when two opposite elements meet, an explosion has to come—the explosion is this world war, the explosion which will crush out twenty million lives, but will destroy the fences. You hear me—destroy the fences, for the flood of the blood of twenty million has no hindrances. And just as in the last century Waterloo was not gained by Wellington and Blicher, but by God and the Spirit of that time when the people tried to destroy the fences, so it is today, now, the Kaiser has to perish, for against him are not armies, but God, Democracy, and the Spirit of the twentieth century."

Again, as if the poet's spirit were as deeply wrought within Lieutenant Krunich himself as within his friend Spale, the author gives us this scene as the battle with the Bulgarians paused for a few brief moments after five days without rest:

About midnight the full moon shone just over my head, smiling with her bright, good-natured face. I was lying outside the trench in the thick, deep, dry grass. God, what a night! At her parting, the goddess of fruit and autumn, for the last time, kissed the earth with her most beautiful caress. Now there were many tears mingled with this caress. Complete silence reigned. Nothing moved. It seemed to me as if a tender, unseen hand had spread a golden white silken cover over those hills, stones, ruins, corpses, and blood, and, hiding them, had transformed all into a mystic dream of beauty. I was in a waking dream. It was so warm, mild, soft, tender, and sweet. My breast had gratefully taken the fresh, perfumed air after the dust and smoke of the day. My glance wandered over the sky, in which the big stars shone beside the moon, or it sped here and there through the blue-black ether. The little white clouds darted around the moon, covering it playfully, as little children around their grandmother. The river which flowed through the valley murmured a sad mystic air.

And everywhere around me from the earth there came little sweet notes which mingled in an exquisite hum. The whole of this little uncounted world, which lives in the grass and earth, all of those millions of little beings, frightened by the daily horror, are now whispering, asking themselves, Will it come again? Or, perhaps, they complained and wept for their brothers who were killed. Oh, how beautiful and sweet was the sorrow of this little people! It reminded me of an old Tuscan cloister full of peace, twilight, and perfume, in

which hovered the divine organ music. Yes, it was the night for prayer. It seemed to me that all those armies, divided by this beauty of the night, again became individuals, as men silently gazing, they opened their hearts, looked upon the horrors they have made, shivering at the thought that when the day comes they must plunge again into murder and blood.

The dramatist asserts itself again, and Lieutenant Krunich gives the reader this rare and wondrous human touch:

Suddenly, in the midst of this silence, this beauty, in the midst of this sweet, tender, chanting music, a voice, a song! A beautiful manly voice on the Bulgarian side is softly and sadly singing a song. My God, a Bulgarian is singing! My whole being, intoxicated by the sweetness of this night, now fell into such an emotion under the influence of this voice, this song, that I became oblivious of place and reality. Slowly I raised myself, sat down, and, shivering, I drank in the wonderful tones. What a song! Do I dream? The sweet vibration of the song, tenderly mingling with the music in the atmosphere, overwhelmed me more and more.

Presently the song became stronger, clearer, more passionate, more emotional, a song full of tears which had to come from a martyr's breast.

Then I grasped the words: "Oh, where are you, moments of my happy dreams?"

"La Tosca!" I exclaimed loudly. A Mario in his last moments, in a sea of most dreadful human unhappiness, in darkness, between four walls, feeling the sigh of the dead instead of the embrace of happy love, seeks, with the last shriek of his heart, his happy dreams! The dreams of love! And this Mario now is a Bulgarian! A traitor, murderer! No, no, I can not believe it!

No matter how profound the shadow, this Serbian author seems always able to find his way to something that exalts and brings the superior joy into the midst of the sorrow. For example, his description, through the mouth of Spale, of the nurse in the hospital:

"Simple story, brothers! Simple and usual, for thousands like her are in this land. She was young, she was beautiful, she was innocent and happy. She lived and sang in the warm free little nest beside the good father and dear mother, awaiting the time when she would start, in her liberty, to create her own nest. Now the nest is destroyed, the father killed, the mother dead from typhus and sorrows, and she remains alone. From an innocent girl she became a woman . . . a woman who, in a dreadful moment, in a rough and cruel time, has decided her position, ruled by the instinct of her sex. And, guided by the advice of her heart and instinct, seeing that man, her defender, her connection, her half, her life, is dying, perishing, she became an angel! Before, her name was Beeserka (little pearl), now, simply Sister. And today she is doing wonders with her angelic heart and white hands. . . . We all know we must die, but she makes death beautiful, easy, tender, as a dream in which we hear the songs of angels. Every morning she brings flowers. See! Many, many chrysanthemums! And when she is standing at the open door, in the morning sunlight, with her arms full of these beautiful flowers, when her white cheeks, beautiful dark eyes, and red cross appear amidst the little white and red blossoms, so full of life and morning freshness, I cry in greeting to her: 'Good-morning, little angel with the chrysanthemums!' She comes close to my bed, puts the sweet fresh chrysanthemums on my breast and around my head, and everywhere. Their perfume intoxicates me and puts me to dreaming, dreaming. . . . Thus she makes us already feel paradise. . . ."

Serbia's ghastly trek as the Bulgars, reinforced and guided by the Teutonic generals, swept across the country is all too graphically reflected, but always the descriptions are suffused with that unexplainable something which caused the author to declare, as in the quotation above, that nothing could ever put to silence the Serbian spirit of song.

Eventually Krunich loses another comrade, Bora, as he had already lost Spale, and here his courage and happiness and hope seem to vanish, the dread scene being all but too dreadfully told:

Then I saw a terrible picture. Bora was lying at the bottom of the trench, in darkness, in dust, in filth, mingling the blood of his wounds with vile earth, cut, crushed, terrible, and horrible. The mother died beside her dead son, killed by the enemy's bullet. It seemed to me that Serbia had died, too. It seemed to me that I looked on the death of Serbia and her children in the death of this mother and this son!

With one leap I was out of the trench. There is no more trench, no more shelter, no more world, no man, no humanity! Nothing but raging lions waiting, and beasts, who, growling, are ascending the hill.

What had been the new cemetery became very quickly an old one, for a third one, newer and much larger, had been created.

This is truly Serbia crucified. Less imaginative literary form than Lieutenant Krunich uses could hardly tell the tale. The profound human emotion of it all could scarcely reach the heart of the rest of the peoples of the world had some other method of writing been chosen. The book is in reality a wondrous contribution to the cause for which the great war is being waged, and, therefore the more, a wondrous inspiration to American literature.

SERBIA CRUCIFIED. By Lieutenant Milutin Krunich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Ever since the days when Sweden ruled Finland the upper, or at least moneyed, class in Finland has been the Swedes. Though they have continued to live there and amass great fortunes they have never been loyal to Finland and have held themselves continually in that better-than-thou attitude toward the Finns. They assume that the use of the Swedish language is a mark of culture, and do not allow their children to learn the Finnish language. They form great colonies, speaking exclusively their own tongue and observing their own national holidays and social customs.

A curiosity in medieval banquets has recently been brought to light. It was a wedding feast at Milan and consisted of fifteen courses, "each being introduced by living specimens of the animals that composed it."



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

Frederick H. Colburn, manager of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, reports for the week ended Saturday total clearings of \$98,995,109.82. This compares with a total of \$89,869,166.32 for the corresponding week of 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$14,465,419.48.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reported Saturday total resources of \$200,000,000, as compared with \$196,630,000 in the preceding week and \$76,957,000 a year ago.

The gold reserve held by the bank, as compared with net deposits and Federal Reserve banknote liability, stands at 66.66 per cent., as compared with 65.53 per cent. a week ago.

This means that the bank is gaining gold, week after week, and thereby strengthening its position correspondingly.

The total reserves now stand at \$113,863,000, as against \$112,091,000 in the preceding week.

During the week bills to the amount of

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\$34,999,000 were discounted for the member banks and bills to the amount of \$21,491,000 were bought in the open market.

Gross deposits stand at \$102,357,000, of which \$67,545,000 represented the members' reserve accounts.

John Gallois, local resident partner of McDonnell & Co., who has just returned from an extended visit to the East, is decidedly optimistic as the result of his observations about the success of the new Liberty Loan. New Yorkers, he said, are highly enthusiastic over the prospect for a huge oversubscription. The number of subscribers in the New York district is far greater than for the previous loans, Gallois says, although the showing to date has not increased in proportion to some of the increases in other parts of the country. However, the popularity of the present loan is shown in the greatly increased number of small subscribers.

"With the conclusion of the Liberty Loan campaign," he says, "and with the indications

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that no further offerings will be made by the government for a period of perhaps six months, I can safely say that Wall Street—that is the so-called banking element—is conservatively optimistic."

It has lately been a frequent comment in the financial community that the action of the markets in the face of the German drive will stand out historically as one of the most remarkable instances of prescience in Stock Exchange history. During the most colossal military attack of this or any other war, when the armies of the Allies were slowly but steadily giving ground before the massive assaults of the foe, after Field Marshal Haig had announced that "our backs are to the wall," and still the British army retired, the New York stock market was at no time demoralized. Its most extreme decline came a few days after the opening of the drive, and then a gradual recovery set in, in spite of the fact that German territorial gains continued, and that the Allies had attempted no counter-stroke.

United States Steel common stock, the leader of the market in both activity and movement, closed on March 20th, the day before the drive began, and before any definite suspicion of it, at 91½. On March 26th it had fallen to 86½, but a month after the offensive had commenced, while gains were still continuing, United States Steel closed at 91¾, or above the price before the drive had started. The average price of fifty stocks, twenty-five railroad and twenty-five industrial, which, on March 20th, had closed at 68.37, closed a month later at 67.02. The turn of events since then has brought United States Steel as high as 96¾, and the average of the fifty stocks to 69.19.

Estimates of the cost of the war to date from the point of view of the whole world, or at least the belligerents, place the figures at \$111,700,000,000. This includes primarily the twelve leading warring nations. The increase in debt of the Allies is set down as \$72,400,000,000 and that of the Central Powers \$39,300,000,000. The United States' debt incurred since the country entered the war is given at \$6,550,000,000 up to January 31st of this year. Great Britain up to February 16th of this year showed an increase of \$24,178,000,000, including \$7,027,000,000 advanced to the Allies and Dominions. Russia ranked second with \$20,291,000,000 as of the 1st of last September, and France third with \$15,629,000,000 as of January 1st of this year.

The stock market still sways with the news from the western front, where the Allies are making their great stand for liberty. But the main feature in the trading during the past few momentous weeks is the absence of that sort of liquidation that would certainly have been present at times had the general run of shareholders begun to be uneasy as to the outcome of the stupendous struggle. And from the manner in which stocks bound upward whenever good news comes from the war field it is evident that a mass of investors is waiting to jump into stocks on the first signs of a real Allied victory.

More and more it would seem to the layman, despite the contrary suggestions in official circles, that the war is not to last much longer. The only chance for its running even through next winter would seem to be in some really notable victory now to be achieved by the enemy, such as the destruction of a large proportion of the British forces in France. But from the resistance the British are exerting it would seem that even if Calais were reached it would be at such cost that the remaining German forces would be practically at the mercy of General Foch. There are definite hints that the Allied commander-in-chief has the high trumps still to play and that a sudden and sensational counter-thrust is not far distant.

In that case we would have a "victory market" with every one seemingly anxious to buy.

Some recent annual reports are astonishingly favorable. International Paper Common is shown to have earned \$34 a share, or the price of the stock in the open market. Distillers is doing almost as well relatively. The various steel companies are making good returns notwithstanding the extraordinary handicaps under which they were operating during the past quarter of the year. Naturally, earnings now are increasing. A point often overlooked when analysis is made of many industrials is that future earnings, so long as business demands capacity operations, will reflect expansion of plant facilities and in some lines entirely new enterprises. Thus now in a year's time the Steel Corporation has become one of the greatest shipbuilding companies in the world. Perhaps in proportion to its capital outstanding Bethlehem Steel, of the independent plants, has added more largely to its new productive resources. There can not be any great fear of new tax programmes if revenues from the existing schedules run half again above the estimates, as reported in Washington advices. But even

with increased taxes the companies that are expanding at government suggestion and helped by government financial cooperation would make a good showing during our second war year. The equipment companies will have gigantic government orders to fill. In the old days there was a saying that when railroads are liberal buyers the steel trade booms, and now the government itself is back of this railroad buying, which will not be stinted by any means and will run far beyond the business of the sort enjoyed even during the most prosperous railroad periods in our history.

As for the railroad section, the underlying market conditions seem almost similar to those existing last December on the eve of Mr. Wilson's government control announcement, which caused an abrupt and most sensational advance in prices overnight.

While bank clearings "continue to run into large figures, thus reflecting activity in trade and very high prices for commodities," there has been, according to *Bradstreet's*, an "almost entire absence of speculation in practically every quarter." An important factor in conditions, however, has been the fact that the hand of the government "has been pretty well spread over movements in leading markets other than cotton." There has been no marked diminution of activity in internal movements, taken in a collective sense, so that unusual business seems strong enough to "offset such curtailment as has occurred in the so-called non-essential lines." Whether the curtailment thus far effected has assumed striking proportions, "in the face of the known broad trends created by war work," is a matter which the writer finds not easily demonstrated. With more men being drawn into militant life it is possible, however, that the future "may see enforced contraction in ordinary lines." Meanwhile, what we know is that bank clearings "are still extraordinarily heavy." He continues:

"The total for March, a month of five Sundays and one quite generally observed holy day, Good Friday, was \$25,841,494,761, which sum eclipsed any previous record for March. At the same time the aggregate just registered is only 1.6 per cent. below that of January, while being 17 per cent. in excess of the total for February, 5.1 per cent. above the showing made in March of 1917, and 25.4 per cent. over the like month in 1916.

"One of the most illuminating reflections noted in connection with the outcome last month is that afforded by the figures outside of New York. These disclose an aggregate of \$12,001,213,380, also a high record for March, and the largest total recorded since November of last year, whereas the exhibit for New York indicates a loss of 2.7 per cent. from March, 1917. That for the zone outside of New York discloses a rise of 16 per cent. Incidentally Chicago, Kansas City, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Omaha, Louisville, Seattle, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and St. Joseph all report new record payments, and 102 cities reflect increases over March last year, while only thirty-three suffered losses. New York's total for March, \$13,840,281,381, shows an increase of 12.9 per cent. over February, while declining 2.7 per cent. from March, 1917, though rising 10.3 per cent. over March, 1916, and excelling every other corresponding month. Stock market operations at the metropolis were very light throughout most of March, but dealings in bonds, especially in governmental issues, expanded to a new high record. For the country outside of New York the aggregate, as already mentioned, was \$12,001,213,380, which sum not only discloses a rise of 22.7 per cent. over February, but also shows a gain of 3.8 per cent. over January, of 16 per cent. over March, 1917, and of 48 per cent. over the corresponding month in 1916.

"While the showing for the first quarter of 1918, \$74,151,096,741, exceeds that of any precisely similar three months, larger sums were recorded in the final quarter of 1916, and in the second, third, and fourth quarters of 1917. But the total just given discloses a gain of 3.7 per cent. over the initial three months of 1917. New York's total, \$40,818,704,966, falls below that of 1917 to the extent of 3.1 per cent. The showing for the country outside of the metropolis, \$33,332,391,775, is the second best on record, being only exceeded by the concluding quarter of 1917, and at the same time the aggregate set forth represents an increase of 13.6 per cent. over the first three months of last year."

The enactment of the new railroad law was required to provide full legal basis for the changes which were made necessary by the action of the government in taking over the railroad industry for operation during the war period. It is one of the most important laws ever enacted in the United States and one of the most extraordinary laws which the war complications have produced. Under the provisions of this law holders of railroad securities will be amply protected so far as the continuance of their incomes on the basis of previously existing dividends is concerned. In this way also the financial needs of the roads

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are provided for and the government has assumed other important responsibilities which weighed heavily upon the owners of roads before they were taken over by the government.

It has been urged that serious inflation might result from the enactment of the War Finance Corporation measure and that the same results might have been accomplished through private loans made by the banks or through amendments to the Federal Reserve Act. There exists practical necessity, however, for such relief in war-times. The general investment markets are virtually barred to private corporations, except in instances of extreme necessity, and then only with the consent of the Capital Issues Committee of the Federal Reserve Board. There exists such a respect for the findings of this committee as to make it practically impossible for any corporation borrower to obtain the assistance of any banking house in placing a loan which was not approved by this committee. The indications are therefore that the kind of assistance which will be dispensed by the War Finance Corporation had to be provided in some form, so as to enable industrial corporations whose work is necessary to winning the war to finance necessary requirements. All great commercial countries engaged in the war have provided some such expedient as this for the purpose of enabling the vast business enterprises to continue operations.

In order to show the very keen attention given to organized labor in governmental departments it is interesting to note that under date of April 7th it is announced that in order to minimize local unemployment as a result of curtailing building and capital expenditures, the Federal Reserve Board's Capital Issues Committee has arranged to consult with officials of the American Federation of Labor before acting on any application for issues of securities, the approval or disapproval of which would seriously affect labor conditions. No one will doubt for one moment the desirability of this action, but to what extent will the American Federation of Labor approve the issue of securities of a non-union corporation, and particularly where there is only a small percentage of union workers? By what right should the American Federation of Labor have a voice in determining whether securities should be issued or not, particularly when it is well established that it would never approve of an issue of securities for non-union industry? It is desirable that there be no unemployment created by withholding approval of securities, but is it desirable that the life of a corporation should be dependent to some extent on the assent of the American Federation of Labor?

American manufacturers of dyestuffs and anilines will find markets for their products in Peru. The anilines imported through the port of Mollendo are used in the Andean Sierras, especially in Arequipa, Juliaca, Puno, Sicuani, and Cuzco. The principal consumers of these products are the Indians, who manufacture—in their primitive looms—coarse, heavy fabrics suitable for use in their cold climate. In order to be successful in this business a factory should present its products in rather small containers and as uniform as possible. The Indian purchaser is very much inclined to cling to his old customs, and to wish to get his dyestuffs put up in the form which he has found convenient. Heretofore anilines have been imported from Germany in small tin cans of rectangular shape, with a capacity of 50 or 100 grams.

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FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICANS.

Joseph Reinach Testifies as to His Change of Heart  
and Its Reasons.

How one of the foremost publicists of France believed in America when many of his countrymen did not; how Colonel House helped to strengthen and inform his faith by explaining to him some of the difficulties of President Wilson's position and the significance of the election of 1916; and how the entrance of the United States into the war confirms the estimate of the American temper made years ago by the Comte de Paris in his "History of the Civil War," all this is vividly told in the preface to the eleventh volume of the "Commentaires de Polybe," just appearing from the Paris press of Charpen-tier (says the New York Evening Post). "Polybe," as French readers of the Figaro know, is the pen name of M. Joseph Reinach, who, three or four times a week, contributes to the columns of that influential journal a short, crisp, penetrating article on current politics and the war.

"Will this volume," writes M. Reinach, "in which I tell the story of the rupture between the United States and Germany, have any readers in America? The Americans are ac-claimed and welcomed today by all the En-terente peoples and by many neutrals. I can say to them: 'I have been waiting for you since Lincoln.'" He continues:

"Why have I not been doubtful about America, even in the days when I wrote some rather sharp things about its tardiness, or, again, when men of prominence were affirm-ing that its neutrality would be worth more to the Allies than its intervention? For two main reasons, the one particular, the other of a general sort, which it may be interesting to mention.

"Here is the first: One day an enthusiastic friend of Roosevelt brought to my house the intimate friend of President Wilson, Colonel House. I talked freely with him, only to find myself won by the intelligence and sincerity of the man. A mind at once large and clear. When he told me (it was in the early months of 1915) that Wilson was convinced of the rightfulness of the Allies in the war, I be-lieved him. When he told me further that Wilson would never fail to follow his con-science, and that, as a result, he would inter-vene before the end of the war on behalf of the Entente, I believed him.

"Colonel House, as may be imagined, fixed no date. He strove at the time, with much tact, not to compromise the chief magistrate of this country, and, with some ardor, not to leave unappreciated the moral courage of his friend. He told me further that Wilson carried out his policies with deliberation, and that his mind was strong and tenacious. His ambition, first of all, was to convert the great majority of his fellow-citizens to ideas which he believed to be just; only then would he act. Unable to go outside of the Constitu-tion, be it only by a single line, he would use all the powers which he possessed under the Constitution.

"House used the same language to me the

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next year, on a second journey which he made to Europe. He strengthened me in this way against my own impatience, and, to be quite frank, against impending faint-heartedness in his friend.

"For Wilson was to be a second-time candidate for the presidency. The strength of the Democratic forces is in the Middle West and the Far West. The liking for peace dwelt there side by side with pacifism. Germans were numerous there, and also German-Amer-icans, excited or troubled by an active propa-ganda. Finally, Wilson would have for com-petitor either Roosevelt himself or a friend of the impetuous 'Tedy.'

"Roosevelt, at the beginning, had failed to declare himself. Writing in his paper, the Outlook, he had at the outset refused to pass judgment upon the violation of Belgian neu-trality, still professed (September, 1914) a great admiration for Germany, and treated as folly any proposal to 'jump into the breach.' But all the more startling had been his ad-hesion, as time went on, to 'interventionist' ideas; and never did a cavalier, having found his road to Damascus, provide a more mag-nificent race, talking as he slashed about at the head of his former 'Rough Riders,' stirring up the masses like a cloud of dust, rising in his stirrups like a knight of the Crusades, and waving the star-strewn flag above the vulgarities and dirt of politics.

"What more redoubtable adversary for a man who had painstakingly negotiated, who had written so many state papers that he had been compared to a writing machine? From that time Wilson, in descending into the electoral arena, lowered himself, so to speak; and, as candidate, he was no longer his 'better self.' It was then that he challenged his vehement adversaries to find a single man able to say who was right and who was wrong in the prodigious conflict, and uttered the words, instantly famous, 'too proud to fight.' But reflected, and debarred by custom from seeking for a third time the dignity of the White House, he was freed at once from use-ful and necessary caution. Now, when he spoke, he was free to let his heart accord with his reason. He launched into the world strong and splendid formulas, being the fore-most writer of his country. Soon he brought to unanimity this vast people of a hundred million souls, turned it towards new horizons, and inscribed his name under those of his most illustrious predecessors, Washington and Lincoln."

Such, concludes M. Reinach, was the first ground of his confidence in America—the convincing conversations with Colonel House. Yet even Colonel House, "large and clear" as his mind had appeared to the French pub-licist, may have been misled by friendship for President Wilson. So, for further con-firmation, M. Reinach turned to history and sought in the pages of the masterful, but not well-known, "History of the Civil War in America," by the Comte de Paris, another revealing of the American spirit. He con-cludes:

"Thus it is that I persuade myself that I, too, have discovered America—in the ac-counts of battle half a century old: the sur-face, a country of rough and furious workers, of manufacturers, financiers, laborers, farmers, politicians; within, under the rough bark, a spirit flaming with idealism, and flaming more profoundly than that of many another people who chiefly make sonnets or compose melodies for the flute. Shall I say that if this people pursues, more eagerly than others, with ceaseless toil, the quest for gold, it is less for the immediate pleasures which fortune brings, and which it enjoys in the pres-ent, than for the power which it gives to one who lives in constant contact with a world better armed, stronger, and happier?

"When, then, history, in its evolutions, brings one of those great disturbances or cataclysms, which reveal some of the essen-tial principles of humanity—principles which flow from the nature of things, but which political societies have been able to realize only at the cost of long and terrible efforts—then the American spirit shines forth in all its power, as by virtue of a physical law, and one sees this extraordinary composite nation rise, as by reflection, out of the crucible wherein are mingled all the races and peoples of the universe, all religions and all philoso-phies, all splendors, and all miseries. Out of the millions of men who, on the prairie or in the factory, in the counting-room or at the forge, labor to enrich themselves, she makes soldiers and seamen; the billions which she has won in laborious and profitable peace she throws, without counting, into the furnace of a war in which she covets nothing for her-self save the honor of having broken, yester-day, the shackles of the black sons of Ham, or of breaking tomorrow the menace of Ger-man tyranny in two continents.

"The wind of civil war," wrote the Comte de Paris, 'begins to blow. . . . In this crisis the American people have proved to the world that the Statue of Liberty is no haughty idol, deaf in the day of danger, but the saintly image of a powerful divinity to be invoked in adversity.' Once more is that verified."

CURRENT VERSE.

Tuscania's Two Hundred.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises."

Cheated of triumphs in their hearts achieved,  
Rohked of their part on Europe's epic Stage,  
These died in faith, the promise unrecieved,  
Felled ere they flung the gage.  
Yet on their breasts a heaven of stars I see;  
All that a noble cause bequeaths is theirs;  
Above their tomb new Western Chivalry  
Rides to fulfill their prayers.  
—A. W., in London Chronicle.

Sea Fever.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely  
sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer  
her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the  
white sail's shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray  
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call  
of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white  
clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and  
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the  
wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.  
—John Masefield.

The Day.

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,  
And now the Day has come.  
Blasphemer, hraggart, and coward all,  
Little you reck of the numbing hall,  
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,  
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day.  
And woke the Day's red spleen.  
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,  
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;  
Not all the waters of the Rhine  
Can wash your foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the  
Day;  
Watch how the Day will go.  
Slayer of age and youth and prime  
(Defenseless slain for never a crime)  
You are steeped in blood as a hog in slime,  
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for  
the Day;  
Yours is the harvest red.  
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?  
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,  
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies  
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed  
for the Day,  
That lit the awful flame,  
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain  
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;  
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,  
And mothers curse your name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay  
For the sleepers under the sod,  
And He you have mocked for many a day—  
Listen, and hear what He has to say:  
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."  
What can you say to God?  
—From "The Day and Other Poems," by Henry  
Chappell.

The Treasure Seekers.

Pal o' Mine, oh, Pal o' Mine, or ever the dream  
can die,  
Follow me over the shining sea, west of the sunset  
sky,  
West of the sunset sky and the moon, south of  
the milky way,  
North of the land where the dead dreams droop,  
east of the breaking day;  
Laugh again with your old-time laugh, and sing  
me an olden song.  
That we may be happy again, old man, though  
the arm of the sorrow be long.

Slip the line, and break the sail, and whistle the  
friendly wind,  
Wind with the scent of the Southland's lips,  
sweeping to greet and find,  
Bringing us back the dreams we dreamed—(We  
were hut lads so high,  
You always said that they would come true,  
laughed when I would deny.)  
Bringing hack to our lonely hearts, and we are  
now old, so old.  
The tales that we loved of the Spanish Main,  
and the lure of the huccancer's gold.

Lure of gold and lure of lands and lure of the  
Southern Sea—  
What is the guerdon we both must pay, what  
is the toll to be?  
Never a price if down in our hearts lingers the  
old-time thrill,  
Faith of the boy in the power o' dream—faith  
that is with us still;  
Seeking the gold we will find the dream, and  
seeking the dream—the gold,  
For that is the way that we said 'twould be,  
when we knew we could never grow old!  
—From "My Ship and Other Verses," by Ed-  
mund Leamy. Published by the John Lane  
Company.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### Where Do You Stand?

Hermann Hagedorn describes his little volume as "an appeal to Americans of German origin." Let us hope it will be heard, and that there will be some attempt to reach the author's keen discrimination between the Germany that was and the bloody maniacal monster that is now running amuck among the nations of the world. But for those who will not listen Mr. Hagedorn has a word of warning. The lists of dead and wounded, he says, will soon contain the names of thousands of Americans. Then bitterness and agony will breed hate. Then anti-German hysteria will sweep over the country and every man with German blood and German words will become anathema unless they shall stand forth quickly and proclaim their undivided allegiance.

WHERE DO YOU STAND? By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

##### America at War.

There is no more valuable compendium of information about the war in its every aspect and phase than this "handbook of patriotic education references" issued under the editorship of Albert Bushnell Hart. There seems

to be no single war topic left untouched by some one of a hundred competent writers. Its index contains nearly two thousand references, and nowhere do we find the least touch of the perfunctory. The fortunate owner would do well to attach it to his reference shelf with a chain. For the writer and the student it will add about ten years to life.

AMERICA AT WAR. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

##### Fighting Starvation in Belgium.

Many books have been written to tell the wonderful story of the saving of the people of Belgium from death by starvation. All of them are valuable and a host of them relate the personal experiences of the devoted band that carried on the great task. But the man best qualified to give us an authoritative account of the problem as a whole in its various phases is of course our own Californian, Professor Vernon Kellogg. So we welcome this straightforward, matter-of-fact statement of the history of the great undertaking, its inception, its difficulties, its methods of work, and the success achieved.

As to his own part in the great work Professor Kellogg is humbly modest. In his references to the brutal power that overran and occupied Belgium, he is restrained, as is undoubtedly wise at the present time. Possibly when the war at last is over and the present danger to the Belgian people and the men who are succoring them is past, he may in another volume tell the story of another side of the work of the commission. Certainly no man during the war has been in such a unique position to see the inside of the German machine and the working of its brains as Professor Kellogg. Educated at a German university, speaking German like a native, of high standing among scientists, and enjoying a position comparable to that of a diplomatist, his opportunities for intelligent observation were such as have come to few if any others.

"Fighting Starvation in Belgium" is a story that should make Americans both proud and ashamed; proud that this great work was started and carried out by some splendid representatives of our country; ashamed that our per capita contribution to their work was so small when compared to that of other and poorer countries. A reading of the book should give a new impetus to our efforts to relieve the dire need for food, not only in Belgium, but in other submerged countries in

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Europe; and at the same time it should strengthen our confidence in the ability of Mr. Hoover and his staff to cope with the problems of the food administration at home.

FIGHTING STARVATION IN BELGIUM. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

##### Rising Japan.

In "Rising Japan" Dr. Sunderland has put forward the best side of the Island Nation and their ideals and aspirations. It is manifestly logical that Japan should aim at continued good relations with us and that she should fall into line with the new and advanced ideas of international relationships. In his able statement of the case Dr. Sunderland undoubtedly voices the sentiments of the sane and thoughtful representatives of Japanese thought and politics. He likewise points out with justice the special interest which Japan has in China and in the prevention of intrusion or interference by other powers there to her hurt. It is not apparent that this is in any way hostile or detrimental to us.

On the other hand the author does not perhaps lay sufficient stress on some of the disturbing factors in the problem, such as the popular jingo element that dreams of a Teuton-like domination of Asia, or the worshippers of German ideals among those who have received their military or technical education in Germany. He also seems to ignore the social changes that are taking place in Japan as the result of sudden war prosperity.

It is, however, a valuable contribution to our political thought, and one of the best features of it is the exposure of the shameless use of the American press for the circulation of utterly false reports in order to cause distrust of Japan and open a breach in favor of Germany.

RISING JAPAN. By Jabez T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

##### Right Above Race.

There can not be too many books of this kind from enlightened Germans who are able to look at the country of their birth in right perspective and to see how it has been poisoned by Prussianism and the "new idea." Mr. Kahn neither modifies nor tempers his condemnation. He sees that the war was intended by Germany and made in Germany, and that the peaceful efforts of the Allied statesmen were deliberately thwarted by an imperialism that had veritably become insane. He says: "The greatest service which men of German birth or antecedents can render to the country of their origin is to set their faces like flint against the monstrous doctrines and acts of a rulership which has robbed them of the Germany which they loved and in which they took just pride." Mr. Kahn has rendered a public service by this piece of vigorous writing.

RIGHT ABOVE RACE. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents.

##### Chekhov in Humorous Vein.

Few of the readers of Chekhov think of him as a humorist. The drab color of his stories, usually ending "up in the air," a certain pessimistic outlook on life, a tendency even to morbidity, mark the novels by which the Russian author is known to most Americans. It is therefore gratifying to find that an enterprising publisher has offered to us a little collection of humorous tales by the gifted writer in a translation sufficiently colloquial to retain something of the flavor of the original. These tales are really bubbling over with fun. At times there is in them a tinge of the cynical, but you will laugh none the less heartily, and the effect will be to give you a truer perspective in judging the author and his more serious work.

NINE HUMOROUS TALES. By Anton Chekhov. Translated from the Russian by Isaac Goldberg and Henry T. Schneitkind. Boston: The Stratford Company; 25 cents.

##### Briefer Reviews.

A late addition to the Barbara Weinstock Lectures on the Morals of Trade is "Creating Capital," by Frederick L. Lipman. The author shows that money-making implies service and that the emphasis must be laid on the service rather than on the money-making. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 75 cents.

The Macmillan Company has published a new edition of "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall, a book that had much to do with

the beginnings of the Back to the Land movement. It is a persuasive volume for the city man who looks upon the farm as beyond his reach and a clear proof of the reality of the freedom that awaits him if he has the courage to try. The price is \$1.25.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has published "Home Help in Music Study," by Harriette Brower. The author shows how a musical atmosphere may be created and how children may be encouraged to love music and to seek for it. It is a book to be read by those inclined to place an undue emphasis on the importance of "music lessons." The price is \$1.25.

Dr. T. B. McLeod, author of "The World War and the Road to Peace," just published by the Macmillan Company, joins issue with the pacifist and seeks to show him the error of his ways. He writes with sympathy and understanding, but this in no way diminishes the force of a trenchant pen, nor does it wholly conceal a certain scorn that we can not yet afford to discard in our dealings with the mentally feeble.

"Studies in Christianity," by A. Clutton-Brock (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25), is an attempt to show the permanent factors in Christianity as opposed to the transitory ones. It is a fine and persuasive piece of work, but we can not find among the author's essentials anything that is not to be found in equal measure in others of the world's great religions. We can not find that he includes anything that is distinctive. And perhaps that may be higher praise than it sounds.

"If a Man Die," by the Rev. J. D. Jones, D. D. (George H. Doran Company; \$1), is a survey of immortality from the theological and orthodox standpoint. As such it may have its appeal to a class, but it will have no weight outside of that class. The day is passing when men will accept any unverifiable belief whatsoever because it happens to be written in a book and when the bald citation of a text can have any weight at all. And it may be said that the author's reflections on the fate of soldiers who die "unconverted" are no less disagreeable because they are well intentioned. Men who give their lives for a cause need no other conversion.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

"When you sell a man a book you don't sell him just twelve ounces of paper and ink and glue—you sell him a whole new life," says Christopher Morley in "Parnassus on Wheels."

"Germany no longer exists. In her place stands Pangermany, whose existence is incompatible with the independence of the United States and the freedom of the world." This is the conclusion which André Chéradame, author of "The Pangerman Plot Unmasked," wishes to establish in his "The United States and Pan-Germania," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dora Shorter, the Irish poet, wife of Clement King Shorter, editor of the *Sphere*, the *London Illustrated News* and other English publications, died recently in London.

"Madame Sand," the biographical comedy in which Mrs. Fiske recently played the leading rôle in New York City, has just been issued in book form by A. A. Knopf. Philip Moeller, the author, is one of the founders of the Washington Square Players and the director of a number of their productions.

It is most fitting that the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the woman who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," should bring out a collection of songs of the great war. Laura E. Richards has dedicated "To Arms," published by the Page Company, to her famous mother.

Readers of Alice Duer Miller's delightful novels will be surprised to learn that her first vocation was not fiction, but astronomy.

Ever since his short monograph in the English Men of Letters Series thirty years ago Sir Sidney Colvin has been recognized as the chief authority on Keats. His "John Keats," recently published by Scribner's, presents for the first time in full and consecutive detail the history of Keats' daily life and poetical activity and discusses at length his relations to his predecessors and successors.

When an author is too new to have yet reached book form, look for him in an anthology. Next to newspapers, anthologies are the most up-to-date things in the world.

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### America After the War.

Some months ago there appeared in the columns of the New York Times a series of articles under the attractive caption of "American Problems After the War." The name of the author did not appear, but he signed himself simply: "An American Jurist." At the time these articles attracted wide attention and called forth much comment, both approving and disapproving. They have now been collected in a single volume and it is possible to appraise the author's work more fairly in this form than in successive issues of a daily journal.

On the whole they present much of interest and are calculated to stimulate thought. America, if peace should come tomorrow, would be as unprepared for peace as she was for war a year ago. It is from this standpoint that the author invites the consideration of such questions as the problem of Mexican rehabilitation, our future relations to Canada, the control of the West Indies, our interests in the Far East, the needs of a merchant marine, the necessity of a programme of preparedness, and the nature of democracy. By way of introduction and of estimating the extent of our interest in the settlement of purely European matters at issue he devotes some chapters to the consideration of the knotty question of the neutralization of Belgium and Luxemburg and the Balkan embroglio.

That this work is suggestive and provocative of thought must be conceded. As to its breadth and depth there must be expressed a certain amount of skepticism. The author is evidently a man of classical training and of much reading, but one is surprised to note a lack of consecutiveness in his work as well as a failure to include many important subjects. He shows an evident desire to take a realist angle of view, and deprecates the shallow idealism which is characteristic of Amer-

ican popular thinking on international relations. Unfortunately this realism is academic rather than practical. While he points out many facts for consideration, he is also inclined to assume a number of conclusions in a didactic manner, although these conclusions are scarcely proven by his own showing.

Certain historical inaccuracies in the work are annoying, as, for example, when dealing with the negotiations just preceding the war, he says: "The German ambassador then suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed by Germany." It was of course upon this point of the colonies that the sharp divergence occurred. And again it shocks us to read that "it was to prevent the overweening growth that occasioned the first partition of Poland." In spite of such errors and a certain looseness of method, the author has produced a series of suggestive articles, and if they awaken attention to our pressing problems they will have served an important purpose.

AMERICA AFTER THE WAR. By an American jurist. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

##### A Proponent of the Paris Resolutions.

The Economic Resolutions adopted by the Allied Conference at Paris in the summer of 1916 have an important bearing on the problems of reconstruction after the war. Presumably this was their main object, though it might also be inferred that they were in some degree intended as a threat to Germany and her allies that might weaken their will to fight. Numerous changes have occurred since then, and it may be assumed that the conclusions reached by the conference were somewhat hasty and ill-advised.

Mr. J. Taylor Peddie does not think so. He has devoted a considerable volume to the elucidation of these resolutions and to their application to what he terms "a national system of economics." His treatment of the subject is far from convincing, however. While approving a system of equal mutual low tariffs among the Allies of the present war, with discriminatory tariffs against the Teutonic powers, and against neutrals also under certain conditions, he fails to take into account the fundamental fact that trade is mutual and benefits both parties. By cutting off trade with any country you hurt yourself as much as you hurt the proscribed nation. Possibly he might have drawn some entirely different conclusions had he delayed the writing of his book until after the entry of America into the ranks of the Allies.

In his treatment of the problems of labor and capital after the war he is on safer ground and his analyses contain much of value. His *bête noire* is the doctrine of *laissez faire*, but this poor relic of the Manchester school is so out of date that the author gives the impression of tilting at windmills. To agriculture and transportation he gives adequate attention. Throughout the volume he lays stress on the nationalistic point of view, reflecting thereby most naturally the strong passions of the war.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF ECONOMICS. By J. Taylor Peddie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

##### New Books Received.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS. K. C. B., D. C. L. New York: John Lane Company; \$4. Biography.

THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Some warlike experiences.

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A continuation of "My Four Years in Germany."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE CHURCH. By Henry F. Cope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

The coming task of the church.

MEXICO'S DILEMMA. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

The significance of German activities in Mexico.

TUBERCULOSIS. By Edward O. Otis, M. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

Its cause, cure, and prevention.

BLOCKING NEW WARS. By Herbert S. Houston. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.

The prevention of war.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW. By Amanda B. Hall. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel.

BABES OF THE WILD. By Lilian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25.

For children. With colored illustrations.

LOVER'S GIFT AND CROSSING. By Rahindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A collection of poems.

MY GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE. By Professor Douglas W. Johnson. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

A study and a revelation of the obliquity of the German mind.

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Waldo Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

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PROBLEMS OF THE ACTOR. By Louis Calvert. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60.

A text-book of a craft.

OUR BOYS OVER THERE. By Frederic Coleman, F. R. G. S. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

To the young American in khaki.

THROUGH WAR TO PEACE. By Albert G. Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A discussion of the war on the sociological or societal theory.

A HERITAGE OF FREEDOM. By Matthew Page Andrews. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

The sources and beginnings of American democracy.

SOME HONEYMOON. By Charles Everett Hall. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.25.

A novel.

MAKING GOOD WITH MARGARET. By E. Ward Strayer. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.25.

A novel.

THE BOOK OF ARTEMAS. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

"Concerning men, and the things that men did do, at the time when there was war."

THE THUNDERS OF SILENCE. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.

The punishment of a senator.

THE IMPRISONED FREEMAN. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel.

ON THE CROSS OF EUROPE'S IMPERIALISM. By Diana Agaheg Apar. Published in Yokohama by the author.

A plea for America.

OVER HERE. By Hector MacQuarrie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35.

Observations of a British officer in America.

THE DIAMOND CROSS MYSTERY. By Chester K. Steele. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.25.

A novel.

##### Charming Old Brittany.

Brittany, since the earliest times of history, has been the land of romance, saints and archbishops, knights and ladies, hobgoblins and wizards, crusaders and fairies. All these are with beautiful impartiality scattered through the antique records of l'Amorique, as this region used to be called. Even the fabled sunken city of Is and the lost continent of Atlantis are supposed to lie off its coast.

Arthur and his knights have ridden through the old cities, Merlyn lived in the heart of its oak forests. According to popular fancy, will-o'-the-wisps haunt its marshes, and beautiful "Kerroen," clad in moonshine and seamounts, are waiting to lure the belated traveler to his destruction.

From Mont St. Michel on the northeast to the remote Cap Raz, the furthestmost point of land of Europe, jutting forth in rugged grandeur into the Atlantic, one finds a different people to the other inhabitants of France. First cousins of the Irish and the Welsh, they are by tradition, birth, and character a race apart, silent, superstitious, devout, and obstinate. Fine sailors and tillers of the soil, the Bretons have remained much as their earlier ancestors were.

Changes and innovations, however useful and gratifying (says Judith Watson, writing in the *Detroit Saturday Night*), are not to their liking. What was good enough for their ancestors is good enough for them, and one must confess that many of the remoter villages have certainly not changed their mode of life since the middle ages. Mud floors, walled-in wooden beds, and habies are the chief characteristics of a Breton's home. Their native costumes prevail throughout

all villages and farm houses. One sees the men in blue blouses and straw hats trimmed with long black velvet ribbons and long cloth waistcoats embroidered in bright colors, loaded with buttons, sitting beside many a wayside tavern, and the white head dresses and heavy black serge costumes of the women are the same in cut and quality as in the days of the famous Queen Anne of Brittany. With such conservative people the reverence of the past is their most noticeable trait. With perfect faith they listen to the legends and tales told in their own Celtic tongue by some ancient of the village, as in the long winter evenings about the open fire they thrill and shiver to those weird recitals of by-gone days, and very indignant would they be at any modern scoffer.

Vast stretches of cliffs, covered with gorse and heather, at whose base the endless surges of the Atlantic beat, verdant forests of oak and pine, low gray houses, clustering about a granite church, mediæval castles, walled towns, lichen-covered ruins—such is the mental picture one carries away from the Land of Pardons.

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## NORTH BEACH GRAND OPERA.

"Otello" is one of the most beautiful of the modern works of grand old Verdi. At the age when the average man has either died, or has two feet and at least a third of the rest of him in the grave Verdi departed from the old style of bel canto and composed music dramas which remain a monument to his marvelous capacity to modernize his music. "Otello" is a difficult opera to sing, and we do not often hear it. I have, indeed, never heard it since Salassa made his famous hit, oh, a dozen years ago, perhaps, as Iago at the Tivoli.

Tuesday night at the Washington Theatre the curtain rose on a wild storm. Public patronage is bringing the management prosperity, and they now have the beginnings of an orchestra, the indefatigable Mr. Barducci, although still hard at it with the piano, no longer doing the whole of the orchestral score work.

Those familiar with the opera will remember that it opens with a terrific tempest in the harbor of Cyprus, during which the inhabitants assemble and give voice to their apprehension. And as I heard the calliope shrieks of the female members of the chorus, especially the most conscientious ones, and listened to flats and sharps—particularly sharps—hurting through the air in wild and untimed collision, I said to myself wearily, in good Americanese, "I guess I will quietly slope for home and bed." It wasn't, I assure you, at all on account of the heaving billows heing engineered by lusty men underneath a sheet of painted canvas. Far from it. That good old-fashioned method, now obsolete, is really more exciting than the electrically illumined billows of modernity. It wasn't because of the over-stuffed upholstery of some of the artless legs, nor of a certain touching tinsel crudeness in the taste that guided the construction of the costumes. No, all this part, scenery and all, was creditable to the still youthful enterprise, and part of the fun. No, it was the calliope shrieks and the sharpened and flattened notes in collision that seemed to sound a note—or rather a good many notes—of warning.

Iago entered. Mr. Dadone is a veteran, and knows his job. He also has a big, strong, experienced voice, and his presence was reassuring. Otello entered. Mr. Mauro, the tenor, is a tall, well-featured man, with natural dignity, and a good stage presence. He also was reassuring. Otello began to sing. Mr. Mauro has a high tenor of pure quality. But he knows little of the art of shading, and he has an undue respect for vocalism plus voice. Desdemona entered. Miss Avedano is young, tall, good-looking, and has a good soprano, well-trained; probably by Avedano père. If it were only hacked by personality she would count for more on the stage. But there is something automatic in her way of playing her part.

Well, the performance went on, and Otello's agony began. And then, my word, ladies and gentlemen, we found ourselves witnessing a rather remarkable feat in acting. For this tenor is a natural tragedian. With Salassa we remember Iago as the dominant figure in the piece, but Mr. Mauro gave Otello his rightful place as the protagonist.

The young tenor has a number of qualifications: youth, height, natural dignity, good features, an intensely expressive face, tragic power, and the dramatic instinct that urges him to give the look, the gesture, the attitude that supremely expresses raging emotion hurrying its confinements. Of course I do not know his staying power, but he was so arresting and almost awing in his depiction of Oriental jealousy—for it went beyond the agony of the Latin—that it seemed to me that this young man is capable of rising to much bigger things if he could fall into the right hands. If, for instance, he could be taught to appreciate and employ the power of vocal reserve, and could learn to modify, to graduate, to shade and subdue his vocal effects, some one—Savage, for example—could place him in such tempestuous rôles as Otello and Tonio in "Pagliacci" and stir up something of a furor with him. Which, by the way, he thoroughly succeeded in doing with his audience, on Tuesday night.

The performance, which opened badly—due, no doubt, to the very great difficulties in the opening storm music—improved as it went on.

The chorus calmed down and swung more into time and tune, hut oh, you calliope!

Mr. Dadone gave a really excellent impersonation of Iago in respect to both singing and acting. The herald—Mr. Albertini—deserves mention for singing so agreeably his small part, while Messrs. Neri, Bellini, and Agarioff in their more important rôles proved themselves sufficiently equipped to help bear the burden; which, by the way, is borne most gallantly, in great part, by the indispensable Mr. Barducci.

At half-past eleven there was still the last act to give. I therefore departed—although with some regret—hut enough is as good as a feast, and three hours of opera is enough. So I did not witness Otello's final agony, nor hear that wonderful music-mist of Desdemona's tone-woven forebodings of death. But I knew, as I departed, that the tenor would be thoroughly up to the dramatic side of his job, and as for his singing, the untamed impetuosity with which he hurls forth his voice found sufficient warrant during Otello's jealous agonies to make it, during certain passages, less subject to criticism than during the more peaceful phases of the opera.

## LECTURE BY DR. HILLIS.

America is the big, good-natured sentimentalist among nations. It is the land freest from prejudice, because of the divers nationalities melted in the American crucible. It is the land most easily moved to generosity of feeling as well as of money, because it is easier to be liberal and generous on a well-filled belly and a warmly-covered back.

And so Americans preferred not to believe in the truth of the German atrocities, and to relegate these stories to the background of our consciousness. It was more comfortable to forget them.

The young soldiers themselves feel a natural distaste for such recitals, and, whether on the front or in training to get there, evince a desire to turn their thoughts away from such horrifying realizations. Probably they are right. Straight fighting is their business, and while we comfortable ones far from the fighting line can well afford to lose a little of our sense of smug security behind the steel wall made by the British and American navies, it is perhaps not well to risk interfering with the nerve of our soldiers.

Dr. Hillis is the man who has been chosen to ruffle up that sense of smug security. On Sunday he gave an afternoon and evening lecture on the subject of German atrocities, and for the first time we were perforce obliged to be convinced. For this clergyman, who for nineteen years has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been chosen to make an examination, by means of photographs, personal testimony of witnesses, and the diaries of German prisoners, into the accounts of German atrocities. In the company of officers of the American and British armies whose names he gives Dr. Hillis himself gives personal testimony concerning the unspeakable horrors perpetrated by the soldiers of the German army, under the command of their superiors, on the men, women, and children of the invaded towns. Unspeakable, and yet they were spoken, the evangelical character of the speaker making it possible for him to utter things generally considered unutterable.

Dr. Hillis, who is pronounced by the Washington Star to be one of the most powerful orators in the United States, began his address in a calm, dignified, dispassionate tone. He gave facts and figures, reviewing the three military aggressions by which Germany won Schleswig-Holstein, Poland, and Alsace-Lorraine, all in pursuit of a settled policy of world domination. He reminded us that Germany now controls two hundred and ten millions of people, and that, planning to add Americans to the number, she had, long before the war, placed the United States under the minute surveillance of a vast web of secret espionage. He startled us by telling us that Hugo Münsterberg, the Harvard professor, well known and honored by Americans for his standing as an authority on psychology, was the organizer and secret head of this system. He also reminded us that Germany by means of her numerous impositions of war taxes and indemnities on conquered nations and cities, and by the vast stores of loot that she had carried back behind her lines since 1914, was the gainer by five billion dollars over her war debt.

And then the speaker began to get down to business. He took up the subject of atrocities, quoting from German military authorities to prove that German atrocities are not the result of drunkenness or degeneracy, nor of general brutality released by war—except only incidentally—but that they are executed under command, following a settled policy with the intent of destroying the morale of the country invaded.

Then followed a description of many of the special atrocities devised by the ruthless heads of the German war party. Dr. Hillis tells us that the German soldiers are all provided with memorandum books for diaries, which they are hidden to write, and that the Allies have

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these records by the hundred thousand, taken from the dead, the wounded, and from prisoners. They tell gory tales, and reveal the terrible implicitness and fearful lack of imagination with which the private soldier carries out the commands that destroy his soul to obey.

And a hush of the uttermost horror descended upon the audience, broken occasionally by a stifled outcry or the sound of women—and men as well—weeping. Some faint emanation of the awful agonies endured by the martyred ones of Belgium and northern France was in the air. We seemed to hear the groans of tortured men, the shrieks of violated women, the wails of hayoneted babes.

And at last we believed. It is felt in many quarters, and particularly by returned soldiers, nurses, and welfare workers, that America is taking the war too calmly. And in truth when we pass through streets lined with show windows filled with dainties of the toilet and the table, when we see women devoting the usual attention to dress, when we see almost the

usual proportion of people playing their way through life while the great field of slaughter in Picardy sucks up the blood of the limitless dead, we may well ask ourselves, "Are we making our share of sacrifices?"

We are not. Nor will we until we begin to realize the frightful, the firmly-seated power that confronts us. One should usually guard against yielding one's self too readily to the persuasions of an orator. An orator is always half actor; perhaps more than half. Dr. Hillis does not disdain to employ the arts of his specialty. He makes of us instruments, upon which he plays. He is not at all stereotyped, he has an agreeable platform presence, and he even demonstrated the possession of a sense of humor, which he tactfully employed during the closing passages of his address, in order to loosen the painful tension holding his audience.

But, to the observer trying to keep a hold on himself and dispassionately study the methods of his oratory, it was evident that he was employing all his arts "to move his

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audience to a noble rage," as he expressed it. I hope he succeeded, and from all the signs he did. But I wish that he would lay a special emphasis on the "noble," for, now that the country is getting roused, and lists of casualties are beginning to come in, there is great danger of the mob spirit being unleashed. Perhaps Dr. Hillis has spoken of it in some of his addresses and discussed the possibility of outbreaks of lynching.

I liked that expression "noble rage." It describes the state of mind in France, which Dr. Hillis says has become a martyr and a saint. The strength of her military arm he describes as due to the sense of dedication felt by the individual soldiers, each one of whom regards himself as a prospective dead man, his life vowed to the service of the nation.

Our young army has not collectively reached that state of mind, although there are many, many of these brave if untried warriors who calmly face the possibility of a very short life. What they share with the French is a certain sense of self-consecration. They realize to the full that they are the necessary defenders of the nation.

Their attitude is, therefore, a challenge to the men at home. Therefore, one hopes that Dr. Hillis, in laying the stress on the nobility of the rage to which we are moved by his tragic recital, will not fail to caution his listeners against a vain waste of themselves and their emotions in mob movements to torture and lynch. Nothing would suit the Germans better, for they know that we can take no high moral ground on the subject of atrocities if we ourselves commit them.

### "SERVICE."

Lavedan's "Servir" is an austere play devoted to an exposition of the military spirit of the French. It is written in a heroic vein, with no relapse whatever, as I remember it, into a lighter mood. It ought to make an especially strong appeal to the French people in their present *exalté* state of mind, although it was written eight or ten years ago. It is the story of a French household consisting of father, mother, and two grown sons, one of whom is a warrior and the other a hater of war. The father is an important member of the secret service department and is in full sympathy with his soldier son, while there is a close bond between the mother and the other son.

The story hinges on the conscientious feelings of the pacifist son, who has invented a marvelously strong explosive, and who engages his father by his half-formed intention of suppressing the invention for the good of humanity.

The announcement of war—which is precipitated by a political murder—clears the atmosphere. The pacifist becomes militant, the invention is to be turned over to the war office, and peace descends upon the wife, who, hitherto kept in ignorance of what her husband's mysterious comings and goings meant, learns that he is a highly trusted and most important member of the secret service department of the army.

Translated into English, and with the title "Service," the Fiskes have presented this play in New York. But we do not seem to detect any signs of wild enthusiasm among the New Yorkers. It is a very able piece of work, but is evidently poorly translated, with bookish dialogue.

The French are devoted to long speeches in the drama; the Americans hate them.

The French recite them beautifully and the Americans don't and can't.

There you have it. There is not enough complexity in the character of the mother for Mrs. Fiske's silent, suggestive acting. In fact American players are not particularly happy at rendering the characters of French plays anyway, because they are generally so purely typical. It is noteworthy that French plays are retiring more and more from the American stage, and it is probable, in spite of our warm friendship for the French, our newer understanding of them, and our increasing war sentiment, that "Service" is not destined for a long run.

### THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE.

Mr. Miller's new theatre, as a theatre, is pronounced to be a signal success. It is of ideal size and shape, the chairs are particularly comfortable, the decorations rich and tasteful, and there is an unusually handsome and comfortable smoking-room.

Since ground was broken for the theatre prior to our entrance into the war Mr. Miller has been obliged to double the originally estimated output; and the money has come entirely from Mr. Miller's own resources.

One feature in his theatre, now generally eliminated from the later New York playhouses, Mr. Miller has insisted on. He has retained the upper gallery, apparently from a friendly concern for those lovers of the theatre who are willing to climb high because their funds are low.

Mr. Miller's opening piece, "The Fountain of Youth," is rather light, but the actor-manager promises more substantial works after the present season, specifying particularly Langdon Mitchell, H. V. Esmond, and A. E. Thomas, whose plays will receive representation at "Henry Miller's Theatre," which is the title of the new playhouse.

### "SALOME" IN NEW YORK.

The Washington Square Players have recently put on Oscar Wilde's "Salomé" in New York. This recalls the somewhat notable run of this piece in San Francisco a year after the earthquake. What I particularly recall about it is the surprising merit of the acting, and, above all, of the reading of the gorgeously beautiful prose poetry which constitutes the dialogue. Izzetta Jewell was Salomé, and two actors whose names I forget played Herod and Jokanaan with marked success. To those unacquainted with this hateful composition it descended on the stage like a sinister thunder-storm. Dazzled, fascinated, appalled, we sat there dead to the outside world while the strange drama played itself out in lightning flashes of emotion and thunder hursts of doom.

I wonder if our Little Theatre players could negotiate this piece. They are not super-subtle, but they have ambition, energy, tireless interest, and team spirit. And besides the play is eminently actable. An actable play doesn't seem to demand subtlety, but the actress in the rôle of Salomé should be able to indicate Oriental fascination, and the possession of a haunting personality. And the art of elocution would need to be revived.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

One of the decrees issued by the Bolshevik government in Russia declared that all gold in jewelry and in coin, plate, etc., was to be given up, and that the value in roubles was to be refunded. This was swiftly followed by another law ordaining that any person who discovered any hidden store of gold over a certain specified weight would receive as a reward one-third of the total value. It therefore soon became a paying pastime for parties of hooligans systematically to search all flats. If they did not find gold or jewelry they merely looted other objects of value. A few days later a hooligan was found looting a shop. Red Guards, in charge of a government commissar, were called in, who took the hooligan out and promptly shot him in the street. The guards then noticed something sticking out under the coat of the commissar, which turned out to be a clock looted from the same shop where the arrest was made. The commissar was taken to the Bolshevik headquarters, and he also was shot.

One of the important issues raised in the scheme of special sea training for boys, which has been adopted by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, is the provision of hostels and clubs for seafaring lads and young men. Sailors prefer the society of their own fellows to any other class. They do not readily mix with men of different occupations. Generally speaking, because of a certain type of shyness, they avoid the company of non-seafarers, or, to put it in another way, they naturally gravitate to the society of their fellows. One of the essentials of success in dealing with seamen is recognized by the British to be the utilization of this knowledge and experience of sailors and their ways.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### "Mary's Ankle."

With the production of "Mary's Ankle" at the Columbia Theatre for an engagement of two weeks, beginning Monday, May 6th, theatre-goers will have the opportunity of witnessing the first of the season's metropolitan successes. "Mary's Ankle" will be presented by Manager A. H. Woods with a special cast and production direct from its successful run at the Bijou and Twenty-Ninth Street Theatres, New York. The play is superbly mounted and acted by an exceptionally able company, including Amy Leah Dennis, Bert Leigh, May Wallace, James Hester, Edward Butler, Louise Sanford, Donald MacLeod, Gertrude Mann, Donald McBride, and others.

#### Mantell at the Greek Theatre.

At the Greek Theatre, Monday night, May 6th, Robert B. Mantell will present "King Lear." It has been Mr. Mantell's ambition to appear in the Greek Theatre ever since the classic amphitheatre was dedicated. On his previous visits to the Coast, however, he was here at a season of the year when an open-air performance was impossible. During his recent engagement at the Cort Theatre, however, the invitation was extended him again by the University of California, and Mr. Mantell accepted.

For the performance at the Greek Theatre Mr. Mantell's company will be greatly augmented by supernumeraries appearing as the followers and retainers of Lear and his daughters. A number of unique scenic accessories not associated with "King Lear" as presented in the ordinary theatre are promised.

#### Final Week of "Oh, Boy."

"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley, will start its fourth and last week at the Cort Theatre next Sunday. "Oh, Boy" came here after a highly successful run of two years in New York, six months in Boston, and seven months in Chicago, and proved to be everything expected of it. Its cast includes the names of Laurance Wheat, Dorothy Maynard, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Lavinia Winn, Henry Dornton, Lenore Chippendale, Lillian Brennard, Billy Gould, and Mabel Grete. One of the attractive features of the performance is the dancing by Joseph Santley and Mabel Grete.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week is one of merit, novelty, and variety.

The second edition of the Four Mortons will appear in a skit called "Then and Now." This new edition has been hailed with delight everywhere.

Jack Clifford, who from the time Evelyn Nesbit entered vaudeville has been her dancing partner, is now starring on his own account and is being assisted by Agnes Dunn and Gertrude Kerpin. Mr. Clifford is as capable a dance creator as he is a star interpreter. His present vehicle, which is a fantastic dance idyl called "A Country Side," is presented with a beautiful scene showing a series of fields and introduces Miss Dunn and Miss Kerpin respectively as Miss Corn and Miss Wheat.

Francis Yates and Gus Reed, who excel in humorous songs and patter, will appear in a skit called "Doubtful Crossing."

Kathryn Dahl and Charles Gillen will present a beautiful scenic singing and musical novelty.

A special feature of the bill will be Howard and Helen Savage in a spectacular scenic sharp-shooting novelty. The greatest part of the shooting is done by Helen Savage, who is a marvelous shot and accomplishes many seemingly impossible feats.

The remaining acts in this fine bill will be Edwin Arden and company in the secret service play "Trapped," Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin in their "1918 Songology," and Elizabeth M. Murray in new songs and sayings.

#### "The Brat" Coming to the Cort.

"The Brat" will come back to the Cort for two weeks only, beginning Sunday night, May 12th. As heretofore Miss Fulton herself will play the title rôle, that of a waif with a fine human note and a rich sense of humor. The cast includes Edmund Lowe and other distinguished players and the production will be up to the usual Morosco high standard.

#### "Patience" by Players' Club

The Little Theatre of the Players' Club, at 3209 Clay Street, will produce light opera for two weeks, beginning Monday evening, May 13th, when a revival will be made of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," to be given by the newly-formed music section of the club.

Reginald Travers, director of the Little Theatre, will be seen in the comedy rôle of Reginald Bunthorne, William S. Rainey will play Archibald Grosvenor, Rafael Brunetto, the Italian haritone, will appear as Colonel Calverley, Arthur Keith as the Duke of Dunstable, and Sylvester Pearson as Major Mur-



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gatrody. Rudolphine Radel will alternate with Mrs. J. F. Pressley as Patience. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham will alternate with Mrs. Mabel Gump and Mrs. Emilie Parent as Lady Jane. Henry Wood Brown will have charge of the orchestra.

#### The San Francisco Opera Company.

The programme of the San Francisco Opera Company for its fifth week that starts on Sunday is a diversified one. On Sunday, May 5th, "Otello" will be repeated, with Mauro, Dadone, Elena Avedano, and D'Agarion in the principal rôles. "Carmen," with Blanche Hamilton Fox in the title-rôle, will be revived this coming Tuesday. In the same cast will be heard Reggiani, Magagno, Malpica, Nina Chevalier, Marie Galazzi, and Neri. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be sung Thursday night. The Friday offering will be Gounod's "Faust," with Virginia Rovere as Marguerite, and on Saturday Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be played. It is seldom that a tenor such as Signor Mauro has been heard in this city, and at each appearance he strengthens himself in the opinion of the opera lover.

The National Research Council of the United States government estimates that one-sixteenth of the fuel used by electric railways of the United States can be saved by the inauguration of what is known as the "skip-top," i. e., stopping the cars at intervals of six hundred feet instead of at every corner as at the present time. It also produces other substantial economies. The "skip-top" insures the speeding up of schedules and reduces the time of the journey.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Removing our gas mask after reading the society column of a local newspaper and the editorials describing how the world is to be made safe for democracy we take a deep breath and thank God for our patrician women, as we understand they wish to be called. It seems that upon them is laid the whole burden and heat of the war. It is their fevered enthusiasms that make the struggle possible. But for them we should be forced into a separate peace. If they were to relax their pose for a single moment, to lessen their pursuit of the costume, the photographer, and the reporter, we should go down at once to defeat and perhaps to disgrace. "It is the woman of leisure," we are told, "who has planned the details of the busy marts where have been gleaned the dollars which have kept revolving the busy programme which promises comfort and necessity, pleasure and recreation, to the men who have sworn their allegiance to the flag and the country." Was there ever such devotion since history began to be written? We must erect statues to these women after the war. In the meantime they will put their pictures into the newspapers for us. They will do it early and often. They will not allow us to forget them.

But we are glad to see that these labors will not be carried to excess. The how must not be hented too far or it will break. Nature, overstrained, will take her revenge, and even the finest valor must be adapted to the limitations of the body. And so we are told that "if it be that these women are to keep sane and have courage to go forward with the magnificent task which they have set themselves, with all the seriousness and all the strivings they must occasionally take their play and go back to the simple things with all thought of the world's tragedies wiped away." And so, with these ecstatic preliminaries, we are informed that Mrs. Jones got out her motor and invited half a dozen friends, carefully named, for a little trip into the country, and for "a dainty menu, served *à la fresco*," which in the language of common people means that they had something to eat out of doors.

And now turning to an English newspaper we find that a large number of society women whose names are never given are working in the loading sheds of the munition works, where they are not only in imminent danger of death, but where skin and hair are turned a bright and permanent yellow by the lyddite that they must handle. They must also strip to the skin and put on a costume that contains no trace of metal, not even a pin.

The war will certainly simplify our food if it does not make vegetarians of us all. Our own restrictions have so far tended to increase the consumption of meat and fish, but with the coming of a greater scarcity we may expect to find that the eating of vegetables will become one of the new virtues. Meat is now being consumed far more rapidly than it can be produced. It has almost disappeared from Europe. The Englishman eats fish three times a day if he is lucky enough to get it. The "innards" of animals that

were formerly regarded as garbage have now become delicacies. Whales, sharks, and squid are being caught for food purposes. The insect world is being laid under contribution, and the woods are being ransacked for new kinds of herbs. The result is the abolition of prejudices and whims. The question is no longer "What shall I eat?" but "What is there to eat?"

Here in America we know hardly anything of this, but we are likely to, and it will do us good. The French or English aristocrat has a far sparser table than the American laborer, and a single day's garbage from one of our big restaurants in San Francisco would give a day's rations to a whole company of French soldiers.

So far there has been practically no call for self-denial in America so far as our meals are concerned. Certainly the shortage of wheat has implied no self-denial, seeing that the war bread is infinitely nicer than anything of the kind that we have yet tasted. The so-called Hoover table from the point of view of war conditions is a joke, even supposing that we adhered to it, which we do not. Coming by train from Los Angeles a few days ago the writer heard a fashionably dressed woman in the dining-car who was informing the waiter in a strident voice that her little girl—a hounding child of ten—must have pure wheat bread, as otherwise she would cry. It need not be said that the mother was resplendent with patriotic emblems. The food regulations are said to be broken at food conservation dinners, and anything more laughable than a food conservation dinner in a fashionable hotel at a dollar a plate it would be hard to imagine. Food scarcity in America is still a theory except from the point of view of the restaurateur who doubles his prices and halves his portions, although the increase in cost to himself is insignificant. But a real food shortage will do us all good.

A writer in the New York Evening Post believes that the war will give us a tendency to vegetarianism. It asks how the world's diet will be affected and it replies: "People of fatalistic turn of mind, who refer every human development to the influence of environment, will maintain that a slump back into ante-hellum conditions of provincialism must be inevitable. Other persons, the perfectibilians, contend that now the way has been pointed out to a really scientific diet, based upon a sound chemical formula, so many units of fats, so many of starch, so many of proteids. The most extreme joyously foresee tablets containing requisite nourishment absent-mindedly swallowed at set intervals during the day, thus doing away entirely with the necessity of sitting down to table. The moderates hope for a genial culinary eclecticism, a sort of kitchen internationalism, which will help in promoting understanding through man's easiest road of approach, his stomach. The man who eats pie and cold baked beans for breakfast will no longer sneer at him who eats goat's meat. Our food resources will have been enriched. We shall know we may eat a thousand and one things which we were afraid of before. And it is highly probable, despite the poets, that we shall be more vegetarian than ever before."

## ARE WE TOO LATE?

We have reached, we are told, the turning point in the war. Perhaps it is so. If a turning point was desirable, and if the turn is for the better, we earnestly hope that it is so. True, we have heard of turning points before; which apparently did not materialize, or the turning of which was not decisive and effective.

The real turning point of this war was, or is, or will be that at which America—government and people—becomes convinced in mind and heart and soul that the only thing to do is to move immediately upon the Hun with every ounce of our fighting strength, and to keep pressing on and slaughtering Boches and destroying German resources until the Beast is beaten into unconditional surrender. Have we reached that point at last? Has the President himself reached it?

So the words spoken in conclusion at Baltimore would indicate, but the question leaps irresistibly to mind: Why was it necessary to speak them a full twelvemonth after Congress, responding promptly to the importunity of the President, made formal declaration of war? Does not the mere engaging in war imply the use of force? What else could the President himself have had in mind when he proclaimed the quick preparing of the navy and the immediate raising of a comparatively great army, and urged the people to husband all their resources for participation in the mighty conflict? Why the present manifestations of surprise, relief, and rejoicing among ourselves and notably among our Allies?

The words themselves are not dissimilar. "We are accepting this challenge," he declared in April, 1917. "I accept the challenge, I know that you accept it," he repeated in April, 1918. And, alas, the distressing record of the year can not be disregarded.

On December 4th the President declared that peace could not even be discussed until German autocracy, "this intolerable Thing," had been defeated.

On January 8th he laid down, in fourteen carefully drawn articles, "the only possible programme" of peace; declared that we "stand together until the end" with the Allies for "these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right," and pledged America "to fight until they are achieved."

On February 11th he informed the enemy powers that he would discuss peace upon the basis of four abstract principles he enunciated, and that "the only possible programme" of the preceding month, the "rectifications of wrong" which were then "essential," constituted merely a "set of suggestions," "only our own provisional sketch of principles."

On April 6th he recognized explicitly for the first time that "force" was required—"force to the utmost, force without limit or stint"—but he declared simultaneously that he was "ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike."

This has the old familiar judicial ring. What it really means or what it is intended to convey to our friends or to our Allies we do not venture to surmise. Undenially at the moment "the strong" is Germany and "the weak" are Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. Can it be that in the great accounting they are to "fare alike"? Does the President still consider that we have no interest in "the causes" and purposes of the mighty struggle for very existence which has been thrust upon the world by bloodthirsty Germany? Is this another "peace feeler" insinuated into a declaration of defiance more resonant even than the stern threat to hold to a strict accountability the murderers of our own unoffending citizens and children who perished with the *Lusitania*?

God forbid! Rather let us hope that, at the end of a year of pottering about in fatuous expectation of a quick collapse of the enemy when shown the ruler in the school-master's hand, the great drive has finally opened the President's eyes to the stark, staring menace, not merely to France and to England, but to our own beloved country. And upon hended knees, in humility and shame, let us all, and let him, hehesech Almighty God to permit us and him to atone in the immediate future for the sins of the past. Never, never, since America won her independence and peace with victory has she been so humiliated as she is today. Warning after warning has passed unheeded, pleading after pleading has been made in vain, prediction after prediction of the terrific struggle now in progress has been placidly assumed by our own pathetically disorganized War Department—with what result? One hundred thousand American soldiers on the fighting line when there should have been and could have been half a million, and that small number broken up into segments and scattered from Newport to Belfort, as mere fillers in, inadequate as a separate command to maintain a single sector or part of a sector against the Huns.

Little Portugal has us beaten numerically two to one. "Exhausted England" sent twice as many thoroughly trained troops to Picardy in ten days after the mighty battle began as we have furnished in a year. . . .

Courteously excusing us for policy's sake while looking to the future, Mr. Lloyd-George plainly put the blame for the "serious disappointment" which our Allies felt squarely upon the American government, where it belongs. To mitigate the offense which might be resented by our sensitive Administration he called attention to "the material and dramatic assistance rendered by President Wilson in this emergency"—in response, in fact, to a virtual demand from both France and England that our little force be split up to fill the chinks, here, there, and everywhere, thus rendering useless all of our railway building and other arrangements to feed, clothe, and care for our own men and taking out of their hearts the spirit of comradeship and national pride which makes for success in battle.—George Harvey in the North American Review.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Halsbury in one of his terms of office had occasion to visit a certain lunatic asylum in his official capacity. "I'm the lord chancellor," he announced to the attendant at the door. The man looked at him curiously for a moment. "This way, sir," he said very firmly; "we have three more of 'em in 'ere."

A poor woman of Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed through the clerk to the parson this public prayer: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." The parson, pointing to it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the 'congregation.'"

One afternoon two acquaintances chanced to meet, and during the gabfest that followed one of them took the other to task for the latitude in boasting that he allowed his wife. "Say, Jim," said he, "why on earth do you permit your wife to go around telling the other women that she made a man out of you? You never hear my wife say anything like that." "No," rejoined Jim, with a merry chuckle, "but I have heard her say on more than one occasion that she had tried her hardest."

A minister who wished to ascertain what influence the "hard times" had upon his congregation, said at the close of his sermon: "I would ask every one who is still able to pay his debts to rise from his seat." The whole congregation arose with the exception of one man. The parson then asked that all who were unable to meet their bills should rise. Thereupon the aforementioned solitary individual got up: a hungry-looking, poorly-clad man, whose features revealed the terrible struggle of one fighting hopelessly against the vicissitudes of the world. "How

is it, my friend, that you are the only one among all these people who can not pay your debts?" "Sir," answered the man, hesitating, "I am a publisher of a newspaper, and those who rose just now are all my subscribers; and—" But the minister interrupted hastily by saying: "Let us pray!"

American tourists who are shaky as to their French have often been embarrassed by the voluble replies which their carefully studied phrases bring forth from French lips. Just now the tables are frequently turned, and the French man or woman is puzzled by the fluent American vernacular. An example: *Yankee Trooper*—Parly voo English, mademoiselle? *French Maid*—Yes, a vary leetle. *Yankee Trooper*—Good work! Say, could you put me wise where I could line up against some good eats in this burg?

Two men, neighbors and old cronies, were brought before the magistrate charged with fighting. The judge asked them what started the fight; the least battered one replied: "Well, jedge, it were this way. We had been playing seven-up, 25 cents on the corner, luck had been goin' agin me all afternoon; this were my last quarter. Jedge, I dole the kyards. I were six he were two; he begged; I gin him one; he flang his ace; I put on my ten; then he flang his queen; I put on my jack; and then, jedge, he flang his deuce, and I hit him in the nose."

Daniel Willard, former chairman of the War Industries Board, said at a dinner in Washington: "The Germans are a funny people. They are whining now that the world is unjust to them. They rather remind me of the old maid. A frightful wreck of an old maid once went to a fashionable photographer's and had herself photographed in a low-necked white gown. Looking at the result, the old maid hissed: 'This photograph doesn't do me justice.' 'Justice, ma'am?' said the photographer. 'Don't talk about justice. What you want is mercy.'"

A group of soldiers were telling stories round the table of a Y. M. C. A. hut. The turn of a colonial came round. "I have at home," he said, "a pet rattlesnake. I saved its life once and it seems to realize it. One night I was awakened by my wife, who had heard a noise downstairs. I gripped my revolver and stole down. I heard a struggle going on in the dining-room. Imagine my surprise when, in the dim light from the street, I saw my rattlesnake with its body tightly wound round a burglar and its tail sticking out of the window rattling for a policeman."

In a small town in the upper part of New York State there was a youth who was considered half-witted by his fellow-citizens. One of the favorite stunts of the farmers of that section was to offer the youth a penny and a nickel at the same time to see which he would take. He invariably took the penny, whereat the agriculturalists would boisterously laugh. "Young man," said a stranger to the simple-minded youth one day after having witnessed the scene several times, "why is it that you always take the penny instead of the nickel?" "Suppose I took the nickel," whispered the youth, with a cautious glance toward the farmers, "would I ever get a chance to take another one?"

The following was heard on a street-car one very cold day in winter in a Canadian city. At a corner the car was hoarded by a husky soldier in the picturesque Highland uniform—the kilts of which leave the knees bare. On the car was a young dude still in mufti, seated with his best girl. The girl cast admiring glances at the attractively uniformed "Kiltie," much to the displeasure of her slacker escort. So he endeavored to make fun of the uniform by remarking, "I think that outfit is most ridiculous. That fellow's knees look as if they were frozen." The Kiltie, overhearing the comment, glanced contemptuously at the dude's civilian clothes, then scornfully replied: "Well, young fellow, it is a sure thing my knees aren't as cold as your feet." The slacker got off at the next stop.

Harry Lachman, the young American painter whose work has captivated both London and Paris, said in a Piccadilly restaurant: "We American art students are so accustomed to privations while pursuing our studies that the privations of the trenches should be nothing to us. I know an art student who claims that he can always have a clean shirt without ever getting any washing done. As such a secret would be valuable to our young soldiers at the front, I looked the student up and asked him about it. 'Yes,' he said, with no little pride, 'it's quite true. I only own two shirts, yet I can always change to a clean one, and my laundry bill is zero. The scheme, you see, is this. You put on a shirt and wear it a week or so. Then you put on the other

one, and wear it three weeks, or till it's so dirty that the first one seems clean by comparison. You then go back to the first shirt, and so on indefinitely."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Substitutes.

The Germans are feeding  
On substitute meat,  
The flour they are kneading  
Is substitute wheat,  
Their cattle their fodder  
On substitute hay,  
And life's growing odder  
And odder each day.

They smoke—with great loathing—  
Their substitute weeds,  
And substitute clothing  
Is made for their needs;  
They've substitute money  
And substitute cheese  
And substitute honey  
From substitute bees.

They settle their quarrels  
By substitute law,  
Their substitute morals  
Cause deeds that are raw,  
Their car wheels are creaking  
With substitute grease  
And now they are seeking  
A substitute peace.

And when they are peevish by  
Real woe and distress,  
They're tricked and deceived by  
A substitute press;  
Their thoughts and their ways, too,  
Are sure to be odd  
While Kaiser Bill prays to  
A substitute God!

—Berton Bracey, in *Washington Herald*.

Mary's Little Shoes.

Mary had a little limp,  
And furrows in her brow.  
She couldn't wear a number two,  
But tried it anyhow.

—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Barrier.

I've many things to be thankful for,  
But I'd give them every one  
For the joy of being an engineer  
On a regular passenger run.  
I'd rather pull a fast express,  
Scheduled at fifty miles,  
Than own the road it runs upon—  
But fate looks on and smiles.

I do not drink, I do not smoke;  
My eyes are keen and clear.  
My heart is sound, my lungs are good;  
Of exams I have no fear.  
And yet I'm barred from running;  
The knowledge of it hurts.  
I'm sound in limb and body—  
But I'm handicapped by skirts.

—Robert D. Lukens, in *Railroad Man's Magazine*.

Where Science Is Futile.

The quinine treatment never fails  
To stop Sis when she bites her nails.  
The baby wears a cap all night  
So that his ears will grow up right.  
Roselle rubs castor oil, by quarts,  
Upon her settlement of warts.  
And Ma says nearly every ill  
Can be spanked out of brother Bill;  
But there's one thing she bows before—  
She can't rid Father of his snore!

—A. M. Hucks, in *Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Are the markets regulated by supply and demand?" "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "The latest system is based on a limited supply of stuff and a large demand for money."—*Washington Star*.

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## PERSONAL.

### Notes and Gossip

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Esther Bull and Lieutenant Edward Bullard was solemnized last Wednesday afternoon at the bride's home on Pacific Avenue, Rev. Caled Dutton officiating. The bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Starr and Miss Newell Bull and the flower bearers were Miss Marie Towne and Master Covington Pringle. Lieutenant Arthur Towne was the best man. Mrs. Bullard is the daughter of Mrs. Alpheus Bull and the sister of Mrs. Noble Hamilton and of Miss Newell Bull. Lieutenant Bullard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard. He is the brother of Mrs. James Towne and of Mr. Sellar Bullard. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Bullard and Mrs. Bullard will reside at Tacoma.

The marriage of Miss Janetta Alexander of New York and Captain Arnold Whitridge took place last Wednesday in the American Church in Paris, a reception following the services at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Mrs. Whitridge is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York and the niece of Mr. William Crocker of this city. She visited here two years ago with Miss Eleanor Sears at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo. Captain Whitridge is the son of Mrs. Frederick Whitridge of New York.

Mr. Edward Eyre gave a dinner last Friday evening at the St. Francis in compliment to Miss Genevieve Bothin and Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Christian de

Guigné, Miss Helen Crocker, and Miss Helen Keeney.

Miss Olivia Pillsbury entertained a group of friends at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Mrs. Daniel Armstrong. The guests included Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Theodore Steadman, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Mary Boardman, Miss Gertrude Hunt, and Miss Helen Keeney.

Mrs. Robert Hooker gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home in San Mateo, her guests including Mrs. William Breeze, Mrs. Edward Howard, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. Robert Wallick, Mrs. Henry Breckenridge, and Miss Mary Lansdale.

Mrs. William Reynolds entertained a group of friends at a luncheon given last week at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. Randolph Miner.

Dr. James Black and Mrs. Black were hosts at a dinner-dance Friday evening at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong and their cousin, Miss Olivia Pillsbury. Those asked to greet the guests of honor included Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Kales, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Florence Stoney, Miss Edith Shishby, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Dr. Sumner Hardy, Dr. Harold Hill, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. William Banning, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Porter Seson, Mr. Holly Hammond, Mr. John Wigmore, Mr. Donald Gamble, Mr. Victor Forve, Mr. Irving Neumiller, Baron Harold de Ropp, and Mr. Harold Havre.

Mrs. Henry Breeden gave a luncheon and bridge Thursday at her home in Burlingame, her guests including Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

For the benefit of the band fund of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth California Pioneer Regiment of Engineers stationed at Camp Fremont a dinner-dance will be given on May 11th at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo. The patronesses for the affair are Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Perry

Eyre, Mrs. Andrew Stone, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. A. H. Alvord, Mrs. Walter Chidester, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Charles Duval, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. John Morrison, and Mrs. Norris Davis.

Mrs. Robert Henderson gave a luncheon Friday at her home in Menlo Park, her guests having included Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. Murray Innes, Miss Edith McCormick, and Miss Grace Buckley.

A garden party was given Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre in Atherton in honor of the officers stationed at Camp Fremont. Among those who assisted in receiving the guests were Mrs. De Lancy Lewis, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Lewis Hohart, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Helen Crocker, Mrs. Dorothea Coon, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Kate Crocker, and Miss Mary Elena Macondray.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, complimenting Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Helen Keeney, Mr. Richard McGrann, Mr. Ernest Geary, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Arthur Goodall, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Samuel Morse, Mr. Frank Madison, Dr. Tracy Russell, and Dr. C. M. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro gave a reception Saturday evening at their home in Piedmont in honor of the army and navy officers stationed about the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Flora Miller and Miss Olivia Pillsbury. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Elena Eyre, Lieutenant George Young, Lieutenant Hale Sattley, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Frederick Hinkens, Mr. Francis Langton, Mr. Morris Barroll, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Robert Clappett, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Carroll Riggs, and Mr. Bliss Rucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer entertained a number of friends at dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Flora Miller gave a luncheon Monday at her apartments at Stanford Court in honor of Miss Amy Long. The guests included Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Sallie Long, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss Alice Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

A result of experiments in French factories is the production of an excellent cement as a by-product of beet-sugar refining. The first step in the production of sugar from beets is holing them. It has heretofore been customary to throw away as valueless the scum formed on the caldrons. But it has now been discovered that this scum contains large quantities of carbonate of lime. It is estimated that 4000 tons of the carbonates can be recovered from 70,000 tons of beets. To this quantity of the carbonate 1100 tons of clay is added, the resultant product being a good cement. The beet scum is pumped into large reservoirs and allowed to evaporate for a certain length of time before being mixed with the clay. It is then stirred or heated for an hour before being fed into rotary ovens such as is used in making Portland cement.

The soldier in a modern army has twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed; has ninety-eight chances of recovery from wounds to two chances of dying; has only one chance in 500 of losing a limb; will live five years longer because of physical training; is freer from disease in the army than in civil life; has better medical care at the front than at home. In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets. In this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

The metric system of weights and measures has been legally adopted by the Dominican Republic. The only places, however, where the metric system is applied to trade is in the municipal markets; avoidupois weights are used in all other mercantile transactions, although the metric system is in force in the customs and other government institutions.

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### President's Courtesy-Phrase.

President Wilson's frequent use of the words, "May I not," so much commented upon, reminds an Eastern correspondent of an episode at Dartmouth during the régime of President Bartlett. So much has been said of this pet phrase of President Wilson's that it seems as if he takes delight now, in a spirit of obstinacy, in bringing it into his writings and dispatches more conspicuously than ever. The incident at Dartmouth was as follows: President Bartlett used to preside at the chapel exercise each morning and Sunday afternoon, and he had a habit of saying in his prayer, "Oh, Lord, hasten the day when," etc. Well, the boys soon caught on to this phrase and whenever the president would spring it in his prayer the boys would "wood up," as they called it, scuffling their feet and making other demonstrations. President Bartlett had a will of iron and an obstinacy that brooked no interference, and he soon determined to squelch this sort of thing. So one morning he calmly announced that professors and others had been scattered throughout the chapel as detectives and any boys caught in the act of making any demonstration would be severely dealt with. Then he began his prayer. In the middle of the prayer he brought out the familiar words, "Oh, Lord, hasten the day," with that peculiar shake of his head and vehement manner which he had when his authority was questioned, and then paused significantly and waited. Not a sound disturbed the quiet of the occasion, and shortly, with a self-satisfied air, he concluded his remarks to the Lord.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois returned to San Francisco Sunday, after an absence of a month in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger have reopened their home at Woodside, after having passed the winter at their town house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short passed the weekend at Pebble Beach with Mrs. Short's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hathaway.

Mrs. A. Fleishacker, who has spent the winter at the St. Francis, has gone to her home in Menlo Park for the summer season.

Mrs. Frank Angellotti and her daughter, Miss Marion Angellotti, left Wednesday for New York. Mrs. Angellotti will remain in the Eastern city, but Miss Angellotti will sail very soon for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague will spend the summer at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Pool, in Menlo Park, having rented their home to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling have returned to their home in Woodside, where they will pass the summer months.

Miss Sallie Havens has arrived from New York, where she has been attending school, having come West for the wedding today of Miss Amy Long and Lieutenant Charles Sutton.

Captain Laurance Scott and Mrs. Scott arrived a few days ago from San Diego and are staying at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Virginia Penoyer has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after a sojourn of several months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bagley have been passing several days in San Francisco en route to their home in Minneapolis from Southern California.

Mr. Atholl McBean has sailed for France, where he will be engaged in Red Cross work. Mrs. McBean and Mrs. Peter McBean left for the East several days ago to see Mr. McBean before his departure.

Mrs. Frank Girard has gone to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, to join Dr. Girard, who is stationed at that post.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Ehrman have returned to their home in Menlo Park, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. John McMullin has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several months in the East. Mrs. McMullin is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marguerite Gray of Pasadena is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker at their home in Piedmont. Miss Gray will sail for France on July 1st.

Miss Newell Bull is visiting Miss Dorothy Starr at her home in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy is enjoying a visit of several days in Pasadena from her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sellar Bullard arrived last week in San Francisco from their home in Chicago, having come to California to attend the wedding of Miss Esther Bull and Lieutenant Edwin Bullard.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore are passing several weeks in Southern California.

Miss Anne Peters returned Friday to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel from a trip to Stockton.

Mrs. Frank West left San Francisco last week for a trip to Santa Barbara, where she will remain a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wolf have closed their home in town and have gone to their house in San Mateo for the summer.

Miss May Colburn has returned to her home in San Rafael, after having passed the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Baron Jan Caryl Van Eck and Baroness Van Eck will pass the summer in Menlo Park, where they have taken the home of Mrs. De Lancy Lewis. Baron Van Eck and Baroness Van Eck left for Menlo Park on Wednesday.

Mrs. Lea Febiger has been spending several days in Palo Alto with her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Marrack.

Mrs. Henry Kaufman arrived last week from her home in Hemet and has joined her daughter, Mrs. Loring Pickering, Jr., at the Clay Street home of Mrs. Loring Pickering, Sr. Mrs. Kaufman will remain in San Francisco for several weeks.

Mrs. Julian Thorne left recently for Washington to join Mr. Thorne, who will leave in the near future for France.

Comte André de Limur and Comtesse de Limur

left Friday for New York en route to France. Comtesse de Limur's mother, Mrs. William Crocker, and her son, Mr. Charles Crocker, also left for the Eastern city last week, after a brief visit in Burlingame.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler has returned to her home on Washington Street, after a visit in San Diego.

Mrs. C. C. Park arrived last week from her home in Santa Barbara and has been a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Deming Wheeler have been passing a few days in San Francisco at the Clift Hotel from their home in Santa Cruz.

Captain George Leih arrived this week on furlough from Camp Lewis and is staying with his mother, Mrs. Samuel Monserrat.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field have gone to Los Angeles for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have been passing several days in San Francisco from their ranch at Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have reopened their home in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz left a few days ago for Camp Lee, Virginia, to be with Lieutenant Bocqueraz until he sails for France.

Miss Jane Knox has gone to American Lake to visit her brother, Lieutenant John Knox.

Lieutenant-Commander William Van Antwerp spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Mme. Simoné Puget has given up her apartments at the Fairmont and has taken a house in Montecito for the summer. Mme. Puget has recently been the guest of Mrs. Lucien Brunswig in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Leeds are passing several weeks at the Fairmont Hotel from their home in New York.

Mrs. Richard McCreery is spending several days at Arrowhead Springs with Mrs. Charles Wright.

Mrs. Charles Cobb is spending several days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Barnaby Conrad left during the week for San Rafael, where she has taken a cottage for the summer months.

Mrs. Oliver Stine has closed her home on Russian Hill and gone to her Saratoga home for the summer.

Mrs. John Beale has returned to her home in Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco. During her stay in town Mrs. Beale was a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. MacLeod have closed their town house and moved to their Mill Valley bungalow.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Colonel R. E. McGill, Washington, D. C.; Mr. C. J. White, Seattle; Dr. James A. Grant, New York City; Mr. Quincy D'Gaston, Honolulu; Bishop J. A. Pelliter, Boston; Mr. George E. Cockins, The Hague; Captain J. G. F. Warner, British army, London; Mr. O. E. de Muth, St. Julien, France; Mr. C. J. French, Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. Henry Ranke, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Mr. J. H. Taylor, Portland; Dr. O. A. Shaw, Ashland, Wisconsin.

In Tennessee and in other localities new wire fences are being exchanged for disreputable old rail, zig-zag, Virginia snake fences. The reason is "lead pencils." More than four years ago the nation's lands were stripped.

The pencil manufacturers started to bring cedar from abroad. Then came the war, and it began to look as though lead pencils would become as costly as eggs or coal until certain agents discovered that throughout many sections of the country there were miles and miles of the very best sort of cedar, thoroughly dried and seasoned, serving as fences.

Some of the old rails were sent to a pencil concern. The wood was cut up into strips and proved to be the very best pencil cedar the manufacturers had been able to get hold of for years.

"John, I wish you'd get a new hat. You've worn that one for two seasons." "No, my dear, for two reasons—you and the kid."—Florida Times-Union.

Ice by Wire

If you can't get ice? Warning after warning comes from Washington that an ice famine threatens next summer—hardly less severe than the winter's coal shortage.

Why take a risk—or let your family's costly little store of milk, cream, butter and meat spoil—when Isko, "the electric iceman," supplies unfailing *ice-by-wire*?

Colder, cleaner, more economical than ice, Isko home refrigeration keeps your food sweet and free from promaines—protects your family's health—cuts out waste—ends all the old ice-box troubles in an hour.

Don't wait for hot weather to catch you unprepared. Come in and let us show you how Isko will serve and save for you *every day*.

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The Cossack Population of Russia.

The Cossack population of Russia is better educated, better organized, and altogether more enlightened than almost any other section of the community. But to understand them one must understand something of their history (says the *Christian Science Monitor*). The Cossack never really had an official beginning. He was the gradual outgrowth of circumstances. Thus in the early days of the sixteenth century, when Poland was one of the great European powers, she had one perennial cause of harassment, namely, the depredations of the Tartars on her frontiers. In those days the illimitable steppes of southeastern Europe, extending from the Dnieper to the Urals, had no settled population. Hunters and fishermen frequented the innumerable rivers, while runaway serfs occasionally settled there in small communities. Gradually these communities increased. They were composed of bold and daring men, obliged at all times to be ready to defend themselves against the attacks of the Tartars, and as they grew stronger and more numerous the defensive warfare became an offensive warfare, until they had forced themselves into a kind of natural bulwark against barbarian advance, whether of the Turks or the Tartars. The next most important episode in their history was when Stephen, the famous King of Poland, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, formed them into six regiments, assigned them a headquarters on the Dnieper, and virtually constituted the Cossack commonwealth. This commonwealth had the privilege of electing a hetman or chief, and although in time of peace his power was little more than that of

the responsible minister of a constitutional republic, in time of warfare he was a dictator, and disobedience to his orders was punishable with the most drastic severity. So there came into being the Cossack state as it exists today.

In the great exhibition of British industries recently held in London, Liverpool occupied premier place for toys, causing a correspondent of the *Liverpool Post* to prophesy that the day is drawing near when Liverpool will hold as great a place in the toy world as Nuremberg did in the world which existed before the war. The correspondent subsequently paid a visit to a factory in the South End, where he saw special toys constructed by girls, women, and soldiers whose health had been broken by the war. These toys were already in demand, not only in England, but in France, America, Spain, South America, and Russia. The catalogue of the firm was printed in English, French, Spanish, and Russian, and showed that, given the opportunity, British manufacturers could be more daring and enterprising than German.

The number of ton-miles handled by American railroads in 1916 was 26 per cent. greater than in 1915. The Railroads War Board was organized in April. In that month, 1917, the increase in ton-miles over 1916 was 13.3 per cent. In May the increase over May, 1916, was 15.5 per cent.

Captain Norman Livermore and Mrs. Livermore are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

**THE THOUGHTFUL MAN** will prepare for an inevitable crisis. For those who wish to honor their dead, reservation of space may be made now in the **MEMORIAL BUILDING** under construction at Evergreen Cemetery, Oakland. This is neither earth burial nor cremation.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"In my time," declared grandma, "girls were more modest." "I know," said the flip-pant girl. "It was a fad once. We may get back to it."—*Life*.

"Ten years elapse between Acts I and II." "Yes," said Mrs. Flubdub, bitterly, "and I see the brute's wife is still wearing the same hat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Sir, I came to ask you to give me your daughter's hand." "All right, young man; if you're looking for it, you can generally find it in my pocket."—*Baltimore American*.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could learn to love me?" "Possibly," she answered, "but if I were a man I'd hate to think I was an acquired taste."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mourner*—Ah, what a loss I have suffered in the death of my mother-in-law! *Friend*—She meant a good deal to you? *Mourner*—Yes; she was a vegetarian and gave us her meat card.—*Liverpool Post*.

*Nephew*—I tried to get a raise today, aunt, but the boss refused it. *Mrs. Blunderbig*—Too bad, Dicky! Perhaps you monkeyed too long and didn't approach him at the zoological moment.—*Chicago News*.

*Mr. Bacon*—Did you make these biscuits, wife? *Mrs. Bacon*—I did. *Mr. Bacon*—They're smaller than usual, aren't they? *Mrs. Bacon*—They are. That's so you'll have less to find fault with.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

*Sergeant*—'Ere! You aint getting along very fast with this job! *Tommy*—Well, Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. *Sergeant*—I know all about that, my lad, but I wasn't a sergeant then.—*London Bystander*.

"Will you kindly place this cigar in my mouth and light it for me?" "Good heavens, man! Are you too lazy to lift your arm?" "No. I promised my wife I wouldn't put another cigar in my mouth for six months."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*New Bishop* (addressing large audience)—Oh! my dear people, would that I had a window in my bosom, so that you could see the emotions of my heart! *Voices from the Back*—Wouldn't a "pane" in the stomach do, guv'nor?—*Liverpool Post*.

"Do you believe the old assertion that a politician is a statesman out of a job?" "Not altogether," replied Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a statesman gets a job and turns poli-

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tician trying to hold on to it."—*Washington Star*.

*He*—Are you fond of indoor sports? *She*—Yes, if they know when to go home.—*Princeton Tiger*.

"A good many ladies were disappointed this afternoon." "How was that?" "The guest was spoken of as a hridge expert and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I suppose the parents of young Lord Soft-pate must feel dreadfully cut up over his engagements to little Tottie Poser of the Gayety?" "Cut up! Why, say, if it wasn't for Tottie nobody would ever have known

that Softie had any parents."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Why doesn't Mr. Cobbles use a tractor on his farm?" "He says he has spent forty years studying the temperament of mules and he isn't going to throw away the knowledge gained in that time for every new-fangled contrivance that comes along."—*Buffalo Courier*.

*Bobby* (entertaining sister's beau)—Effie told me yesterday you was born to be a politician. *Mr. Simpton*—A politician? Why does she think that? *Bobby*—That's what ma asked her, and she said because you can do so much talkin' without committing yourself.—*Dallas News*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### At Last.

Possibly as a result of Mr. Baker's education abroad, possibly in response to pressure of a quickened public opinion, possibly under conviction enforced by events—probably due to all these together—the Washington administration has reversed itself in the matter of military preparation. Up to very recently it stood opposed to any and all measures tending to the creation and equipment of a really formidable military organization. Now it appeals for a force "big enough to win the war." Given another look forward and we may even find President and cabinet in line with Mr. Roosevelt and General Wood on the side of universal military training.

It is truly a pity that the Administration could not long ago have been alive to necessities which were evident to all military men and to thoughtful civilian observers. If the official judgment of two years or even a year ago had been what it is today—in line with military judgment and ordinary civilian intelligence—we should not in the supreme crisis of the war have been making so sorry a figure. For despite the daily achievement of heroic exploits, as recorded in our voracious newspapers, we are making a sorry figure. Not at the point of courage, but because our men on

the battle line are so relatively—and pitifully—few in number.

However, better late than never. What the Administration now asks for should and of course will be promptly granted. We shall raise and train an army "big enough to win the war." We have the men, we have the money, we have the industrial organization, we have the resources in food and other supplies, we are in the way of getting the needful shipping. Better late than never—but oh the pity of delays founded in narrow vision, in obstinacy and in pacifist delusion! And the shame of delinquencies founded in political calculation!

It is the judgment of military men and statesmen at home and abroad that we should put into the field at the earliest possible moment a military organization of at least five millions of men. This would mean a fighting force of between three and four million. It is a large order, but it is not beyond our resources. The imperative need is for haste—for a haste that shall brook no paltering, balk at no outlay, and above all recognize the necessity for speed—of a speed which reckons nought of night or day—in organization and training.

### Strength and Repute vs. Weakness and "Availability."

Listening to the voice of the demagogue, who like the poor is always with us, one would get the impression that the American people hold their men of large achievement in fixed contempt, even in hatred. Our yellow newspapers and our politicians never weary of stigmatizing the leaders in our material life as monsters of selfishness, rapacity, dishonesty. There has been systematic effort on the part of those who thrive or endeavor to thrive by fawning upon "the masses" to discredit any and everybody who has to do with large affairs. Thus it is that the names of our supreme men in industry and finance—our Morgans, Rockefellers, Harrimans, Huntingtons—have in the minds of the heedless become involved in an atmosphere of sinister suggestion.

It is an old saw that the only thing as timid as a dollar is another dollar. But in truth there is something more abject and cringing than money—it is the game of politics. The political or perhaps we would better say the politician mind of the country has become infected to the point of downright cowardice with the fearsome obsession that no man of achievement—particularly of achievement along the lines of large business—is available in any political connection. Political parties—and in this respect all parties are alike—seek, not character nor force nor known judgment nor repute for success, but for a spineless "availability." And by availability is meant men whose names have somehow become widely known without becoming "entangled" in any definite way with principles or achievements. Briefly, your available man is a broadly-advertised but amiable nonentity. If choice must be made, better, under the standards of political practice, a man unknown in any connection than known as a man of force and achievement. Thus the political parties automatically reject competence to take up and exploit incompetence upon the theory of availability.

Upon the basis of observation supplemented by some experience the *Argonaut* ventures to declare that the theory of availability in politics is a stupid delusion. It is the politicians who are afraid of force, character, and repute, not the people at large. The timid counsels under which strong men are rejected and weak men favored are hearkened to in political conventions rather than by the general public. Truth is that the people admire strength and applaud achievement wherever and in whomever it may be found. Whenever by any chance a political party

sets up a strong man as its standard-bearer there is instant and widespread acclaim among the people. Why is Theodore Roosevelt a great popular figure throughout the country? It is not because he is a vastly learned or vastly wise or vastly prudent man; for he is none of these. It is because he is a strong man, a positive man, a man like Davy Crockett, "not afeared." Why is Hiram Johnson a popular figure in California? Surely not on the score of supreme virtues, of supreme wisdom, of supreme character. It is because, with all his grievous defects, he has strength and courage. Whatever else may be said of him, it still remains to be said he is a man unafraid.

Just now there may be observed in the attitude of the public mind toward certain recent governmental appointments an instructive demonstration of the principle here declared. Why is the appointment of Mr. Stettinus so widely and heartily approved, and why has it gone far to establish confidence? It is because Mr. Stettinus has long been connected with the firm of Morgan & Co., and thus bears the stamp of selection and approval at the hands of the strongest financial house in the United States. Why is there wide public acclaim of the appointment of Mr. Schwab as director of ship construction? It is because Mr. Schwab, at one time the head of the steel corporation, has more recently had successful experience as president and manager of great shipbuilding establishments at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, San Francisco, and elsewhere. Why does the public find motives of congratulation in the placing of Mr. Ryan at the head of the aircraft board? It is because Mr. Ryan was selected by John D. Rockefeller as the manager of very large enterprises and because more recently he has been administering great enterprises on his own account. Why does California find satisfaction in the assignment of Mr. Rossiter to large duties in connection with the expediting of troops and supplies to the battlefields in Europe? It is because Mr. Rossiter as the directing head of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has demonstrated his capacity for administration of large affairs.

These instances, we maintain, illustrate the innate and abiding respect of the American people for strong men as distinct from weak men. By a curious obliquity of vision those who manage politics are forever seeking "availability," apparently mindless of the fact that the people instinctively turn in respect and confidence to strength and courage. They do not understand and can not be made to learn that there is that in the human mind and the human heart which yields automatically and invariably to the appeal of force and character and to repute for success.

It would seem that our political managers should learn from their failures if from nothing else that the way of success is not the way of timidity and cowardice, but of courage and hardihood. We shall never have strength and efficiency in government until we return to a tradition fixed in our history—the tradition illustrated in the names of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland. These were strong men; and by the same token they are the heroes of our national life. And certain it is that we shall not have strength and efficiency in government until we learn the need and find the means of claiming and employing in the public behoof the strongest intellect and character and the highest repute the country affords.

### The War and the Child.

Among the more important demonstrations of European experience in the war is the effect of war conditions upon child life. It was expected that, in the countries involved, the war would reduce the birth rate, but nobody anticipated the multitude of other mischiefs directly related to child welfare that have flowed out of war conditions. Among these are overstimulation



of the more nervous types of children, physical deterioration due to shortage of food, disturbance in educational practice under various war demands, withdrawal of parental supervision due to employment of both fathers and mothers in the war or in activities related to the war, all involving a decline of health and discipline with marked increase of juvenile delinquency. The matter has become so serious both in England and in France that the legislatures of these countries are giving it special consideration under conviction that the protection of childhood is essential not only to the ultimate welfare of society, but immediately to the winning of the war.

Forewarned by the experience of European countries prior to our entrance into the war, our own government has taken up the question of child welfare with a view to avoiding effects as they have developed there. The Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense is making this phase of war work its special charge and has enlisted the moral support of the Administration working through the Department of Labor. Practically the directing head of the work—and this brings the matter home to California in a personal sense—is Professor Jessica Peixotto, now on leave of absence from the University at Berkeley. Local interest in the matter was demonstrated on Tuesday of this week in the participation of several hundred citizens representative of practically all the working organizations of women in San Francisco in a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis, the members of the municipal Board of Supervisors being special guests of the occasion. Addresses were made by Dr. Adelaide Brown, Mr. Charles K. Field, Archbishop Hanna, and Chairman McLaren of the municipal finance committee, all emphasizing the necessity for a liberal attitude on the part of the city government toward those children—a class bound to increase under war conditions—dependent upon public means of maintenance and guardianship. Regarded as a demonstration, there was no mistaking the meaning of this meeting. It was a practical instruction on the part of the citizenship of San Francisco to the municipal government to make prompt and generous provision to the end that there may not be repeated here neglects and errors which in the countries earlier involved in the war have borne fruit in varied forms of juvenile demoralization.

#### Appointments—Good and Questionable.

There are indications that the President has overcome his prejudice against men who have achieved success in large affairs. There was cheer in the announcement that Mr. Stettinus had been commissioned to coordinate purchases on government account. There was something like exhilaration in the thought of Mr. Schwab in charge of ship construction. Similarly with the appointment of Mr. Ryan to the aviation board. In line with these selections is that of the commission to expedite shipping arrangements, with Mr. Dearborn of New York and Mr. Rossiter of San Francisco as members. These men know their business. They are not theorists, but practical men whose capability is a matter of demonstration.

But Mr. Wilson has not done so well in the matter of the War Finance Corporation. The job before this organization is one of tremendous importance, since its authority over business is autocratic. Direction of its operations should be in the hands of the leading financiers of the country. True the law did not say so; it only said that the directorate should consist of "the Secretary of the Treasury, who shall be chairman of the board, and four other persons to be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Directors are not permitted to participate in the determination of matters effecting their personal interest, but no qualifications are prescribed. The President may choose as he will and "hire and fire" at will. William P. G. Harding of Alabama is known only from the fact that he has been a member of the Federal Reserve Board under the President's appointment. His only obvious qualification appears to be that he is a Southerner and of course a Democrat. Allen B. Forbes is a New York broker, whose qualification now matters not at all, since it is announced that his private interests do not permit him to accept. Eugene Meyer, Jr. said to be a Californian, now after a year's service at Washington as a dollar-a-year man listed as a New Yorker. Angus W. McLean is described as the financial muldoon of Lumberton, North Carolina. He

is further exploited as "a lawyer, banker, and business man of wide experience in cotton milling, local railroading, and other activities which centre at Lumberton," wherever that may be. Mr. McLean is of course a Democrat and Mr. Meyer is of the some political persuasion.

In consideration of the large powers and responsibilities under the hand of the War Finance Corporation the directorate ought to have been composed of men of high achievement and of wide repute. There ought to have been no politics in the make-up of a board with authority so positive and wide-reaching; and the men selected should have been known the country over for ability and character. True, for all that anybody knows to the contrary, Mr. Harding of Alabama and Mr. Meyer of California or New York and Mr. McLean, the Lumberton, North Carolina, magnate may be men of high business qualification, but their names and their fame are as yet unknown quantities and there is danger that the business public will hardly yield to their edicts the cheerful acceptance that would have been given to men of certified wisdom and established repute.

#### The Aeroplane Scandal.

The essential fact in the aeroplane situation is that the original project has completely broken down. The record is a painful one—\$640,000,000 in money thrown away, a year's time lost, a deteriorated *morale* of the enlisted aviation force. All this with loss of public confidence. The blame is variously placed, the chief sinner in immediate responsibility being Colonel Squier or the army, a man mentally, temperamentally, and otherwise notoriously unfit for any large administrative duty. But when all is said and done the real responsibility rests with the War Department, which should have organized the work efficiently and so supervised it as to know what was and what was not being accomplished.

The scandal, having been already investigated three times, is now to undergo a chorus of investigations in which President, War Department, Department of Justice, and both branches of Congress are to be represented. In truth all this activity is just so much paltering over burnt powder. The mischief has been done. No amount of investigation will undo it. The job now before the government is to make a fresh start with a new appropriation—and this is being done under Mr. John D. Ryan, whose certificate of capability is a distinguished record in "big business." At last the President and the War Department appear to have discovered that when large tasks are to be done large men of proven capability must be enlisted in them. Executive favorites, Southern politicians, and moth-eaten army officers have been tried and have failed.

#### The Fruit of the Tree.

In the official report of M. Gukovsky, the Russian minister of finance, we find some very interesting facts in exposition of the practical working of Bolshevik government in Russia. Expenditures in the department of railroads are at the annual rate of 40,000,000,000 rubles. The value of the ruble is 51½ cents. The income is at the rate of 3,300,000,000 rubles. Deficit, 36,700,000,000 rubles. The present cost of operating the government railroads, per verst, is 120,000 rubles. Former cost, 11,600 rubles. Excess, 108,400 rubles. The hours of labor have been reduced, necessitating a change from three to four shifts in the working day and concurrently wages have been increased several hundred per cent. The former daily output of locomotive by the Sormoff works was eighteen. Under present conditions it is two, a falling off of sixteen. The present cost of a locomotive is 600,000 rubles, or something above \$300,000. No taxes are being collected by the central government, each soviet claiming and enforcing its monopoly of taxation. A small item indicating the universal industrial and financial demoralization is the fact that the taxicab fare from one railroad station in Petrograd is now 35 rubles.

Here we have concrete testimony to the soundness of the oft-asserted theory that the practicability of government "by the people" depends upon who the people are and what their preparation for the responsibilities of government. Government of the people in this country has been successful only because our people for generations were prepared by varied forms of discipline. Before the task was undertaken the Ameri-

can colonists had subdued a wilderness and organized a vast scheme of industry. They were practiced and skilled in the responsibilities of independent life. Revolution in the governing system implied a transfer of authority from an autocratic government to representatives of the people—not as in Russia negation of authority. Here political liberty was not confounded with the notion that freedom implies release from the responsibilities of life, including labor. Government by the people in Russia has failed, as it fails in Mexico and elsewhere where intelligence, discipline, and experience in social and political responsibility are lacking.

There have lately been rumors of reaction in Russia. How much or how little there may be in current reports we may not know, since for the moment Russia is a sealed book. But in time reaction must come if the country is to be saved from complete demoralization. And when it comes—and it little matters in what form or name—it will have the support of the elements of intelligence and property. Every man wise enough to foresee the riot and ruin of anarchy, every man who has anything to lose materially through progress of social demoralization will inevitably stand for any project or scheme promising restoration of order. The danger of the present situation is that these forces may, in desperation, be enlisted in support of reorganization under German overlordship. Better, it may be argued, the Prussian tyrant than the tyranny of ignorance and license.

#### Storing Up Wrath.

If they might be regarded merely as evidence of growing spirit and enthusiasm in the war, it would be possible with some patience to tolerate the superheated activities of "night-riders" and other volunteer associations for the suppression of disloyalty. But there is a serious side to this matter. We are dealing with a brutal and remorseless foe who recognizes no obligation of custom, law, or humanity. No matter how the fortunes of war may go, immediately or ultimately, some of our men are certain as prisoners of war to fall into the hands of this foe. His malice in dealing with prisoners is known; and it is sure to be emphasized if he shall have even a nominal excuse for reprisals in our treatment of disloyal persons at home. Every instance of severity here, every boyish excess, will be reflected a thousandfold in the sufferings of American prisoners at the hand of German captors. And this being so, our hot-heads would better restrain their ardor. Surely some more prudent way of letting off patriotic steam may be devised than that of storing up wrath to be meted out upon those whose lot will be hard enough without special provocation on our part.

#### Editorial Notes.

The insistence of Congress upon investigation of the aeroplane record rests upon the charge openly made by Mr. Borglum, the well-known sculptor, that a large part of the wasted \$640,000,000 has gone into dishonest pockets. Specifically Mr. Borglum's charge is that the automobile men who ran the aviation programme under the nominal administration of Colonel Squier and his assistant, Coffin, diverted literally hundreds of millions to associates and friends in the shape of ridiculous and extravagant "contracts." A sort of discredit attaches to Borglum's charges, first because he is an "artist" rather than a business man; second, because he refused to turn over his testimony to a military investigation in whose integrity he bluntly declared he had no confidence.

Although an artist, Borglum does not live in the clouds, but on the earth, and he may not easily be waved aside. He is a native of Idaho, of Danish parentage, and besides being a sculptor he is an engineer and a builder—an intensely practical person as well as an enthusiastic American. While not himself an aviator, he has ever since the Wright brothers began their experiments been a student of aviation. He was an early friend of the Wrights, was their timekeeper in the earlier flights at Fort Myer in 1908. He has invented several mechanical contrivances having to do with the operation of heavier-than-air machines. He actually knows his subject. He has been charged with having a financial interest in aeroplane manufacturing, but this he definitely denies.

It is to be remembered that so long ago as last De-



ember Borglum declared that the aeroplane programme was a failure. He told the President about it and kept on telling him until he was secured a commission to make a volunteer investigation. In this work, in which he declares he was thwarted and balked at every turn by officials of the War Department, he discovered conditions precisely as the public knows them today. He made a report to the President which did not get the attention it deserved until the facts were exploited through other channels. The open investigations now started are precisely to his hand. He will now, it is reported, supply witnesses in proof of all that he has been charging during the past half-year.

A decision by Judge Crothers to the effect that any citizen has a right to examine data in the hands of or prepared by public officials in the performance of their duty gives authoritative answer in the contention of several months ago between the Bureau of Municipal Research and City Engineer O'Shaughnessy. It will be remembered that the latter declined to submit his records for examination upon the theory that although developed by public officials at the public cost they were the private property of his department. Upon the basis of this decision we shall be able to find out what the Hetch Hetchy project has cost so far as it has been developed, and so get some idea of what the ultimate cost is to be.

Statements drawn from Mr. O'Shaughnessy in Judge Crothers' court tell us something of the excess of actual cost above the estimates thus far. But they still leave much in doubt. Among other things Mr. O'Shaughnessy said that about ten per cent. of the total project had been completed at a cost of \$3,500,000. At this rate it will cost \$35,000,000 to do the job. Then we have to reckon with the fact that Mr. O'Shaughnessy's estimates have hitherto fallen far shy of actual cost and with the further fact that prices of everything, including labor and material, have advanced. A suggestion of what may be expected is afforded by Mr. O'Shaughnessy's confession that it will actually cost as much to bring in 60,000,000 gallons of water a day as under the original estimates it was to cost to bring in 200,000,000 gallons.

All of which goes to sustain the judgment hitherto declared in these columns that the Hetch Hetchy scheme, besides being questionable at the point of practicability, and more than questionable at the point of available supply, is a project of such colossal proportions, regarded from the financial side, as to be unreasonable, not to say preposterous. At the base of this whole project is a wretched scheme of politics. The city has been victimized grievously already, and if the job shall be carried through it will be all but made bankrupt. The shame of this business lies in the fact that there is no necessity of going to the Sierra for water for San Francisco. In the Spring Valley basin, the Calaveras basin, and the Livermore basin, all near at hand, there is water enough, and of excellent quality, for the requirements of San Francisco for half a century to come. In the face of this fact it is nothing short of criminal to foist upon our people a vast and ruinous scheme to the end that a few demagogues may thrive in cheap political ambitions.

The oft-repeated assertion that the farming element of the country neglects or evades its part in supplying the government with money for prosecution of the war is not sustained by the record of the Third Liberty Bond sale, at least so far as California is concerned. The record exhibits the fact that each of the fifty-eight counties of California went "over the top" in bond subscriptions. That is to say, each and every county exceeded its allotment apportioned in ratio of its bank capital. It is a magnificent record. And it is the more notable in respect of the fact that out of our fifty-eight counties only seven contain within their borders cities of considerable size. It is further notable that every county of California has exceeded its allotment in the matter of thrift stamps, with San Benito, a strictly rural community, in the lead.

The most primitive order of mammals, the monotremes, are confined to Australia. There is the platypus, a strange beast which lays eggs like a turtle, but suckles its young; has horny pads for teeth and a bill like the duck; its front feet are webbed, and both back and front feet have claws. Its scientific designation is *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

We may be sure that the lull in the western fighting does not indicate an abandonment of the German offensive. Indeed there are indications that it is about to be resumed, if we may draw the usual inferences from the artillery fire that rages from Mount Kimmel to Loore, as well as at various points on the Amiens front in the south. Germany can not afford to relinquish her offensive. It must be continued even though its failure should be a foregone conclusion, which unfortunately it is not. The German commanders are no longer actuated by military considerations alone. They must give an even more heedful attention to the public temper in Germany than to the strength of their enemies in the field.

General Foch once advised the officers of the Ecole Militaire in Paris to try to put themselves in the position of their foes and to look at the situation from that standpoint. It is not difficult to apply his admonition to the present circumstances, and so to realize the embarrassment of the German leaders. Faced with a popular discontent growing ever more insistent, they ventured upon one more promise, one more soothing assurance of speedy victory. They descended even to the precision of specified dates. General von Hindenburg said that he would be in Paris on April 1st. To a deputation of alarmed financiers and merchants he said that the coming offensive would result at once in overwhelming and decisive triumph. There was no need even to consider the war probabilities of the future, since the future, the immediate future, would bring a German peace. It is almost unthinkable that a soldier should allow himself such flatulent boastings as these, such frothy vaporings, except under the pressure of necessity. And the necessity was clear enough. The mutterings of the German masses were too menacing to be disregarded. The old narcotic remedy of promises and pledges must be administered once more, and the reaction must be left to take care of itself. How, then, should it be possible to confess a failure that would open the floodgates of a dangerous despair? And the only alternative to a confession of failure was a continuation of the fighting. Every battle could be explained as a step to victory, as a slow unfolding of the plan. This was the explanation given of the transfer of the battle from Amiens to Ypres, but to discontinue the battle altogether would be unmistakable failure and defeat, and the German people are too cowardly and too effeminate to bear defeat.

The coming battles on the western front are not likely to be so desperate as those that we have just witnessed, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the crisis has passed. Certainly it has not passed, nor can we anticipate the coming fighting without some concern. Once more the brunt is likely to fall upon the British, and there are certain advantages that belong to the offense and they are by no means inconsiderable when the forces are so evenly balanced. The army of attack can be massed in comparative secrecy, especially during the season of spring mists, when the aviators are to some extent blinded, but the defending army must await the beginning of the attack before moving troops to the threatened points. But there is another consideration that must not be overlooked by those who would estimate the German strategy as a whole, and who would avoid the mistake of looking upon the actual battlefield of the moment as epitomizing the entire situation. The attacks upon Ypres and the threat upon the Channel ports are by no means the only aims that the Germans have in view. A success here would be of enormous value, but actually the most vital part of the Allied lines is in the vicinity of Montdidier and Lassigny, on the lower leg of the southern or Amiens triangle. For here is the nearest German approach to Paris, and somewhere in this vicinity must be the Allied army of reserves. If the attack in the north could be so far pressed as to compel the transfer and intervention of any large body of the reserves it might so far weaken the defense of Paris as to justify another attempt to break the French battle line and make a dash upon the capital. The Germans would be quite willing to face inevitable failure in the north if at the same time they could draw away the army of reserves, and give its opportunity to the considerable German force that is known to be situated on their southern line. They did actually succeed in attracting a French force to Loere during the last battle, but it was probably a force most carefully measured to the minimum needs of the situation. It is evidently Foch's policy to keep his reserves intact to the last moment, and to use them only where they are imperatively needed. The Germans on their part are employing the "strategy of magnetization." They are trying to attract the army of reserves to some other part of the line, and so to weaken the position before Paris, and to make possible another attempt to pierce the Allied force in the south. If they could do this as a result of their attacks in the north they would be well repaid, irrespective of their actual success or failure upon that particular ground. But in this manoeuvre they will probably fail. The Allied lines in the north may be called on once more to withstand a tremendous pressure, but there is no reason to fear that they will fail now where they succeeded before, or that Hazebrouck and Bethune will be in greater danger than they were before the last attack. Germany may gain a little more territory in the attempt. She may compel the evacuation of Ypres, but we ought now to have passed the point where we confuse retreat with defeat. A wise commander will not pay a higher price than the territory is worth. Still less will he derange the strategy of a campaign by a sentimental unwillingness to withdraw. Germany is not likely to win anything except at a price wholly incommensurate with its value, and we have now reached a juncture where advantages are to be measured less by the ground that is lost and

won than by the expenditure of lives. It is the casualty lists that have now become of first importance.

And here of course we are much in the dark. Estimates of German losses during the present offensive vary all the way from 400,000 to nearly a million. The German authorities have nothing to say on the subject that is worth saying. Their bulletins have become mere hysterical falsehoods, after the style of their denial that any damage was done at Zeebrugge by the recent raid. But we have a semi-authoritative statement that the British losses during the offensive have been 250,000. It is a terrible total, but it points unmistakably to a German loss very much greater. The Germans were assailing fortifications during the greater part of the fighting, and the British had the comparatively sheltered task of defending those fortifications. If we allow a German loss of two to one—a modest estimate—we should have a total German casualty list of half a million. The proportion of German losses was probably higher than two to one. If we estimate the German loss at 600,000 we shall probably be on the safe side. And Germany can not afford to lose so many men. It is a direct and irreplaceable deduction from her fighting strength. She can afford it far less than the Allies. She has denuded her Russian armies to the last possible point, probably far below the safety point. She has stripped Austria of the German troops that have been doing police duty there. She is said to have left the Austrian army to its own devices, and without the German stiffening that has meant so much to them in the past. She is now raking Alsace and Lorraine with a small tooth comb, and this with the double object of obtaining recruits and also of lessening the voting strength of the provinces in view of an ultimate plebiscite. It is hard to believe that Great Britain is seriously short of men unless on the supposition that she has contributed very largely to the reserve army that must not be called upon without dire necessity. The Allies have the advantage of the defensive, although the defensive has also its disadvantages. American troops are certainly reaching either France or England in impressive numbers, and they are probably either being added to the reserve army or they are being placed on garrison duty in England while finishing their training, and so releasing a corresponding number of men already trained. Nor must we forget the Italian troops, which are usually omitted from estimates of the Allied forces, but which have been coming north into France for many months. It is fairly safe to say that if Germany should lose as many men in the month to come as in the month that has passed she would find herself in full view of the end of the road. All estimates of Allied strength on the actual battle front are more or less guesswork, since there are so many unascertainable factors, such as the size of the army in England. But the Allies have certainly a considerable preponderance over the Germans, and it must be a rapidly increasing one as the transports cross the Atlantic and as the Italians come from the south.

It seems evident that Germany has begun her peace offensive—and this is an encouraging sign—with all her usual energy and also with her usual stupidity. We are even assured that her emissaries have reached Great Britain and that their instructions emanate from Von Ludendorff, who now epitomizes the German government in all its departments. The civil element of control, always nebulous and unreal, has now disappeared from Germany, as it has avowedly disappeared from Austria with the suppression of the Reichsrat. We are told, moreover, from neutral countries that Von Ludendorff is prepared to make the most comprehensive proposals—of course in an unofficial way—that will comprise the evacuation of Belgium and France, with some sort of proffered compromise with regard to Alsace and Lorraine. If such unofficial proposals should seem to fall upon favorable soil they would then become official, and in such a way as to challenge a verdict from the democracies of the Allied countries.

I am not among those who look upon every German proposal as a war trap and therefore to be ignored. Germany would not of course hesitate to commit any treachery, or to snatch any military advantage that might present itself. That goes without saying. Her morality is precisely that of an ape, and it would be suicide to suppose her capable of an honest invention or thought. At the same time Germany entered the war with certain definite aims, and although these may have been enlarged by seeming opportunity she would consider herself fortunate if she could emerge from the struggle with those earlier aims accomplished. Just as we may determine the issue of a battle by a consideration of objectives, so we may determine the issue of a war in the same way. If Germany has won all that she went to war to accomplish it is reasonable to suppose that she would be willing to stop the war, especially as she knows herself to be on the down grade and with all the forces against her. And the danger of the German peace offensive is that there is no general comprehension of her basic aims, and that she may easily get away with the essentials while lavishly discarding the superfluities and the accessories.

Germany went to war to secure the control of Asia Minor, and for nothing else. Everything beyond that was incidental, preparatory, or supplementary. The possession of Asia Minor means the possession of India, and the consequent enlistment of some twenty millions of Indian fighters—the finest in the world—in her army. The possession of Asia Minor would give her also the control of China and of the Pacific coast of Asia, which she would need for her attack upon America. This accounts for the early animosities of the emperor toward Japan, who might be expected to dispute his road. He p



and the Suez Canal would also fall into her hands, as well as the northern provinces of Africa with their Mohammedan fighters. Upon a more modest scale this was the aim of Napoleon, upon whom the emperor has modeled all his military policies. Belgium has actually nothing to do with the essentials of the war, except from the fact that Belgium was a sort of garrison on the road to Asia Minor, paradoxical as that may seem. If Belgium were to be evacuated and compensated tomorrow it would leave the war precisely where it was before, or it ought to do so. In the same way it may be said that Germany's war against France, England, and Russia was waged primarily because they, too, might be counted upon to block the road to Asia Minor. Germany began the war by an attack upon Serbia, and always for the same reason. Serbia, like Belgium, but in a more direct way, was a fortress on the road to Asia Minor, the only road to Asia Minor, geographically speaking, that then existed. If we keep steadily in mind the fact that Germany's war aim, and her only war aim, was the occupation and possession of Asia Minor we shall then have a yardstick by which to measure her successes and failures. If she wins her way into Asia Minor, then she has won the war, no matter what happens to her elsewhere. If she is excluded from Asia Minor, then she has lost the war, no matter what happens to her elsewhere. And yet somewhat extending our vision we may say with equal truth that if Germany wins her way into Asia Minor then she is in a fair way to redeem the pledge that she made at the Vienna Congress to extinguish democracy throughout the human race.

Now Serbia was essential to the scheme at the beginning of the war, but she is essential no longer. Roumania and Ukraine take her place, and Germany has treaties with both. We may almost say that they belong to her. She can reach Asia Minor through either. If she can persuade the Allied democracies to recognize those treaties which allow her a right-of-way eastward, then she has won everything for which she went to war and very much more. She can easily afford to relax her hold upon Belgium and France, and even to renounce her colonies, because all these will be automatically included in the world dominion that will then be hers after a due season of gestation. Asia Minor unites all the continents of the old world, and dominates them. Asia Minor is a little plot of ground surrounded by Europe, Asia, and Africa, while by its own physical peculiarities it is impregnable. Asia Minor has been the centre of the world's religions for a thousand years—Christian, Mohammedan, and Zoroastrian. It may easily be the centre of the world's political power, and it will be so if Germany is allowed to hold it or to threaten it. Talleyrand knew this well and warned Napoleon to think of nothing else.

What will be said by the democracies of the world when they are invited to continue the war in order to destroy treaties entered into between Germany and the Ukraine and Roumania? The democracies of the world have been looking at Belgium and France, and practically at nothing else. The "man in the street" has been taught to consider that Belgium is the gage of the war, and that a German evacuation in the west means a German defeat. It means nothing of the sort. It may mean a German triumph, and it will mean a German triumph if Germany is allowed to maintain her present position in the east. What will our semi-pacifists say if Germany holds out the "olive branch," and offers restitution in the west in exchange for recognition in the east? What do they know or care about Asia Minor? Not one in ten even knows where Asia Minor is to be found, and that Asia Minor should be the key to the war would be incomprehensible to them. And here lies the real danger of the German peace offensive. It is a real danger, a far greater danger than the peace offensive. And it is one with which we are about to be confronted. Unless it is met with knowledge and intelligence we shall find that the war has been fought in vain, and that Germany has made us a present of the superfluities and the non-essentials in exchange for the accomplishment of her utmost dreams.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8, 1918.

America's Department of Agriculture is undoubtedly the greatest practical and scientific agricultural organization in the world. Its total annual budget of \$46,000,000 has been increased during the last four years more than 72 per cent. It has a staff of 18,000, including a large number of highly-trained experts, and alongside of it stand the unique land-grant colleges, which are without example elsewhere, and the sixty-nine states and Federal experiment stations. These colleges and experiment stations have a total endowment of plant and equipment of \$172,000,000 and an income of more than \$35,000,000, with 10,271 teachers, a resident student body of 125,000, and a vast additional number receiving instruction at their homes. County agents, joint officers of the Department of Agriculture and of the colleges, are everywhere co-operating with the farmers and assisting them. The number of extension workers under the recent emergency legislation has grown to 5500 men and women working regularly in the various communities and taking to the farmer the latest scientific and practical information.

Steinmetz, the electrician, has figured out the horsepower of a lightning flash. The amount of light given by a single lightning flash is sufficient to illuminate an area two miles square with an average illumination of one candle. To produce such an illumination, figured Steinmetz, would require the expenditure of 13,000 horsepower for one second.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Hon. Edgar Nelson Rhodes, the nominee of Sir Robert Borden, who has been elected Speaker of the House of Commons of the Canadian Parliament for the current session, is of Scotch-Irish and English settler stock. He is a barrister by profession, and a Liberal-Conservative in politics.

Mrs. Lloyd-George is the wife of a poor—at least a comparatively poor man, according to a recent biographer. Britain does not pay her premiums at the same rate as she does her music-hall comedians. She learned her economy in that hardest of schools, the middle-class household, on limited means, and with a large family. There are few secrets in housekeeping that she can be taught. She understands and sympathizes thoroughly with the housewife of today. She is, in fact, enjoying the same experiences.

James A. Ten Eyck, the famous coach, comes from an illustrious family of rowers, a family as famous as the Wards. Jim's father, Commodore Ten Eyck, was a champion sculler. It is said the commodore put an oar in the hand of his son James when he was only six years old, and the youngster gave early promise of his future skill by beating all the boys along the Hudson. His string of victories grew as he grew older, triumphs in this country and England. After winning many remarkable races Ten Eyck took up coaching.

Brigadier-General Sandeman Carcy, who blocked the way to Amiens at the crucial moment in the March drive of the Germans and who won the British premier's praise for his work, is an old regular officer, sprung from a well-known Guernsey family. He commanded a battery of field artillery in the South African war. In the present war he had won a commandership of the Bath before his recent feat, and been promoted to be a brigadier, but he was only an artillery general, and he had no reason to hope for an opportunity of specially distinguishing himself.

Mme. Adelina Patti, who celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday recently, is said to preserve much of the same beauty and viciousness which she possessed at the height of her operatic career. Her visitors, however, are said still to be in doubt which phase of her career to recall most vividly, that which almost made the impresario Haverly faint when she asked him for \$260,000 cash in bank for an American season or that described by Motley when Patti was creating her first furor in Vienna. Said Motley: "She is a dear, unsophisticated little thing, very good, and very pretty and innocent."

Professor George D. Strayer of Columbia University, who is to serve as chairman of a joint commission of twenty-six members representing the National Education Association during the war, is said to owe his appointment to his record as a teacher of the ideals and technic of educational administration among the Teachers' College students, also because of his books defining the latest standards of pedagogy, and because of his service as an investigator, a member of "surveys," and a leading official of a national society for the study of education. Much of his output has appeared in the literature sent forth by the United States Bureau of Education.

Professor F. H. Giddings, who has been selected by the National Patriotic Educational Faculty, working in alliance with the National Security League of the United States, to travel through the South and combat the German propaganda, is a well-known member of the faculty of Columbia University of New York City. He fills the chair of sociology and history of civilization in that institution. Formerly he was of the faculty of Bryn Mawr College, and prior to that he was in journalism. He has been prominent in the councils of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, of the American Economic Association, and of the American Sociological Society. He is well known in Europe among writers on social evolution, and some of his popular writings have had extensive translation and use abroad. He is the son of an evangelical clergyman.

Prince Georgi Evgenievitch Lvoff, the first prime minister in the Russian provisional government, and now active in Siberia against the Bolsheviks, was educated at the University of Moscow, where he graduated in the faculty of law. A Liberal in politics, he was throughout the trying periods in the party's progress a staunch supporter of the cause. At the outbreak of the present war Prince Lvoff placed himself at the head of the Zemstvos Union, which did invaluable work in provisioning the army and also in organizing medical aid. In 1904 Prince Lvoff was one of the members of the deputation which waited upon the Czar to demand a constitution. And it was the Congress of Zemstvos, in which he played a prominent part, that was largely instrumental in bringing about the first Russian Duma, to which he was returned as member for Tula. Prince Lvoff is a great admirer of Great Britain, and is a strong supporter of the Anglo-Russian Alliance. At the time the Russo-British Chamber of Commerce in London was formed the prince was made a member of the general council.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The dames of France are fond and free,  
And Flemish lips are willing.  
And soft the maids of Italy,  
And Spanish eyes are thrilling.  
Still, though I hark beneath their smile,  
Their charms all fail to bind me,  
And my heart falls back to Erin's isle  
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side  
And purer than its water,  
But she refused to be my bride,  
Though many a year I sought her.  
Yet, since to France I sailed away,  
Her letters oft remind me  
That I promised never to gainsay  
The girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home,  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else abroad with you I'll roam  
A soldier stout as any.  
If you'll not come nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me."  
My heart high broke when I answered "No"  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling,  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on.  
But were it free or to be freed,  
The battle close would find me  
The old home hound, nor message need  
From the girl I left behind me. —Anon.

### Song in War-Time.

Speak low, speak little, who may sing  
While yonder cannon-thunders boom?  
Watch, shuddering, what each day may bring;  
Nor "pipe amid the crack of doom."

And yet—the pines sing overhead,  
The robins by the alder-pool,  
The bees about the garden-hed,  
The children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth  
The mighty Mother weaves and sings;  
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;  
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou, too; if through Nature's calm  
Some strain of music touch thine ears,  
Accept and share that soothing halm,  
And sing, though choked with pining tears. —Charles Kingsley.

### Latter-Day Warnings.

When legislators keep the law,  
When hanks dispense with bolts and locks,  
When herries—whortle, rasp and straw—  
Grow bigger downwards through the box,—

When he that seltheth house or land  
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,  
When haberdashers choose the stand  
Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,  
And party leaders all they mean,—  
When what we pay for, that we drink,  
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,  
And doctors give what they would take,—  
When city fathers eat to live,  
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale  
Shall bring his merit to the proof,  
Without a lie for every nail  
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips  
Our gloves are stitched with special care,  
And guarded well the whalebone tips  
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cutha's weeds have quite forgot  
The power of suction to resist,  
And claret-bottles harbor not  
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,  
And pay for what they stole before,—  
When the first locomotive's wheel  
Rolls through the Hoosac Tunnel's bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,  
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;  
But when you see that blessed day,  
Then order your ascension robe! —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### The Harp of Ireland.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.  
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbond thee  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!  
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill.  
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness  
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.  
Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers  
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine;  
If the pulse of the patriot soldier or lover  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone—  
It was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
While all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own. —Thomas Moore.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, the number of immigrants to enter the United States through Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, according to the United States immigration authorities, was 41,284, or more than any other port except New York.



## FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM.

Mr. Gerard Tells Us More of the Great Events That Preceded the War with Germany.

Mr. Gerard's new book is a continuation of his earlier volume, which appeared under the title of "My Four Years in Germany." He now carries his narrative up to the time of his return home and he adds some observations on the situation as he found it in the United States.

Mr. Gerard is impressed with the skill of German intrigue. He tells us that the emperor warned him against the unfriendliness of Japan and assured him also that he had made overtures to France and been repulsed. These, he thinks, were anticipatory attempts at self-justification, as of course they were, but the skill is not very apparent, seeing that the emperor knew precisely what he intended to do. And it may be said that the whole world ought to have known this also, and would have known it but for a sickly and blinding pacifism.

The imperial schemes, says Mr. Gerard, were not fully developed. They included a practical annexation of Austria:

I believe that had the old Austrian Kaiser lived a little while longer, the prolongation of his life would have been most disastrous both for Austria and Hungary. I believe after the death of Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo and after a year of war the German emperor and autocracy were brooding over a plan according to which, on the death of Francis Joseph, the successor should be allowed to rule only as King or Grand Duke of Austria, the title of Emperor of Austria to disappear and German princes to be placed upon the thrones of Hungary and of a new kingdom of Bohemia. These and the King or Grand Duke of Austria were to be subject-monarchs under the German Kaiser, who was thus to revive an empire, if not greater, at least more powerful, than the empires of Charlemagne and of Charles the Fifth. Many public utterances of the German Kaiser show that trend of mind.

The great general staff is actually the ruler of Germany, and Mr. Gerard ascribes to it a power greater than that of the emperor himself. Ludendorff and Hindenburg between them, especially if backed by Mackensen, have practically supreme power and can override the imperial will. The general staff is constantly watchful for talent and capacity among the younger officers and attaches them instantly to itself. It was the general staff that decreed war with America, or rather it was Ludendorff, the animating spirit of the general staff:

Who decided on the break with America? It was not the chancellor, notoriously opposed; it was not the Foreign Office, nor the Reichstag, nor the princes of Germany who decided to brave the consequences of a rupture with the United States on the submarine question. It was not the emperor; but a personality of great power of persuasion. It was Ludendorff, quartermaster-general, chief aid and brains to Hindenburg, chief of the great general staff, who decided upon this step.

Much of Mr. Gerard's narrative is in diary form, perhaps the best of all forms for such a story. In August, 1915, he speaks of the difficulty he experienced in seeing the emperor, who "is hot against Americans." The author wrote to the chancellor telling him to take no further trouble in the matter and a conversation with the chancellor ensued. The emperor was being kept very much in the background in order to remove the impression that it was "his war." Perhaps another reason was to prevent his incessant interference:

The chancellor is still wrong in his head; says it was necessary to invade Belgium, break all international laws, etc. I think, however, that he was personally against the fierce Dernburg propaganda in Germany. I judge that Von Tirpitz, through his press bureau, has egged on the people so that this submarine war will continue. *An official confessed to me that they had tried to get England to interfere, together with them, in Mexico, and Germans "Gott strafe" the Monroe Doctrine in their daily prayers of hate.*

In January, 1916, Mr. Gerard records the arrival of the Ford party in "the good ship Nutty." The nuttiest, he says, have voted to remain a permanent committee at The Hague on a substantial salary, "with washing and expenses." Then Mr. Gerard has something to say about the German spy system, and we may reasonably wonder if he is to speak in vain:

The spy system here is very complete and even the President and cabinet at home in America are surrounded. Heydebrand, leader of the Conservative party, called the uncrowned King of Prussia, said yesterday in the Prussian Chamber that "America was among the worst enemies of Germany." I am convinced that Germany, as now advised, either will attack America or land in South America, if successful in this war. Falkenhayn, chief of the general staff, said, referring to America, "It is hard to stop a victorious army."

We should like to know something more about these highly-placed spies. Are they still on duty, and who are they?

Another glimpse of the secret service shows us how Germans in America were kept in communication with the home government:

Letters, codes, etc., for Bernstorff and individuals are sent to America as follows: the letters are photographed on a reduced scale so that a letter a foot square appears as an inch and a half square. These little prints are put in the layers of a shoe heel of a traveling American or elsewhere, book cover, hat band, etc., and then rephotographed and enlarged in America. Also messengers travel steerage and put things in the mattress of a fellow-passenger and go back to the ship after landing in New York and collect the stuff.

A German friend, just returned from Austria, says the feeling there against America is very strong on account of the Dumba incident.

Yesterday I was told by a German that the German army

had aeroplanes which develop 300 H. P., and would soon have some of 1000 H. P.

We get many curious glimpses of the varying status of the great German officials. Apparently there was much friction between Von Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz, presumably on account of the submarine war, of which Von Hindenburg did not approve. Under date of January, 1917, we read the following:

A man who called on Von Tirpitz recently was told by Von Tirpitz that he, Von Tirpitz, was watched like a spy and all his letters opened. Von Tirpitz said that Hindenburg was the real ruler of Germany, that anything Bethmann said was censored by Hindenburg and that Hindenburg was now against reckless submarine war, but that any substantial defeats in the field would make him change his mind. Von Tirpitz said that the Kaiser was losing his mind and spent all his time praying and learning Hebrew.

Mr. Gerard is one of the very few American writers with an adequate comprehension of Germany's real war aims, which may all be summed up in the words Asia Minor. With the conquest of Asia Minor, Germany would become the master of the world. She would dominate India, Egypt, and China, and in comparison with this we may regard all her aims in western Europe as subsidiary. His words ought to be brought home to the intelligence of America:

But even if Germany evacuates France and restores the complete independence of Belgium, even if no territories are gained to the East, or protectorates or independent states carved from the body of Russia to be a later prey of Germany, Germany will have won—if from Bremen to Bagdad German influence or actual German rule is predominant in Middle Europe, the Great Central State, where the cotton of Mesopotamia, and the coal and iron of Westphalia, the copper of Serbia, the oil and grain of Roumania all will contribute to the manufacturer of Germany, who, in turn, will sell his goods in that vast territory. And best of all in autocratic view, the man power of the Central Empires will be so increased that at a propitious moment, in a characteristic sudden assault, the armies of the Central Empires will invade and conquer Palestine, Egypt, and India, and take what they will in Africa and Asia, while British, Japanese, and American and French navies impotently rage in useless control of the high seas.

Similarly unequivocal is the author's assertion that the assassination of the Austrian archduke was used as a pretense for a war already determined on. None the less we may gravely doubt if the archduke himself was privy to the plot. It is more likely that he was its victim:

When the murders occurred at Sarajevo all plans had been laid for the death of Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg merely gave another excuse to begin hostilities, after Austria, in the Council of Potsdam, had ratified all the arrangements made by the Emperor Wilhelm and Franz Ferdinand for the European war. Undoubtedly the German emperor used his influence with Franz Ferdinand and his wife in order to secure the former's aid in dragging Austria into the war—a war begun to win the dominion of the world.

How many in America have heard the name of Sophie Chotek? Yet the ambitions of this woman have done much to send to war the splendid youths who from all the ends of the earth gather in France to fight the fight of freedom.

Mr. Gerard does not hesitate to give his opinion of Swedish neutrality, an opinion sustained by the convictions of the world:

There is no question but that, just as in Argentina, the Swedish diplomatic pouch was in all countries at the service of Germany, and that the orders to the German spies in Russia were sent by this means. In fact it is believed German prisoners in Russia found their way to Petrograd, there to participate in revolution and counter-revolution under orders sent through the Swedish officials.

Mr. Gerard tells us much of interest about his journey home. He had an interview with King Alfonso of Spain, who seems to have made an agreeable impression on him by his unostentatious bearing and by his thoughtful consideration for others. We ourselves, he says, "do not measure up to the standards of Castilian courtesy":

Some one knocked at the door and King Alfonso rose and answered. He returned with odd-looking implements in his hands which I soon discovered to be an enormous silver cocktail shaker and two goblets. After a dextrous shake, the king poured out two large cocktails, saying, "I understand that you American gentlemen always drink in the morning."

I had not had a cocktail for years and if I had endeavored to assimilate the drink so royally prepared for me I should have been in no condition to continue the conversation. I think King Alfonso himself was quite relieved when, after a sip, I put my cocktail behind a statue. I noticed that he camouflaged his in a similar manner.

We have a further reference to German spies, but it is really hard to see that these vermin are so clever as they are supposed to be, or that their masters are so astute. What could be more clumsy than this incident:

German spies are adepts at opening bags, steaming letters—all the old tricks. The easiest way to baffle them is to write nothing that can not be published to the world.

For a long time after the beginning of war I was too busy to write the weekly report of official gossip usually sent home by diplomats. I suppose the Germans searched our courier bags for such a report vainly. Anyway, its absence finally got on the nerves of Zimmermann so much that one day he blurted out, "Don't you ever write reports to your government?"

Mr. Gerard was persistently followed by spies on his way home, and once more we can only wonder at their clumsy stupidities, and not at their clevernesses:

German spies were most annoying in Havana and one of them, a large dark man, followed me about at a distance of only six feet, with his eyes glued on the small bag which I carried from a thick strap hanging around my shoulder. I brought it from Germany in that way. I never let it out of my hands or sight.

What was in that bag? Among other things were the original telegrams written by the Kaiser in his own hand-

writing, facsimiles of which appear in my earlier book, "My Four Years in Germany," and the treaty which the Germans tried to get me to sign while they held me as a prisoner. Under the terms they proposed the German ships interned in America were to have the right in case of war to sail for Germany under a safe conduct to be obtained from the Allies by the United States. Somewhat of a treaty! And quite a new, bright, and original thought by some one in the Foreign Office or German Admiralty. There were also in this mysterious bag many other matters of interest that may some day see the light.

We are far too indulgent, says Mr. Gerard, with the alien enemies at home. Americans in Germany were insulted and outraged, but Germans in America are treated with a deference that they accept as a tribute to their greatness:

Perhaps we are a little over indulgent, however, in the treatment of the German enemy alien within our gates. No American singer or musician could travel about Germany at will, unwatched by the police, collecting money from Americans to be used in propaganda, or things much worse, against Germany. Americans in Germany are compelled to report twice daily to the police and can not leave their homes at night. November 17, 1917—seven months after we went to war with Germany—I met Hugo Schmidt, a director of the Deutsche Bank, riding in Central Park. He lived at the German Club, saw whom he liked and only reported to the police when he changed his residence. In January, 1918, he was finally interned.

Long before our break with Germany, American consuls and officials were insulted in the street and in opera houses because they made use of their own language, not at all because they were taken for British, for every one knew that all British had been interned.

Of this we are given a startling example in the refusal of the Chicago authorities to permit the display of moving pictures that might give offense to Germans:

In Chicago, where one Thompson is mayor, there is a censorship of moving-picture films. The chief censor is Major Funkhouser. When I was in Los Angeles, at the end of September, like all strangers there, I visited movie-land to see the pictures made.

At the house of my college chum, Dr. Walter J. Barlow, I met the beautiful and celebrated Mary Pickford.

In conversation she told me about Major Funkhouser, and how he had refused an exhibition permit for one of her films called "The Little American." Curious to see the film rejected by Chicago officialdom, I asked Miss Pickford if she would have it run off for my benefit. I could see nothing in the film that could hurt the susceptibilities of any except the Germans with whom we are now engaged in war!

Later the Fox Film Company informed me that their film called "The Spy," and which deals with the adventures of an American who is supposed to go to Germany to get a list of German spies and agents in America, was refused the right of exhibition in Chicago by this same Major Funkhouser. In this case the Fox Company appealed in the courts and obtained from Judge Alschuler an injunction preventing any one from interfering with the exhibition of this film. The decision of Judge Alschuler was affirmed on appeal.

Mr. Gerard tries to answer the vexed question of Germany's endurance. He says, as others have said, that with a conviction of failure the German nerve will break. But he can not say when that will be:

Eventually forced by the hopelessness of the economic situation, the nerve of Germany will break. There is a suicide point in the German character. The German has been sustained since the war by victories somewhere. No defeats were brought home to the German people. Viewed from inside the German Empire what are the loss of a few villages on the west front or even of distant colonies compared to the conquest of Belgium, of the richest part of France, of thousands of square miles of Russia, of Roumania, Montenegro, and Serbia? With the exception of a very small bit of Alsace the war is being fought far from German territory. The German can swagger down the streets of the capitals of his enemies, in Brussels, Belgrade, Bucharest, Warsaw, and Cetinje, and Prussian greed exacts tribute from rich cities from Lille on the west to Wilna far within the frontiers of Russia.

Our President has never faltered. He will convince the Germans at last that we are unflinching, in the war, that nothing can swerve us from our goal—the destruction of the autocracy which looks on war as good and seeks the dominion of the earth. When the Germans grasp that, then will come the suicide point.

Finally Mr. Gerard enumerates the errors that have brought Germany to her present pass. One in particular is worth quotation:

The belief by the general staff that the British colonies would render no assistance to the mother country.

In the first days after England entered the war many German statesmen said to me, "Of course, now Canada will be incorporated in the United States." The Germans believed that the practical thing, for the moment, for the Canadians was to avoid war, to disavow all their obligations and ties of blood and permit Britain to be destroyed. The general staff thought that because the world did not have actual proof of the German designs of world conquest, because that design had not been publicly proclaimed, that no people or nation would either know or understand the vast enterprise of conquest on which Prussian autocracy had embarked.

The book can not fail in the accomplishment of a national work. It should be read wherever there is a desire to understand the events that led up to war.

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Gaza played a rather more important part than Beer-sheba in the history of Palestine. With it are prominently associated the life-works of many of the prophets, while Samson's connection with it is well known. It was a flourishing centre of Canaanite civilization in the time of Abraham, and has continued to hold a place of importance because of its position on the coast as an entrepot for the caravans passing between Egypt and Syria. It figures prominently in the history of Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, the Macabees, and the Romans. Destroyed in 634 by the Arabs, it was restored by the crusaders and passed into the hands of Saladin in 1170.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

The bank clearings for the week ended Saturday, as reported by the San Francisco Clearing House Association, aggregated \$99,748,264.68, as compared with \$95,325,127.05, the clearings for the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$13,942,812.25.

Reporting as of May 3d, the Federal Reserve Bank shows total resources of \$199,358,000, as compared with \$200,000,000 in the preceding week. Gold reserves have advanced to \$120,488,000, as against \$113,863,000, and gold reserves now stand in the ratio of 67.21 per cent. to net deposits and note liability. Last week the percentage was 66.66.

An increase of approximately 48 per cent. in sales of the California Packing Corporation for the year ended February 28th last, as compared with the previous twelve months, gives direct evidence of the extraordinary demand for canned and packed fruits and

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vegetables, of which industry California has come to be recognized as the centre. Sales of the company's products for last year reached a record total of \$55,678,613.58, according to the second annual report of operations given out by President J. K. Armshy. This compares with \$37,693,759.16 for the previous year, showing an increase of \$17,984,854.42, or 47.71 per cent.

Income for the year, after deducting all expenses, including all forms of taxes and preferred dividends paid up to February 28th, amounted to \$5,555,671.94. This is equivalent to \$16.40 per share on the 338,798 shares of common stock (no par value) authorized and outstanding, or 37.9 per cent. on the present market value of 43 1/4.

The third Liberty Loan campaign had no serious depressing effect on the general securities market. It merely put a check on operations in other issues. Its innocuous influence has been due to the unexpected smallness of the amount of funds called for, the

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higher rate of interest on the bonds and the public mind's greater preparedness for colossal government financing. Investors went "over the top" with better heart than on the two previous occasions, and there was no panicky disposition to sacrifice holdings in private corporations. If the sale dragged at times this was due to the financial inability of many willing to invest.

The final figures show the loan to be heavily oversubscribed. It may provide the government with all the money needed to carry the war to a victorious conclusion. Such is likely to be the case if the Allies should gain a complete triumph in the struggle on the western front. Should the Huns suffer decisive defeat in the protracted battle peace could not long be deferred, and our excessive war expenditures would begin to contract. That would be so great a blessing to the country as to cause an upward bound in all good securities.

Three successful government war loans in the space of a single year have made the American people what they never were before—eager buyers of bonds. Henceforth the market for corporation senior securities must grow broader from year to year. The increasing demand will be attended with recovery in prices. Whoever shall now absorb all the bonds he can stand sure of being handsomely rewarded after the return of peace.

Representative Frederick C. Hicks of New York has compiled figures on the cost of the war. These show the combined expenses on both sides during the first three years amounted to \$98,500,000,000 and that this vast sum will be increased to \$160,000,000,000 if the war continues until August 1, 1918. This means that the entire cost of the American Civil War is being duplicated every eighty-five days and that the cost of the Franco-Prussian war is equaled every five weeks. Reduced to comparisons, this enormous sum of money would construct 460 Panama Canals. It would build a railroad long enough to encircle the earth at the equator ninety-two times. It would purchase three hundred and sixty million low-priced automobiles. If put into one-dollar bills, placed end to end, it would make a chain of greenbacks that could reach around the world 757 times. Four years of the present war will cost more than seven times as much as the total direct cost of the six greatest wars in the 125 years previous to August, 1914, although one of these lasted twenty-one years. It is now costing the United States more than \$50,000,000 a day and that figure will be tremendously increased before the end of this year.

The strained tariff relations that existed between Russia and Germany much of the time between 1890 and the outbreak of the war are described in a report made public by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce.

The predominance of agriculture in Russia and the advanced state of the manufacturing industries and banking and carrying facilities of Germany, coupled with geographical proximity, furnished a solid basis for close commercial relations, but the industrial aspirations of Russia, resulting in decided protectionism, and the strong and aggressive influence of the German agrarians introduced an element of economic conflict that at one time attained the proportions of a tariff war.

The author of the report, Mr. Louis Domeratzky, tariff expert of the bureau, gives it as his opinion that, aside from political contingencies, which were not without influence on the tariff relations of the two countries, Russia has been at a disadvantage in negotiating treaties with Germany. This was due primarily to the fact that Germany was the chief market for Russia's agricultural and forest products and to Russia's need, as a debtor nation, of a favorable balance of trade. The author considers it extremely hazardous to make any forecast as to the future tariff relations between the two countries, but discusses at some length the situation as it existed a few months before the war started.

Copies of "Tariff Relations Between Germany and Russia," Tariff Series No. 38, can be obtained at the nominal price of 5 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., or from any of the district or cooperative offices of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

American merchandise is forming a greatly increased share in the imports of all the grand divisions of the world, and of most of the countries outside of the Central Powers of Europe. Not only have our allies in Europe trebled their purchases from the United States, but the neutral sections of the world, whose chief imports are manufactures, have been compelled to call upon the United States to supply the merchandise which they were formerly accustomed to obtain from the factories of Europe. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that merchandise from the United States now forms a much larger percentage of the imports of all the grand divisions than prior to

the war, while in the case of South America our share of the imports in 1917 was actually three times as great as in 1913 and four times as great as in 1910.

The total value of domestic manufactures exported from the United States in the calendar year 1914 was less than \$1,000,000,000 and in the calendar year 1917 was over \$4,000,000,000. Exports of domestic manufactures from the United States, including in this figure the two groups "manufactures for manufacturing" and "manufactures ready for use" aggregated in the calendar year 1914 \$973,994,000 and in 1917 \$4,018,000,000, and while much of this increase went to Europe in the form of war munitions there were also large increases in other classes of manufactures exported.

With the increasing demand of the non-manufacturing world for the product of our factories, South America, Asia, Africa, and Oceania have given us a much larger percentage of their import trade than formerly, and with Europe's demand for our grains and meats and war munitions we are also supplying to that continent a largely increased percentage of its imports. In the year prior to the war the United States supplied about 13 per cent. of the imports of Europe, 16 per cent. of those of South America, 7 per cent. of those of Asia, 5 per cent. of those of Africa, and 12 per cent. of those of Oceania. In 1917, as nearly as can be estimated from the figures thus far received, and a comparison of our own exports therewith, we supplied over 30 per cent. of the imports of Europe, practically 20 per cent. of those of Asia and Oceania, 10 per cent. of those of Africa, and nearly 50 per cent. of those of South America. To our neighbors of the North American continent we formerly supplied about 60 per cent. of their imports; but in 1917 our share greatly increased, reaching approximately 80 per cent. To India, China, Hongkong, Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, and Siam the 1917 exports were double those of 1915, and to Japan more than four times as much as in that year.

The percentage which the United States is supplying of the imports of the various grand divisions shows a greater increase in the case of South America than in any other of the continents. The official figures of Argentina show that merchandise from the United States formed prior to the war from 13 to 15 per cent. of her imports, Brazil 11 to 15 per cent., Uruguay 9 to 11 per cent., Chile 10 to 14 per cent., while with those countries lying nearer to the United States, but having much smaller imports, the percentage from the United States was greater. Aggregating the import figures of all the countries of South America it is found that by their own official showing South America took in 1910 but 12 per cent. of its total imports from the United States; in 1911, 14 per cent.; 1912, 16 per cent.; 1913, 16 per cent.; 1914, 18 per cent.; 1915, 34 per cent., and in 1916, 36 per cent., while the large increase in our recent exports to that continent indicate that our share of the imports of South America was in 1917 nearly or quite 50 per cent. of the grand total. To Argentina alone our total exports of 1917 were \$107,642,000, against \$27,128,000 in 1914; to Brazil \$66,208,000, against \$23,276,000 in 1914; to Chile, \$54,484,000, against \$13,628,000 in 1914; to Peru, \$22,070,000, against \$5,676,000 in 1914; to Uruguay \$18,402,000, against \$4,153,000, and to South America as a whole \$312,421,000, against \$91,103,000 in 1914.

March imports and exports show a partial recovery from the decline in recent months, according to a statement issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce.

Exports for March amounted to \$531,000,000, an increase of \$119,000,000 over February. For the nine months ended with March exports were valued at \$4,394,000,000, a decrease from the \$4,637,000,000 recorded for the nine-month period a year ago.

Imports were valued at \$242,000,000, a gain of \$34,000,000 over February. During the nine months ended with March imports amounted to \$2,084,000,000, against \$1,818,000,000 a year ago.

Imports of gold during March amounted to less than \$2,000,000,000, and during the nine months ended with March to \$83,000,000, against \$801,000,000 for the nine months in 1917. Exports of gold were valued at less than \$3,000,000 in March, and for the nine months ended with March amounted to \$181,000,000, against \$150,000,000 in 1917.

Imports as well as exports of silver are somewhat larger this year than in 1917, the imports amounting to \$7,000,000 in March and to \$53,000,000 in the nine-month period, against \$26,000,000 for the corresponding period in 1917. Exports of silver amounted to \$13,000,000 in March and to \$72,000,000 for the nine-month period, against \$59,000,000 in 1917.

There is an excellent opportunity at this time to introduce cotton piece goods into the Jamaican market, as stocks in this line are low and merchants are looking to the United

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Jamaica has a population of over 800,000, and the purchasing power of a large number of the people is very small; but low and medium price grades of cotton piece goods is one of the few lines of merchandise necessary and in demand practically by the entire number of inhabitants, and, in the aggregate, makes a large business. Imports of cotton piece goods have increased from \$1,250,915 worth in 1913, of which \$398,160 worth came from the United States, to \$1,600,300 worth in 1916, of which \$843,605 worth came from the United States. The figures for 1917 are not available at this writing.

It would appear that with the advantage of shipping facilities and the satisfaction given by American-made plain, dyed, and printed cottons in this market that competition from England after the war will find this line fairly well entrenched in Jamaica, the connections made by American firms through commission houses and importers here having been most satisfactory.

With the receipt on May 3d of a cablegram from James D. Auld, a Sperry Flour Company representative in London, the Sperry Family, an organization of 1300 employees of the Sperry Flour Company, scattered the world over, went "over the top" in the purchase of Liberty Bonds. Auld's cable read: "Subscribe my year's salary to Liberty Loan." His answer was typical of the response to the Liberty Loan drive by the 1299 other employees of the company. The Sperry Flour Company is now a 100 per cent. institution—that is, every employee, from President to office boy, is the owner of one or more Liberty Bonds of the third issue. The total subscription of the employees was more than \$125,000, a splendid response from the employees of one company.

The increasing scarcity of labor and the movement to intensify agricultural production have focused the attention of the Algerian agriculturists and government officials on the great need of agricultural machinery, particularly of tractors.

There are in Algeria about 4,500,000 acres under cultivation by Europeans. Approximately 25,000,000 acres are in native hands, and of this area perhaps one-half is under cultivation at any given time. Another 25,000,000 acres may ultimately be brought under cultivation. Wheat, barley, oats, and wine are the leading crops.

Since the war imports of agricultural machinery have heavily declined, although in 1916 there was a slight recovery from the previous year. If transportation were available large purchases would doubtless have been made in the United States the past year. The Algerian government is now endeavoring, through the French high commission in the United States, to secure a shipload of 3000 tons of American machinery.

The demand for motor plows is especially great. The government has offered subventions to encourage "motor culture." In October, 1917, the General Council of Constantine voted 10,000 francs (\$1930) to aid the movement in that department. There are said to be some 20,000,000 acres on which tractors could be used.

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### WRITING TO MOTHER.

By Addison Lewis.

Collins was a bum. He roamed about the country on foot or ahaft the roads of a wind-jamming freight car, summer and winter, a restless spirit whose sole desire was to get food enough to keep him alive and beer as often as possible. He never stayed in one place long enough for people to inquire why he hadn't a regular job—because engraven on his soul was a solemn pledge: "Never Work."

If he had ever condescended to do a little manual labor, no matter how spasmodic, he would have elevated himself to the status of a tramp. A tramp will work, if there is no other way out. But a bum—never. He will sooner throw himself under a Mogul engine, and sue the railroad company for damages.

The lowest, the most good-for-nothing among us, say the psychologists, have some capability, some potential power, to do a certain thing better than the average of our fellows. Collins could hold the attention of a camp-fire gathering of twenty derelicts for hours at a time with his yarning. He was known as the best yarn-spinner among the disorganized cohorts of Coxie's army from the Battery to the Golden Gate. They called him affectionately "The Ace-High Liar." His yarns, he swore, were honest experiences from his own life, but as a matter of fact, as all his pals knew, they were 75 per cent. Collins' purple imagination. But they listened to him, and so passed many an hour otherwise weary and profitless. He could take them with him over the broad, cracked face of the earth. He could make them believe they were Alaskan gold hunters, explorers in the Uganda, English tars, seal hunters in the Bering Sea, plantation proprietors in Hawaii, Mexican arms smugglers—anything that came into his round red head.

In another stratum Collins might have been a successful writer of "red-blooded" fiction or thrilling scenarios for the movies. He had been the hero of a thousand unfilmed reels. He was a Lafcadio Hearn for description, a Jack London of narrative, a veritable Dickens for pathos. Nor is this saying much. Most every man has known some unheralded genius like Collins, blissfully ignorant of his own possibilities and therefore three times blessed.

One raw night toward the end of November Collins and a pal were hugging a radiator in the lobby of the Salvation Army hotel in Minneapolis. Why they happened to be there I don't know. Where they had come from, I don't know. But they were there. And it was good to feel the hot pipes pressed against their shivering bodies. They were cold and hungry and miserable; the joy of life had fled from their souls. Under their breath they cursed each other, God and the weather. The other occupants of the room were peacefully reading or pretending to read. But Collins and his companion were in no mood for reading. They seared, yellow eyes roamed about the room. They craved whisky, raw whisky. It would ease their troubles and give them a temporary feeling of well-being. But

they were flat broke, they couldn't borrow, and the days of begging had been fruitless. Their eyes continued to roam squintingly, maliciously. They hated the fatuous air of comfort exhaled by the rest of the room.

"Hell!" muttered Collins. His pal did not answer. Collins turned to look at him. A single tear was trickling down his unshaven cheek. He was a young man almost half Collins' age. His gaze was fixed on the opposite wall, and Collins, following its direction, encountered a placard in large letters: "When Did You Write Your Mother Last?"

"Got the homesick bug, eh?" The other furtively drew his hand across his cheek. "Forget it!" he said hoarsely.

"I don't blame ya, after what we've had handed us the last two days." There was rough kindness in Collins' tone.

"Forget it!" repeated the kid. After a moment he added sullenly, "Guess I'll read. Nothin' else for a guy to do in this damned hole." He shuffled over to a table and sat down.

Collins hugged the radiator several minutes longer. Then he turned up his coat collar and left the room. He had decided to make another try at pan-handling the price of a drink.

When he came back his pal was hunched over the table with a pencil and a scrawled sheet of paper. Collins sat down opposite. A genial glow tingled inside him. His errand had been successful.

"Obeyin' orders?" he asked jovially, raising an eyebrow toward the placard. The kid ignored him. He was writing feverishly. Collins sat still, regarding the placard with half-shut, musing eyes. "When Did You Write Your Mother Last?" he murmured. His lips twisted in a bitter smile. He put his arms on the table and pillowed his head on them. The stillness of the room was broken by three soft sounds—the click of the hattered clock on the wall, the heavy breathing of the readers, and the tap, tap of the kid's pencil on the paper. Five minutes passed. Collins felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"You can't sleep here," said the room clerk.

"Eh?" said Collins; "I wasn't asleep."

The clerk started back to his desk. Collins got to his feet and followed him. "How much for paper and an envelope?"

"Two cents."

Collins produced the coins. He went back to the table and sat down. After an infinite search he brought forth a stump of a pencil from somewhere in the depths of his being. He began to write. Slowly, haltingly, with a prodigious effort the words came. His copious speaking vocabulary, adapted to the demands of a hundred varying tales of his roving life, suddenly seemed to have vanished before the task of composing a simple letter. It was years since he had written anything but his name. But gradually, slowly, the page began to fill with crazily-fashioned words looking like so many hen tracks.

After a time Collins glancing up found the kid's eyes on him.

"Who the hell you writin' to?"

"Who the hell's askin'?"

Deliberately the kid leaned over and read the superscription—"Dearest Mother." Collins jerked the letter away. "If you weren't my pal, I'd hean you for that."

The kid was shaking with silent laughter. "Writin' to yer maw! Forget it. Yer dippy."

"Who're you writin' to?"

"What's it to yuh?"

"Don't kid me, cully. You're writin' to yourn. There aint no law 'gainst my doin' the same."

"Forget it!" said the kid. "You never had no maw. Tole me yerself you was hrung up in an orphan pen."

Collins failed to answer. He was suddenly busy with his writing. It was true, Collins had never known a mother. But that fact had never bothered him and it did not bother now. For his fervid imagination was aglow visualizing a perfect mother—his mother, to whom he was pouring out his heart in a badly scrawled letter—ahasing himself before her love, which he was sure had followed him over his long, starved years of wandering; castigating himself in the light of her certain forgiveness. He blessed her in words, wrung from the depths of his soul, that he had never revealed to any man; begged her still to cherish her faith, that he knew had many times been sorely tried, for soon he was coming home. Home—to her.

The kid had long ago finished his letter and gone to his bunk when Collins wrote: "Affectionately, your son," and tucked the letter away in his coat.

It was only a few days later that Collins, attempting to jump the humpers of a moving freight, missed his footing on the ice-sheathed metal and fell. He was badly crushed and died before he was found. There was no one to mourn him. The kid and he had since quarreled and parted company. But he earned a front-page story the next day in a great metropolitan daily. A shrewd reporter had

come into possession of his precious letter, and it appeared in full, verbatim, under the title "Tramp Dies with Unmailed Letter to Mother." And many eyes in the great city blinked for a moment with suspicious moisture when they read. And several wanderers on the face of the earth recalled with a start the long time it had been since they had written their mothers.

Some of these, with the story still before them, half unconsciously reached for their check-books. And that evening before the type metal which had stamped the story on their awakened memories had been melted to be shaped again into the next day's murder, grand hall, or clothing advertisement, a little fund had been raised to save what remained of Collins from the potters' field.

So it came to pass, on the following afternoon, a forlorn little undertaking "parlor" was made sadly gay with flowers from nameless givers, while "Spieler" Hanks, the leather-lunged street evangelist, said a few words above Collins' coffin in a voice strangely modulated.

When the kid many miles down the line read the account of this unusual occasion in a tattered, hattered, week-old edition, howled from a brake, he drew his hand across his tobacco-stained mouth and grunted in amazement.

"For de love o' Mike! Dat guy couldn't quit kiddin' even when he croaked. A whole town full o' weepin' nuts is just fallin' all over demselves paying respects to dat good-for-nothin' old hobo. Oh, Collins! Oh, hoy!"

And he slapped his leg and went off into a paroxysm of laughter.—*Reedy's Mirror.*

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Brother O' Mine

You're only a lad of eighteen years  
All of them spent with the one whose tears  
Have guided you through life's early spheres,  
Sharing with you in your joys and fears  
Brother o' mine!

Your limbs are clean and your heart is true,  
And somehow I think you'll see it through,  
So come back again when peace is new,  
Then we'll pay you the homage due  
Brother o' mine!

Remember your oath when under fire  
And let neither fear nor base desire  
Stem the flood of your youthful ire,  
But march to the front and never retire,  
Brother o' mine!

And should you fall 'neath an alien sky,  
I'll always mourn, but I'll never cry,  
For you'll not be dead—only cowards die!  
And we'll meet again—yes, you and I,  
Brother o' mine!

—*Signaler Tom Skeshill, Eighth Anzac Battalion, to his brother, 18, still enlisted.*

#### The Marines.

They do not mass in millions—the soldiers of the Sea—  
We count 'em up by companies, and mighty few there be.

But somehow, when we read of fights, where Uncle Sam takes part,

And hear of deeds of gallantry that thrill the Yankee heart,

In Cuba, in the Philippines, in France—no matter where—

It's ten to one that we will find the Leathernecks were there.

They always join the battle line a little in advance,

They always seem to be the first to get a fighting chance.

And woe betide whatever foe that thinks a greater force

Will drive them back from where they stand or turn them from their course.

"Surrender" is not in their creed; they know what courage means.

The first to come, the last to quit, are always the Marines.

They fought their way through little wars to answer to the call

That Uncle Sam sent forth when came the biggest war of all.

And in the thick of every fight against the rushing Hun

They'll stand, serene and confident, 'gainst odds of five to one.

And, ever, when to crush their ranks old Hindenburg has tried,

The biggest list of casualties were on the other side.

They learned their trade the while they rolled upon the ocean swell,

Afar from any battlefield—but, oh! they learned it well!

And, with the brine still on their cheeks, they calmly march ashore

And do the sort of fighting that will win in any war.

And when the guns are silenced, and the grisly game is won,

The world will thrill to hear the deeds the Leathernecks have done.

—*James J. Montague.*

The Legal Professor—Now, will some member of the class please give me three examples of common property? The Smart Aleck—

Yes, sir—cigarettes, matches, and umbrellas.

—*Dallas News.*



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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Cor. Haight and Belvedere.

December 31st, 1917

Assets.....\$63,314,948.04  
Deposits.....60,079,197.54  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,235,750.50  
Employees' Pension Fund.....272,914.25  
Number of Depositors.....63,907

For the six months ending December 31, 1917, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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##### Mysticism.

Churchmen seem suddenly to be discovering that they may be mystics without being heterodox, and perhaps if they had discovered this earlier it would have strengthened their position before the world. All religions are strong in proportion to their appeal to the mystical element in human nature. Indeed there can be no religion without mysticism.

This volume is made up of a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Charles Morris Addison, D. D. He says that he is anxious to persuade people to study and to practice mysticism and to that end he gives us a presentation based on the teachings of the mystics, and also, if we mistake not, upon his own experiences. It is a competent and stimulating piece of work, although it is somewhat circumscribed by the theological circle in which the author places it. All the religions of the world have had their mystics and they have spoken a common tongue and, as mystics, they have been unaware of differences dividing them. To segregate those of a particular external creed is to draw down the blinds upon much illuminating light.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MYSTICISM. By Charles Morris Addison, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

##### The Business of War.

There is no such gigantic piece of house-keeping in the world as the sustenance of an army in the field, and while we now know a good deal about fighting we are far less informed on the activities at home and behind the lines that make the fighting possible. Mr. Marcossion has now told us something about these activities. He gives us a glimpse of the agencies of production, at the transport service, and at the thousand arteries of service that feed and munition the men on the lines. Perhaps one of the most interesting features is the salvage department, whose anxious care it is to see that nothing is wasted and that no possible by-product is overlooked. Mr. Marcossion visited the chiefs of departments and he also had an interview with Sir Douglas Haig. Moreover, he gives us a final chapter about Lord Northcliffe and so concludes an unusual war book, and one that helps us to understand the magnitude of the task upon which we have embarked.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company.

##### Mexico's Dilemma.

We owe much to the activities of the ubiquitous correspondent, Carl W. Ackerman, especially for the work that he did in Germany before our entrance into the war. To be sure his prognostications concerning the democratic trend of German affairs seem a trifle premature in the light of present developments, but he furnished us with a mass of valuable information.

He has now turned his attention to Mexico, and his special interest there lies in the study of the extent and character of German propaganda and espionage that permeates the southern republic and influences our relations with the Mexicans. For this work his experience in Germany aided him greatly. He has now gathered in a single volume a number of articles that appeared in the columns of an American periodical.

There can be no doubt that he has analyzed accurately Mexico's dilemma in stating that it is a question of whether she yields to German influences or whether she plays with us and the Allies. His development of his theme, however, leaves much to be desired, for it lacks somewhat in continuity and is overlaid with much irrelevant incident. The most interesting feature of his book is his description of the anomalous situation in the Tampam oil fields and at the port of Tampico. He sets forth clearly the status maintained by the United States and the Allies for the sake of assuring a steady flow of oil

abroad. Pelaez, who is only an ignorant brigand chief, is maintained and paid a large monthly tribute in the oil region, while at the port enormous taxes are paid to the Carranza government for protection. Carranza would like to drive Pelaez out and get hold of the oil fields himself, but the Allies fear that if he were allowed to do so he would come so strongly under German influence as to endanger their interests there, and these interests are vital to the conduct of the war.

An excellent feature of the book is an appendix containing a translation in full of the Mexican constitution of 1917.

MEXICO'S DILEMMA. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

##### War-Time Control of Industry.

A great self-sufficient nation like the United States, by habit pacific and pacifist, suddenly faces enormous problems when all its lines of activities have to be subordinated to the exigencies of carrying on war. During the past year we have been groping along, accomplishing many big things, to be sure, but woefully lacking in coordination of effort.

In certain directions, acting on the experience of England, we have endeavored to adapt ourselves in a broad way to the changed conditions, when we can no longer depend upon competition to regulate prices or unregulated private enterprise to furnish needed supplies. It is therefore a very timely and useful work that Professor Gray has performed in collecting and arranging a mass of information concerning the industrial activities of the British state for our use in formulating our own policies in such matters.

The topics dealt with include government control and operation of railways, the handling of munitions and labor, the coal mines problems, the food administration and its closely related problem on agricultural production, and the matter of shipping. A final chapter devoted to "Conclusions and Comparisons" is exceedingly suggestive, and an index makes the book one of handy reference in a field in which information is generally scanty and lacking in accuracy.

WAR-TIME CONTROL OF INDUSTRY. By Howard L. Gray. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.85.

##### The Pawns Count.

Just at the moment the facts are so much stranger than fiction that Mr. Oppenheim need hardly draw on his imagination for material. Perhaps a good many of his stories of international intrigue are more true than we supposed. Essentially they were certainly true.

In this story he tells us of a struggle for the possession of the formula of a new explosive. Its inventor is murdered in the process and then begins the competition between an American girl, an English officer, a Japanese, and a German. Of course we find a sort of international alliance upon the last page and to the sound of the accustomed bells, the Germans hiding their diminished heads and sneaking back to their own country. Perhaps some of Mr. Oppenheim's characters are too superhumanly clever, but then who shall place limitations on the capacities of the secret service?

THE PAWNS COUNT. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

##### This Story of an Aviator.

Here we have the story of an American boy who is educated in Europe before the war and who has many French and German comrades. He joins the French aviation service at a time when flying was in its infancy and

we are allowed to trace his career through the troublous days of the struggle. It is a good yarn from the fictional point of view and incidentally we learn much of interest about aviation.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR, AMERICAN ACE. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

##### Over Japan Way.

A book about Japan, perhaps more than any other subject, is an illumination of the mind of its writer. Some books are superior, some are condescending, some are patronizing, some are hostile. Some writers think that the most interesting thing in Japan is the missionary, some can see nothing but the vice, and there are some others who think that Japan is a toy.

Mr. Hitchcock belongs to none of these classifications. He does not even try to interpret Japan for us nor to tell us what the Japanese are thinking about, a thing no man knows. He wanders light-heartedly, observing, through the country, avoiding the profundities and content with what he sees and the explanations that are given to him. As an illustration of his manner we may quote a single passage which relates how he bathed in the public bath-house of Dogo:

In his essay entitled "Manners," Emerson writes that the perfect gentleman never loses composure. Nothing surprises him; he can not be startled. He associates with all classes without embarrassing or suffering embarrassment. Everywhere he is at home. I thought of this when the maid, an attractive lass in the later teens, conducted me decorously to one of the many apartments on the upper floor (combination dressing-room, tea-room, rest-room), bearing on her arm towels and the bath kimono. I thanked her and waited for her to withdraw. She did not understand—nor did I. I pointed to the stairway. She went and looked at it, then returned with a countenance which said, "It is still there, master." I bowed a bow of dismissal, which she counterfeited. In short it became perfectly evident first, that the maid was well bred and performing her duty in the accustomed way; second, that not without rudeness approaching actual insult could she be ejected. Therefore, with as little assistance as courtesy permitted, the bath kimono was substituted for street clothes, and I followed my youthful conductor down another flight to the region of baths. All was as punctilious as if we were in my lady's drawing-room.

It is a delightful book and with real illustrations.

OVER JAPAN WAY. By Alfred M. Hitchcock. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.

##### Brieter Reviews.

Little, Brown & Co. have published "The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk," by Thornton W. Burgess (50 cents). It is intended for boys and girls from four to twelve.

"Just a Minute," by Charles Frederic Goss, D. D. (Stewart & Kidd Company), is described as "moment readings on Scripture passages, and a few on the great war." It contains many thoughts that seem to shine.

Mrs. Dora Morrell Hughes, author of "Thrill in the Household" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25), is a trained editor of domestic magazines and she now gives us a volume on household economies that commends itself at once by its practical sense and its easy and condensed expression. Mrs. Hughes is not among the women writers for women who think it necessary to be playful or silly.

Warren H. Miller is editor of *Field and Stream*, and therefore has peculiar qualifica-

tions for writing such a book as "Camping Out," just published by the George H. Doran Company (\$1.50). There is no better book of its kind nor one that can be more relied on for all the advice and information needed by the camper. To plan a vacation in the open without Mr. Miller's book would seem to indicate a weak mind.

E. P. Dutton & Co., the enterprising publishers of Everyman's Library, deserve praise for the addition to the series of a new edition of an epoch-making work in the field of political science, Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law." This work may be compared in its effect upon political thought to Darwin's "Origin of Species" in the biological field. The text is preceded by a scholarly introduction from the pen of Professor J. H. Morgan.

Longmans, Green & Co. have published "Christ's Challenge to Man's Spirit in This World Crisis," by George William Douglas, D. D., S. T. D., consisting of Advent addresses at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York (75 cents). Physical and mental perfections, says Dr. Douglas, are not enough to save the world. It is these that have led Germany to her present place. Materialism is helpless. Dr. Douglas addresses his appeal from the standpoint of his own church, but with his general contentions there can hardly be anything but a hearty approval.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

William Dean Howells has just returned from his winter vacation in Florida and Georgia. He has been visiting in various towns, but chiefly in Miami and Savannah. The Harpers, who publish Mr. Howells' books, looked up their recent sales, and it is interesting to know just what is a "Howells best-seller." It was found that they were two, "Literary Friends and Acquaintances" and "Heroines of Fiction."

"The Iron Ration," by George Abel Schreiner, one of the Harper spring books, is shortly to be published in England by John Murray. The author is once more about to take up his career as a war correspondent on the western front. Another Harper book to be given to English readers is "Everyman's Chemistry," by Ellwood Hendrick. This will be published by the University of London Press.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce for publication in the near future Mr. Ralph D. Paine's "With the Fighting Fleets." Mr. Paine has just returned from five months of active service with the British, French, and American fleets in the war zone, and it is safe to say that no other American has had such a varied and interesting experience on the other side since we entered the war.

Everybody knows Harry Lauder—for thirty-five years he has played before great audiences, at a salary of \$5000 for a few minutes' laughter. Then his son, a captain in the Scotch Highlanders, was shot down by the Germans. Lauder dropped everything—put every cent he owned into the British War Bonds and started off to help win the war. He sang to the soldiers—he lived with them in the mud and blood-soggy trenches. He toured England raising money and recruits. Ever since October he has been traveling this country—he has visited seventy-seven cities from Boston to Los Angeles—spoken to millions—sent 12,000 men to the front. The newspapers have printed pages about him. Now, at the height of all this excitement, comes his book, "A Minstrel in France."

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A Naked Soul in War-Time.

The name of Leonid Andreyev is known to most Americans who read contemporary Russian literature in translation either for his rather cynical and repulsive stories of peasant and student life, or for his two masterpieces of realism, "The Seven Who Were Hanged" and "The Red Laugh." These latter scarcely reveal the poetic character of the author, but they do give an insight into his powers of psychological analysis, an analysis of a personal frankness to be found only in Russia.

More striking than either of these, in a sense more poignant, though babbly without the nerve-wracking horror, is "The Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days." It is not easy for an American, especially if he be a conventionalized American, to look into the Russian soul non-understandingly. But in this diary of a noncombatant in Petrograd during the first years of the great war there is a marvelous and compelling analysis for those who have eyes to see. It throws a wonderfully clear light on the naked human soul in war-time, and its subject is not Russian alone, but more nearly universal than many people would willingly admit.

Ilya Petrovich Dementev is a bank clerk. He is above the conscription age and therefore not liable to military service. You are inclined to look upon him as rather an unworthy type, yet his absolute lack of hypocrisy disarms you. He passes through all the tribulations of those behind the line, and one sees that these are not less in reality than those of the fighters in the trenches. His losses and disillusion bring him to the verge of suicide, but he is turned aside, and an understanding and sympathetic wife saves his soul at the last. No more wonderful work of soul-revelation in war has appeared, nor one that aids more in understanding Russia in the present crisis. It is also a masterpiece of literature, even in translation.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITTLE MAN DURING GREAT DAYS. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.35 net.

The Latest in Auction Bridge.

The name of R. F. Foster has for many years been associated with all the developments of scientific bridge-playing. He has written many works on the subject for beginners and for the advanced player. His new work on the subject of auction bridge is not only more complete than his earlier treatises, but in some respects differs radically from them. In this volume he is concerned with proving that many of the old conventions are unsound and misleading, and that it is possible to work out for each hand a fixed value for attack and defense, a value frequently interfered with by the old conventions. Altogether it is a radical book full of striking deductions, and impresses one as putting into the game a higher degree of scientific analysis than has hitherto been done.

FOSTER ON AUCTION. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

New Books Received.

GERMANISM AND THE AMERICAN CRUSADE. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

An address delivered at Geneva.

THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBY COON. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents.

For children.

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and Maud Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

How Sergeant Fritsch saved France.

THE DESTINIES OF THE STARS. By Svante Arrhenius. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50. Authorized translation from the Swedish.

THE HOLY CITY JERUSALEM II. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE A. E. F. By Heywood Brown. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50. With Pershing and the American forces.

THE HIGH ROMANCE. By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60. The story of a spiritual pilgrimage.

COUNTERFEIT MIRACLES. By Benjamin B. Warfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. An investigation of miracles.

PROFESSOR LATIMER'S PROGRESS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40.

A novel.

CO-OPERATION. By Emerson P. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. "The hope of the consumer."

THE JOYOUS TROUBLE MAKER. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.40. A novel.

DRIFT. By Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50. A novel.

PEARLS ON THE SHORE. By "Alpha of the Plough." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. Light and humorous essays. Illustrated.

HANDBOOK OF NORTHERN FRANCE. By William Morris Davis, S. D., Ph. D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

A guide book.

THE SON DECIDES. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

CAMPING OUT. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50. Some practical advice.

SIDELIGHTS ON GERMANY. By Michael A. Morrison. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1. Selections from article portraying German life and thought.

OVER PERISCOPE PONO. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Letters from two American girls in Paris.

THE AZTEC HUNTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.35.

A story of adventure.

ON TWO FRONTIERS. By George T. Buffum. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.35. Frontier life in Africa and America.

THE HABITANT. By William Henry Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25. Poems of French Canada.

OVER HERE. By Ethel M. Kelley. Indianapolis: Bohls-Merrill Company; \$1.50. The story of a war bride.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF AN ENDURING PEACE. By C. W. Macfarlane, C. E., Ph. D. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A consideration of economic gains and losses.

THRIFT IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By Dora Morrell Hughes. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25.

Domestic economy.

THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY SKUNK. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents.

For children.

IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA. By Thomas F. Plowman. New York: John Lane Company; \$3. Some memories of men and things.

CAROLINE KING'S COOK BOOK. By Caroline B. King. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50. The simple art of good cookery.

SONGS OF SUNRISE. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25. A volume of verse.

MRS. MAROEN'S OROREAL. By James Hay, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50. A novel.

MY IRELAND. By Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25. Celtic verse.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR, AMERICAN ACE. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

Fighting in the air.

LORE TONY'S WIFE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35. A novel.

JUST A MINUTE. By Charles Frederic Goss, D. D. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Moment readings on Scripture passages.

THE WORLD SIGNIFICANCE OF A JEWISH STATE. By A. A. Berle, A. M., D. D. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The rehabilitation and unification of the Jews.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

A new Tarzan story.

HE WHO BREAKS. By Inna Demens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50. A novel.

A SOLOIER UNAFRAID. By Captain André Cornet-Auquier. Translated by Theodore Stanton, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1. Letters from the trenches of the Alsatian front.



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THE RISE AND FALL OF JEANETTE.

By Adele M. Ballard.

Less than two years ago the *Town Crier* had occasion to bracket two names together, Miss Jeanette Rankin and Miss Anna Louise Strong, the former being the first woman elected to Congress, the latter the first woman to serve on the Seattle school board. They were both given their chance to make good the claim that women are the equal of men in identically the same way, and we again bracket them as examples of the fundamental inadequacy that women show when it comes to the question of governing.

The constituents of both these women have reacted in a specific manner to the inability displayed by Miss Rankin and Miss Strong to comprehend the responsibilities placed upon them. Theoretically the most ideal condition that could be imagined would be that of men and women as co-rulers, one being the complement of the other as they are in the physical world. When it comes to a practical working out of this theory there invariably arises a grave defect.

Some argue that we must wait and not pass judgment until women have had the experience men have long possessed. Why haven't they? There must have been a period in the infancy of the race when they were about on the same level in every way, and there is no reason for thinking that it was the original nature of peoples to belittle or despise their women. In this twentieth century, when women are claiming everything lying around, unless it has been nailed down by history, when they possess equal or greater privileges for advancement than men, when they admit themselves that they are far ahead of men in intellectual progress, why is it, when it comes to a question of control, that we find women fail to measure up to men in that direction?

The gist of the matter seems to lie in the fact that women are absorbed in finite ends and would use all the resources of the government to realize those ends. Look at their work now going on actively among the members of Congress. They are fighting with every weapon that lies within reach to carry woman suffrage. Those women are well equipped mentally, financially, and morally, and yet with the greatest war of the world being waged and this country bending every energy to do its share in bringing about its ideal of freedom for all men, we find women heckling men, who should be about the nation's business, with demands for immediate recognition of the supposed equality of the sexes.

There have been isolated tribes in which authority was vested in their women, but we must recognize the fact that they did not survive the competition of peoples governed by men. Human nature may change, but scientists tell us that it hasn't altered for fifteen thousand years, so it is pretty safe to begin our deductions on that basis, and not expect too much of our fellow-men and our fellow-women either.

When Miss Jeanette Rankin was elected to Congress, the first woman to be given that high honor, it will be remembered that there was no grand burst of enthusiasm on the part of the suffragists that swept from one end of the country to the other. Why not? That was what they apparently had been working for. Miss Rankin was considered sane and safe, and eminently well fitted for the position, but there was no great burrah.

At the first crucial moment Miss Rankin broke down and cried. That was excused in a large measure by the people, who realized that to vote on the subject of this country entering the war was a most difficult position for a woman. The incident was closed. Miss Rankin voted against the infinite possibilities

for good that this country held to promote liberty for all men.

Grave questions pertaining to the conflict in which the whole country was vitally interested went apparently unheeded by Miss Rankin. She was absorbed in other matters. Present in body, her mind was registering things like legislation for shorter hours for working women—heedless of the fact that the women of all nations are working overtime and doing it gladly because their countries need them.

Miss Rankin's perspective was faulty, and it was precisely the same sort of astigmatism that was the undoing of Anna Louise Strong. Both shut out the vision of the wide horizon by viewing at too close range the less important affairs of men.

Straws show which way the wind blows. Montana, the state that sent Miss Rankin to Congress, has wakened to the understanding that she was misrepresenting the people of that commonwealth; that she was individualistic rather than national in her grasp of affairs; that the financial woes of the miners were of greater importance than the destiny of the nation. She had betrayed the trust placed in her—not willfully, we would not accuse her of that, but because she was unable to grasp the difference between the lesser and the greater good.

Recently Miss Rankin returned to Montana to make speeches before the people of that state, and the reaction against her was so pronounced that she was denied the use of any public building. Such a situation should give other states considerable to think about, and it should not be wholly wasted upon thoughtful women themselves.

Women lack the inherent quality on which government is based. They recognize that lack in each other. They do not possess the infinite soul of progress—they are beset by the finite, the component parts, and the whole, as a whole, evades them.

History has repeated itself in a nutshell. The story of the three golden apples that tempted Atalanta and lost her the race comes down to us in the form of a mythological tale, but the inner meaning of it still holds good today, for the modern Atalanta also loses sight of the infinite goal in stooping to lay hold of the finite.—*Seattle Town Crier*.

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### "MARY'S ANKLE."

The May Tully farce at the Columbia provides a clean, cheerful three acts of farcical fun: somewhat stereotyped, it is true, the author of the farce showing no great originality, but she has supplied plenty of material upon which youthful high spirits may congenially expend themselves. It struck me that the young players in "Mary's Ankle," over-used though they may be to the lines, as their somewhat mechanical delivery of them at times seemed to suggest, still derived a youthful enjoyment from identifying themselves with the farcical perturbation of Mary Jane, Doc, Stokesy, and Chub.

Some one suggested that "Mary's Ankle" was Murger's "Vie de Bohème" modernized and Americanized. And in the first act there is a reminder of the gayety with which Murger's French quartet faced hunger and penury. But, on the whole, the piece adheres too closely to the general run of pieces of its own ilk to be regarded as any but the lightest of weights even for farce.

Its principal value is this atmosphere of youthful gayety and animal spirits; its principal defect the omission of some approximation to human nature and the realities of life humorously presented which have been characterizing the more modern and brilliant farces of the American stage.

Farceful humor is always touch and go. People have different kinds of humor according to their tastes, degrees of literalness, and standards of comfort. Now I don't know whether or not it is a sign that I particularly love my money and my meals. I only know that instead of feeling highly amused when the three impecunious ones were deprived of their last dollar by the smiling enterprise of the pretty Red Cross driver I felt a rueful sympathy for them. It is hard to hand over one's last dollar when the appetite juices are merrily running in preparation for the next meal. Men are good-natured in the matter of money, for a fact. When they get "touched" they derive much consolation when the other man is similarly afflicted. But is that good nature? At any rate it makes for a cheerful if somewhat sardonic philosophy.

Sometimes I ask myself, when I hear of women making frequent and cheerful irruptions into the business offices of men and holding them up for contributions toward numerous benefactions, if they are getting even on the men for their financial ascendancy. For the nerve of them is really amazing. One wonders how they would stand if the war were turned into their quarter; if, for instance, the business men should form an association of which each member should pledge himself to sue for return alms for an equally worthy purpose; if he should say to the fair collector, "And now, madam, I would be equally obliged if you would subscribe to our fund for the Down and Outs." My, but what a pother there would be in the feminine ranks of dole-collectors. Eyes would flash, tempers boil, and tongues would fly. For these ladies do not realize the sporting instinct with which they go into the quest; nor their reliance upon the well-known unwillingness of man to say "No" to a woman. Of course, it does some of these men loads of good to give; and they need to have worthy causes brought to their notice. But, after all, one should have a few rights in his own castle; and besides, the men can not forget that some of these collectors are commercially engaged and support themselves by retaining a certain per cent. from the sum total of their collections.

Fortunately for the humor of the thing in "Mary's Ankle," the fair owner of the ankle represented the best of causes; and it was funny when, in response to her allusion to the joy of relieving the hunger of the starving multitude the three that had just been "touched" laid their hands unobtrusively but expressively over the spot which is the repository for relievers of appetite.

Impecuniosity is the keynote of the piece; a state which is made more aggravating for the sufferers from it on account of the financial plenty enjoyed by a contrasting set of characters. Of course, relief comes at the very last by means of a check of noble size. And when the curtain goes down the spectator has a distinct feeling of satisfaction in the reflection that the impecunious three are

drawing near to the enjoyment of a plentiful steamship dinner.

Amy Leah Denis is the Mary of the cast; a young creature pretty as a child, with her large eyes, abundant hair, pouting lips, and the kitten-like inexperience of life that is written in her fair countenance. Leigh, Butler, and MacLeod, three lively young actors, agreeably impersonate the three impecunious ones. Louise Sanford gives a flavor of hearty burlesque to the character of the landlady, and Gertrude Mann puts plenty of snap into the irritated discourse of the touchy Clementine. James Hester takes the stage with the authority of a veteran comedian; Donald McBride showed experience in burlesquing the rôle of the interested steward, and May Wallace, although rather overstressing the elegance of Mrs. Burns, filled the bill in other respects.

Of course we haven't the Eastern company; and equally of course these young people are no great shakes. But they are in the spirit of the thing, and do it well enough; only it takes first-class material to convince us that the farce is as funny as it was found to be by the Easterners whose patronage gave it the long run.

### THE ORPHEUM.

If you like things to look at you will be satisfied with this week's Orpheum bill, although it is also a songful week, there being five numbers devoted to singing; in some cases interpolated with stories. The best number on the programme is a leftover, the playlet "Trapped," in which Edwin Arden is featured, being first-class vaudeville entertainment. "Trapped" is well written and well acted, the three male parts being convincingly impersonated, and the rôle of the girl being quite well enough played for all purposes.

The German spy is being very much utilized in the fiction of the day, whether it be novels, short stories, or playlets. So far he does not seem to have broken into the regular drama; probably because in full-length plays the public shows a desire to get away from the war. In homeopathic doses, however, one finds the spy idea sufficiently thrilling. The woods are full of them, for all we know. In fact we do know: the military chronicles tell us so. They are catching them constantly, and hence our thrills are quite legitimate, and not born of the romantic idea. There is, of course, a spy entrapped, but the merit of the play is that while we know which is the spy from the beginning, in other respects we are obliged to do some hard guessing, and the play ends up with a splendid surprise. Edwin Arden makes a soldierly figure in the khaki of the officer, and enacts military vigilance and alertness and the extreme exhaustion of an overtaxed man equally well.

The Savage couple offer a series of brilliant feats in shooting straight, the young man contributing some rather ponderous jokes, but the whole act going with such automatic perfection that we find ourselves altogether too calm when leaden bullets are cutting the air an inch from a man's head. It doesn't seem as if it should be allowed, but the lawmaker is chary of interfering with the thrills of patrons of vaudeville.

The Bronson and Baldwin pair are with us again, Winnie as pretty as ever and Percy in a joyfully inebriated state. The jag was well done, of course, for this couple are a pair of experts. But when Francis Yates produced another jag then one felt one's self being overfed with this special line of entertainment. One, I say, not many, for a vaudeville audience always love the stage-jag. Yates and Reed also sang, Mr. Yates—I suppose—demonstrating the possession of a fine, rumbling bass voice, while Reed did a bit of female impersonation. The funny thing about it was that he was so masculine as a woman while as a man he made himself feminine and snickvish.

Jack Clifford has a very pretentious act called "A Country Side," in which corn and wheat are typified by two pretty girls. There is impressionistic scenery representing corn and wheat, but there is nothing particularly pertinent in the cereal idea except that the words corn and wheat are on everybody's tongue. The elaborate setting and the corn and wheat idea merely serve as a peg on which to hang a number of dances in which one detects no relativity whatsoever. However, that's all right. It's all part of the vaudeville game. And popular catch-word or catch-idea will do to provide a motive for stage scenery and elaborate dances. The principal thing is that Jack Clifford is an expert in his line. The two girls are pretty and are foils to each other in their different types. The ambitious Mr. Clifford whirls around madly, and while his coat-tails fly not a hair of his satinsmooth head budes; some feat. He is happy in having achieved a grand climax: the two dancers revolving around his neck and streaming horizontally upon the air at one and the same moment; another feat.

The twinkly-eyed Elizabeth Murray contributes songs and stories; the songs in a rich

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G. CHEVASSUS, Manager

brogue, the stories in chastely elegant Americanese. Elizabeth is happy, for the act seems to go.

Another pretentious offering is that of Dahl and Gillen, the lady giving a series of vocal solos, while the man made himself useful and entertaining at the piano. Miss Dahl has a bright, hard voice and lots of costumes, which are reinforced by a number of scenic settings.

"The Four Mortons" are no doubt blissful, for they made an unqualified hit as singers and dancers. The family atmosphere they bring with them pleases the audience. The real expert of the quartet is Morton Senior the matronly Morton having a sort of an agreeable, meek, wifely air of hitching on docilely to the bigger gun. The young couple are good to look at: very youthful, gentle, unworlly; not a scrap of vaudeville hardness about them. They made one think of the down on a peach, or the velvet on the petal of a rose. Alas, that such things must pass.

### PICTURING GERARD'S BOOK.

This is the era of propaganda. For a time Germany monopolized that special branch of military strategy, but now America is getting in her deadly work. Ah, if we could but extend the results of the American talent for advertising to other countries. There were recently two cartoons in a humorous publication the wide dissemination of which through Germany would afford us the richest satisfaction. One is called "The Six Safest Sons in Germany Today." The picture is familiar enough, all of us having seen, at the beginning of the great war, various printed copies of the photograph representing the Kaiser's six sons, plumed and gilded, and braided and embroidered, striding along through the streets of Berlin, quite oblivious in their pride of princes that underneath all those befogged trappings each one is just plain human: a "forked radish," as Carlyle puts it.

The other represents those same sons feasting at a banquet table spread with richly decorated vessels, and piled high with plenty; while just beyond, in full sight of the royal roisterers, extend leagues upon leagues of the German dead. To sow copies of these two pictures broadcast through Germany might make even submissive Fritz scratch his square head and do a little thinking.

The picturization of "My Four Years in Germany" offers an instance of valuable and widespread American propaganda. Everybody is determined to see this film. For people curious about Gerard's German experiences who are not readers by temperament it is a short cut toward the reading of the book, which is a fat volume of 430 pages. Nevertheless quantities of people will fly to the book which pro-Germans relieve their minds by calling a pack of lies. It is to be hoped that a huge number will be so impelled, for Gerard is a man who does not write intemperately and injudiciously. He dispassionately tells us the cold truth which is needed by the man in the street accustomed to feeding his soul on the headlines of the evening papers, and thrilling to order when he reads in startling scare-heads, "Germany Whipped by the U. S." The great value of the book is truthfulness, for he does not hesitate to tell unwelcome truths. And when, in pursuance of his official duties during the three years preceding our entrance into the war he experienced helplessness or good feeling among the Germans—encountered, it is true, in rather rare instances—he always chronicled it. For instance, he says on page 194: "Many of the camp commanders in Germany were men, excellent and efficient and kind-hearted, who did what they could for the prisoners. It is a pity that these men should bear the odium which attaches to Germany because of the general bad treatment of prisoners of war in the first days of war, and because certain commanders of prison camps were not fitted for their positions."

Naturally the producers of the picture-play

have sought to kindle the emotions of the spectators. And yet we feel confidence in the truth of the pictures because we are informed in the text thrown on the screen that every scene depicted in the play is a picturization of events described in the book.

The series of pictures are really remarkable, the actor-made portraits of royalties, and of the leading military and governmental personages of Germany being so extraordinarily similar to the real ones that they puzzle the spectators. People can be heard in excited discussion on the subject, insisting that they are the real thing, and that some new trick of photography has been employed.

The picture of the Kaiser is particularly good; so much like the original that it recalls the yarn of the Kaiser's seven duplicates who relieve him of excessive calls to public display by impersonating him in grandstand plays, remote bows from motors, etc. It may be only a yarn, but I should think all rulers would be forced to use just such substitutes.

After a time the spectator calms down and begins to realize that these exalted personages are movie actors playing a part. But it takes time, for there is a great deal of excitement in the air. The audiences are very demonstrative in indicating aroused national feeling, but still as death during the pictures of the war prison, as they note how the cunning enemy tries to break down the manliness and self-respect of the prisoners. It comes home to us. For our young soldiers will be obliged to have their turn in experiencing Germany's treatment of war prisoners. Gerard seems to think the worst is over, and chronicles improvements since the early days of the conflict. But that was before we entered the war. Maximilien Harden knows his fellow-countrymen, and he is the one who said of them that if Germany in seeking peace was forced to continue at war they would lose all self-control and fight like mad dogs.

It is to be hoped that some of our German-American compatriots may see this picture-play in a receptive state of mind. It is very illuminating on German psychology. For Gerard repeatedly discovered the German tendency to insist that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. The German-American, by the way, might find Gerard's chapter on "Hate" interesting, and especially that passage which says, "The German-Americans are hated worse (by the Germans) than the native Americans." And he goes on to explain that the Germans are intensely bitter toward them because, when the initial war broke out, they did not risk their lives, their property, and their children's future by taking arms against the government of America in the interest of the Hohenzollerns.

Mr. Gerard, of course, represents himself in the play and conducts himself with ease and naturalness. I note that he says in his book that Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria actually figured in a film play at Berlin, appearing in propria persona. Who knows but what, after the war is over, some of these European potentates and their families may monopolize leading rôles in movie plays for a time. It would pay well such as will be out of a job, and might amuse the public.

The actors representing the men in Germany who have been running the ship of state toward the rocks these last four years are a fine-looking body of men, and make an imposing appearance in the various military or diplomatic costumes which they wear. The German men of the ruling classes are physically imposing, and very evidently place full value on the psychological effect of fine feathers. At any rate the women are not in it with them. Tourists in Europe have always remarked the special richness and gorgeousness of uniforms in Germany and Austria. The British are too manly, the French too democratic to fall in with this sort of thing. How gorgeous they are, and how dramatic in their costumes, the spectators of the play



have ample occasion to discover. One may regard it, perhaps, as a significant indication of one phase of the national, or more probably the Prussian, psychology.

It is not probable that men in the movie business would care to venture their property or their skins in Russia. But it would be a magnificent field in which to let in a flood of light on German military methods by means of film plays. But that is perhaps only a dream—and yet, who knows? This picturizing of a book of the nature of Gerárd's was a novel experiment; but, as it has turned out, a tremendously successful one. Others of like nature will follow, for the thoughts of our world are turned that way. The eyes of the whole world, in fact, are fixed on Germany anxiously, in spite of our basic layer of rooted confidence. The ruthless military caste have poisoned the soul of a nation. The whole world needs to know Germany. Peasants can not or will not read books. And therefore, since the success of this picture-play, one foresees new and more powerful and far-reaching activities for the progressive producers of the film play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The United States government is building for the Army and Navy Departments what are said to be the largest building of their character in the world on sites in the Mall at Washington, D. C. The building for the navy will be 860 feet front, with a depth of 60 feet, from which will extend nine wings, each 500 feet in length and 60 feet in width. The army building, of similar design and construction, will be 760x60, and have eight wings, each 500x60 feet. The two buildings will have a ground-floor area of approximately 1,821,600 square feet, or about 728 city lots of the standard 25-100-foot size. An interesting phase, apart from the immensity of the buildings, is that they are practically temporary structures, to be removed after the war, as they occupy park land.

The Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, one of the most progressive and best managed prisons in the country, is now preparing to promote deserving prisoners from a guarded cell to a residence in a cottage outside the walls. All prisoners who enter Joliet will hereafter be placed in class I without privileges. If the convict shows a desire to do right, fulfills his duty, and seeks to better his condition, he will get merit marks that will give him a home outside the prison. The cottage plan is to be given a thorough trial when the new penitentiary is finished that is now being built on a 2000-acre prison farm.

Russian women have won their battle for a voice in the affairs of the orthodox church. The Ecclesiastical Sobor, or assembly, has granted women a vote in the parish meetings and councils. It has also accorded them the right to participate with voting power on all diocesan, charitable, and missionary and church economic institutions with the exception of legal administrative bodies and the Episcopal Council. Hereafter women may hold the post of elder in the church, and in special cases may be permitted to act as psalm reader, but will not be included in the clergy.

"They should have allowed the orator to go on. There was plenty of meat in his address." "Maybe that is why they canned him."—Houston Chronicle.

## The Little Theatre OF SAN FRANCISCO 3209 CLAY STREET

The Music Section of

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By Gilbert and Sullivan

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Special Matinee, Saturday, May 25, at 2:30

SINGLE ADMISSION, 75 Cents

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Saturday, May 11,  
"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA"  
SUNDAY, MAY 12,  
CARMEN

Tuesday, "Ernani," Thursday, "Lucia di  
Lammermoor," Friday, "Otello."

Seat sales at Sherman, Clay & Co., Sutter 6000,  
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Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c and 25c. War tax included.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### "The Brat" at the Cort.

The now famous comedy hit, "The Brat," written by Maude Fulton, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre next week for a brief engagement, beginning Sunday evening, May 12th.

Miss Fulton has written a clean, sweet play, with many opportunities for laughter and a tear or two, a play not only for sophisticated first-night New York audiences, but for people all over the country. The brat herself is a little bit of East Side, New York, whose shining experience has been gained as a "pony" chorus girl at the New York Hippodrome. She is rescued from a woman's night court by a cool, keen novelist, who takes her to his home as a type to study. The writer's domestic entourage furnishes the foil for the girl's delicious ignorance and bubbling spirits. There is his mother, proud but shallow and insincere; a younger brother with a weakness for drink, encouraged by the nagging of his elders; an uncle who is a bishop, worldly and pompous; a faithful and bibulous butler, and two affected young women engaged in a cynical contest for the author's attention. The nameless Brat draws a false conclusion from the author's kindness and is well on the way to a heartbreak when her affections are diverted to the younger brother, who finally takes a brace and carries her off to a ranch in Wyoming, much to the chagrin of his proud relatives.

Aside from Miss Fulton the company includes Edmund Lowe, Percival T. Moore, Gertrude Maitland, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Helen Stewart, Frank Kingdon, Leslie Palmer, and Bessie Andra, which is the original New York and Chicago company and production. The usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday will be given.

#### Last Week of "Mary's Ankle."

The three-act farce, "Mary's Ankle," is to be on view at the Columbia Theatre for a second and last week commencing with Sunday night, May 12th. Amy Leah Dennis as Mary has made a distinctive success and Bert Leigh as the young doctor who tries to find a way out of his "hard-up" conditions offers a splendid comedy impersonation. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Ruth St. Denis will appear next week in a series of pictorial and dramatic dances. She will be assisted by Margaret Loomis, and Louis Moret will be her musical director. Miss St. Denis has arranged a programme of dances which will include the Japanese Flower Dance; the Moon Love Waltz, a dance romance composed by Ted Shawn; Rosamond; the Nautch Dance; the Dance of the North African Desert, and the Peacock Dance.

J. K. Emmet and Mary Ryan will appear in "Wishland," a modern version of an old Persian tale. Miss Ryan is a California girl and an actress of ability.

Lora Hoffman is another recruit from the concert stage. She is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice which has been perfected by European training. She does not frown at simple music and believes there is more melody in one of the old songs than in many operatic arias. She is also convinced that lyrics were written to be understood, therefore she sings entirely in English.

Andy Rice, a clever and diverting monologist, entitles his offering "In Society."

Ben Beyer has returned to this country, having successfully evaded the dangers of three war zones. He will appear in an original novelty in which his trusty bicycle comedy and music are conspicuous. He is assisted by a bright girl known as Augusta.

Gwen Lewis, the English girl, will make her San Francisco debut, and will be seen and heard in songs and monologues at the piano.

The Four Haley Sisters, Francis Yates and Gus Reed in "Double Crossing," and the Four Mortons will be the remaining acts in a bill which promises much enjoyment.

#### "Patience" by Players' Club.

The Players' Club in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay Street is to make a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's light opera, "Patience." The opening performance will be on Monday evening, May 13th, and will continue every night for two weeks. A special matinee will be given on Saturday, May 25th.

The production is being given by the newly-formed light opera section of the club, under the direction of Reginald Travers.

Harry Wood Brown will be in charge of the music.

#### Maude Adams Next Attraction at Columbia.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Maude Adams in the Barrie play, "A Kiss for Cinderella." Miss Adams will commence a two weeks' engagement on Monday night, May 20th. The piece is so light it "scarcely touches the earth." While the plot follows in a general way the lines of the familiar legend of Cinderella and the glass

slipper, the treatment is wholly new. The play calls for a large cast and is elaborately and artistically staged. Seats go on sale next Thursday morning.

#### The San Francisco Opera Company.

Entering upon its sixth week, the San Francisco Opera Company has prepared a programme that will combine offerings of the lighter as well as of the heavier vein of music. Marguerite will be sung for the first time by Lina Reggiani. "Ernani" will be the novelty of the week, with Giuseppe Mauro, Bartolomeo Dadone, Elena Avedano, and D'Agaroff in the principal rôles. The other presentations of the week will include "Lucia di Lammermoor" on Thursday. Lina Reggiani will be the Lucia, Dadone the Sir Ashton, and Magano the Edgard. On Friday "Otello" will be given, with Mauro as Otello, Dadone as Iago, and Elena Avedano as Desdemona. "Faust" will be given on Saturday, with Lina Reggiani as Marguerite, D'Agaroff as Mephisto, Louise Noe as Siebel, Magano being Faust, and Malpica Valentin. "Ernani" will receive its première on Tuesday night, May 14th. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s or at the box-office.

#### Galli-Curci.

The people of San Francisco who have been anticipating the coming of Amelita Galli-Curci will at last have their first opportunity of hearing this singer tomorrow afternoon at the Exposition Auditorium at 2:30 sharp.

Frank W. Healy, under whose direction Mme. Galli-Curci appears in San Francisco, wishes again to call attention to the fact that the doors of the concert hall will be closed promptly at 2:30 o'clock and no one will be admitted until after the first group of songs is finished. The doors of the Auditorium will open at 1 o'clock and all are urged to come early enough so that when Mme. Galli-Curci appears there will be absolute silence.

#### Superstitions of Stage Folk.

Recently Blossom Seeley, a well-known writer of dramatic news and reviews, has undertaken to compile stage superstitions. She finds a new one every day and despairs of ever completing the compilation. Meanwhile here are a few samples:

The thirteen and the Friday superstitions are both strong in stagemod. A play with thirteen characters or with a title containing thirteen letters is believed to be doomed to failure, although there have been notable exceptions. Most theatres have no dressing-rooms numbered thirteen. It is, of course, unlucky for an actor to sign a contract on Friday or for a touring company to start out on that day.

A yellow costume, or a costume containing yellow, worn on the opening night, has been generally considered certain to doom a show to disaster.

In the dressing-room shoes should never be placed on the table. Nor must hats be laid upon a trunk. It will mean the removal of the trunk and failure of the show. The old-fashioned "camel-back" trunks with the curved tops are thought to be unlucky, and the player who takes one into a theatre puts a hoodoo on the production.

It is considered a fatal thing to open an umbrella on the stage at the first performance, and there are some actors who believe that to open an umbrella at any time, even for the purpose of drying, is bad luck.

To whistle in the dressing-room is considered a portent of ill-luck; so is the dropping of a comb in the theatre, the spilling of wine, or the breaking of a cork in the neck of the bottle.

To start for the stage and then turn back for anything forgotten means that the person so doing will forget some of the lines in his part.

The belief that the passing of two persons on a staircase is a sure sign of "dead bad luck" prevails throughout the profession generally, and among chorus girls particularly.

John Galsworthy, the British poet, has aroused much discussion recently by assuming the license of rhyming "laughter" with "slaughter" in a poem in the *Chronicle*. His defenders justify him by observing that the rhyme is unusual, but quite defensible, both on historical grounds and on the ground that the eye may accept a rhyme as well as the ear.

Policewomen in England appear to be not a theory, but a condition. In July, 1915, there were fifty trained women in the corps of the Women's Public Service of London; in 1916, 100; in July, 1917, when the latest report was made public, 612, and daily increasing. Twelve cities, towns, and boroughs now employ them on the regular force.

The number of churches in the United States is now 226,600, or an increase during the year of a little over 1000. The number of ministers is 192,000, an increase of over 1200.



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#### The Soul of a Nation.

The little things of which we lately chattered—  
The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;  
Themes we discussed as though they really mattered,  
Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing.

How thin it seems today, this vacant prattle,  
Drowned by the thunder rolling in the west,  
Voice of the great arbitrament of battle  
That puts our temper to the final test!

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are straining,  
Where those we love, whose courage laughs at fear,  
Amid the storm of steel around them raining,  
Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New-born of this supremest hour of trial,  
In quiet confidence shall he our strength,  
Fixed on a faith that will not take denial  
Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O England, stanch of nerve and strong of sinew,  
Best when you face the odds and stand at bay!  
Now show a watching world what stuff is in you!  
Now make your soldiers proud of you today!

—O. S., in London Punch.

She—What an atrocious necktie! I would not trust you to select anything, you have so little taste. He (*chuckling*)—You forget that I selected you, my dear. She—You think you did, but you didn't really.—Boston Transcript.

There were in the United States last July practically six-sevenths of all the motor cars and motor trucks in the world.

## ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

RUTH ST. DENIS in a Series of Pictorial and Dramatic Dances: J. K. EMMET, MARY RYAN and Company in "Wishland"; ANDY RICE, "In Society"; BEN BEYER and Augusta in Their Original Novelty Satire; MISS GWEN LEWIS, the English Girl, in Songs and Monologues at the Piano; THE FOUR HALEY SISTERS in Popular Melodies; FRANCIS YATES and GUS REED in "Double Crossing"; THE FOUR MORTONS, Second Edition; LORA HOFFMAN, American Prima Donna Soprano.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse

Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Every Night, Including Sunday  
Second and Last Week Begins Mon., May 13  
"Worth seeing. Cast all quality."—Chronicle.  
A. H. Woods presents the comedy triumph

### "Mary's Ankle"

In Three Views, by May Tully  
Evenings and Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50; Wed. mat., hests seats \$1.

May 20th—MAUDE ADAMS in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

## CORT Leading Theatre ELLIS AND MARKET Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. night—"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley  
Com. Sunday Night, May 12—2 Weeks Only  
OLIVER MOROSCO Offers  
His Greatest Laughing Success

### "THE BRAT"

By and With

MAUDE FULTON

Morosco's Special War Prices—Nights, 1st 6 rows, \$1.50; 550 orth. seats at \$1; seats \$1 Wed and Sat. mats.



## VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Anna Shaw apparently labors under the impression that marriage is so entirely essential to the modern male person that it is only necessary to state the conditions under which it will henceforth be allowed. There must be both physical and mental examinations, says Dr. Shaw. The wretched man must approach the altar humbly, says Dr. Shaw, and inquire upon what conditions he will be allowed to take unto himself a wife.

One wonders what kind of mental examination is to be imposed. If only an intelligent prudence will be allowed to mate we must expect a serious diminution in the marriage rate. It is obviously true that only the finest mental characteristics can be considered to justify matrimony, but then, on the other hand, those who have these characteristics do not usually wish to marry. So there you are, and what are we to do about it? It may even be argued with some plausibility that all candidates for marriage have given prima facie evidence of weak minds and ought to be rejected upon that account. We may put it in the form of a syllogism, thus: No man with a weak mind shall be allowed to marry. All men who wish to marry have weak minds. Therefore no man shall be allowed to marry. Dr. Shaw has probably not considered this aspect of the question, but we now present it for her mastication.

By the way, is it not a little remarkable that a woman of apparent intelligence should be capable of chatter of this sort, and at this time? Is it not evidence of woman's constitutional inability to think largely, and therefore to govern? What sort of a mind is it that can allow itself to be engrossed by physical and mental examinations for matrimony? Is this the kind of thing that Dr. Shaw begins to think of when she awakes in the morning? Is this actually her conception of a great public question? Has she ever heard of the war? And has it ever occurred to her to direct her energies toward an alleviation of its miseries? Or is she unable to do anything but chatter?

It was bound to happen and it is actually happening. Dr. Hillis says that the American soldiers are marrying the French girls, and that he saw about a dozen marriage ceremonies in the course of a single day.

We heartily approve. Our paternal benediction is laid upon these festal young people. If they will but refrain from learning each other's language all may be well. The phrase books supplied to the American soldiers have unaccountably forgotten to include a courtship section, but we believe that there is a language dedicated to such occasions and that is common to the whole human race. At least the soldier will have the satisfaction of knowing that his French wife will never threaten him with divorce, that she has barely even heard of it, that she will not be a suffragette, and that her name will never be found on petitions to the legislature to save the world by regulating the size of infants' diapers.

One would suppose that religion would be something of a difficulty, but perhaps not. There is a story of a British soldier who presented himself for marriage to a charming French girl, of whose language he was wholly ignorant, as she was of his. "Don't you think you had better wait a bit," said the clergyman. "Your religions are different and you may not be able to agree. Let us first consult the Catholic priest." "No need for that, your reverence," replied the Tommy. "There will be no trouble about religion. I have explained all that to her."

But what about the associations all through the country who passed resolutions imploring the American soldier to come back heart-whole? We remember that there were many of these, and what will they have to say to the epidemic suggested by Dr. Hillis?

E. V. Lucas in his new book, "A Boswell of Bagdad," wonders why it is that the human face is always so popular a topic for humor. We never weary of it, perhaps because we all have faces. He reminds us of the venerable joke perpetrated by the Two Macs. "I saw your wife at the masked ball last night," the first Mac would say. "My wife was at the ball last night," the other would reply, "but it wasn't a masked ball." Then the first Mac would counter with the devastating question, "Was that her face?"

It is to the gentler sex, says Mr. Lucas, that the classic examples belong. At a dinner party given by a certain hospitable lady who remained something of an *enfant terrible* to the end of her long life, she drew the attention of one of her guests, by no means too cautiously, to the features of another guest, a bishop of great renown. "Isn't his face," she asked in a deathless sentence, "like the inside of an elephant's foot?" I have not personally the honor of this divine's acquaintance, but all my friends who have met him or seen him assure me that the similitude is exact. Another lady, happily still living, said of the face of an acquaintance, that it was "not so much a face as a part of her person

which she happened to leave uncovered, by which her friends were able to recognize her." A third, famous for her swift analyses, said that a certain would-be beauty might have a title to good looks but for "a rush of teeth to the head." I do not, concludes Mr. Lucas, quote these admirable remarks merely as a proof of woman's natural kindness, but to show how even among the elect—for all three speakers are of more than common culture—the face joke holds sway.

If Mr. Lucas had written at a later date he might have included the reproof given by the short-sighted officer to the homely private. "Take off your gas mask," said the officer, peering keenly into the soldier's face. "You should never wear your gas mask when reporting to an officer unless it is actually necessary."

## Levy the Dreamer.

It is Levy—Levy, the tailor—of Morning-side Heights, dreaming world politics as he patches professors' coats, who has made the supreme sacrifice for this war, and it is to him that the whole neighborhood pays its worship of homage.

Levy had a cutter who was the seventh wonder in the tailoring world. He could make two pair of trousers grow where one grew before, and his coats were miracles of economy of cloth, beauty of line, and perfection of finish. He was Levy's greatest asset—as well as his entire staff.

But the cutter mumbled something last week, words that had never been uttered before in the limits of the little shop.

"Heh?" asked Levy.

The cutter bent lower over gray worsted he was working on, and mumbled again, less articulately than before.

"Say it, say it," demanded Levy. "I vanta hear dem words out loud if I hear 'em at all."

The words were repeated.

Levy jumped to his feet, his little bearded face boiling red and his hands waving wildly in the air.

"So that's it!" he shouted. "A pro-German in my shop, eh? Vell, them rats I don't have around. Zee that picture of Vilson and zee that Amerikanisch flag? Vell, them's vat this shop is run by, and lowlives like you vas gets out and gets out quick, see?"

It is a harassed Levy that is now trying to run his shop alone until he can get a suitable substitute.

"But," he shrugs. "Vat could I do? I don't vant puppy dogs workin' for me. Ach, but it is hart to get along without that fella."

So Levy works until midnight alone, under the shadow of the picture and the flag.—*New York Tribune*.

Apropos of the present difficulties in which civilization finds itself, historians are calling attention to certain interesting facts disclosed in the will of Marcio Serra, Spanish conqueror, who died in Cuzco, Peru, in 1589: "The Incas governed in such a way that in all the land neither a thief nor a vicious man, nor a bad, dishonest woman was known. The men all had honest and profitable employment. The woods and mines and all kinds of property were so divided that each man knew what belonged to him, and there were no lawsuits. The Incas were feared, obeyed, and respected by their subjects as a race very capable of governing, but we took away their land, and placed it under the crown of Spain, and made them subjects. We have destroyed the people by our bad examples. Crimes were once so little known among them that an Indian with 100,000 pieces of gold and silver in his house left it open, only placing a little stick across the door as the sign that the master was out, and nobody went in. But when they saw that we placed locks and keys on our doors they understood that it was from the fear of thieves, and when they saw that we had thieves among us they despised us."

Mr. Labouchere used to relate, among his reminiscences of his life as a member of the embassy at Petrograd, the story of the robbery from the picture of the Virgin in the Iberian Chapel outside the Kremlin at Moscow. This picture, which is Byzantine, is (or was until recently) covered with gold and splendid jewels, and was brought from a monastery near Mount Athos. One day a large diamond of great value was missed. It was traced by the police to the palace of a certain princess, who was known to have visited the shrine on the day of the loss. According to Mr. Labouchere it turned out that the ingenious princess, in the course of her worship of the picture, had managed to pick out the diamond with her teeth while she was kissing it. She was sent forthwith to Siberia.

"Every young man should learn to swim," remarked Huggins. "Yes, that's right," rejoined Muggsby. "A fellow never knows what minute a girl may throw him overboard."—*Boston Globe*.

## LLOYD-GEORGE: A PORTRAIT.

Lloyd-George is not afraid of being himself. He is as daring in his comments on men and things as Mr. Roosevelt, as charming as the late William James. He is used to being loved. The lines about the eyes reveal a man who works his purpose by geniality in a flow of fun and charm and sympathy. The political battles of twenty years have left less impression on his spirit than the victories he has won as a peacemaker and harmonizer. These are the observations of Arthur Gleeson in his recent notable book, "Inside the British Isles."

Lloyd-George, according to Mr. Gleeson, ends a talk by being more completely the master of your thought than you are yourself. He states it clearly and beautifully, and reduces it to a programme of action.

"To understand your people, or any people," he said, "it is necessary for one to pass inside the temple."

He practices what Sainte-Beuve preached, that to know a religion you must be a worshipper inside the church. So week by week Lloyd-George became a mystic and a pagan and an epicurean as he served up the soul of the writer whom he was interpreting. This is the high gift which Lloyd-George possesses. He can step up to the very altar of a man's most secret belief. This is the gift which has made him the one Briton who is perfectly understood in France. He spoke only a couple of sentences inside the citadel of Verdun, but they revealed to France that he knew what that symbol meant to them.

For in the last moments he becomes something other than the grim fighter and the adroit politician who uses all the tricks of the game. Suddenly for his hearers, and unexpectedly to himself, he lifts by an exquisite imagination to the place of insight, and becomes the voice of obscure people, and understands men he has never met. If he talks with a slangy person he discharges himself in vivid, staccato phrases. The nature and direction of his rebound are determined by the substance that he encounters. He was born to react. He has a mind that kindles and a style that rises very lightly and gracefully into poetic beauty. There has been no such passage of prose produced by the war as that paragraph of his on "little nations" at the beginning of the fight.

Lloyd-George is the leader of a democracy because he chums with experts and swings to the currents of the collective will. His personality contains the virtues and the perils of the democracy itself. . . . It is not often that one sees a community incarnating itself in a single man. But the British democracy has its incarnation in Lloyd-George, responsive to vast subconscious forces, and turning to specialists for aid in crises.

He faces the most difficult years of his life, and he knows it. A man of his temperament can conduct a great war. All that was needed was the inspirational quality to rouse his people, the energy to set them at work, the creative imagination to see the war in its extent, its duration, its requirements. None of these tests has overtaken his powers, for they all lay inside the area of his competence. But when peace comes there is no longer one straight road to a clear goal. All the forces of reaction will coalesce. All the bad counsellors will make a cloud of witnesses about him. All the paths to immediate power will lie in "playing safe." If he remains true to himself he will be cursed with a vehemence which will make his early years seem a sweet season of delight. There will be no easy victories. All will be turmoil and bitterness, for we are at the beginning of the greatest fight of the ages—the fight of the democracies inside themselves.

The future rests with him as with no other single man among the Western peoples. He will face a world no longer sharply defined into enemies, allies, and neutrals, but a world where unguessed tendencies are forming and new forces of emancipation are fighting for recognition. We have this to go on for our hope: Lloyd-George is a democrat by temperament and he understands America.

## Turkish Spies.

Abdul Hamid, Turkey's late Sultan, maintained an army of 40,000 spies, containing Moslems to spy on Moslems, Jews to report on the Jewish population, many a Christian willing to live at the peril of his co-religionists—men, women, and almost children, even an occasional Englishman or German, sent to spy on the foreign colonies. When Abdul Hamid's list of spies became public property it was found that in every embassy and consulate there was at least one, often the "trusty" dragoman of the establishment. Every one was afraid to speak frankly even to his relatives. On the streets foreigners were never careless enough to refer to Yildiz or Abdul Hamid. In every school there were a few students whose brothers or fathers or even mothers were spies. Every lecture or public entertainment was scrutinized by spies looking for a traitorous ex-

pression. A tourist not un seldom was followed wherever he went. When Fuad Pasha, the hero of Plevna and one of the most distinguished men in the empire, found himself dogged by spies he knew his hour had come. Meeting it like a man, he struck the spy, then reported him indignantly to his majesty—but immediately afterwards he fled to a Russian steamship in the harbor. The long arm reached him, however, and sent him to exile in a little white house in Damascus.

Trinity College, at Cambridge, England, which recently attracted attention by departing from custom and appointing a scientist, instead of a litterateur, as master, is larger than any other college in either Oxford or Cambridge. It has produced a long series of eminent men, those who studied within its halls including Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Byron, Macaulay, Tennyson, Thackeray, Sir Henry Hallam, Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyâm," and Sir George Trevelyan, the historian.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The war-working wife of the Tommy at the front was very terse with the "nosy" lady representing some committee or other. "Oh, you needn't worry yourself," she said; "we're both doing our bit. He's bearing arms and I'm baring mine."

The accused had been struggling hard for some time at the old and forbidding task of being his own attorney. He was making a poor job of it. "You are lying so clumsily," said the judge finally, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."

At a reception in Washington the colored official who looked after the autos was directed to call "the car of the Guatemalan minister." "You understand, the Guatemalan minister?" "Yes, sah, I understand puctfully, sah," he replied, and then shouted: "The car fo' de watermelon minister."

The day after the second draft quota had reached Camp Devens a rookie strolled into camp after dark. As he was going past a sentry he was challenged. "Who goes there?" "Machine gun 301," answered the rookie. "Advance to be recognized." "Aw, you don't know me. I've only been here a coupla days."

"I was glad to see you at church last Sunday," said the vicar pompously. "Ay," replied Tommy, "and that sermon o' yours on 'Thrift' had a great effect on me, parson." "I am very glad to hear it," smiled the vicar. "And how did it affect you?" Tommy shook his head knowingly. "I went out before the collection was taken."

Critic Butler Glaenzer took down a presumptuous playwright recently at the Players' Club in Grammercy Park. "I've written a play on the social evil," the man said pompously. "Something on the order of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' you know. Yes, Iby and I are pulling in the same boat now." "But not," smiled Mr. Glaenzer, "with the same sculls."

A nervous old beau entered a costumer's and said: "I want a little help in the way of a suggestion. I am going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?" The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald and shining head. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

A charming city girl went to the country to spend a part of the summer season with a favorite aunt. One afternoon the aunt went to call on some friends, leaving the city niece alone with the maids in the big farm house. "I hope you haven't been lonely, dear," solicitously remarked aunty on her return in the evening. "What have you been doing all the afternoon?" "I haven't been lonely a bit, aunty, dear," answered the niece. "I spent the entire afternoon in the hammock with my beloved Robert Browning." "What's that?" exclaimed the scandalized aunt in a cold, hard voice. "Really, Gladys, I can't permit such doings. If it occurs again I shall certainly write to your mother."

The day after New Year's Rastus didn't show up for work until quite late. His boss asked why. "Well, you see, boss, I was taken into de lodge last night." "What reason is that that you should be late this morning?" "Well, you see, boss, I was elected to a office and I've busy this mornin'." "Elected to an office the night you were taken into the order?" "Yas, sir; I was appointed the grand

exalted ruler ob de universe." "That's a pretty high office for a new man, isn't it?" "No, sir. Grand exalted ruler ob de universe is de bery lowest office what dey is in dis lodge."

Lincoln's first experience in drilling was with his company in the Black Hawk war. "I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise, so that it could get through the gate, so I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

The following incident of food control in England is offered by a correspondent of the London Spectator: The owner of a pig wished to kill it and share it with his friends, but fearing he might come under the regulations against hoarding, he asked his local food committee to advise him on the point. Here is their answer: "Re killing pig—This is permissible if done in moderation."

The wife of a congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nursemaid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learned the situation. She then went to the pretty nurse and by a little finesse disarmed her of thinking she was displeased. "Minna," she said, "which of the boys do you like to go out with best, Tom or Harry?" "Well," said the maid, "I think I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best."

A newspaperman's wife, tired of the hopeless confusion of the living-room, fixed up for her husband a special room, remarking as she took him to view it: "There, now. This room is to be your den, to do as you please with it. I shall not clean it up at any time. You may throw your papers around on the floor until you are sick of the looks of it. Then you may clean it up yourself, if it ever becomes so bad it offends your sense of decency." The plan was a great success. No room in the house is nearer immaculateness than the den. It is kept so by the newspaper man himself, who does his reading and writing and paper-throwing exclusively in the dining-room.

Ellen was a strong, fine-looking young Irishwoman and thought herself possessed of more than average ability. Taking advantage of the scarcity of labor of all sorts, she decided to accept a position as a clerk in one of the local stores. One morning she was called before the manager to explain why she was performing a certain part of the duties assigned to her in a careless manner. "Miss Finnegan," said the manager, "for the past two weeks your work has been very perfumatory. We can not—" "Mr. Miller," interrupted the young woman, "I've been working here four months now, and although I've tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here."

A government press censor was talking about the German press censorship. "We found on some prisoners recently," he said, "the German censorship's latest prohibitions. Prominent among these was an order to the press not to mention under any circumstances the growing use in Germany of dog flesh for food. That prohibition reminds me of a story—a story that may contain a lot of truth. A German prisoner, the story runs, was rebuked by a sergeant for the sloppy way he was feeding and looking after some Red Cross dogs. 'I guess you think you know a lot about dogs,' the sergeant sneered. 'Yes, sir, that's right,' said the prisoner, 'for let me tell you, sir, I've been cook in a Berlin restaurant for the last two years.'"

"The Britisher is just as warm-hearted and kindly and friendly as we are," according to Herbert Corey, "but he must be operated on with a full kit of tools before one finds it out. Not long ago I was riding with a young officer on the British front. He had just heard that his favorite brother-in-law was located in some unknown village near by. He was quite 'bucked up' about it—I am sure he said bucked up—because this was a real brother-in-law. He regaled me with stories of the brother-in-law's youth. He met friends and asked where the beloved brother-in-law might be found. By and by we ran across the brother-in-law, standing knee-deep in mud in a particularly destroyed village. This is precisely what they called to each other: 'Fancy finding you here, old top!' 'Ripping, isn't it? Come along and have a peg.' They spoke to each other casually in the course of lunch and reluctantly emitted various bits of information, and when they parted they just shook hands. The brother-in-law did put his hand on the other fellow's shoulder for a moment, but that was because he had lived in America for some years and his defenses were somewhat broken down."



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Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will toast with mine;  
For all the land is dry as dust,  
And we can't ask for wine.  
Don't leave a kiss within the cup—  
A kiss intoxicates.  
Inebriation is a crime  
In these United States.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And don't use them too much,  
Or you would make me drunk with bliss,  
And I would know the clutch  
Of legal bands upon my sleeve  
And languish in a cell,  
Because I drank your loving glance  
Not wisely but too well.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And do that on the sly,  
Lest those who guard our morals note  
You have a liquid eye.  
Let not your smile be one to make  
My spirit rise at all,  
For those who make the laws might think  
That spirit Alcohol!  
—Berton Braley, in Life.

Christening the Baby.  
Brown has a lovely baby girl,  
The stork left her with a flutter;  
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"  
For he hadn't any but her.  
—Kansas City Star.

Our Hateless War.  
Be ever placid in your mind;  
All trace of temper shun;  
Be gentle, courteous, and refined,  
And when you point your gun  
At Germans let your thoughts be kind,  
And never bate a Hun—  
No; never, never, never, never,  
Never bate a Hun.

What though they ravage peaceful lands  
That they have overrun?  
What though they chop off babies' hands  
And laugh and call it fun?  
Each boy in khaki understands  
He must not hate the Hun—  
No; never, never, never, never,  
Never hate the Hun.

They murder neutrals on the seas;  
Of mercy they have none;  
They ravish women whom they seize,  
And count the deed well done;  
But we are told for crimes like these  
We should not hate the Hun—  
No; never, never, never, never,  
Never hate the Hun.

When those who died to make men free,  
In battles dearly won,  
Are listed and dear names you see  
Of brother, father, son,  
What consolation it will be  
That you don't bate the Hun—  
That never, never, never, never,  
Will you hate the Hun.

The man who wouldn't hate a Hun  
Would fall in love with hell;  
The man who wouldn't hate a Hun  
For dress his soul will sell;  
But still we're told to love the beast,  
All wicked loathing shun;  
So we won't hate him in the least,  
The vile and vicious Hun—  
No; never, never, never, never,  
Will we hate the Hun.  
—N. A. Jennings, in New York Herald.

"Who was the first financier?" "Noah."  
"Huh?" "He floated quite a lot of stock successfully."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Bothin and Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman, U. S. A., was solemnized last Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, in San Mateo. Rev. Charles Ramm officiated at the services. The maid of honor was Miss Mary Louise Black and the bridesmaids were Miss Helen Keeney and Miss Marie Louise Winslow. Miss Eleanor Weir, a cousin of Miss Bothin, was the flower girl. The best man was Lieutenant Donald McLaughlin and the ushers were Captain R. H. Johnson and Lieutenant Edward Clark, Jr. Mrs. Lyman is the daughter of Mr. Henry Bothin. She is the niece of Mrs. William Weir and of Mr. William Whittier of Hemet. Lieutenant Lyman is the son of Captain Charles Lyman and Mrs. Lyman. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Lyman and Mrs. Lyman will reside in San Mateo.

The marriage of Miss Amy Morrison and Mr. Henry Phillips was solemnized last Monday at the home of the bride in Redlands, Rev. Ralph Smith of Trinity Episcopal Church officiating. Miss Marion Leigh Mailliard of San Francisco and Miss Sylvia Allen of Redlands were the maids of honor and Miss Betty Severance of San Bernardino was the flower girl. Mr. Morris Phillips was his brother's best man and the ushers were Mr. Stanley Morrison, Mr. Arthur Mace, Mr. Walter Johnson, Mr. John Dotten, Mr. William Morrison, and Mr. Francis Hewitt. Mrs. Phillips is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison of Redlands and the sister of Mr. William Morrison and of Mr. Stanley Morrison. Mr. Phillips is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips of Pittsburg. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will reside in San Diego, the former being on duty at Camp Kearny.

The marriage of Miss Irene Murray and Mr. Richard Buckley was solemnized Thursday at St. Dominic's Church, Rev. J. S. Kelley officiating. Miss Anita Murray attended her sister as maid of honor and Mr. Thomas Buckley was his brother's best man. Mrs. Buckley is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Murray. Mr. Buckley is the son of Dr. Christopher Buckley and the brother of Mrs. James Augustus Thunder, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Violet Buckley, Mr. Gerald Buckley, and Mr. Thomas Buckley.

The marriage of Miss Bodile Utke-Philip and Mr. Cal Scheller, secretary of the Danish consulate, was solemnized on April 19th at the bride's home in Burlingame. Miss Gertrude Utke-Philip was the maid of honor and Mr. E. C. Schmieglow, the Danish consul-general, was the best man. Mrs. Scheller is the daughter of Mr. Carl Philip. Mr. and Mrs. Scheller have returned from their wedding trip and have taken an apartment on Broderick Street.

The marriage of Miss Amy Long and Lieutenant Charles Sutton was solemnized Saturday afternoon at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Isaac Requa, in Piedmont. The service was read by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. Alexander Allen of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. Mrs. Horace Van Sicken was the matron of honor and the maid of honor was Miss Sally Long. The bridesmaids were Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Sally Havens, and Miss Marjorie Henderson. The little cousins of the bride, Master Lawrence Harris and Master King Harris, were the train-bearers. Mr. Walter Schilling was the best man. The ushers were Colonel Richard Croxton, Captain Leo Erler, Mr. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. George O'Brien, Lieutenant John Johnson, Lieutenant Maurice Gibson, and Mr. Mark Requa. Mrs. Sutton is the daughter of General Oscar Long and Mrs. Long. She is a sister of Miss Sally Long and the niece of Mr. Mark Requa. Lieutenant Sutton is the son of Mr. Ernest Sutton of Pasadena. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Sutton and Mrs.

Sutton will leave for American Lake, where the former is stationed.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea Sunday afternoon at her home on Broadway, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Ignacio Sepulveda, Miss Helen Horst, Miss Hazel Horst, Miss Mildred Chapman, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Leonore Llach, Miss Emma Llach, Lieutenant de la Sevre, Lieutenant James Hogan, Mr. Maurice Hall, Mr. Guillermo de la Pena, Mr. Edward Davis, Mr. Edward Cebrian, and Mr. J. M. Tarriba.

Mr. George Pope gave an evening picnic Sunday at his ranch at La Honda, his guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. George Newball, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Edith Chesbrough, Miss Mary Louise Black, Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. Prescott, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Harry Simpkins, and Mr. Stewart Lowery.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home on Washington Street in compliment to Miss Aileen McIntosh. Those asked to meet the guest of honor included Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Emily Timlow, and Miss Olivia Pillsbury.

Miss Constance Hart entertained at luncheon Friday at her home on Jackson Street, her guests including Mrs. Swift Train, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Cara Coleman, and Miss Kate Crocker.

Captain Edward Durrell and Mrs. Durrell gave a luncheon last Thursday at their home at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening at their home on Gough Street.

Miss Coralia Mejia entertained a group of friends at tea recently at her home on Vallejo Street in compliment to Miss Gretchen von Phil. The guests included Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Constance Hart, and Miss Cornelia Clappett.

Miss Helen Keeney entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Willis Walker gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisco Club in compliment to Mrs. George Bagley and Mrs. Ralph Bagley of Minneapolis. The guests included Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Herbert Browne, Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mrs. Spens Black, and Mrs. James Moffitt.

Mrs. Edson Adams and Miss Elizabeth Adams gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Hotel Oakland, following the wedding of Miss Amy Long and Lieutenant Charles Sutton. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Sally Havens, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Sally Long, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Marjorie Henderson, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Amy Requa, Mr. Brooks Sawyer, Mr. George O'Brien, Mr. Walter Schilling, Mr. Mark Requa, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Lawrence Requa, Mr. Robert Clappett, Mr. Frederick Clappett, Captain Leo Erler, Colonel Richard Croxton, Lieutenant George Young, Lieutenant John Johnson, Lieutenant H. H. Dresser, and Lieutenant Maurice Gibson.

The oldest newshy in Richmond, Virginia, is a great-grandson of Patrick Henry. Recently he gave to the State of Virginia an inherited bronze bust of his distinguished ancestor, that it might be the more carefully preserved.

*Patient*—Doctor, why does a small cavity seem so large to the tongue? *Dentist*—Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.—*Judge*.

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### Stage Women's War Relief Society.

The San Francisco branch of the Stage Women's War Relief, launched by Mrs. Otis Skinner at the splendid benefit given at the Columbia a few weeks ago, held its initial meeting on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. E. W. Crellin (Camille D'Arville) presided. The top floor of the Alcazar Building has been placed at the disposal of the society, and there surgical dressings will be made and a sewing department will be in operation. The work will conform to the requirements of the Red Cross and the results will go through the Red Cross headquarters to the Allies in Europe. An open meeting has been called for Tuesday morning at 10:30, May 14th, at the headquarters, Alcazar Building. Volunteers are invited to call and sign for service. Any woman is eligible who is affiliated in any way with the theatre, or any one who was formerly an actress. There will be no dues or donations, expenses to be paid by benefits to be given by visiting stars of the stage. Alfred Roncovieri has contributed an office desk, Mrs. Max Sloss has presented work tables, and if a few sewing machines can be donated for the duration of the war they will be gratefully accepted. The board of directors is: Mrs. E. W. Crellin, chairman; Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, vice-chairman; Mrs. Ada Carlisle, treasurer; Miss A. L. Featherstone, secretary; Mrs. J. J. Gottloh, Mrs. Fred Belasco, Mrs. Theo F. Bonnet. There is an advisory board, consisting so far of Mrs. Irving Ackerman, Mrs. A. L. Gump, Mrs. P. C. Hall, Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mrs. M. C. Sloss.

### The Blood Feud.

(A situation which occurred in the company of a native Indian regiment after a retreat "somewhere in France.")

"Faiz Ullah, fall back on the trenches!"

"Sahib, thy word is Law;

But the blood of my brother stanches

And the shame of it chokes my crew.

He was not killed by a better,

But in foulest infamy slain,

And when I have paid his debtor—

I will return again!"

"Son of a nameless Mother—

Dog of Iniquity!

Have I to account to thy brother

Or dost thou account to me?"

"Sahib, thy words are nectar;

But my brother lies in the mud

And because of his shame-smeared spectre

I have sworn a feud of blood."

"Faiz Ullah, stifle thy sorrow—

Thou hast a good word said,

But patience until tomorrow

And I will avenge thy dead!"

"Nay, stay thou snug in the 'nullah'—

Thou hast big work to do.

But I am only Faiz Ullah

—And my kinsman calls for his due.

"How can I wait for the daylight

Leaving unpaid my bill?

Does the Jungle sleep through the Gray light

Or the tiger stay for his kill?

Moreover, through such delaying

In what is a just design,

Some other might do the slaying

And rob me of what is mine!"

"Faiz Ullah, I have commanded—

Harken, I will entreat:

Go thou not single-handed

If the breath of thy life be sweet:

The War-Lord's dogs are unsleeping—

Tenscore of them, drunk with blood;

Shall they cleanse thine eyes from weeping

Or thy brother's body from mud?"

"When thou wast young at the Labor

I spurred thee to enterprise,

I taught thee to swing a sabre,

I made thee bridle-wise.

Now art thou Father and Mother—

I follow thee here and there,

But my brother is still my brother

—And this is my own affair.

"I will come back to thee later,

Faithful to thy command,

When I have slain a traitor

—And severed his guilty hand;

When he is dead and burning

In Hell, for my brother's balm,

Then I will make returning

Hamara Sahib, Salaam."

Eight hours later.

"I found him, Sahib. Fear chilled him

From the gleam of my lifted knife;

He would have cried, but I killed him

—And ended a craven life.

I struck, and my just repentance

Set the soul of my brother free.

So now I await thy sentence,

Sahib, Babadur Jee!"

—From "Songs of the Shrapnel Shell," by Cyril Morton Horne. Published by Harper & Brothers.

"My hutler left me without any warning."  
"There are worse things than that. Mine left me without any spoons."—*Houston Post*.

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### Airplanes.

For the fighting season of 1919 General Pershing has recommended that the United States build airplanes in which it "should anticipate the use of three Vickers synchronized guns and three Lewis unsynchronized guns on each airplane." Even now on the battle front the Allies have machines that carry five men, armed with three guns. The extension of the size and armament of the battle plane suggests that even in the fourth year of the war the Allies are hnt in the early stages of the "air battleship" (remarks the *Toronto Mail and Empire*). A six-gun airplane, carrying at least eight men, would weigh probably three or four tons, and engines much more powerful than even the new Liberty mechanism will be required. The present Liberty model is a twelve-cylinder, developing close to 400-horsepower. On a double-engine, double-propeller machine at least 700-horsepower is developed. This is far in advance of the power developed by most of the European machines. The Rolls-Royce, the favorite among the thirty-two types of British engines, develops about 270-horsepower.

The total number of church members in the United States is now about forty millions—40,515,000, according to the figures. The Catholics in this report are credited with 14,663,000. The Methodists, counting the sixteen different bodies, come next, with 7,782,000. The Baptists, with fifteen bodies, follow with 6,542,000. Thus the Catholics, Methodists, and Baptists combined form about twenty-eight millions, or 70 per cent. of the church population.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett have gone to the Grand Cañon, where they will spend a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear returned to Menlo Park last Wednesday for the summer, after having passed the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Boyd and her daughter, Miss Jean Boyd, returned Tuesday from San Diego, where they have been residing for some time. At present they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at their home in Piedmont.

Miss Helen Chesebrough will leave in the near future for France, where she will assist at one of the canteens.

General Arthur Murray and Mrs. Murray will spend the summer months in Washington, where their daughter, Mrs. Ord Preston, resides.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, who have been staying at Colorado Springs, will pass the summer in Newport, where Mrs. Charles Baldwin, Sr., has taken the Van Allen villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have returned to their home on Lyon Street from a trip to the southern part of the state.

Mr. Lawrence Harris, who left for the East recently, sailed a few days ago for France, where he will be engaged in Red Cross work.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh returned a few days ago to her home on Broadway, after spending several days at Woodside.

Mrs. Herbert Allen and her children are planning to pass the summer in Sonoma County.

Miss Mary Louise Black and Miss Helen Crocker are spending a few days at Del Monte. Miss Black and Miss Helen Keeney passed the week-end with Miss Crocker at her home in Burlingame.

Major Philip Wales and Mrs. Wales have returned to their home in Menlo Park, after having spent the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. John Miller returned Friday to American Lake, after a few days' furlough in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames are visiting Mrs. Ames' mother, Mrs. Sarah Murray, at her home in Pittsburg.

Mrs. John Coffee Hays left Saturday for New York, after a brief visit at the Fairmont Hotel. Major Hays is stationed at Camp Lewis.

Mrs. Emery Winship arrived this week from Georgia and has been a guest at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Winship will leave in a few days for Seattle to join Lieutenant Winship.

Mr. Willard Chamberlin left Monday for Portland, where he is spending a fortnight.

Mr. Louis Monteagle has gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Dean Wilmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham have returned to San Francisco, after a trip to Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Dancy Lewis will spend the summer in Los Gatos, having rented their home in Menlo Park to Baron Jan Carel Van Eck and Baroness Van Eck.

Mrs. William Henshaw will leave soon for Montecito, where she will open her home there for the summer. Mrs. Charles Keeney and Mrs. Alla Chickering will spend the summer with Mrs. Henshaw.

Mrs. Courtney Burr, who has been residing at the Fairmont Hotel since giving up her Burlingame home, has taken a house on Broadway for the summer.

Mr. Julian Thorne will leave in a few days for France. Mrs. Thorne, who has been in the East for some time, will return to San Francisco after Mr. Thorne's departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen will spend the summer in Woodside, where they have taken a hangalov.

Mr. and Mrs. George Romanovsky have returned to San Francisco, after a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Joseph Grant and Mrs. Philip Lansdale are passing several days in the southern part of the state. In Santa Barbara Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Lansdale were the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. George Pillsbury.

Mrs. Edwin Earl of Los Angeles passed the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mrs. Leigh Sypher. Miss Cara Coleman has also been a guest at the Sypher home.

Lieutenant Edward Bullard and Mrs. Bullard, whose marriage was an event of last week, have left for Camp Lewis, where the former has been stationed for several months.

Mrs. Norris Davis and her daughters, the Misses Nancy and Marjorie Davis, have gone to

San Pedro to join Major Davis. Mrs. Davis and her daughters will remain in the south the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. William Parrott is visiting in Washington with Mrs. Cheever Cowdin. Mrs. Parrott will remain in the East until Mr. Parrott's orders are more definite.

Mrs. Haines Lee is visiting in San Francisco as the guests of her parents, Colonel George Van Deusen and Mrs. Van Deusen.

Miss Gretchen von Phul left Wednesday for New Orleans for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. Pio Margotti has received his appointment as Italian consul-general at Buenos Aires and sailed from New York for that post a few days ago.

Mrs. Henry Postelthwaite has gone to American Lake to visit her son, Lieutenant Postelthwaite.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray are spending the summer in Burlingame, where they have taken Crossways Farm for the season.

Miss Elizabeth Witter has sent word of her safe arrival in France, where she will be engaged in Red Cross work.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie have taken a house in Palo Alto, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. Alfred Oyster, who has been staying in San Francisco for a few days, left last week for San Diego. Mrs. Oyster is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will spend the summer in Woodside, where they have taken the home of Mrs. James Robinson.

Mr. Truxton Beale has left for the East to be gone for several months.

Captain Templin Potts and Mrs. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mrs. Stetson Winslow are passing several days in Lake County.

Miss May Sinzheimer returned last week to San Francisco, after a visit of several days with her parents in San Luis Obispo.

Mr. Walter Weinstock, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Weinstock, has gone to Camp Lewis, where he has been ordered for duty.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull has been spending several days with Mrs. George Starr at her home in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Talbot Walker returned last week to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

After spending the winter at Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Newhall departed from the Hotel Whitcomb for Boston. Other registrants at the Hotel Whitcomb are: Mr. P. H. Coleman, Detroit; Mr. Edward Barron, Portland; Mr. M. M. Long, Woodstock, Illinois; Mr. M. M. Gamble, Sacramento; Mr. E. T. Shepperd, Klamath Falls, Oregon; Lieutenant A. J. Coleman, Mr. E. A. Lowndes, New York; Mr. D. E. Mackay, Detroit; Mr. S. F. Hall, Philadelphia; Mr. E. F. Cameron, Helena, Montana; Rev. Dr. Spicer Hill Kane, Boston; Mr. S. R. Thompson, San Jose; Mr. Douglas J. White, Del Monte; Mr. D. de Valle, Los Angeles; Mr. John H. Tolley, Milwaukee.

Once in a while, before the war, says a writer in the New York Tribune in describing social conditions in one section of that city, one used to rush home for dinner, dress and rush back downtown to the theatre, the opera, or even into Brooklyn to a "party." But what chance is there now for such ambitions? For one mother started the ball by giving a card party in her dining-room and living-room, the proceeds to go for free wool for the knitters of the community. And now such a series of events! Some of the husbands are working nights to "avoid the draft," they call it, of the Red Cross hostesses. Sunday night suppers every week, "silver teas," spelling bees—all the small-town social stunts rejuvenated to fill the ever-empty shelves with wool, to buy knitting machines, to send comfort kits.

There are 20,000 Chinese in Hawaii, and the first Red Cross drive among them netted some 2000 members, nearly all of whom have remained regular contributors to Red Cross work.

Ice by Wire

If you can't get ice? Warning after warning comes from Washington that an ice famine threatens next summer—hardly less severe than the winter's coal shortage.

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On the Caspian.

One of the curious features of the Caspian Sea is that its tideless waters contain both seals and herrings, and thereby hangs a geological tale. The Caspian is now many feet below the level of the Black Sea, but in ancient times, long before the Parsees, or fire worshippers, from Persia, came as pilgrims to Baku, to worship the flaming gas fountains rising from the ground, and build their now ruined temple, the shores were in some places hundreds of miles further inland than at present. In fact the Caspian was once a huge body of water connected with the Sea of Aral, and probably with the Arctic Ocean and the Black Sea.

Baku was a Persian town down to the eighteenth century, when the Russians took possession. They definitely annexed the place in the nineteenth century, adapting the modern name from the Persian Badkub. The streets are irregular and narrow, and are lined with low wooden flat-roofed houses, while the only architectural relief is offered by the ruins and Persian mosques. The notorious quarter known as "black town" is simply the petroleum-refining district, the oil being piped to it from the wells. The famous petroleum wells of Baku go down to depths of from 700 to 1700 feet, and yield the oil from which kerosene is distilled.

There is a large steamship traffic between Baku, or Petrovsk, and Krasnovodsk, for conveying the raw cotton from Ferghana, in Turkestan. Another port is Astrakhan, which, however, is back from the actual shore line about sixty miles, on the Volga.

The Russians have a small naval flotilla on the Caspian, and by a long-standing treaty

prohibit all other nations from employing similar defenses. At various times since the days of Peter the Great (says the *Christian Science Monitor*) schemes have been mooted for cutting a canal between the Volga and the Don, and so establishing unrestricted water communication between the Caspian and the Black Sea, but there are Russians who dream of canals which will restore the Caspian, in a measure, to the dimensions of those early times when the Caspian waters were an entire ocean in themselves.

The Chinese brought rice culture to Hawaii, and they are still the chief rice-growers of the Islands. They first planted sugar-cane at the "Crossroads of the Pacific," and manufactured sugar, and when the Hawaiians began to cease the cultivation of taro, it was the Chinese who became the taro planters and the makers of poi—the staff of life of the native Hawaiian.

The Grand Island Railroad, connecting Fort MacPherson, on the Arctic Circle, with Canada, is the shortest and one of the most profitable lines in America. It is a quarter of a mile long, cost less than \$800 to build (the tracks being of wood) charges \$2.50 a ton for freight, and in sixty years has earned profits of more than a million dollars.

In a recent number of the *Vegetarian Messenger*, published in Manchester, England, a magazine established in 1848, a "vegetarian jeweler" advertises that he sells "no leather, bone, nor ivory goods."

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Canteen Barman (offbly)—Looks like rain, don't it? Private (sarcastically)—Yes, and tastes like it too,—Cossell's Saturday Journal.

"Aren't you suspicious of Miss Flirty's symmetrical eyebrows?" "Well, I don't think they're as black as they're painted."—Baltimore American.

"Did you know you were behind in your board?" asked the keeper of the prunes. "No, I didn't," replied the boarder. "You

owe me for a month." "Ob, I know that, but I considered I was just that much ahead."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Leeder—I can't do without my matutinal coffee. Mrs. Newrich—Is that a good brand? We've tried so many that are poor.—Houston Post.

Unlucky Fisherman—Boy, will you sell that big string of fish you are carrying? The Boy—No, but I'll take yer pitcher holdin' it fer fifty cents.—Judge.

Jones—You're looking rather below par. What's the trouble now? Robinson—I'm worrying about what we'll have to worry about when the war's over.—Punch.

"Is your husband in favor of daylight saving?" "I think so. He stays out so much at night that I think he'd really prefer not to use any daylight at all."—Washington Star.

"We spent our honeymoon traveling in Pullman cars." "Yes?" "I figured that after a week of that kind of life my wife would be content to live in a flat."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

First Broker—What do you usually give your waiter? Second Ditto—Oh, if he serves me well I give him a tip of a quarter; if badly I give him a tip on stocks.—Boston Transcript.

"Billings isn't very generous, with all his money, is he?" "No; he holds that wealth is a burden, and that it is not fair to put one's burdens on other people's shoulders."—Baltimore American.

"Our child is backward. Four years old and takes no interest in Shakespeare." "That does not necessarily indicate that the child is backward. He may believe that Bacon wrote the plays."—Kansas City Journal.

"Is the faculty of your college well organized?" "Very. We haven't a single professor who would dare to make a statement of fact without first having it approved by a trust magnate or a corporation lawyer."—Life.

Customer—These chairs may be fashionable, but they are extremely uncomfortable. Salesman—Ah, that's the beauty of these chairs, madam. When a caller sits in one of them she doesn't stay long.—Boston Transcript.

Exe—Why not have Bridget shut the kitchen door mornings? One can smell the breakfast all over the house. Mrs. Exe—Shut the kitchen door? I guess not. The smell is

all that gets the family up.—Boston Transcript.

"I don't believe when old Dodger died a single soul regretted him." "Ob, yes, I know one man who did. He was the one who married Dodger's widow."—Baltimore American.

"You haven't said anything about peace on earth in your recent addresses." "No. Many members of my audiences are in the stock market, and I didn't want to worry them."—Washington Star.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked the hostess at a party. "No, ma'am," came the meek reply. "Well, do you think

that she'd like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie."—New York Evening Post.

He—I guess they are glad they saved up and bought a home. She—Well, I guess. Why, if they hadn't what could they mortgage to get their car?—Judge.

Mr. Flotbush—So your husband is "somewhere in France"? Mrs. Bensonhurst—So I believe. Mrs. Flotbush—But don't you know where? Mrs. Bensonhurst—No. Mrs. Flotbush—Don't you feel somewhat concerned? Mrs. Bensonhurst—Why, no. When he was here I knew he was somewhere in America, but half of the time I didn't know where.—Yonkers Statesman.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Germanization of Mexico.

From time to time we get fresh hints of the progressive Germanization of Mexico. When our men of business, who prior to five years ago formed the controlling factor in the larger affairs of Mexico, were peremptorily called home by Secretary Bryan, Germans stepped in and took their places under encouragement at the hands of the Berlin government. Today the business of Mexico is very largely in German hands. Germans are now the bankers, the traders, the general exploiters of the country. Very recently they have extended their influence over the oil fields of Tampico, from which to a considerable extent the Allied navies—more particularly the British—draw their supplies. More serious still, the Carranza government has fallen completely under German influence. Thus our policy has resulted: First, in destroying the value of American credits in Mexico; second, in sacrificing the enormous interests of Americans established in business there; third, the régime placed in authority there by us is aiding and abetting our enemy and preparing a situation from which he may at some future time assail us. One war at a time is a good maxim; but there is rapidly developing in Mexico a situation calling imperatively for positive action on our part. We can not now or in the future consent to German dominance in that country. If outside force is to rule—and outside force must

rule there—the first right and the first duty lies with us. In the end we shall have to do what we ought to have done six years ago.

### Prohibition of Free Speech.

Nobody knows as yet how much or how little the so-called sedition law just enacted by Congress in response to executive demand, may mean. Everything will depend upon its interpretation; and in this respect it must run two gauntlets—first the authorities of administration, second the courts. It may prove innocuous, yet there is reason to fear, with Senators Lodge, Johnson, Hardwick, Thomas, Reed, and others, that it may be construed to imply prohibition of that freedom of speech which has been the boast of the American citizen from the foundation of the government until now.

After prescribing punishment not in excess of a \$10,000 fine with imprisonment not in excess of twenty years, or both, for any person who "makes or conveys false reports with intent to interfere with the operation or success of the military or naval forces of the United States," the law provides that these penalties shall further be imposed upon whomever shall "say or do anything to obstruct the sale of United States bonds" or "print, write, or publish any abusive statement about the form of government of the United States, or any language intended to bring the form of government or its military forces into contempt or disrespect" or to advocate the curtailment of production of anything necessary or essential to the prosecution of the war. The Postmaster-General is authorized to hold up any mail that is in violation of the provisions of the act. An amendment excluding from the operation of the measure persons "who speak the truth from good motives and for justifiable ends" was rejected.

Various and sundry queries suggest themselves with respect to the construction of these prohibitions. Since it has been authoritatively determined that one may not "speak the truth about the government from good motives and justifiable ends," it would appear to be the purpose of the government to silence not only false and damaging reports, but to bar just criticism of administrative policies. Since one may not write or publish any "abusive statement" about the form or manner of government, it becomes interesting to consider by whom and under what standards the character of any statement or opinion may be adjudged. Since the Postmaster-General is authorized to hold up any mail in violation of the act, it would seem to be implied that he may tamper with the mails—open and read letters—at his pleasure. The first right of interpretation of the law attaches to the Administration—to men in office—and of all created beings your official endowed with a little brief authority is the most suspicious and high-handed. Every mother's son of them whose dignities, real or imaginary, are brought into question is prone to believe that the government has been assailed and its purposes interfered with. It is possible, too, that President Wilson may regard as seditious adverse reflections upon his courses—upon what he shall do or leave undone. Will Secretary Daniels deem it a reflection upon the majesty of government that he is called a joke, and will the great and good Baker bring charge of disloyalty against the citizen who feels and declares that he is not qualified mentally, temperamentally, and otherwise for the job he holds? Already a magazine for which Mr. Roosevelt writes has been called down for utterances declared to be in contempt of the authority of government, and various newspapers, including the New York Tribune, have likewise been charged with disloyalty.

If the authorities of administration so please, and if the courts can be brought to sustain them, this law may become a potent instrument of autocratic

power. Merely by the terror which it may impose upon the timid it may limit criticism and to that extent abridge freedom of speech. Of course men of courage who know their rights under the Constitution and who as statesmen or publicists feel and act under a high sense of moral responsibility will continue to deal candidly with the operations of the government, no matter what the consequences may be. But from now on they must do it in the knowledge that they are liable to be called to account by officials who may in their pride or conceit conceive the government of the United States injured or aggrieved by any reflections, however intelligent or just, made upon their policies or activities.

Howsoever, if the executive departments at Washington shall duplicate the blunders of the past year, or commit new blunders comparable with them, it is going to make it extremely difficult for those of us who have the habit of plain speech to keep out of jail. This much, however, may be said for the prospect—the company is likely to be fairly good. With Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel George Harvey, Publisher Ochs of the New York Times, Publisher Reid of the Tribune, Publisher Villard of the New York Post, Senators Lodge, Chamberlain and Hitchcock, and others, a provincial like the editor of the Argonaut ought to be able even under some exhilaration of mind to wile away the tedium of prison life.

### The Government and the Railroads.

It is one of the maxims of the practical world—not yet accepted by the academic world—that only those who have dealt under working conditions with any given problem or situation have dependable knowledge with respect to it. Thus for many years there has been conflict between the government's theory with regard to railroad regulation and the claims of men engaged practically in operating the railroads of the country. In prescribing regulations controlling the railroads the government has stood uncompromisingly for the principle of competition. When railroad operators, practical experts in the business, have urged the mutualizing of transportation ways and means in the form of pooling arrangements, regional allotments of traffic, and other coöperative devices, the government has sternly denied the principle and rebuked any and every project instituted or proposed under it. It took the imperative demands of war service to set right the political mind as to the mischiefs involved in enforced competitive practice. And then it was found that the web of restrictive regulation had been woven so tight that nothing less potent than the sovereign powers of government was equal to the task of undoing what government itself had done.

When railroad operators pleaded the necessity for revision of freight and passenger rates in ratio with the increased demand for wages, fuel, equipment, etc., the government failed to listen or at least failed to heed. It was assumed that the railroads would somehow find means of meeting their expenses; and it was felt that if they should become involved in financial embarrassments it only served them right in reprisal of old abuses. Thus while the government arbitrarily directed the payment of higher wages, and concurrently was witness to increased costs on other accounts, it held an attitude of stubborn non-complacency toward appeals for relief in any and all forms. But experience in administering the railroads has taught the government a practical lesson. It is found that the roads can not pay out more for wages, more for fuel, more for supplies of every sort and kind without exacting more money for the services they render. And now it is announced that as soon as schedules can be arranged the rates of freight and passenger service are to be increased to the tune of 25



per cent.—a considerably larger advance than has ever at any time been proposed by the railroads themselves. Under the condition of governmental possession and control the advance will be easily and promptly made. The lesson has been learned that water may not be drawn from an empty well.

It has long been argued by men expert in relation to railroad operation that in the last few years the increase in railroad facilities had not matched the natural advance in the business of the country. Again and again on the highest practical authority it has been declared that a time must come when the system must break down in the sense of not being equal to the demands of the traffic of the country. The government, which stood in practical denial of this testimony, has now discovered its error. It finds that if the railroads are to perform their function properly they must be measurably expanded in their facilities and that the only way of doing this is to enlist capital in adequate sums. Up against the necessity of meeting a practical condition, the government in "possession and control" of the railroads is lending its credit to the end of raising money to properly augment facilities. Thus another lesson has been learned.

A notable fact, and one not likely to escape public attention, is that under pressure of inadequate income the government is economizing in railroad administration at the cost of the public. Agents and solicitors who have contributed vastly to the convenience of users of the railroads have been dropped from service. Those who travel or ship freight no longer have the help of expert clerks who aforetime lent cheerful aid in the matter of arranging routes and otherwise promoting public convenience. Railroads no longer serve their customers in the way of widespread public announcement of times of the departure and arrival of trains. True, information is not withheld, but it is not provided in convenient manner and form as in other times.

Still more serious as affecting the public convenience is the withdrawal of many trains and the arbitrary re-routing of both passenger and freight traffic. One may not now choose as in other days the routes he may travel or enjoy advantages of comfort and speed as in other times. Unquestionably there is economy in these changes at the point of operative cost, but it is an economy reflected in reduction both at the point of service and convenience. There is, to be sure, small criticism with respect to these changes; but the public acceptance is due to patriotic sentiment, which cheerfully sustains privations to the end that the interests of the war may be served. When again times and conditions become normal there will surely be a demand, and an insistent one, for restoration of the services which have so largely contributed to the efficiencies of American transportation and to the convenience and pleasure of those who use the railroads.

#### The Aeroplane Mess.

The *Argonaut* has neither time, space, nor inclination to pursue the details of the aeroplane mess. Nor does it think it much matters upon what subordinate shoulders blame lies for a costly and shameful failure. The essential facts of the case are: (a) that we provided promptly a vast sum—upwards of \$600,000,000—for aeroplanes; (b) that the business was entrusted to the War Department; (c) that the Secretary of War officially assured the public only a few weeks ago that the work was coming on finely and we should soon have many thousands of machines ready for service; (d) that we now find the whole business bungled—that practically no aeroplanes are ready nor likely soon to be ready; (e) that the War Department was deceived by plausible statements and that it accepted these statements without verifying them; that falsely assured the Secretary of War made an official statement which now turns out to have been mistaken; that in large measure the millions appropriated have been wasted.

It goes without saying that the condition would not now be what it is if honest and capable men had been in charge of the aeroplane work. But the fault is not more with those who were commissioned by the War Department than by that department itself. The Secretary of War was not justified in turning over so great a task to subordinate agents and then letting the business go without close supervision. He was negligent to the point of culpability in accepting false

reports and, without investigation, basing official assurances upon them. Nor can this responsibility be evaded by the plea that he was deceived. It was the business of the department to know the situation in its actual condition, and it can not justify a false and misleading report by pleading that it was misinformed. It had no right to be misinformed.

A present obvious phase of the situation is that effort is being made to evade some of the consequences of this outrageous failure by shunting off a measure of blame upon one Borglum, an expert in matters relating to aeroplanes, who for several months has been trying to make President and country understand that things have been going badly. Borglum may or may not as charged be an interested party; he may or may not have boasted of his influence with the President; he may or may not be subject to criticism and censure. But the fact remains that he has been the means of bringing the whole wretched business to the attention of the country. But for him we should still be living in a fool's paradise, comfortable in assurances made by the incompetent or dishonest aeroplane administration to the Secretary of War and by him passed on to the country guaranteed as the truth. Borglum, we repeat, may or may not be a worthy man; none the less he is entitled to the thanks of the country for having exposed a situation which is of the utmost importance and should be understood in its enormity and corrected promptly.

The essential consideration now is not so much to place the blame for time and money lost as to speed up the business of creating aeroplanes. While it is only right that those who are at fault should be punished, still it should not be done at the cost of time or energy essential to carrying forward the work in hand. It is more to the point that we shall have a fleet of aeroplanes at the earliest possible day than that we shall have a flock of goats.

One thing is certain: Whoever else may or may not be at fault in matters of detail, the Secretary of War was negligent in permitting himself to be misled; and something worse than negligence is chargeable against him for misleading the country. It is true that a department head may not follow up every detail of the prodigious business under his responsibility, but in so large a concern as that of aeroplane production there can be no excuse for a neglect which has resulted in so grievous a failure at the point of achievement and of so vast a loss in wasted money.

The logic of this incident is that there is need at the head of the War Department of a bigger and better man than little Newtie Baker.

#### Editorial Notes.

Under existing law the Secretary of War is authorized "to do everything by him deemed necessary to suppress and prevent the keeping or setting up of houses of ill-fame, brothels, or bawdy houses within such distance as he may deem needful of any military camp, station, fort, post, cantonment," etc. Comprehensive as this law would seem to be, it is found that there are ways of practically circumventing it, and to the end of greater thoroughness the Secretary now asks Congress for an amendment under which "immoral women may be arrested under any circumstances in the neighborhood of army camps." Congress, which now goes it blind, doing everything asked of it, will grant this new demand. But in the matter of execution unpleasant things are likely to happen. Every sentry and military policeman will constitute himself a court to determine the morality or immorality of every woman who appears on his beat; and—the possibilities are staggering.

A story widely published to the effect that an American resident of Geneva, one Professor Heron, has been approached by a representative of the German government with proposals of peace should be accepted with a grain of salt. But if Professor Heron has in fact taken it upon himself to serve as a volunteer diplomat he should be promptly and severely called down. In days past—especially of our Civil War—serious mischief was done by volunteer diplomats. The present Administration has dealt over-kindly with these meddlers, as witness the cases of Henry Ford, Jane Addams, the more-or-less Reverend Aked, and others. The making of peace is only a little less serious than the making of war, and voluntary and unauthorized

diplomacy will, if unchecked, surely make a mess of things.

Walter P. Spreckels, one of the many nephews or cousins of the Spreckels family of California, is barred from entering the Yonkers plant of the Federal Sugar Refinery, of which he is the superintendent, because of the war zone decree. Mr. Spreckels is no doubt sincere in declaring himself a "good American," but the fact remains that although he has been in this country for many years he has never become naturalized and consequently is still classed as an alien enemy. He has established his headquarters in the New York office of the Federal Sugar Company and from there will direct the operations of the Yonkers establishment.

In the *New York Times* of May 5th Mr. Gerard settles a question which has been many times asked here and elsewhere since the exploitation in film of his "Four Years in Germany." "I do not," says Mr. Gerard, "personally appear in the film. The part of the American ambassador is taken by a good actor, Halbert Browne. I may add, however, that if my personal appearance in the film would add to the defeat of Germany and the destruction of its evil power I would make the effort, even if it would be regarded as a loss of dignity. That would be little enough sacrifice in view of the sacrifice thousands of my fellow-citizens are making on the battlefields of France."

No man unwilling to patriotically pledge himself in the simple form required by the authorities of the State University has a moral right to the honors of that institution. The pledge reads:

I will not give comfort, by word or deed, to the enemies of the United States or those of her allies, and I shall sympathize with no other cause than that for which the United States is fighting.

One W. D. Hackh, entitled under academic standards to a degree, has refused to commit himself to this declaration excepting with the following proviso:—"which as I understand it is for the freedom of nations and not the suppression of the German people." The board of regents has declined to permit Hackh to revise its declaration of allegiance, and will, since he refuses to sign the formal pledge, withhold his diploma. This action will help toward the restoration of public confidence in the university at Berkeley, a consummation very much needed.

Failure in airplane construction is by no means the only delinquency that is hindering active American participation in the war. The so-called Liberty Truck, which was to render field transportation easy, turned out a qualified failure. The government has had at this late day to place an order for 20,400 light vehicles of standard makes. One trouble with the Liberty truck was that it was planned in the interest of manufacturers of assembled cars and of car-part makers and against complete car producers. In other words, there was a nigger in the fence.

The Browning gun continues to command approval at the hands of experts, but it is not being manufactured in the quantity promised. The difficulty is with the heavier type gun—that is, the gun relied on for defensive work. The plans of the Ordnance Bureau called for 234 of these guns for a division. Three thousand were to have been produced in April, but not one was turned out of the factory. We have eight regular army divisions, sixteen national army divisions, and seventeen national guard divisions—a total of forty-one. Thus there is required under the project 7594 of the heavy guns. When tests of both types of the Browning gun, light and heavy, were made on February 27th Secretary Baker announced that manufacture of the light gun was proceeding on a "quantity basis" and that manufacture of the heavy gun on that basis would begin "soon." In view of the failure in production thus far it would seem that, as in the case of airplane production, the Secretary has been misled; at least his promises have not been sustained.

The San Francisco Board of Education has very properly eliminated courses in the German language from our grammar schools. Leaving to one side the question as to whether or not these courses should ever have been established, there can be no question with respect to their abandonment at this time. When the



war is over the matter of German in American schools may be taken up upon its merits and without prejudice; and if it shall be determined that German studies are an essential part of modern culture they may be provided for in connection with text-books of American rather than of German inspiration.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### True, But One Swallow Does Not Make a Summer.

MENLO PARK, CAL., May 13, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Referring to your issue of May 4th, page 247—the sentence commencing "Take California for an example." I think when we commissioned Julius Kahn congressman we did take "one of the largest and best men available" and hope his district will maintain him there for life or advance him to a senatorship for the same period.

Yours very truly, CAPTAIN L. E. LYON.

### The Sacagawea Monument.

PORTLAND, ORE., May 10, 1918.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: It is very seldom that the *Argonaut* is misinformed, but I write to correct a mistake in your editorial on Sacagawea in the *Argonaut* of April 27th. The bronze monument to Sacagawea in the Washington Park of this city was presented to the City of Portland by the women of Oregon in 1905, and is the work of Alice Cooper of Denver. The group which "the family of David P. Thompson" presented to the City of Portland in 1902 is in the same park, but is entitled "The Coming of the White Man," and is the work of Hermon A. MacNeil of New York.

BESSIE THOMPSON TEAL.

### Note from Governor Adams of Colorado.

PUEBLO, COLO., May 8, 1918.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: Let me commend your spirit of fairness as demonstrated in your Secretary Lane editorial, March 23d. No man can be more clean and patriotic and few in the public service are able. When the cabinet was formed some of my partial Colorado friends suggested my name for Secretary of the Interior. After noting five years of the work of Secretary Lane I must commend the President's judgment—he made the best choice for the place.

That a Republican paper should defend a democratic official from assault is a hopeful sign. While it is true that partisanship is almost a crime in these days of national peril, there are those who can not resist the temptation to throw a brick at a political rival even when they risk the chance of striking the very temple of national safety. Mistakes will happen, but they should not invite crucifixion. No man is free from blunders. Only the gods never stumble, and there have been no gods since Homer wrote.

Very truly, ALVA ADAMS.

### Men, Women, and Government.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have read with considerable interest the article by Adèle Ballard, "The Rise and Fall of Jeanette." I am inclined to disagree in toto with her conclusions as to their equality with men in governmental functions, for the simple reason so far as I know there has never been an opportunity in America of a correct judgment. A certain class of women have pressed forward and assumed positions in politics and other public functions for which they apparently had no special qualifications, as in the instances mentioned. As a matter of fact the women of America have adapted and equipped mentally see no necessity for going out of their own spheres, but let the necessity arise, and now, as in all previous ages of the world, women will assume those functions as naturally and efficiently as do the lords of creation. There is nothing in history to indicate that women can not exercise the functions of government as wisely and efficiently as men. The failure of some women in modern life furnishes no criterion or basis of judgment.

Yours truly, I. H. MORSE.

### The Value of the Ruble.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your article in the issue of May 11th regarding Russia under the heading "The Fruit of the Tree" you say "the value of the ruble is 51½ cents." It would have been more correct to have said the value of the ruble before the war was about 51½ cents gold, but it is now about 7 gold cents to the United States dollar.

The story is about as follows: When the war began in 1914 ruble exchange was about 50 cents to the dollar gold and it declined steadily until September, 1916, it had reached 30 cents. Even at that date it was understood that the Russian treasury would exchange paper rubles for gold, which gave the currency some strength, and the business that was flowing westward across the Pacific increased with leaps and bounds. It was all dependent on ruble exchange, which centered in Shanghai.

During the fall of 1916—I do not recall the date—the Russian government stopped paying or exchanging gold for paper rubles and the Shanghai banks called here withdrawing all "letters of authority," which in this trade take the place of letters of credit, resulting in a complete stoppage of business. Shortly after this New York and then San Francisco speculators thought rubles at 27 to 29 cents were a "fine buy." "Why it is just like picking up sovereigns at \$2.50," they reasoned, and they bought several millions. This opened the exchange market and business was again resumed with the Orient, to the great relief of all concerned.

This state of affairs continued through the summer and fall of 1917, but the conditions in Russia going from bad to worse the ruble market made several breaks downward, resulting in November-December, 1917, of another stoppage of business and a sort of moratorium in Shanghai as to the payment of drafts. In March, 1918, rubles in Vladivostok sold as low as 7 cents gold each.

A letter which is before me dated Harbin, Manchuria, April 3, 1918, received in San Francisco May 8, 1918, reads: "The difference in exchange rates compares as follows: February 10, 1918, 14.10 rubles per gold dollar; March 6, 1918, 12.70; April 3, 1918, 8.10. In other words the Russian imperial currency of this empire has become worthless."

By the way, I notice that the Asiatic merchant always spells the word r-o-u-b-l-e, which is the old-fashioned way.

M. M. H.

Bohemians, Moravians, Slovaks in Austria and Hungary number 8,000,000. Roumanians are almost 4,000,000, Poles nearly 5,000,000, Slovenes 1,250,000.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

When the German armies are quiet it is usual to suppose that they are plotting mischief, and that a blow will presently fall in some unforeseen direction. It is now more than two weeks since the fighting around Ypres came to an end in German discomfiture, and with the exception of a good deal of artillery work and a few sudden infantry lurches that came to nothing there has been relative quiet along that front. The same is true of the Amiens field. There has been some small fighting around Albert, and a number of raids are reported up and down the whole length of the line. But most of these raids were from the Allied side, and resulted in slight Allied advantages. The Germans are evidently disinclined to do any fighting just at present, but whether this is due to the need for recuperation or whether it signifies some new concentration is not apparent. Certainly it is significant that the battle for Ypres, unsurpassed for its intensive ferocity and for the magnitude of its issues, should have been wholly unnoticed in the German bulletins except for a slighting reference to outpost skirmishes. And yet it is hardly possible that a battle of this size could be hidden from the German people. At least the wounded could not be hidden. The facts must be known in Holland, and must filter rapidly across the frontier. That Germany should claim victories where she has not won them, that she should deny reverses, has been her practice for some time past. But to ignore a battle absolutely is something new in her war practice, and we can but wonder what it indicates. In the meantime we may note with some interest the stories of quarrels between the emperor and Hindenburg and Ludendorff, with the two generals upon opposite sides and the emperor oscillating between them. The quarrel is said to be concerned with the delay in the offensive, and while stories of this kind are usually little more than canards, in this case there are other evidences of a difference of opinion in the hesitating note which has marked the German movements during the last three weeks. But while waiting for whatever new blow may be pending, and we can hardly avoid the conviction that one will come, we may find some solace in the fact that it can hardly be heavier than the blows that have already fallen, that Germany has secured not a single point of strategic advantage since she began her great advance, and that after two months of tremendous fighting the German army is motionless, while the German government is explanatory.

The same hesitating note is evident on the Italian front. Three weeks ago the Austrian bulletins announced a great bombardment, although we were not told upon which side it began. But nothing came of it. There was no infantry attack. The Emperor Karl himself, we were told, had gone to the front, but this may have been only for the purpose of blushing unseen at the revelations of Clemenceau and his own pitiable efforts to explain them. We may be certain that Germany has used the strongest efforts to induce Austria to attack the Italians. If she herself had thrown her energies to the Italian field instead of to the west it would have been far better for her. She might have broken the Allied lines in Italy and by this time have been well on her way across the Italian plains to southern France with the French armies facing the greatest predicament that they have known. This is what she would have done had she been guided by military strategy alone, instead of by a public clamor for victory, which had become the only alternative to national death. For the first time in the course of the war Germany has deliberately chosen the strongest instead of the weakest link for the purpose of attack, and now she stands perplexed to find that it can not be broken. But an attack by the Austrians might be of enormous aid to her at this juncture. Even though it should be a failure it would furnish a new element of anxiety to the Allies. It might even necessitate the sending of reinforcements to the Italian lines, and a new draft upon the French reserves. But an Austrian victory might easily have the most vital and disconcerting result. If the Austrians should force their way to the Venetian plains they could pass westward and make a demonstration against the south of France. That they could actually invade France to any real extent would be highly unlikely, indeed nearly impossible, but they could furnish a danger great enough to compel the sending of a French army to the southern provinces. But this contingency is so remote that we need not allow ourselves to be disturbed by it. Probably Germany herself does not entertain it. She knows quite well the fighting power of her ally, which is about equal to that of the Salvation Army. She would expect no more of Austria than a diversion that at the least might cause anxiety and at the most the sending of reinforcements. But it is evident that Austria is not in an acquiescent mood. Her forces have been denuded of German troops, and without a stiffening of German troops they have never yet been able to do anything. Perhaps no other armies have ever made so pitiable a display of themselves as have the Austrians since the beginning of the war. If the war could have been confined to Austria and Serbia, with a fair field and no favor, it is probable that Austria would have had to sue for peace on the best terms that she could get. Certainly the Austrian is no match for the Serbian. Germany supplied alike the men and the trickery that led to the Italian defeat of last year. German troops have been doing garrison duty in Austria for the last year, but they have now been withdrawn to meet German necessities in the west. Austria has been left to her own resources, and those resources do not seem to be large enough even to permit of an attack upon the Italian lines which would not only create a diversion from the west, but that might even be represented to the German people as a continuation and orderly unfolding of the great German offensive. Believing always that there must

be a limit to German credulities, we usually find that there are still unplumbed depths.

There is no mystery about the paralysis of Austria, and here we may look for one of the explanations of German hesitation in the west. Austria in point of fact can not rely upon the loyalty of either her army or her navy. She dare not bring them to the point where desertion to the enemy shall become easy and practicable. A week ago we read of a mutinous condition among the Slav sailors. At the same time we learned that large numbers of Slav soldiers were exchanging their Austrian for Italian uniforms, and were enlisting in the Italian army. Considerable hordes of Slav soldiers direct from the Austrian army are now making their appearance in France eager to enlist against the Austrian government. We have often been disappointed on our expectations of an Austrian revolution mainly through our failure to realize the difficulties of a revolution in communities that contain none but old men, women, and children. There are the same difficulties in Germany. But we have now the definite fact that Austria has dissolved the Reichsrat, and suppressed it, in order that the revolutionary voices shall at least make no official sound. That of course is exactly what Austria would do. With the safety valve firmly screwed down she can afford to turn her mind from the subject of explosions and to deny their possibility. None the less Austria is the first of all the countries now at war to suppress her parliament, and from that fact we may draw what inferences we please. When we couple it with the facts of the mutinous condition in the navy, and with the large desertions to the French and Italian armies, we shall understand clearly enough why Austria should be reluctant to begin an offensive against the Italians even at the insistent demand of Germany, who finds herself in extremities and is feverishly anxious to undermine the wall of resistance opposed to her. And before dismissing the subject of the Italian field we may note the interesting statement that the Italian army is not depending for its new strength only upon the French, English, and Slavs, but that American soldiers also are about to appear on the fighting line.

Then again the situation in Russia must be acting as a drag upon the German military wheels. Already we have the definite statement that Bavarian cavalry have been detached from the western forces and sent eastward to the Ukraine. Russia is a potential volcano, and Germany knows it well, but she does not know at what moment that volcano will be in eruption. The seething millions of Russia are for the moment cowed and abject before a few divisions of Germans, but that there must eventually be a lava flow of rage is not for a moment in doubt. The scum of Russian life has been thrown to the surface by the boiling of the revolution, and it is only the scum that is visible, and the cooties like Lenin and Trotsky that crawl on its surface. Germany knows that she has not actually conquered Russia, but only stunned her, and that she may recover from her trance at any moment. She knows that at that same moment her treaties with Russia and with Roumania become in very truth scraps of paper, unless she can in the meantime bring the war to such a conclusion as to secure the acquiescence of France, England, and America to those treaties, and so leave her free to enforce them upon Russia with the whole of her liberated power. While we are looking anxiously at the battle fronts of Flanders and Picardy and measuring the issues of the struggle there, Germany is looking at the map of Europe as a whole, and trying to assess her profits under all circumstances and the values that she knows have yet to be determined. She is fighting for the preservation of her treaties with Russia and with Roumania, and for nothing else, for these treaties give her an access to Asia Minor, and open to her the domination of the world. She seeks victory in the west, not as an end in itself, but as a means to the confirmation of those treaties. And therefore she must find victory in the west before Russia herself shall repudiate those treaties by counter revolution, and at a time when it shall be impossible for Germany to begin a new eastern campaign. Germany is between the devil and the deep sea, and we begin to understand the depth of her perplexity only when we realize that she is fighting for an open corridor into Asia Minor, that she already possesses that open corridor, but that it will inevitably be closed again in her face either by an Allied victory or by counter revolution in Russia. First of all she must neutralize Allied opposition by a victory over the Allies; and, secondly, she must secure that victory before Russia shall come to her senses and destroy the scraps of paper in the approved German way. Germany can not wait. She is racing against a Russian revolution. If the revolution should come now she would be powerless to control it with all her troops locked up in the west, and a revolution would mean the instant evaporation and disappearance of all the advantages that she has won. But a victory in the west, and the consequent cessation of the war, would permit her to turn all her attention once more to the east and to consolidate herself there. It would then be too late for a Russian revolution. We do not know what is now the situation in Russia, but we do know that it is one full of anxieties for Germany and the moral forces of Russia are being surely mobilized. We know also that Roumania will not remain quiet for one day after the heel of the conqueror has been removed from her neck. The intrepidity of her queen will be a sufficient guarantee of that. These are certainly some of the things which the German commanders are thinking as they consider the gravities of a situation that is by no means confined to the battle lines in Flanders, in Picardy, or in Italy.

Germany, we are told, now realizes that she made a mistake when she gave her pledge to the Bolsheviks.



to transfer no troops to the western front and instantly proceeded to break that pledge without even the formality of an explanation. That, of course, was only one of the treacheries that she contemptuously displayed before the world, but it was concrete, compact, and glaring. She now knows that she has tied her own hands for her peace offensive, and that anything with even the semblance of a pledge or a promise will be received everywhere with a certain disgusted laughter. She could not now secure an armistice for a single hour in return for any conceivable undertaking that she might offer. She could devise no form of oath that would be other than absurd. She has put herself beyond the reach of human intercourse as one who not only breaks obligations when they are found to be inconvenient, but who makes them with the intention to break them, and as a part of a general scheme of chicanery. It is hard to see how it can at any future time be possible to discuss anything with Germany, how it should be possible to find even a preliminary basis to a peace talk. The simplest of human relationships demands some expectation of honesty, at least a pretense of honesty. Without this we could not have dealings with a shoehack. How then shall it at any time be possible to enter into negotiations with Germany except as one would negotiate with a cornered wolf? Germany is now trying to come to arrangements with Holland. Presumably she is having some sort of dealings with all neutral countries. Diplomatic communications are always polite, but Germany must surely be aware—indeed we are told from Amsterdam that she is aware—that even the least of her assurances and of her undertakings is now received with a veiled contempt and that she is realizing the extent to which she has handicapped herself in the peace negotiations that she is earnestly striving to set on foot.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1918.

Had Edwin Booth not been a great actor he might have made his mark in fiction, according to an article recently written for the *Century Magazine* by David Belasco. His letters in which he speaks of the death of his wife are as beautiful as, if not more beautiful than, any letter penned by Keats. His description of a presentiment of his wife's death might have been written by Poe. He wrote: "I was in New York in bed; it was about 2 in the morning. I was awake; I felt a strange puff of air strike my right cheek twice; it startled me so that I was thoroughly aroused. I turned in bed, when I felt the same on the left cheek—two puffs of wind, ghost kisses. I lay awake, wondering what it could mean, when I distinctly heard these words: 'Come to me, darling. I am almost frozen,' as plainly as I hear this pen scratching over the paper." He reached home to find his wife cold in death in her coffin, and the rest is the beautiful letter of a lover who feels that he can never love life again because he has lost all. He longed to end his career, to join her. "I am in such haste to reach that beginning, or that end of all," he writes, "that I am breathless with my own impatience."

When large suction dredgers began operations on the bay shore near Oakland, California, in the reclamation of hundreds of acres of tide lands, large quantities of mussels and clams were brought up. The dredgers had hardly begun their work before sea-gulls in large numbers appeared. How these birds learned of the new food supply that was being sucked up from the bottom of the bay, none can tell. They swarmed about the outlet pipe by hundreds, scrambling for the clams and mussels that were poured out with the mud, sand, and water. Since the beaks of sea-gulls are not designed for crushing purposes, they were unable to break the hard clam shells. The birds are very resourceful, however, and they were observed flying to a height of thirty or forty feet, dropping the clams on the rocks until the shells were broken. One bird was seen to thus drop a clam fifteen times before breaking the shell.

It has been estimated that under normal conditions after the war the yield of income and super-tax in Great Britain will be not over \$1,125,000,000. Adding to this \$150,000,000 under the head of death duties, and there remains for customs and excise a total of \$525,000,000, for the postoffice \$175,000,000, and for miscellaneous sources of income \$125,000,000, making a total of \$2,100,000,000, of which \$1,275,000,000 will come from indirect and \$825,000,000 from direct taxation. But between that amount and the estimated total of \$3,500,000,000 there is a gap of \$1,400,000,000 to be filled up—a fact which disposes of the general expectation that when peace comes the British people will have some relief from their present heavy burden of taxation.

Thirty-eight persons were lynched in the United States in 1917, according to the records kept by R. R. Moton, president of the Tuskegee Institute. All but two of the victims were negroes, and one of those was a woman. One lynching occurred in Montana; the others were in Southern States, Texas and Georgia having six each. Attacks on white women were given as the cause in sixteen cases.

America consumes seventy-four pounds of fats per capita annually. Japan consumes only eighteen pounds; and Germany, before the present war began, consumed twenty-four pounds.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, is now eighty-one years old, but never relinquishes his physical activities. He spent his eighty-first birthday boiling maple-sugar sap on his farm at West Park, New York. A writer, describing the scene, said: "Alert, energetic, the sugar-maker moves about with shining eyes and glowing face—a boy again through the magic of this spring pastime."

David Belasco has said of Mary Pickford, the well-known movie actress: "Rehearsing Mary Pickford was a great pleasure. She was a hard worker, the first at rehearsals and the last to go. It was remarkable how she could visualize a story. Often I would tell her one, and even as I told it she would illustrate it with her ever-changing expressions and delicately subtle movements of body."

William Tyler Page of Friendship Heights, Maryland, near Washington, D. C., the winner of the \$1000 prize offered by the city of Baltimore for the best definition of "America's Creed," is a descendant of John Tyler, who was President of the United States, and also of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Carter Braxton. The town of Frederick, Maryland, where Francis Scott Key was born, was Mr. Page's native town.

Captain James Byford McCudden, who has a bigger bag of hostile machines brought down than Bishop, Gwynemer, Ball, or any other flying man that the war has brought forward, with the single exception of Baron von Richthofen, the German, is but twenty-two years of age. Captain McCudden has received the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross, and the Military Medal. He also has added a bar to both his D. S. O. and his Military Cross.

William Prentice Sanger of New York City, who has been made executive secretary of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, is a son of Major-General Sanger, U. S. A. He was educated at Harvard University, and is an architect and engineer by profession. He has had experience in Porto Rico in studying conditions of army camps there, and enters upon the larger work with a general equipment that is broad as well as with specialized knowledge gained since the war opened.

Henry P. Davison is only the fifth in line as partner of the colossal banking institution of J. P. Morgan & Co., but for years Wall Street is said to have regarded him as second only to J. P. Morgan himself in the handling of gigantic financial transactions amounting to billions of dollars annually. It is to him that much of the credit is given for the new "big business" idea which has lately entered the Morgan institution in appreciation of the changes that have occurred during the past decade. His characteristics are ardent enthusiasm, keen thinking, quick and accurate judgment.

Prince Albert, the second of the five sons of King George, is now an officer in the aviation service and, it is announced, has just made his first flight. He is said to be making good progress in this, to him, new branch of the service, for which he exchanged his naval duties on account of ill-health. Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, to give him all his names, is extremely democratic and fond of things American. While he was a cadet at Dartmouth he learned to play the banjo, and his "jo" always went with him to sea. An officer of the Grand Fleet says that the cheery young prince plays and sings American ragtime exceptionally well.

"Britain's Warwick" is the title recently bestowed upon a young Canadian whose rapid rise to power in his native land and in England has been phenomenal. Born in New Brunswick of Scotch parents thirty-nine years ago, William Maxwell Aitken, familiarly known by his early associates as "Max Aitken," is now Lord Beaverbrook in the upper house of Parliament, minister of propaganda in the British cabinet, and chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It was Lord Northcliffe, with his great newspapers, who launched the great offensive against the Asquith ministry. But it is said to have been Maxwell Aitken, behind the scenes, who stormed and carried the trenches. It was a great achievement and young Aitken got the credit and his reward for accomplishing it.

Colonel John P. Finley, infantry, who was recently transferred from charge of militia affairs in the Eastern Department on Governor's Island to active service, is the Colonel Finley who in February, 1913, sailed on one of the most remarkable missions ever assigned to an American army officer. As the representative of sixty Moro chiefs, Colonel Finley went to Constantinople to ask the Sultan of Turkey, the head of the Mohammedan church, for assurances that the United States did not intend to use tax money taken from Filipinos to overthrow their religion in the island of Mindanao. Colonel Finley went back to the Jolo Archipelago with the Sultan's assurances that the United States was friendly to the Mohammedans, and that their religion would not be attacked. While in Turkey Colonel Finley was decorated with the Order of Medjidieh, one of the highest honors the Sultan could confer.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## "After You, Pilot."

Dawn gilded—over dunes of sand  
That border Mobile Bay—  
The fleet, which under Farragut  
In expectation lay.  
For ere that rising sun should set,  
Full many a sailor hold  
Should perish, leaving but a name  
On history's page of gold.

Others have sung and yet shall sing  
Of Farragut's renown:  
How to the *Hartford's* maintop lashed  
He gained his conqueror's crown.  
Let others sing those deeds while we,  
In sorrow and in pride,  
Tell how one gallant gentleman  
With high decorum died.

The Admiral came across the har  
With threescore flags in air,  
The Gulf's blue mirror never glassed  
A scene so sternly fair.  
Over his fleet of eighteen ships  
His dark eye proudly ran;  
And Craven in the monitor  
*Tecumseh* led the van.

Morgan and Gaines shot forth their fires  
From either hallowing shore;  
With deeper rage the fleet replied—  
One thunderous, volleying roar.  
But straight ahead hold Craven dashed  
Upon the swelling tide,  
To seek and smite the *Tennessee*,  
The foe's hope and pride.

A noble quarry! Seeking her,  
Most worth his knightly steel,  
He recked not of the leaking death  
Beneath his gliding keel.  
One moment in the conning tower  
He thought of loved ones dear—  
Then at the black foe's lowering hulk  
He made his pilot steer.

A roar, a shock, a shuddering plunge!  
Full well did Craven know  
No mortal skill might save his ship  
Smit by that dastard blow.  
The doom impending shrieked and heat  
Its fatal wings so nigh  
That only one might pass the stair  
And one must pause, and die.

"After you, Pilot," Craven said.  
O words of flawless fame!  
Out of that awful moment bloomed  
A pure, immortal name.  
The pilot passed, the hero stayed;  
Within that turret's round  
Met glorious death and endless life  
And faith by honor crowned.

The good ship plunged to ocean's ooze.  
Forth from the flood and fire  
Our reverence sees that gentle soul  
To kindred heaven aspire;  
And marks—when Craven stands beneath  
God's hero-sheltering dome—  
The shade of Philip Sidney rise  
And hid him welcome home. —John Hay.

## The Passing of Richard Somers.

He breaks and gives his finger ring,  
Decatur, Stewart grasp his hand;  
And Richard Somers, hero-king,  
Goes forth to take his last command,  
The *Intrepid*, brimmed with shot and shell;  
A dozen men her fate to share  
Take ship upon a slumbering hell  
And on to Tripoli they fare.

We strain our eyes into the night,  
We hold our ears down to the sea,  
A moment by the dwindling light,  
A moment o'er the waters free,  
We see and hear the *Intrepid* float,  
We hear and see her gallant men,  
Then soft and slow fade men and boat  
Their country ne'er shall see again.

We're staring forth with all our eyes,  
We're listening with all our ears,  
Time never such a laggard lies—  
Two hours have grown as many years!  
A sudden wavering light is seen  
As it along a deck—'t is past!  
Then leaps beyond a fearful sheen  
And rolls an awful thunder-hlast.

The hursting blaze of batteries,  
An outcry of tormented hate,  
The splash of fragments in the seas,  
A silence worse than any fate;  
A gunboat of the Moors destroyed,  
Two others shattered on the shore,  
A hundred souls hurled through the void—  
Alas, for we may know no more!

No more we know; but this is thought:  
That o'er the *Intrepid* thronged the foe;  
Awhile our gallant sailors fought,  
Till every hope had fallen low.  
With lighted lantern on the deck,  
Down where the shells and powder sleep,  
There Richard Somers sent the wreck  
Of friend and foe along the deep.

Beneath the blue of foreign skies,  
Beside the sheen of alien waves,  
With all his men hold Somers lies  
And all unmarked their silent graves;  
Yet who, of all their countrymen,  
Shall hear this tale of golden pride  
But Richard Somers lives again  
Within the land for which he died?

—Wallace Rice.

The South Manchurian Railway has more than doubled its operated mileage, becoming one of the great railway systems of the world.



## A MINSTREL IN FRANCE.

## Harry Lauder Describes How He Entertained the Soldiers in France.

Harry Lauder with his wife and son were in Melbourne when Great Britain declared war upon Germany. They were at lunch when the hall porter arrived with a telegram for Lieutenant Lauder which contained the two words "Mobilize. Return." A summons of that kind must be obeyed, and the young man instantly returned by the quickest route, and was in time to welcome his parents when their more leisurely journey came to an end.

Lieutenant Lauder gained his promotion quickly and became captain. He was wounded, but made a good recovery, only to be sent back to the hospital suffering from dysentery, fever, and a nervous breakdown:

"I had a sad experience yesterday," he wrote to me. "It was the first day I was able to be out of bed, and I went over to a piano in a corner against the wall, sat down, and began playing very softly, more to myself than anything else."

"One of the nurses came to me, and said a Captain Webster of the Gordon Highlanders, who lay on a bed in the same ward, wanted to speak to me. She said she had asked who was playing, and she had told him Captain Lauder—Harry Lauder's son. 'Oh,' he said, 'I know Harry Lauder very well. Ask Captain Lauder to come here?'"

"This man had gone through ten operations in less than a week. I thought perhaps my playing had disturbed him, but when I went to his bedside he grasped my hand, pressed it with what little strength he had left, and thanked me. He asked me if I could play a hymn. He said he would like to hear 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

"So I went back to the piano and played it as softly and as gently as I could. It was his last request. He died an hour later. I was very glad I was able to soothe his last moments a little. I am very glad now I learned the hymn at Sunday-school as a boy."

Captain Lauder was killed on December 28, 1916 and his parents learned the news on New Year's Day. But the author tells us that he had a presentiment on the previous evening, and then early the following morning came the telegram, "Captain John Lauder killed in action. December 28. Official. War Office":

It was on Monday morning, January the first, 1917, that I learned of my boy's death. And he had been killed the Thursday before! He had been dead four days before I knew it! And yet—I had known. Let no one ever tell me again that there is nothing in presentiment. Why else had I been so sad and uneasy in my mind? Why else, all through that Sunday, had it been so impossible for me to take comfort in what was said to cheer me? Some warning had to come to me, some sense that all was not well.

Realization came to me slowly. I sat and stared at that slip of paper that had come to me like the breath of doom. Dead! Dead these four days! I was never to see the light of his eyes again. I was never to hear that laugh of his. I had looked on my boy for the last time. Could it be true? Ah, I knew it was! And it was for this moment that I had been waiting, that we had all been waiting, ever since we had sent John away to fight for his country and do his part. I think we had all felt that it must come. We had all known that it was too much to hope that he should be one of those to be spared.

It seemed to Harry Lauder that it would be almost impossible to continue his work under the blow of his bereavement, but his friends brought affectionate pressure to bear upon him. His brother-in-law reminded him that his son's last words to his men had been "Carry on," and he would certainly have laid the same admonition upon his father. None the less it was terribly hard to face the first audience:

I would not see any one that night when I reached the theatre. I stayed in my dressing-room, and Tom Vallance stayed with me, and kept every one who tried to speak with me away. There were good folk, and kindly folk, friends of mine in the company, who wanted to shake my hand and tell me how they felt for me, but he knew that it was better for them not to see me yet, and he was my bodyguard.

"It's no use, Tom," I said to him, again and again, after I was dressed and in my make-up. I was cold first, and then hot. And I trembled in every limb. "They'll have to ring the curtain down on me."

"You'll be all right, Harry," he said. "So soon as you're out there! Remember, they're all your friends!"

But he could not comfort me. I felt sure that it was a foolish thing for me to try to do; that I could not go through with it. And I was sorry, for the thousandth time, that I had let them persuade me to make the effort.

A callboy came at last to warn me that it was nearly time for my first entrance. I went with Tom into the wings, and stood there, waiting. I was pale under my make-up, and I was shaking and trembling like a baby. And even then I wanted to cry off. But I remembered my boy, and those last words of his—"Carry On!" I must not fail him without at least trying to do what he would have wanted me to do!

My entrance was with a lilting song called "I Love My Jean." And I knew that in a moment my cue would be given, and I would hear the music of that song beginning. I was as cold as if I had been in an icy street, although it was hot. I thought of the two thousand people who were waiting for me beyond the footlights—the house was a big one, and it was packed full that night.

"I can't, Tom—I can't!" I cried.

But he only smiled, and gave me a little push as my cue came and the music began. I could scarcely hear it; it was like music a great distance off, coming very faintly to my ears. And I said a prayer, inside. I asked God to be good to me once more, and to give me strength, and to hear me through this ordeal that I was facing, as He had borne me through before. And then I had to step into the full glare of the great lights.

Then came the resolve to go out and sing to the men in the trenches, and for this the consent of the War Office had to be obtained. There was no trouble in reaching the bases. Many entertainers had done this, but actually to go to the front lines was a very different matter. It had never been done, and that seemed a fatal difficulty in conservative England. But Lauder would not be denied and at last the coveted permission

was secured. It need not be said that he was enthusiastically recognized on the transport:

I did not stay with my own party. I preferred to move about among the soldiers. I was deeply interested in them, as I have always been. And I wanted to make friends among them, and see how they felt.

"'Lor' lumme—it's old 'Arry Lauder!' said one cockney. 'God bless you, 'Arry—many's the time I've sung with you in the 'alls. It's good to see you with us!'"

And so I was greeted everywhere. Men after men crowded around me to shake hands. It brought a lump into my throat to be greeted so, and it made me more than ever glad that the military authorities had been able to see their way to grant my request. It confirmed my belief that I was going where I might be really useful to the men who were ready and willing to make the greatest of all sacrifices in the cause so close to all our hearts.

Lauder chose his songs carefully. The men liked old love songs and tender, crooning melodies. They must not be sad or lugubrious, but they appreciated wistful tenderness:

Not every actor and artist who has tried to help in the hospitals has fully understood the men he or she wanted to please. They meant well, every one, but some were a wee bit unfortunate in the way they went to work. There is a story that is told of one of our really great serious actors. He is serious minded always, on the stage and off, and very, very dignified. But some folk went to him and ask him would he no do his hit to cheer up the poor laddies in a hospital?

He never thought of refusing—and I would not have you think I am sneering at the man! His intentions were of the best.

"Of course, I do not sing or dance," he said, drawing down his lip. And the look in his eyes showed what he thought of such of us as had descended to such low ways of pleasing the public that paid to see us and to hear us: "But I shall very gladly do something to bring a little diversion into the sad lives of the poor boys in the hospitals."

It was a stunner audience that he had. That means a lot of boys who had to lie in bed to hear him. They needed cheering. And that great actor, with all his good intentions, could think of nothing more fitting than to stand up before them and begin to recite, in a sad, elocutionary tone, Longfellow's "The Wreck of the Hesperus!"

He went on, and his voice gained power. He had come to the third stanza, or the fourth maybe, when a command rang out through the ward. It was one that had been heard many and many a time in France, along the trenches. It came from one of the beds.

"To cover men!" came the order.

It rang out through the ward, in a hoarse voice. And on the word every man's head popped under the bedclothes! And the great actor, astonished beyond measure, was left there, reciting away to shaking mounds of bedclothes that entrenched his hearers from the sound of his voice!

Sometimes Lauder would waylay the men on their way back from the trenches, unship his piano and give an impromptu concert on the shell-torn road:

They eyed me very curiously as they came along, those sick laddies. They couldn't seem to understand what I was doing there, but their discipline held them. They were in charge of a young lieutenant with one star—a second lieutenant. I learned later that he was a long way from being a well man himself. So I stopped him.

"Would your men like to hear a few songs, lieutenant?" I asked him.

He hesitated. He didn't quite understand, and he wasn't a bit sure what his duty was in the circumstances. He glanced at Godfrey, and Godfrey smiled at him as if in encouragement.

"It's very good of you, I am sure," he said, slowly. "Fall out!"

So the men fell out, and squatted there, along the wayside. At once discipline was relaxed. Their faces were a study as the wee piano was set up again, and Johnson, in uniform, of course sat down and trued a chord or two. And then suddenly something happened that broke the ice. Just as I stood up to sing a loud voice broke the silence.

"'Lor' love us!" one of the men cried, "if it aint old 'Arry Lauder!"

There was a stir of interest at once. I spotted the owner of the voice. It was a shriveled up little chap, with a weazened face that looked like a sun-dried apple. He was showing all his teeth in a grin at me, and he was a typical little cockney of the sort all Londoners know well.

"Go it, 'Arry!" he shouted, shrilly. "Many's the time I've 'eard you at the old Shoreditch!"

Lauder picked up souvenirs on the Vimy battlefield, chiefly bayonets. Practically everything of value had been salvaged, but there were still masses of odds and ends lying everywhere:

But the best souvenir of all I got at Vimy Ridge I did not pick up. It was given to me by my friend, the grave major—him of whom I would like some famous sculptor to make a statue as he sat at his work of observation. That was a club—a wicked-looking instrument. This club had a great thick head, huge in proportion to its length and size, and this head was studded with great, sharp nails. A single blow from it would finish the strongest man that ever lived. It was a fit weapon for a murderer—and a murderer had wielded it. The major had taken it from a Hun, who had meant to use it—had, doubtless, used it!—to heat out the brains of wounded men, lying on the ground. Many of those clubs were taken from the Germans, all along the front, both by the British and the French, and the Germans had never made any secret of the purpose for which they were intended. Well, they picked poor men to try such tactics on when they went against the Canadians!

The desire to fire a gun is usually experienced by visitors at the front, and Harry Lauder was not exempt. While watching a battery in action he was asked if he would like to try a shot. Would he? It seemed to be what he had been living for, and the gunners grinned as they saw him coming:

"Here's old Harry Lauder come to take a crack at them himself," I heard one man say to another.

"Good for him! The more the merrier!" answered his mate. He was an American—would ye no know it from his speech?

I was trembling with eagerness. I wondered if my shot would tell. I tried to visualize its consequences. It might strike some vital spot. It might kill some man whose life was of the utmost value to the enemy. It might—it might do anything! And I knew that my shot would be watched! Normabell, sitting up there on the Pimple in his little observatory, would watch it, as he did all of that battery's shots. Would he make a report?

Everything was ready. The gun recoiled from the previous shot; swiftly it was swished out. A new shell was handed up; I looked it over tenderly. That was my shell! I watched the men as they placed it and saw it disappear with a jerk. Then came the swift sighting of the gun, the almost imperceptible corrections of elevation and position.

They showed me my place. After all, it was the simplest of matters to fire even the biggest of guns. I had but to pull a lever. All morning I had been watching men do that. I knew it was but a perfunctory act. But I could not feel that! I was thrilled and excited as I had never been in all my life before.

"All ready! Fire!"

The order rang in my ears. And I pulled the lever as hard as I could. The great gun sprang into life as I moved the lever. I heard the roar of the explosion, and it seemed to me that it was a louder hark than any gun I had heard had given! It was not, of course, and so, down in my heart, I knew. There was no shade of variation between that shot and all the others that had been fired. But it pleased me to think so—it pleases me, sometimes, to think so even now. Just as it pleases me to think that that long-snouted engine of war propelled that shell, under my guiding hand, with unwonted accuracy and effectiveness! Perhaps I was childish to feel as if I did; indeed I have no doubt that that was so. But I dinna care!

Lauder has a high opinion of the Canadians, and they certainly have a high opinion of him. It was not easy to sing among the blasting guns, and shellholes leave much to be desired as concert halls:

I stood around while we were getting ready to start back to the cars, and one of the officers was with me.

"How often do you get a shell right inside the pit here?" I asked him. "A fair hit, I mean?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he said, slowly. He looked around. "You know that hole you were singing in just now?"

I nodded. I had guessed that it had been made by a shell. "Well, that's the result of a Boche shell," he said. "If you'd come yesterday we'd have had to find another place for your concert!"

"Oh—is that so!" I said.

"Aye," he said, and grinned. "We didn't tell you before, Harry, because we didn't want you to feel nervous, or anything like that, while you were singing. But it was obliging of Fritz—now wasn't it? Think of having him take all the trouble to dig out a fine theatre for us that way!"

"It was obliging of him, to be sure," I said, rather dryly.

"That's what we said," said the officer. "Why, as soon as I saw the hole that shell had made, I said to Campbell: 'By Jove—there's the very place for Harry Lauder's concert tomorrow!' And he agreed with me!"

The author sang to all sorts and conditions of men and they all knew him as soon as they saw him and greeted him vociferously. On one occasion he met a detachment of Somerset men, and they halted at once as soon as they saw the caravan:

"You'm Harry Lauder!" said one of them, in the broad accent of his country. "Us has seen 'ee often!"

Johnson was out already, and he and the drivers were unlimbering the wee piano. It didn't take so long, now that we were getting used to the task, to make ready for a roadside concert. While I waited I talked to the men. They were on their way to Ypres. Tommy can't get the name right, and long ago ceased trying to do so. The French and Belgians call it "Eeprre"—that's as near as I can give it to you in print, at least. But Tommy, as all the world must know by now, calls it Wipers, and that is another name that will live as long as British history is told.

The Somerset men squatted in the road while I sang my songs for them, and gave me their most rapt attention. It was hugely gratifying and flattering, the silence that always descended upon an audience of soldiers when I sang. There were never any interruptions. But at the end of a song, and during the chorus, which they always wanted to sing with me, as I wanted them to do, too, they made up for their silence.

There is a rivalry in humor between the Scotch and the English. The Scotch are supposed to have no sense of humor—obviously absurd with this book in front of us—and the Scotch naturally retaliate by sharpening their wits on the English:

"Mon, Sandy," said one of them, shaking his head, "I've been thinking what a sad thing that would be! I hope it will no come to pass."

"Aye, that would be a sore business, indeed, Tam," said Sandy, and he, too, shook his head.

And so they went on. The Englishmen stood it as long as they could and then one turned to Sandy.

"What is it would be such a bad business?" he asked.

"Mon-mon," said Sandy. "We've been thinking, Tam and I, what would become of England, should Scotland make a separate peace?"

And it was generally conceded that the last laugh was with the Scots in that affair!

There is nothing amiss with the morale of the men, says Harry Lauder, and in proof thereof he quotes a conversation that he had with a lieutenant:

"How is the spirit of your men?" I asked him.

I am going to tell you his answer, just as he made it.

"Their spirit?" he said, musingly. "Well, just before we came to this billet to rest we were in a tightish corner on the Somme. One of my youngest men was hit—a shell came near to taking his arm clean off, so that it was left just hanging to his shoulders. He was only about eighteen years old, poor chap. It was a bad wound, but, as sometimes happens, it didn't make him unconscious—then. And when he realized what had happened to him, and saw his arm hanging limp, so that he could know he was bound to lose it, he began to cry."

"What's the trouble?" I asked him, hurrying over to him. I was sorry enough for him, but you've got to keep up the morale of your men. 'Soldiers don't cry when they're wounded, my lad.'"

"I'm not crying because I'm wounded, sir!" he fired back at me. And I won't say he was quite as respectful as a private is supposed to be when he's talking to an officer! 'Just take a look at that, sir!' And he pointed to his wound. And then he cried out:

"'And I haven't killed a German yet!' he said, bitterly.

'Isn't that hard lines, sir?'"

"That is the spirit of my men!"

Harry Lauder now devotes all his energies to the raising of a war fund for disabled soldiers. Good luck to him.

A MINSTREL IN FRANCE. By Harry Lauder. New York: Hearst's International Library Company.



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## BUSINESS NOTES.

Reporting for the week ended Saturday, Frederick H. Collum, manager of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, places the clearings at \$114,643,598.77, as compared with \$90,151,731.06 in the corresponding week of 1917. Saturday's total was \$18,614,710.10.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports as of May 10th total resources or \$214,607,000, as compared with \$199,358,000 on May 3, 1918. The gold reserves now stand at \$130,274,000, as against \$120,488,000 in the preceding week. Gold reserves now stand in the proportion of 69.72 per cent. to net deposits and note liability, whereas in the preceding week the ratio was 67.21 per cent.

General business conditions are favorable, and reports from the crops are especially satisfactory. Notwithstanding some cold weather

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during the past month, and some damage to vegetation by frost, the outlook on the whole is excellent. The spring wheat acreage in this country and Canada will be perhaps 15 per cent. larger than last year, the acreage in oats is fully as large as last year, when a record crop was grown, and seed has gone into the ground under ideal conditions. The winter crop is generally very promising. Much may happen before the harvest, but at this time the promise for a bumper crop of the grains was never better. There is some anxiety about the quality of seed corn, but the acreage probably will be as large as last year, and the prospect now is for early planting and a good start. The cotton plant was touched up a little by the freeze, but this is not regarded as serious and soil and weather conditions in the South are fine, except in western Texas. Cotton has had a decline of about eight cents per pound in the last month, which is almost unprecedented, but due in large part to the restricted export movement. It is needless to say that the curtailment of exports is not because the world does not

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want cotton, but because the ships are wanted for other purposes.

Although a good many farmers lost money in feeding high-priced corn to cattle and sheep last winter, a sudden rise of prices lately has given relief to those who had not sold out. Lambs have reached about \$22 per hundred weight and the best cattle nearly \$17 on the Chicago market. Hogs are above \$17, and coming to market in fine condition. The stock of hog meats in storage is large, and the prospect is for a good, big crop this year. Altogether, the outlook for foodstuffs in this country is first-class, although the losses which farmers have experienced in last year's potato crop may cut the planting of that staple.

Following the record-breaking days in Liberty Bonds, the May market opened relatively firm, but with only moderate activity. This was anticipated, as the Third Liberty Loan had absorbed the attention of the bond houses, their entire organizations having devoted their energies to the successful flotation of the loan. No new issues of importance have been offered, but shortly after the close of the Liberty campaign several new issues are anticipated, as it has been reported that the Capital Issues Committee approved \$33,000,000 of securities during the week ending April 15th.

In spite of the German drive, which has brought us discouraging news from week to week, prices generally have remained firm with advances in many issues, though the market has been generally dull. New York City issues in general suffered declines, and Deputy Comptroller Philbin announced the sale of \$5,000,000 New York revenue bills on a 4.875 per cent. basis compared with the sale of \$8,000,000 on March 12th on a 4.79 per cent. basis.

French municipal issues were the outstanding feature of the general advance, while public utilities registered their first improvement of the year. During the month International Mercantile Marine 6s advanced about two points; Third Avenue 5s, three points; Rock Island Refunding 4s two points and Reading General 4s, one point. The payment of the \$43,964,000 New Haven 5 per cent. notes on April 15th from the War Finance Fund had a beneficial effect.

The third week of the month found the stock market active and firm, with specialties enjoying substantial advances. This condition was reflected in the bond market and Anglo French 5s reached 91, Distillers Securities 5s 86 3/4 and United States Rubber 5s 78 1/4, all high prices of the year. Liberty 3 1/2 were stronger and the First and Second 4s advanced about 1/2 per cent., but did not reach their high figures of March.

There has been little liquidation during the progress of the loan and few offerings are pressed for sale. A continuance of this condition should undoubtedly result in an upward swing in bond prices during May if the Liberty Loan is substantially over-subscribed.

The average price of forty standard issues as reported by the *Wall Street Journal* on April 29th was 83.61, which shows an advance of .64 compared with 82.97 on March 28th, and a decline of 8.39 compared with the price of 92.00 on April 29, 1917.

United States consul reports it seems highly desirable that some form of American selling agency should be established in Asuncion to take care of American trade in Paraguay. What is the best means of organizing such an agency this consulate is not competent to say. It is suggested, however, that several important manufacturers or exporters who are interested in the trade of Paraguay contract jointly, say for a period of one year, with some experienced American business man who understands Spanish to establish an exclusive agency in Asuncion.

This contract could provide for a fixed minimum compensation, which should be a sum sufficient for a good business man in such a position to live on. After the period expires for which the minimum salary is guaranteed the agent should then be allowed to accept the representation of other American concerns. The combined commissions ought to suffice for his own compensation and to defray the expense of rental and additional help to meet the demands of the growing business. The agent should carry full lines of samples and be authorized to close all contracts as to both sales and collections. Such additional members of his staff as the expansion of the business required could be found locally, except stenographers, who would have to know English.

The total export and import trade of Paraguay average about \$20,000,000 gold in actual valuation, practically all of which is handled through Asuncion. In 1913 only 3 per cent. of the total imports which entered Paraguay were American goods, while in 1916, after the big German trade had disappeared, only 12 1/2 per cent. were American goods. The percentage of exports to the United States were even smaller. Through the development of the cattle and quebracho industries by the four big American corporations that have

been established in Paraguay during the past few months both the export and import trade of the country should materially increase; which should further make it worth while to have a strong American agency in Asuncion to take care of the marketing of American-made goods.

At the close of business April 30th the Morris Plan Company of San Francisco issued a most satisfactory statement. The Morris Plan fills a long-felt want in the community and is a meritorious institution. They encourage thrift through their influence on the industrial classes—just as a commercial bank stimulates prosperity through its influence on the commercial classes. They do not encourage, or permit, uneconomic borrowing. All Morris Plan companies are controlled by the citizens of the communities in which they are located. The Morris Plan companies are not a chain of banks. The connection between them is not one of control, but as a system for mutual helpfulness by exchange of ideas and information.

At a directors' meeting of the California Packing Corporation the common stock was placed on a dividend basis of \$4 a year. The directors declared a quarterly of \$1 a share, payable June 15th, on stock record May 31st. The customary dividend of 1 1/4 per cent. on preferred also was declared, payable July 1st, to record June 15th.

The first issue of the *Pan-Pacific*, a magazine published monthly in San Francisco and devoted to discussions of international commerce, has been placed in circulation. It is published by the Pan-Pacific Corporation. The first number contains articles by John H. Rosseter, William R. McGarry, Frank C. Mortimer, and others.

The London *Economist* for February places the total gross debt of Great Britain at 5,678,600,000 pounds (\$27,636,000,000).

The French minister of finance in presenting the budget for 1918 estimated the public debt of France on December 31, 1918, at 115,166,058,000 francs (\$22,227,000,000).

The public debt of Italy at the end of 1917 is estimated at about 35,000,000,000 lire (\$6,676,000,000).

The debts of the Central Powers are estimated as follows: Germany, \$25,408,000,000; Austria, \$13,314,000,000; and Hungary, \$5,704,000,000.

Our own public debt is now around \$8,000,000,000, but more than half of this amount has been loaned to our Allies and will be repaid us. It is estimated that of the total net expenditures of the United States for the fiscal year of 1918, exclusive of our advances to our allies, more than one-half will be defrayed by taxation.

Importation of vegetable oils and material for their production has trebled in value since the beginning of the war, and the United States in common with other parts of the world has greatly increased its consumption of food oils. With the demand for animals fats for the men in the trenches, people at home have turned to vegetable fats to take the place of the meats, butter, cheese, and condensed milk which they are sending to the battlefields. In addition to this, the war itself has made great demands upon the vegetable oils of the world, by reason of the fact that they contain a large percentage of glycerine, which is now required for the manufacture of high explosives. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the United States alone, although the world's largest producer of cottonseed oil, imported in 1917 approximately \$75,000,000 of food oils and material for their production, about one-fourth of this coming from our Philippine Islands.

Cocoonut oil imported in 1917 was 163,000,000 pounds, against 58,000,000 pounds in 1914, and of copra, the dried meat of the cocoonut, intended for use in manufacturing cocoonut oil, 367,000,000 pounds, against 60,000,000 pounds in 1914: the importation of the oil having practically trebled, while that of copra was six times as much as in 1914. The imports of soya bean oil, much of which is used for food, were in 1917 265,000,000 pounds, against 13,000,000 in 1914, or twenty times as much. Peanut oil imported in 1917 was 27,000,000 pounds, against 7,000,000 pounds in 1914. In other principal food oils, such as olive, sesame, rapeseed, mustard seed, palm kernel, and cohune, there has been little increase, chiefly by reason of the fact that the European countries have drawn largely upon the chief oil seed areas of the world.

India, Ceylon, Dutch East Indies, China, and the Philippines are the principal producers of oil seeds and nuts. Nature in providing fats for the food of man originally gave to the inhabitants of the frigid zone the blubber of the seal, whale, and walrus; to the inhabitants of the temperate zone the meats and fats of the domestic animals, and to the people of the tropics the oil seeds and nuts;

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but with the increased density of population, and therefore the lack of area with which to maintain the food-producing animals, man found that he could produce a larger quantity of fat upon a given area in the form of seeds, whether those of the grasses, plants, shrubs, or the majestic palm. Tropical man has long relied for his requirements of fatty foods upon oil seeds, and of late temperate zone man, finding his supply of food animals running low, has turned to the tropical world for material with which to supplement his waning stock of animal food.

World importation of vegetable oils and oil seeds aggregated before the war about \$500,000,000 a year; Germany leading with \$100,000,000; France, \$90,000,000; United Kingdom, \$60,000,000; Belgium, \$37,000,000; Netherlands, \$13,000,000; Denmark, \$10,000,000. In the United States the imports of vegetable oils and copra for the production of cocoonut oil aggregated in 1907 \$17,000,000; in 1913, \$45,000,000, and in 1917 over \$90,000,000. The total value of the world production of oil seeds and nuts is estimated at approximately \$2,000,000,000 per annum.

About one-ninth of the farm loan business of the United States was done by the Federal Farm Loan system during its first year of active operations just closing, according to a report issued by the Farm Loan Board May 4th. The report says that since the first loans were extended in May, 1917, a total of 40,451 loans, involving \$91,951,000, have been closed. More than 126,000 farmers applied for loans amounting to \$299,948,000, and loans approved, including those closed, were \$174,858,000.

The American Sugar Refining Company declared Tuesday, May 14th, four extra dividends of 3/4 of 1 per cent. on the common stock, to be paid during the next four quarters, together with the usual quarterly disbursements of 1 1/4 per cent. each on the common and preferred stocks.

Sheffield is, and has been for generations, the centre of the cutlery industry of Great Britain. The Cutlers' Company of Sheffield was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1624 and invested with powers "for the good order and government of makers of knives, scissors, shears, sickles, and other cutlery wares," and there are firms still engaged in the industry in this city whose trade-marks were granted in 1682 and 1694.

Prior to the present war local manufacturers devoted their energies principally to hand-made goods of superior quality, with the result that many lower grades, almost exclusively of German manufacture, were freely sold in this market at prices with which Sheffield manufacturers could not compete. The shortage of labor has steadily progressed as the war has been prolonged, and this has led to a considerable revolution in the carrying on of this ancient trade of Sheffield. Many labor-saving devices have been introduced.

Whether or not American manufacturers of cutlery will be able to compete in this market after the war will no doubt largely depend upon what advantage local manufacturers take of their opportunities, considering the improved machinery and methods which have been introduced; what economic changes may take place in Germany that will interfere with the supremacy it has heretofore gained in the production of certain articles; and what the ultimate attitude of the British public will be as regards purchasing articles which show on their face that they are of German origin.

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**THE REWARD OF THE POILU.**

By E. V. Lucas.

We often talk of the best poem which the war has produced; and opinions usually vary. My own vote, so far as England is concerned, is still given to Julian Grenfell's lyric of the fighting man; but if France is to be included, too, one must consider very seriously the claims of "La Passion de Notre Frère le Poilu," by Marc Leclerc, which may be had in a little slender paper-covered book, at a cost, in France, where it has been selling in its thousands, of one franc twenty-five. This poem I have been reading with a pleasure that calls to be shared with others, for it is not only very touching and very beautiful, but it has also certain of those qualities which

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are more thoroughly appreciated in company. Beauty and tenderness can make their appeal alone; but humor demands two at least and does not resent a crowd, and the humor of this little masterpiece is very deep and true.

Did I say I had been reading it? That is to use words with unjustifiable looseness; rather should I say that I have been in part reading and in part guessing at it; for it is written in the Angevin patois, which is far beyond my linguistic capacity. Not that Captain Leclerc is a rustic; on the contrary, he is a man of culture and the author of several books, chiefly on and about Anjou, one of which has illustrations from his own hand; but it has amused him in this poem to employ his native dialect, while, since he, like so many French authors, is fighting, the soldierly part of it is authentic.

It was a poor devil of a Poilu—it begins—

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and he went to the war, automatically enough, knowing without any words about it that the soil which he cultivated must also be defended. That was his duty. After suffering the usual ills of the campaign, suddenly a 210 burst near him, and he never rallied. He just had time to give a few messages to the corporal before he died. "You must tell my wife," he said, "but do it gradually; say, I'm ill first. Give what money I have here to my pals," and so forth. Then, after repeating his testament, he passed quietly away.

On reaching the gate of Heaven the Poilu finds St. Peter beating the mats. "Wipe your shoes," St. Peter says, "and take the right-hand corridor. The Judgment Hall is at the end." All trembling, the poor fellow passes along the corridor, at the end of which an angel in white takes down particulars as to his name, his class, and so forth, and tells him that he is expected. Entering the Judgment Hall, the Poilu is bewildered by its austerity and splendor. The Good God is at the head, between Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. All the saints are there, and the Poilu notices particularly the military ones—St. George, St. Hubert, St. Michael, St. Leonard, St. Marcel, St. Charlemagne, St. Martin, St. Sulpice, St. Barbe, St. Maurice, and St. Jeanne D'Arc. Seeing all these famous soldiers, he exclaims, "It's a Conseil de Guerre! Perhaps I can slip away." But escape is impossible, and at this moment the Good God tells him to begin his history.

"What did you do before the war?" He asks. The Poilu replies that he was a farmer in a very small way; he worked on the land, and he had some stock—two oxen, a horse, a cow, a wife, some fowls, "and, saving your presence, a pig." "Ah!" exclaims St. Anthony, "a pig. That reminds me! Pigs! Sois béni, mon frère." But the Good God frowns, and St. Anthony makes himself very small.

And then, the Poilu continues, he became a soldier, which leads to the awkward question, had he always behaved himself as such? Alas! it appears that he had not. For one thing, he has not always been sober, he is confessing, when Noah interrupts with the comment that insobriety is not such a very serious affair. In fact, he himself once . . . and by this time the reader begins to get the drift of this joyous humane fantasy, the point being that the hierarchy of Heaven are all on the side of the brave simple soldier who has died that France might live. As how could they not be? Another time, the Poilu continues, he was sent to prison for cutting a piece from his coat in order to mend the seat of his trousers—in other words, for injuring government property; and here St. Martin breaks in with indignation at the punishment. "Why, when I did very much the same," he says, "and cut my cloak to cover a paralytic, I was canonized for it!" And so on.

Then comes a graver note. The Poilu, feeling an effort to be necessary, for the Good God has never relaxed his sternness throughout, becomes eloquent. Not only was he killed, he says, but before that he says he suffered much. The hardships of war on the western front are terrible. He had been famished, he had been frozen, he had been burned by the sun. He had been sleepless, he had been footsore, and the sweat had poured from him under his heavy huddens, for often he had carried not only his own haversack, but those of his comrades. In short . . . But here St. Simon, speaking softly to Christ, says, "Like you, Lord, at Golgotha." In my prose this is, of course, too crude; but I assure you that in the poem it is a great moment. And another follows it, for as the Good God still says nothing, the Poilu points to the blue robe of the Blessed Virgin, and to the great white beard of the Good God himself, and to the red cloak of our Lord, and exclaims, "Voilà mes trois couleurs. The three colors of France. It was for them that I have lost my life; fighting for them has brought me to this Judgment Hall!"

That is fine, is it not? Only the French genius is capable of just such a splendid blend of naïveté, emotion, and the best kind of theatricalism. And at these words at last the Good God smiles, and behind Him Heaven opens for the Poilu to enter.

There is a little more—for it seems that Heaven is full of Poilus with blue caps, and golden helmets, and wings that remove the possibility of getting wet feet or weary feet any more forever and ever. And our Poilu joins these others, who look happy and are happy, and sings with them "Glory to God in the highest," while the angels, not perhaps wholly without irony, answer, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."—From "A Bostwell of Bagdad." Published by the George H. Doran Company.

That twenty sheep are required to equip a soldier with clothing is the estimate obtained by Professor Robert F. Miller of the University of California Farm at Davis. Professor Miller shows that twenty sheep will supply an annual yield of 120 pounds of grease wool, and that 120 pounds are needed to fully equip a soldier.

## CURRENT VERSE.

Canada to America.

At Vimy Ridge your Flag was shown,  
The starry Flag we love to praise,  
By one bold Paladin 'twas borne.  
Wreath him the myrtle with the bays.

He wore our tunic gallantly,  
Our flag was his, our huge call.  
And seeking after Liberty  
He thought of Home, and yielded all.

God rest him! But Canadian guns  
Had torn the enemy to wrack.  
The hayonets of our Northern sons  
Gleamed minatory in his track.

Your Flag was there. Your spirit spoke  
Against this tyranny and wrong.  
But we were in the battle-smoke  
A hundred thousand strong.

—From "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms," by Jesse Edgar Middleton. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dismounted.

Our cavalry spurs are red with rust  
And our hildie arm is stale,  
We can but dream of cut and thrust,  
Of the flying charge or the sabre lust,  
And never a cavalry trumpet-gust  
Goes shrilling upon the gale.

But the Light Hussars when the night is gray  
Will be over the bloody bank,  
For the hayonet is the tool today  
(And a dozen bombs on a little tray),  
And we tramp as infantry through the clay  
With the Fifteenth on our flank.

But the eyes of the marching Light Hussar  
Will shine in the roaring fray,  
And many a maiden near and far  
Will sigh for the yellow stripe and har,  
They know what the jingling troopers are  
And what beautiful things they say.

—From "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms," by Jesse Edgar Middleton. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Below the Water Line.

Did ever ye serve in the warship's hold,  
Deep under the water line,  
With hatches locked and the blowers on,  
Close up to a hidden mine—

Bare to the waist and dripping wet,  
A grimed and gasping crew,  
To shovel coal and feed the fire  
Until the sea fight's through—

Where check valves sigh with the hissing steam  
And the greedy grates cry "More!"  
Like galley slaves in the olden time,  
Chained to the hench and oar?

No cheruhs sit in the hunker's dust  
To watch over us below,  
While overhead the turrets clank  
As they turn to find the foe.

The guardian angels keep aloft—  
None here where the turbine moans;  
There's nothing ahead, if things go wrong,  
But tickets to Davy Jones.

Forget yourself, forget the world,  
Forget the sun and sky!  
In the boiler-room you face your doom—  
You're there to do and die!

—Scribner's Magazine.

To the Spirit of Luther.

(On learning of the reported appeal of Germany to matrons and maidens to give themselves "officially" to the propagation of the race, under immunity from the law.)

Luther, come back to thy degenerate land,  
And see, as one who learned to love it sees,  
How it is sunk in crimes and cruelties,  
Lured by false glory to the soul's quicksand.  
The thunder Wittenberg could not withstand—  
Can it be silent when all honor flees  
And State, not Church, tempts with indulgences?

Is there no lightning in the thunder's hand?

What though they sing thy hymn who follow goals  
Of empire, futile numbers, godless power?  
Rescue thy people in the basest hour.  
That ever Time has written on her scrolls.  
Let the mad miscreants at thine anger cower!  
Brutes heed them bodies; who shall heed them souls?

—Robert Underwood Johnson.

Treasure Island.

Comes little lady, a book in hand,  
A light in her eyes that I understand,  
And her cheeks aglow from the fairy breeze  
That sweeps across the uncharted seas.  
She gives me the book, and her word of praise  
A ton of critical thought outweighs.  
"I've finished it, daddie!"—a sigh thereafter.  
"Are there any more hooks in the world like that?"

No, little lady, I grieve to say  
That of all the hooks in the world today  
There's not another that's quite the same.  
As this magic book with the magic name.  
Volumes there be that are pure delight,  
Ancient and yellowed, or new and bright;  
But—little and thin, or big and fat—  
There are no more books in the world like that.

And what, little lady, would I not give  
For the wonderful world in which you live!  
What have I garnered one-half as true  
As the tales Titania whispers you?  
Ah, late we learn that the only truth  
Was that which we found in the Book of Youth;  
Profitless others, and stale and flat;  
There are no more hooks in the world like that.

—London Nation.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### Flood Tide.

There is no reason why a very good novel should not result from the autobiography of the young man, given in great detail almost from the moment of his birth, except the fact that very few young men are worth it. Moreover, most of such biographies are patently inaccurate; otherwise they would be excluded from the mails unless they happened to be written by Mr. Wells, who is immune.

Here we have the autobiography of Jack Coffin, whose father keeps a small grocery store in Whitehaven. We are told a great deal about Jack's early memories, political parades and the like, but there is nothing peculiarly distinctive about them, although they help us to understand Jack's unfolding character. He begins to think a good deal about competition in trade, and then about art. He would like to become a college professor, and he is envious of his companions, who go off one by one to make their way in the world. But at last he goes to work for a firm of wholesale grocers, and begins that process of drudgery that seems always so endless and so hopeless. And he is held with his nose to the wheel by his hopes of marriage.

And then comes the change of tide. Young Coffin finds that some of his companions in the grocery firm have been in business on their own account, but have failed through some special incapacity. Why not put their many talents together, pool their resources and their abilities, and make a venture on a large scale? They plan their campaign with minute care, and the enterprise is a success almost from the start. It is more than a success; it is a triumph, and unimagined wealth comes flowing in.

It is here apparently that we must look for the moral. The pleasure, says Pascal, is in the pursuit and not in the capture. Jack Coffin, hungering for success, finds that he must now ask himself if success is worth having, that is to say if it brings happiness. Obviously this sort of success does not, for he is not happy. He becomes indifferent to the business. It hores him. He absents himself on one excuse after another. The girl whom he had hoped to marry has made other arrangements, and he is not sure now that he wants to marry at all. He does not know what he wants. He is not more selfish than the average of men, but to employ himself in a real service of others does not occur to him. In point of fact we can find very little that is admirable in Jack Coffin. The author tells his story with irreproachable skill, but he leaves us uncertain if Jack Coffin is worth so much good white paper except as a horrid example, and perhaps this is what the author intended it to be. It leaves us with a certain dreary sense of failure.

FLOOD TIDE. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

##### Theology for the Social Gospel.

We do not find it easy to be enthusiastic over new schemes by which the churches are to save the world, but doubtless the new schemes will continue to come. One of the

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latest is by Professor Rauschenbusch. He thinks that too much attention has been paid to the conduct of the individual, and not enough to the conduct of classes and groups of men. There was a time when we said that men were good or bad according to their personal habits, but we had nothing to say to the great corporate wrongs such as the exploitation of wage-earners and war.

Personally we prefer the old methods. That our yardsticks were often childish is unimportant, and it was true enough that a man was often supposed to be "had" if he danced or drank. Groups and classes are composed of individuals, and if we reform the individual, if we make him less selfish, we shall necessarily reform the group or class to which he belongs. What is called the socialization of religion means no more than turning the churches into political committees each one with its little platform of poisonous and tyrannical reforms, and each with its bludgeon of uninformed and ignorant votes. That way lies utter and final extinction for the churches, and if they wish to take it there is perhaps no reason why we should protest.

A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

##### The Secret of the Marne.

This is a remarkable story to come from a French pen in the vigor of its narrative, its swift and easy developments, and its absence of sentiment. We can hardly suppose that it is historically accurate, but at least the inaccuracies are so superficial as in no way to impair the interest.

The authors set themselves to explain the sudden retreat of General von Kluck eastward before the great battle of the Marne. We had supposed this retreat to be due to the arrival of General Manoury and his flanking army from the west of Paris, but it seems that Sergeant Fritsch, the hero of the story had a great deal to do with it. Sergeant Fritsch had been sent to take charge of a German spy nest which had been discovered by the French, and when he arrives on the scene he sees at once its opportunities and proceeds to impersonate the previous German tenant, who has already been satisfactorily disposed of. He gets into communication with the German headquarters, furnishes them with false information, deciphers their secret codes, and sends their messages to French headquarters, and, finally, when a battle is being fought under his eyes he misleads the German generals as to the artillery range and the disposition of the French troops, and so causes them to fall into a destructive trap. Sergeant Fritsch becomes the evil genius of Von Kluck, and may almost be said to be the winner of the Marne.

This is unquestionably the best war novel that has yet been written, for it need hardly be said that heauty eventually rewards the brave, which always happens in novels in order to make up for forgetfulness in actual life. We should like to think that it marks the beginning of a new era in the writing of French novels, not that we are at all weary of the old style, but variety is always good.

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE. By Marcel Berger and Maud Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

##### Jewish Theology.

The theological student has reason to be grateful to Dr. Kohler for a presentation that is not only the only one of its kind, but one that bears every mark of competence and scholarship. Glancing casually and a little reluctantly through its pages we discover suddenly that they are interesting pages, and that Jewish theology has distinctive virtues that are not to be found elsewhere.

Jewish theology has a toleration that amazes. Practically it contains no creeds whatever. It borrows freely and openly from the channels through which it passes, and the interpretation of its saints and scholars receive at once an attention and deference usually withheld except from so-called revelation. There is, of course, a basis of faith, but it is so wide as to exclude no one. It is practically comprised in the belief in God, in the Law of Holiness, and in the mission of Israel. No wonder that Jewish theology should have created no friction, and that it should have been un plagued by heresies. No wonder that it should have held itself aloof from persecutions, and that here at least Nemesis can exact from it no tribute of doom. Turning over these pages we find practically no trace of dogma, nothing that must be believed under coercion, no punishments except for wrong-doers, no threats nor denunciations for the unbeliever.

We have not studied Jewish theology because we have believed it to be no more than a sort of introduction to Christianity. It may, of course, be looked at from that point of view, but if so it will be to the loss of the student. It may be heartily wished that when Christianity builded itself upon a foundation of Judaism that it had borrowed more of its toleration, its sweetness, and its justice. Jewish theology to the impartial eye seems far

## More TARZAN Adventures

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## AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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superior to its successor, and for this reason we may hope that Dr. Kohler's book will be studied on its own merits, and without reference to the load that it has been called on subsequently to carry. At least we can promise the student that he will be interested.

JEWISH THEOLOGY, SYSTEMATICALLY AND HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED. By Dr. M. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sergeant R. Douglas Pinkerton, author of "Ladies from Hell," tells of a friend of his, a lady, who was asked to go into a certain New York store to get a copy of the book. When she got to the store she found she had forgotten the title, and all she could remember was that it had "hell" and "ladies" in it. So she asked for "To Hell with the Ladies." And she got the right book!

The adventure of Sarah Lee in Mary Roberts Rinehart's new novel, "The Amazing Interlude," where she runs the German blockade of the English coast by taken a forbidden boat across the Channel, Mrs. Rinehart has confessed was a war experience of her own. And the little house of mercy in the little village near the Belgian trenches, absolutely destroyed with the exception of this one house which was only partially so, is just such a one near the battle line in Flanders as was known

to the author, while "over there" as a war correspondent.

It is reported upon most dependable authority that the foreign author most popular at the leading bookshops in Japan during 1917 was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. British, American, French, German, Russian, and Scandinavian authors all find, it appears, an excellent market in Japan.

Captain James Norman Hall, the gallant American who fought in Kitchener's first army, later joined the Lafayette Escadrille, was wounded severely, and is now flying with our colors in France, has brought down an enemy plane in the Toul sector behind the German lines. Captain Hall, who is the author of "Kitchener's Moh" (Houghton Mifflin Company), has been the victor in many brushes with the enemy in the air, and his new book, "High Adventure," the story of his thrilling experiences as an airman, will be published in June by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

To his list of war books which he has selected as the "six best," Private Peat adds the significant remark: "If I had the choice of a seventh I would include 'Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches,' by Lieutenant Jack Turner, because of its pathos, reality, and humor."



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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Amazing Interlude.

Sara Lee Kennedy was leading a commonplace life in a commonplace Western town when the war broke out. She helped her aunt, and went shopping, and knitted. She also went to the bridge club at due intervals, and if any one mentioned the war she said, "Isn't it horrible!" Moreover, there was a young man.

But a change of heart came to Sara Lee. She wanted to "do something." That, one would say, was easy. There were always patriotic jobs that involved a uniform, and committees, and flag wavings. But Sara Lee was practical. She could make good soup, and it seemed to her that Belgian soldiers on their way to and from the trenches would like to have her soup. It was a tremendous undertaking for a commonplace girl in a commonplace town, but Sara Lee put it through. Overruling the protests of the young man, who is perhaps the most commonplace feature on the whole landscape, Sarah Lee presently finds herself in a little hut close to the Belgian firing line. She makes her soup, and thousands of war-wracked men call her blessed. She does this miracle with the aid of a young Belgian secret service officer, and it is quite a long time before she awakes to the fact that she is in love with two men at the same time. But then she does not know what it is to be really in love.

The American lover, as has been said, is commonplace. He simply can not understand. Belgians should of course be helped, and he is prepared at some future time to bestow a small check to that end. But that Sara Lee should go herself, that she should leave him, that she should ignore his "rights," all this is incomprehensible. So he arranges to have her allowance stopped, and Sara Lee perforce must come home, which she does. But she stays only long enough to decapitate him with one swift blow when she finds out the part he has played, and then she goes back to the little hut on the lines and to her soldiers. She also goes back to her young Belgian officer.

The story is marvelously well told. There is unlimited room for emotionalism and for heroics, but they are excluded. A score of girls have actually done what Sara Lee did, and against similar obstacles, and we fear that the chief obstacle has often been the American lover and the American family, who simply can not understand. Perhaps they are beginning to understand a little better now.

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

## Five Tales.

We have strong objections to the story that is obviously intended to "teach us something" or to "make us think." We also dislike stories that are designed to persuade us that wrong actions become right ones if only we have a strong enough wish to do them. For these reasons we approached Mr. Galsworthy's book with some reluctance, and discovered to our relief that it was innocent.

Mr. Galsworthy gives us five short stories that depend very little upon their action, and very much on their disclosures of the human mind. It is true that what we are shown of the human mind is usually not nice to look at. For example, there is the old reprobate Heythorp, who commits a fraud in order to leave a widow and her children provided for, and then dies in a blaze of alcoholic glory. There is Jolyon Forsyte, eighty-four, who falls in love with a young woman, and then melts away unknowingly into death. And there is a rather horrid story of a successful harrister who tries to save his ne'er-do-weel brother from a murder charge, and himself nearly falls into the abyss. Mr. Galsworthy is the only man living who could write such stories or with such power and certainty, but we are inclined to wonder if they will be purchasable in fifty years' time. And that, perhaps, is a good test.

FIVE TALES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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## New Books Received.

THE LONELY STRONGHOLD. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.  
A novel.

OVER THE THRESHOLD OF WAR. By Nevil Montrose Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
Some experiences before the war.

AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.  
With 100 illustrations.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOVES. By Charles Rivet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.  
Translated by Hardress O'Grady.

ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE. By "Woodbine Willie," M. C. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.  
A volume of verse.

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.  
An exposition of rhythm in history.

THE FACE OF THE KING. By James Roberts. New York: Robert J. Shores; \$1.25.  
A novel.

THE ENCHANTED BARN. By Grace L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35.  
A novel.

FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM. By Newton D. Baker. New York: George H. Doran Company.  
A book about war activities by the Secretary of War.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S BREAD. By Jennie McMillan. New York: Robert J. Shores; \$1.50.  
A novel.

THEY THE CRUCIFIED AND COMRADES. By Florence Taber Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.  
Two war plays.

THE CHICAGO PRODUCE MARKET. By Edwin G. Nourse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.25.  
Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE NEW HORIZON OF STATE AND CHURCH. By William Herbert Perry Faunce. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents.  
Some new relationships.

LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY. By Hartley Duff Alexander, Ph. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.75.  
Essays.

ATTACK. By Edward Living. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.  
War experiences.

GREATHEART. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.  
A novel.

ANGLO-IRISH ESSAYS. By John Englington. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.  
A volume of essays.

POLLY'S GARDEN. By Helen Ward Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.  
For children. Illustrated by Willy Pogany.

MEMORIALS OF A YORKSHIRE PARISH. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50.  
A history of Darrington in the Wapentake of Osgoldcross.

FRENCH LITERARY STUDIES. By T. B. Rudmose-Brown, D. Litt. New York: John Lane Company.  
A volume of criticism.

THE HEART OF ARETHUSA. By Frances Barton Fox. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35.  
A novel.

FIFTY YEARS OF IRON AND STEEL. By Joseph G. Butler, Jr. Cleveland: The Penton Press.  
A trade story.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PREACHING. By Charles S. Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.  
A study of mental processes.

REKINOLED FIRES. By Joseph Anthony. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40.  
A novel.

APPRECIATIONS AND DEPRECIATIONS. By Ernest A. Boyd. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35.  
Irish literary studies.

THE STATUE IN THE WOOD. By Richard Pryce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.  
A novel.

THE BURGLAR OF THE ZODIAC. By William Rose Benét. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.25.  
A volume of verse.

MERRY ANOREW. By F. Roney Weir. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35.  
A novel.

REINCARNATIONS. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.  
A volume of verse.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C. B., and Thomas James Wise. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.  
Poems hitherto unpublished.

A MINSTREL IN FRANCE. By Harry Lauder. New York: Hearst's International Library Company; \$2.  
A book of the war.

MAN IS A SPIRIT. By J. Arthur Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
A collection of spontaneous cases of dream, vision, and ecstasy.

BEFORE THE WIND. By Janet Laing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.  
A war novel.

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40.  
A novel.

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## Natives of Siberia.

Ethnologically the Russian Far East is an interesting subject of study. In the eastern section of Primorskaya province are found Gilyaks in considerable numbers, while the Orochis inhabit along its seacoast. On the lower Amour and Ussuri live the Goldi, Mangun, and Semager tribes. Further up the Amour are found Orochons, Manyargs, Birars, and Daurians.

In Transbaikalia, that is, the province east of Lake Baikal, the leading aboriginal races are the Buriats and Yakuts. The Buriats, numbering at present some 290,000, are still increasing. During the eighteenth century they were converted to Buddhism and were taught to read and write by priests from China and Mongolia. As a result illiteracy is much less common among them than among the peasants in European Russia.

These strange tribes of Far Eastern Siberia had undoubtedly remained for many generations in the savage state in which Muravieff, Veniuff, and Nevelskoi found them in the middle of the past century. From this primitive state they have not appreciably deviated in the fifty years of their contact with Russian civilization. Their habitations are tents of skin and bark. They lead a wandering life, migrating from place to place. Among them has developed little community of ideas and customs, each tribe speaking a language different from that of another. In appearance they are like the Indians of North America. Undoubtedly they belong to the Ural-Altaic family, for their dialects are Turanian. Naturally meek, they are nevertheless capable of becoming ferocious when their feelings are deeply stirred. Through decades

of abuse to which they have been subjected, at first by the Chinese and then by the Russians, these gentle tribes have come to look with suspicion and fear upon all outsiders of higher civilization.—K. K. Kawa Kami in "Japan."

The plum blossom, "flower of symbolism, culture, legend, and poetry," *ume no hana*, has held an exalted place in the minds of the literati of the Orient for centuries. As the flowering cherry tree was indigenous to the soil of Japan, so the cilliflorescent plum tree was a native of China; neither of the two belonging to the fruit-bearing trees of the Occident, but each being a growth of peculiar species elsewhere unknown. The plum tree was first found growing in southern China, in the region bounded by the Yangtze Kiang River on the north and the Huang Ho on the south. The earliest record of it may be found in the Han Chu—a history of the Han dynasty, second century B. C. In the Shih Ching, a book of poems written two centuries before the time of Confucius, it is referred to as the symbol of feminine chastity. Its association with letters is said to have come from an episode in the life of a third-century emperor.

Central electric power stations in the United States for 1916 reported a total of over 800,000 motors on their lines, with a horsepower rating of 7,500,000. It is figured that over a quarter of a million motors have been added during the past year, making a total connected load of well over 10,000,000 horsepower.

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GALLI-CURCI.

They often mendaciously claim that the Exposition Auditorium is full when it isn't, but this time it was true. Galli-Curci proved a wonderful drawing card. They have been turning away thousands from her concerts in other cities—thirty-five hundred, for instance, in Denver—and here there were so many disappointed ones to satisfy that the management announced an extra concert for tomorrow.

Galli-Curci has seemed to leap with spectacular suddenness into fame, but the truth is that during the last two years she has been quietly but surely laying the foundations for it in Chicago. But it was New York's verdict—and how aggravating that must be to the perspicacious Chicagoans—that made her name ring throughout the country. And this in war-time! Well, perhaps music lovers turned all the more eagerly to a name, a fame, a personality, and an art with which so far war has had little or nothing to do.

Fame is a wonderful thing, and at first, no doubt, aweing to its possessors. It is the seal of the world's approval. The world! so far only our part of America, it is true, although Galli-Curci has sung in Italy, Spain, and South America. But this young woman still under thirty has won her spurs in an art and in a manner most fascinating to the popular imagination. And so there was a profound hush of anticipation while something like twelve thousand people awaited eagerly the appearance of the young prima donna.

She came; a little woman slenderly and delicately fashioned; the *fausse maigre* type, for the bones of her neck and back are well covered; her priceless throat has a broad base, and is gracefully columnar. People were puzzled, at first, by the picturesque old-fashionedness of her appearance, for in the quaint dress she wore she recalled old daguerreotypes of Jenny Lind and other nineteenth-century singers; a resemblance that was thought to be intentional. However, her style of dress is dictated by her artist husband, Signor Curci—although it is asserted by some that he is the Marquis di Simemi—who attends to her costumes, thus relieving the diva of a task that she finds onerous, for she has been known to thank heaven that styles in art are not as changeable as those dictated by the prevailing mode.

Galli-Curci made a smiling entrance, and while the vast audience gave her a cordial greeting, they surveyed her curiously, interestedly. They found her different from the general run of plump, sophisticated, rather materialistic prima donnas. She has an old-world, old-time face, its sharply yet delicately cut, long-nosed, femininely small-chinned profile suggestive of a certain restful simplicity of nature; which suggestion of directness is borne out by the clear, open gaze of her large Italian eyes. Her wavy dark hair was parted in the middle, revealing a triangle of unfashionably high forehead, its dark ripples set off with a high diamond comb, and a rose over her left ear.

We are always avid to get the individuality of great singers; for it is an important contribution to the quality of their art. The Exposition Auditorium is not a particularly favorable place in which to deduce such delicate and haffling things as individuality. For instance, I was well forward and yet there seemed to be veils and veils between me and the singer. Her exquisite voice, more particularly in its opening strains, sounded disarmingly remote. All of those hundreds who were up in the ranks of extra seats flanking the sides of the great organ had only a side view—so to speak—of the singer's voice. Yet even with these handicaps it was realized almost at once that Galli-Curci's voice is one of singular beauty. As the concert progressed I discovered, or fancied I discovered, some resemblance in the warm coloring of its pure and flute-like tones to the voice of Patti in her early middle age, when it was still rich with beauty. Galli-Curci's, however, is a much smaller voice; so much so that in her early girlhood she had not thought it high enough to be worth cultivating. It is, however, remarkably pure in intonation, exceptionally flexible, and this quality, together with her delicate breath control and the smoothness of her legato enable her to accomplish extraordinarily brilliant feats in the employment of

bravura. It is, in fact, with her brilliant and almost flawless execution of trills, cadenzas, and roulades that she has captured fame, although that does not cover the ground. The warmth of the color of her voice and its fluty sweetness renders it capable of expressing a touching pathos and tenderness; and this is reinforced by a correct dramatic instinct, and by a delicate discriminating taste.

Nevertheless it did not strike me that Galli-Curci could give to her auditors the supreme emotional thrill. Apparently she has some limitations of temperament, for she does not indicate the possession of that breadth and depth and fervor of dramatic expression which sways the purely human in us to an intensity of emotional response. I read her as a cheerful, sweet, gentle, uncomplex, intelligent, thoroughly painstaking artist whose devotion to music, whose ambition and talent for working hard have helped her to develop to a remarkable degree a voice that was already a beautiful gift of nature. She is more, much more than an exquisite music box, for she never sings mechanically. She is more than just a wonderful song-bird pouring forth apparently effortless strains that ripple themselves into distinct and perfect pearls of tone; for she sings with soul.

But she does not sing with passion. And the inspired expression in song of the various passions that sway humanity is what makes us hail the genius of a cantatrice as God-given. Genius she has, in her province, all the same; her genius being of the kind that is capable of taking an infinity of pains. For when the worker's toil is rewarded, and the exquisite result stands pure and all but perfect, we can but hail it as genius.

The few New York critics who have tried to keep cool-headed during the showers of acclamations that have been descending upon Galli-Curci have drawn attention to an occasional tendency to sing flat. It is, however, hard to believe, for her voice has a natural tendency to be true to pitch, and she is an instinctive as well as a trained musician, her earlier tastes and ambitions having impelled her toward the career of a pianist. The discovery that her voice was one of great promise diverted her training to the vocal line, but not before she had become an accomplished player.

Galli-Curci's last Sunday's programme contained several operatic arias—"Una voce poco fa," the Bourhonnaise from Auber's "Manon Lescaut," and the Shadow Song from "Dinorah," which were selected to display particularly difficult feats of ornamental vocalism. Her skill in bravura is beyond question remarkable, and the audience, dazzled by the brilliancy of her silver roulades, her bird-like trills and cadenzas, and those wonderfully beautiful hursts of fairy laughter in the Bourhonnaise, followed them up with clamors of wild applause. There were also numbers conveying tenderness, or archness, or pensiveness; selections that showed the delicacy and the spirituality of sentiment which this singer of operatic rôles can also beautifully compass. And she gave "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home" as encores, the vast audience hushing itself to even more complete immobility so as not to lose a single note of their well-loved familiarity made almost novel by a voice of such enchanting beauty. It is in such numbers also that we discover the beauties of sheer voice, for there is no flourish, nothing unfamiliar to distract the ear from dwelling delightedly on vocal perfection.

For Galli-Curci's natural endowment is rare indeed. There is no break in the register. The lower tones, the mezza voce, and the upper range being all equally smooth, pure, balanced, and dependable. She pours it all forth apparently without effort, and her manner is as simple and easy as her song.

I should not wonder if this fresh, sweet, limpid personality, which brings to the difficult feat no diva's flourishes, no artist's assertiveness, but happy, earnest conscientiousness, a modest, unassuming assurance, is one of the things which charmed New York, which has surely had a surfeit of the vampire woman, the haffling siren, or the prima donna with the over-lavish display of physical charms. At any rate, it helped to win the twelve thousand last Sunday; a twelve thousand, by the way, who were so skillfully guided, both in the assembling and in the departure of the huge audience that one hopes Mr. Healy's method will be followed in all future great gatherings at the Exposition Auditorium.

#### "THE BRAT."

An awful title, and yet just right. Short, succinct, expressive, and phonetically arresting, it fully expresses the intentions of the author, who meant her hat to be brattish even though engaging. And besides, it conveys the light in which she is regarded by the heartless élégantes of the play.

This group of smart-setters is rather vaguely defined; both they and their motives. Why, for instance, are Steve's mother and brother so hostile toward him? The charac-

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ter of Jane De Pew, the artist, is imperfectly indicated; and as to her sentiments toward the conquering Max and toward Angie, the débutante, we are left floundering; likewise we are uncertain as to just how good or bad Angie is.

Nevertheless, that Maude Fulton, a husky little dancer and stage entertainer, was to give only a partial vitality to these personages in her play is very much to her credit. What they are intended to supply, and what they do supply, is the contrast of their artificiality, their cynicism and worldliness to the Brat's simple, primitive sincerity. Maude Fulton's real triumph is in the creation of the Brat, and the skill with which she plays her. The Brat comes from the slums, and knows not reserve nor the art of social amenities. What she means comes out plump, ripping up the social screens with which we hide our thoughts and our intentions. All of the Brat's dialogue is good in its directness and slangy effectiveness. It comes out like neat hammer strokes, yielding sympathy, liking, and amusement simultaneously.

Maude Fulton's previous experience in the vaudeville line has been invaluable. She knows the genus audience well. Indeed, it was doubtless her shrewd estimate of audiences and her knowledge of what makes them laugh, or love, or sympathize that encouraged her to write a play.

Going the rounds with her play has enabled her to polish off the impersonation, which is very cleverly done. It may seem odd to say so of a play like "The Brat," but her effects are quite delicately conveyed. She under rather than over-stresses, and yet never misses fire. And it is surprising how thoroughly willing we are to accept her as the "kid." For she is thoroughly kiddish in everything she does, and she even looks it. Everything about her fits into the part; her engaging personality, her small slight figure, her funny

little flat voice, her queer little physiognomy, which doesn't pretend to be pretty, and yet pleases you somehow.

Miss Fulton is supported by quite a splendid company. Helen Stewart is pretty, girlish, and fashionable as the débutante. Gertrude Maitland is tall, handsome, and imposing as the artist; and both play well their parts as cynical and rather hard society women. So also does Ruth Holt Boucicault, the formidable mother of Steve, and the tenderly partial parent of Max. Frank Kingdon makes a good clergyman, although he is not provided with sufficient material for his abilities, and Leslie Palmer as the hutler painted a cheerful stage jag with the adequate amount of humor.

#### "PATIENCE" AT LITTLE THEATRE.

The Gilhert and Sullivan operas are almost as perennial as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Not quite, however, for if they bloomed too frequently they would wither prematurely for lack of sustained public favor. However, one may say that of almost any theatrical attraction; the Shakespearean drama, for example. But I dare swear that if Gilhert and Sullivan were resurrected and started in making burlesque operas on the old lines the public would take to them as eagerly as of yore. Perhaps even more so. It would be so with some of us, at any rate, for our spirit has been broken by a long course of shapeless musical comedies, and we would even more eagerly appreciate anything so original, so consistent in construction, so clever in joyous satire, so carefully ministrant to our sense of beauty, and so rich in the pure burlesque quality as the Gilhert and Sullivan operas.

For this week and next they have put on a revival of "Patience" at the Little Theatre on Clay Street. And the modern audience laughs in the same old way. Not, perhaps,

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Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	6,468,800.00
Other Bonds .....	9,466,337.02
Other Assets .....	1,089,141.36
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	14,056,898.29
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	26,449,500.22
	\$96,976,976.41

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock .....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,538,142.32
Circulation .....	3,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances.....	14,056,898.29
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Deposits .....	68,078,935.80
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with exactly the same heartiness of abandon as they would at the very best professionals. There are more than occasional suggestions of amateurishness in the work, even while we feel impelled to chronicle the commendable cleverness and successfully burlesque spirit in which it is done.

If Reginald Travers did not discover himself as a burlesque artist during the "Mikado" revival, his present public at least did. He is equally good as Bunthorne, and again shows himself possessed of the humorous abandon of a born burlesquer. Mr. Rainey, of course, fits to a charm into the character of Archibald, his neat features and slender, graceful person providing all the physical advantages appropriate to that young heart smasher, while he, too, enters with ardor into the spirit of burlesquerie. These are the two characters that make the principal triumphs of the production, but the members as a company showed a most commendable readiness not only in getting their tongues around the difficult Gilbertian dialogue, in doing their share of the musical burden successfully, but also in entering heartily into the burlesque spirit of the opera. Miss Radel, it should be mentioned, was a valuable element in the success of the piece. While her voice has its faults, it is very valuable in its dependability, and she herself has the same quality in the delivery of her lines and the words of her songs. And, besides, she was a very bonnie little Patience to look upon. The half-dozen other rôles of the principals were successfully dealt with by the hard-working members of the company, who always bring to their work the proper team-work spirit.

The choruses, both male and female, sang with full volume and great spirit. Altogether there must have been twenty of the chorus on the small stage, which was prettily gotten up in hyper-esthetic style. All told, the performance was fresh, zestful, and most enjoyable, and can safely be recommended to the attention of faithful lovers of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The phrase "knocking on wood" is said to be founded upon a superstition believed to be a survival of the worship of trees, which in ancient times were held to be deities of the forest. It was believed then that knocking on wood invoked those deities and thus warded off evil.

## "Saving Young Man" Hard to Find.

What, by the way, has become of the young man who used to be known in the old home town as a "saving young man"?

You remember him, of course, "hark yonder." He used to be held up to the other young men as a model, and when the girls became old enough to "keep company," fond mothers pointed him out as the boy for every right-minded girl to consider in all her matrimonial thoughts.

"What kind of a man is this that Mary Smith is going to marry?" one would ask.

"Well, he's a hard worker and he is saving," would come the reply, and Mary Smith would be regarded as a lucky girl.

In those good old days hard work and "saving" marked the only royal road to wealth. These qualities also indicated that, as a husband, the "saving" young man would have that essential quality for insuring a happy home—he would be a "good provider."

Go back to the old home town now and look about among the silver-haired citizens who have lived there for years, paid the taxes, maintained the schools, reared children, sent them out into the world with a practical education and substantial views of life, and who are now settled down to the enjoyment of old age, and you will find that they were the "saving" young men of their generation.

The young women, likewise, were taught the great grace of "saving."

"What kind of a wife for a poor man?" mother used to say to daughter when daughter asked for some frivolous thing like an extra ribbon or a pair of real Sunday shoes. Also daughter was taught to cook and to sew and to can fruit and make preserves—all with the idea of some day being the "saving" wife of a "saving" husband.

But down in the old home town now you will not find many "saving" young men or young women.

"Mother canned fifty quarts of fruit this year," the daughter of an old home town mother said recently, "but I don't see the sense of working so hard." We could huy all the fruit we want for less than it costs to can it."

Daughter is "going with" one of the eligible young men of the old home town. He is the son of a business man, whose father came into the business as a clerk because he was "saving." Now the son burns up more for gasoline in father's car than ever his father dreamed of spending for his combined pleasures, counting church collections and all. If one should ask, "What sort of a young man is this that 'Hi' Murray's daughter is going with?" nobody would answer, "Well, he is hard working and saving."

The old-fashioned boys and girls are disappearing from the old home town.—*Kansas City Star.*

The announcement by the Philippine bureau of education that embroidery centres in Bulacan have been released to commercial interests is cited as marking another step in the progress of the Philippine embroidery industry. Some years ago the bureau of education took charge of the native embroidery industry, which was threatened because it was over-exploited by commercial interests. Centres for teaching embroidery were established in all parts of the islands and the learners were furnished with fabrics and thread of standard quality. When the standards of workmanship in each centre had been well established the bureau withdrew its protection and the workers were allowed to produce their wares for commercial purposes. In this way the area in which good embroidery is produced has been extended until now it covers nearly every part of the islands.

The American city's growing bond debt has long been a source of anxiety. Before the war imposed its extra burdens 2500 leading American cities showed a bond debt of more than \$54 per capita.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE,

Maude Adams to Appear at the Columbia.

So seldom have the admirers of Maude Adams had an opportunity of seeing her in a new rôle that it is a certainty that when the opportunity does present itself at the Columbia Theatre next week, when she is to appear in J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," she will receive the warmest of welcomes. There is every reason to expect delightful entertainment from this play and its artistic interpreter. Nothing that Barrie has written has been productive of so much praise from the discerning.

The play is staged with a commendable regard for art and the company surrounding Miss Adams is composed of well-known players. The big scene of the play is, of course, that of the dream-ball. Paul Tietjens, who arranged the incidental music, will direct the orchestra.

## "The Brat" at the Cort Theatre.

Oliver Morosco's production of "The Brat," with Maude Fulton as the fascinating little street waif in the play of her own writing, enters upon the second and final week of its Cort Theatre engagement with the performance of Sunday night, May 19th. The engagement will terminate on Sunday night, May 26th.

Producer Morosco has surrounded Miss Fulton with a cast of typical Morosco standard, including Edmund Lowe, who is well known here, Percival T. Moore, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Helen Stewart, Gertrude Maitland, Leslie Palmer, Frank Kingdom, and Bessie Andra.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week represents the highest standard of vaudeville and is remarkable not only for the famous artists who will appear in it, but also for its novelty and variety.

"The Naughty Princess" is the latest offering of William B. Friedlander, Inc., and is a new step in the musical category of the well-known authors, Will M. Hough and William B. Friedlander. The cast includes some of the best-known artists of the vaudeville stage.

Tina Lerner, the brilliant Russian, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city. She is one of the few women pianists to acquire international fame. Her technic is extraordinary, tremendous difficulties being overcome with seemingly no effort.

Grace De Mar, a comedienne of the ingénue type, will appear in a cycle of character studies written for her by Herbert Moore. One is an incident in a telephone booth, another a flirtation on a train, and the third a street-car adventure.

Harry Van Fossen, a clever blackface comedian, will contribute a highly diverting monologue.

Fred Hudler, basso; Ted Stein, baritone, and Nellie Phillips, soprano, constitute one of the best musical trios in vaudeville. They style their offering "Steps of Harmony."

The Aerial Mitchells in their daring novelty, "Fun in the Air," are a departure in gymnastics. They accomplish all sorts of hazardous feats, injecting at the same time a dash of comedy into their performance.

The only holdovers in this bill will be Ruth St. Denis in pictorial and dramatic dances and Lloria Hoffman, American prima donna soprano, in new numbers.

## The San Francisco Opera Company.

The operas to be sung by the San Francisco Opera Company this coming week ought to have a great attraction to the music lover, for besides the weekly novelty, "The Daughter of the Regiment," to be sung on Friday, May 24th, and in which Georges Simondet will be heard in his famous rôle of Tonio and Lina Reggiani as Marie, the other announced offerings also will prove most attractive. Tonight (Saturday) "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be sung, with Lina Reggiani, Magano, Malpico, D'Agaroff, Neri, and Marie Galazzi, all artists that will do full justice to the rendition of the famous sextet. Sunday will be the second time of "Ernani," with Mauro, Dadone, Elena Avedano, D'Agaroff, and Neri. Tuesday "Rigoletto," with Malpico in the title-rôle, will be played. Thursday that old favorite, "Il Trovatore," with Mauro as Manrico, will be staged, the others in the cast being Elena Avedano, Bianche Hamilton Fox, and Dadone. On Friday will be the first time of Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment."

## The Mountain Players

The annual offering of the Mountain Players will take place this Sunday at 2 o'clock at the open-air theatre near Mt. Tamalpais. "Robin Hood and the Three Kings," a romantic play by Alfred Noyes, has been chosen for this, the sixth annual play of the organization, and rehearsals have been progressing for some time under the experienced direction of Garnet Holme. Selections from "Robin Hood" will be played by a concealed orchestra, the costumes and accessories will



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be correct to the period, and the chorus will be under the direction of Andrew Wood. There will be a special train service to the mountain, and enlisted men will be the welcome guests of the Mountain Play Association.

## "The Wanderer" Next Attraction at the Cort.

"The Wanderer," a spectacular biblical drama, written by Maurice V. Samuels of San Francisco and staged by David Belasco, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday night, May 27th. The producers are Comstock, Elliott & Gest. The company is a notable one, embracing such celebrities as Nance O'Neil, Florence Reed, James O'Neil, and others.

When Alexander took Finland away from the Swedes he was regarded by the Finnish people as an emancipator. Given the freedom of their own language, their schools and universities, their churches and public worship—for they had always had their prayers—they hurst forth into song and literature and art and the world stood amazed that such marvelous talent should suddenly spring from what we had been led to believe was a comparatively ignorant people. Every soul in Finland had been starving for self-expression and creative geniuses shot up like mushrooms after a spring rain, many, as always, perishing as quickly. But born out of those centuries of travail are a score of names such as Runeberg, Snellman, and Lonnrot whose works stand as classics throughout the entire world.

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Friday (First Time), "The Daughter of the Regiment."

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## VANITY FAIR.

Two American women who have lately escaped from Germany have been giving their impressions of life in the central empires from the woman's point of view. There is a serious discrepancy between them. We are reminded of the dictum of a celebrated English judge who said that the woman witness was not consciously untruthful, but that she simply could not discriminate between truth and falsehood where her own interests or prejudices were involved. Of course that was a long time ago and women have made a marked advance since then on the uphill ethical road. None the less, like Lot's wife, they sometimes look back.

The first of these witnesses is quite definite about life in Germany. She says there are some small and almost unnoticeable restrictions, but that the casual observer would hardly know that a war was in progress. There was plenty of food, plenty of clothes, plenty of everything, but as a matter of fact she would rather not talk about it.

Now comes the second witness, Blanche Slocum, who has communicated her impressions to various Eastern newspapers. She left Munich in January, 1918, and at that time the police were exercising vigorous inspection of women's underclothing. Germany would naturally employ men for such a purpose. It is a part of culture. On one occasion Miss Slocum wanted linen garments of an unspecified nature and so she applied to the police. "You must bring your worn-out things," said the official, "so that I can be sure you need new ones." "But they are missing," said Miss Slocum; "the laundress says she can't find them." "In that case," was the rejoinder, "the laundress must come and swear." You could only buy one pair of stockings at a time, and only one piece of underwear at a time, and only one suit at a time, and you must show that you are in desperate need by exhibiting the rags and tatters. And it would be of no use to fib because the police have a list of all your past purchases. On one occasion a lady wanted a new nightgown and sent her maid to the police station for the necessary permission. "How many nightgowns has she now?" asked the official, "more than two?" "I can't tell," replied the maid. "Go home and count them and have her come and attend to it herself."

The government is willing that clothing should be high priced because it is of no importance so long as the body is covered. As a result one sees shabbiness, darning, and patching everywhere. People look seedy. But French fashion books are still eagerly welcomed. They come into the country by way of Switzerland and are read with delight.

Now which of these witnesses may be accepted? It is evident that one or the other has no sense of truth.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, now in session at Hot Springs, Arkansas, has solemnly resolved that morons must not be allowed to marry, and this, says the report, "will doubtless eventually become law in the fashion of most resolutions passed by the General Federation, for legislators have found out that the dynamic thought wave created by the relentless determination of two million club women is too powerful a force to combat."

That, of course, is drivell. The women at Arkansas do not create a dynamic thought wave, nor any other kind of a thought wave. Their success depends upon quite other forces

than this. It depends first of all upon political terrorism and also upon the continuing habit of the American to give women whatever they choose to ask for. These political "reforms" are granted by legislators in precisely the same spirit that sets of furs and jewelry are granted by individuals. It is a habit and one that does not add to the dignity of women.

We do not quite know what a moron is. The latest and best of dictionaries says that moron is a town in Spain and also a "kind of salamander." Salamanders, of course, ought not to be allowed to marry, and this reminds us of the countryman who was looking at a kangaroo in the Zoo. The explanatory card described the ungainly brute as a "native of New Zealand." "A native of New Zealand!" gasped the yokel. "My cousin has just gone out to marry one of them critters."

The trouble with the average woman reformer is the fixed conviction that a prohibition of marriage is also a prohibition of propagation. Of course it is nothing of the sort. Marriage is a ceremonial devised by women and sustained by them throughout the ages as a sort of sanctification for the union of the sexes. But it is in no way indispensable, although it ought to be. It is somewhat like asking grace before meat—a quite admirable practice, but then you can not doom a man to starvation by refusing to allow him to say grace. Brute that he is, he will tranquilly have his dinner and omit the grace. Men will not be consternated by laws forbidding them to marry until they shall have proved that they are not morons, or salamanders, or flying fish. They will merely laugh, and go and get married in Mexico or Canada, where people are not yet idiotic enough to discourage marriage. Or they will merely laugh and omit the marriage ceremony altogether, which will not be good for women.

"My father," says Simon Newcomb in his "Recollections," was the most rational and the most dispassionate of men. The conduct of his life was guided by a philosophy based on 'Combe's Constitution of Man,' and I used to feel that the law of the land was a potent instrument in shaping his paternal affections. His method of seeking a wife was so far unique that it may not be devoid of interest, even at this date. From careful study he had learned that the age at which a man should marry was twenty-five. Healthy and well-endowed offspring should be one of the main objects in entering the marriage state, and this required a mentally gifted wife. She must be of different temperament from his own and an economical housekeeper. So, when he found the age of twenty-five approaching he began to look about. There was no one in Wallace who satisfied his requirements. He therefore set out afoot to discover his ideal. In those days and regions the professional tramp and mendicant were unknown, and every farmhouse dispensed its hospitality with an Arcadian simplicity little known in our times. Wherever he stopped over night he made a critical investigation of the housekeeping, rising perhaps before the family for this purpose. He searched in vain until his road carried him out of the province. One young woman spoiled any possible chance she might have had by a lack of economy in the making of bread. She was asked what she did with an unnecessarily large remnant of dough which she left sticking to the sides of the pan. She replied that she fed it to the horses. Her case received no further consideration. The search had been extended nearly ten miles, when early one evening he reached

what was then the small village of Moncton. He was attracted by the strains of music from a church, went into it, and found a religious meeting in progress. His eye was at once arrested by the face and head of a young woman playing on a melodeon, which was leading the singing. He sat in such a position that he could carefully scan her face and movements. As he continued the study the conviction grew upon him that here was the object of his search. That such should have occurred before there was any opportunity to inspect her doughpan may lead the reader to conclusions of his own. He inquired her name—Emily Prince. He cultivated her acquaintance, paid his addresses, and was accepted."

## A POILU'S HOBBY.

Plants Beauty in Whatever Right Part of the World He Is Called To.

Captain René Milan, who was in charge of the maritime aviation forces during the occupation of Saloniki by the Allies in 1916, was one day visiting his brother officers in the trenches and found at the end of the trench a French garden and gardener.

"Every one was resting after lunch," he says, "except one soldier. He was at least forty years old, with a little white showing at his temples, and had not yet lost the peaceful stoutness he had before the war started. I found him seated in the midst of a kind of a garden which was no bigger than a wagon box. I wondered how he had been able to clear, spade up, and smooth out this hard clay soil. It was drained by a small ditch and the good fellow, who should have been a home guardsman, was spreading out on the clods of earth some brilliantly colored packages of seeds. I saw on them the name of a famous horticulturist. In surprise I asked him about them. At first he was rather shy about talking with an officer, but soon he was at ease with me.

"Well, here you have it, captain," he began, "since you seem interested. I have a wife and children and am a lawyer's clerk near Limoges. I had never been away from home and didn't even expect to see the ocean. In my country we don't care so very much for travel. In the newspaper I didn't read much except about the country fairs and the harvests. Japan, Serbia, Madagascar, and diplomatic relations—that was all Greek to me. I used to work in my garden and on market days I'd make out in legal form the bills of sale for hay and cattle.

"I remember the 14th of July, 1914. In my home town we don't celebrate the national holiday very much. I howled some strings with my comrades on the green near the railroad, and not one of us ever thought for a moment that in three weeks we would be starting off with our knapsacks and guns.

"All the same, that's what happened. I left, like the rest. I can't say it wasn't hard. But you couldn't let the Germans get the better of you and I certainly expected to get to the frontier and smash a few boche faces. Not much! They sent me off to take some young fellow's place in Morocco.

"You who are in the navy and travel, captain, you can't understand. When my wife and children and everybody at home heard that I was going to Morocco they cried just as if I were going out of the world. And I, too, wasn't so very proud of it. What a journey! And how hot and thirsty I was in that pesky country! When I saw it was going to be dull and gloomy for me in Morocco I had some seeds sent me from France, because you are never lonesome when you have a garden. Between gunshots with the helps of the Africans I fixed up a little garden. As for the sunshine, there's no lack of it over there and my flowers began to come out. Beauties, captain, and such a perfume.

"And then they had to have people for the Dardanelles and they took me. That time I thought I was going to stay there for good. Shells, sickness, hunger, thirst—there was anything you want to carry you off. It wasn't easy to start a garden either at Moudros or Gallipoli, and I kept my flower seeds in my knapsack. At home they thought I was dead. But you know how it is, you get used to anything. I told the wife to buy an atlas, and now the children know where I am.

"Afterward they sent me here to reconquer Serbia and go to Constantinople. It doesn't look as though we would start tomorrow. Luckily the spade and shovel are something I know about and I can dig trenches. And besides the soil is good, and the lieutenant has encouraged me to make a garden again, because he says we are here for a long time. If you come back in a fortnight, captain, I'll give you some fine violets."

"He took pleasure in describing to me the flowers he intended to grow in his little rectangular beds, each as big as a pocket handkerchief. The deep love of the soil took away all feelings of shyness and he asked me what I thought about the sun, the rain, and the climate of Saloniki. I answered as well

as I could, but he knew more about the matter than I.

"The officers told me later that this horticultural lawyer's clerk was one of their best soldiers. Prompt in action, a bard worker, calm in danger, he takes everywhere with him the qualities of our race. Like the humblest son of France, whenever he is not called on to show his courage in any corner of the world where the country asks him to die, he spends his time in planting beauty there."

*Hotel Proprietor*—Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the next room to yours last night? *Guest (savagely)*—Enjoy it! I should say not. I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the idiot stop. *Proprietor*—Why, Jones told me this morning you applauded every one of his pieces, and he was going to send for some more music right away so that he could play for you again.—*Boys' Life.*

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Condition at Close of Business May 10, 1918

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Loans and Discounts.....	\$21,243,893.16
United States Bonds.....	2,083,275.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	3,249,932.75
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	3,485,239.46
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	10,899,057.65
	\$41,111,398.02

## LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,245,861.37
Circulation.....	2,000,000.00
Letters of Credit.....	3,504,784.96
Deposits.....	29,360,751.69
	\$41,111,398.02

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Having taken her subscription for a Liberty Bond, the banker turned to the sweet young thing and asked, "Now, miss, how would you like to pay for it?" "Charge it, please," was the prompt reply.

A gentleman winked at a bright little hoy on the Lewiston car the other day. The youngster tried to return his salute, but both eyes persisted in shutting. "Mamma," he finally said to a nice-looking woman by his side, "wink at that man."

A sympathetic interlocutor and a disconsolate young man met somewhere and the following conversation ensued: "Why so unhappy, my man?" "I've just been caught embezzling funds of the company." "Well, cheer up. Now that you have confessed perhaps they won't prosecute you." "Oh, it isn't that. I've paid back the money and they've agreed not to send me to jail." "Then why so dismal now?" "They won't let me keep my job, too, and it was such a soft snap."

Lord Northcliffe, at a farewell dinner, expressed his admiration for American hustle. "On a train the other day," he said, "I heard a dialogue that brought out your bustling qualities beautifully. 'I'm from Ashton,' said a man. 'Finest little town in the Middle West.' 'Ashton,' sneered another man. 'I don't think much of Ashton.' 'You don't? When were your there last?' said the first man. 'Two weeks ago.' 'Oh, well,' said the Ashtonian, 'you ought to see her now!'"

In a small West Texas town, out in the Cap Rock country, interest was centred about the registration booth, and the atmosphere was becoming pretty solemn and funereal when a well set-up young cowman clicked up to the official in charge and gave a well-known

name. Glibly answering the questions put to him, he was met with the question: "Ever had any accidents?" "Accident? Nope." "Never had an accident in your life?" "Nope. Rattler bit me once." "Don't you call that an accident?" continued the questioner, eyeing the easy-going young fellow severely. "Thunder, no! The thing bit me on purpose."

Dicky was brought up on an isolated Texas ranch, and his only playmates were rabbits, a dog, a cat, and some pet pigeons. His mother, planning a visit to her relatives in the north, said to him: "When we go, you'll have some little cousins to play with. You'll like that, won't you, Dicky?" "I'm not sure," answered the little fellow. "Do cousins have two legs or four?"

A pacifist orator was declaiming against war in Hyde Park, London. Seeing a returned soldier idly listening on the edge of the crowd, he roared out: "See that man! He is garbed in the uniform of war. But I belong to the army of Heaven." The "Tommy," leisurely removing his pipe from his mouth, dryly replied: "You're a 'ell of a way from your barracks, then."

A well-known music-hall artist was chatting with a London journalist whose paper is not always to be relied upon for accuracy of statements. "My dear fellow," the comedian said, "I think that what you want is a bishop on your staff." "A bishop! Why?" asked the journalist in amazement. "Because," answered the other with a smile, "some of the statements in your paper are in sore need of confirmation."

A Buffalo man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin, the boy replied: "All right, come along," and he led the man to a building a half-block away. The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was a half-dollar easily earned." "Sure!" responded the lad. "But you mustn't forget that bank directors is paid high in Noo Yawk."

The father in this moral tale is a manufacturer. Things hadn't been going well at the works, and he came home tired the other evening. But father is never too tired to help Willie with his arithmetic. So when Willie looked up from his book and asked: "Father, how many cents make a dime?" "Ten," replied father. "And how many mills make a cent?" pursued Willie. "Not a hanged one of 'em, till this coal situation loosens up," answered father, emphatically.

The following is a tale now in circulation showing the quality of the mud in Flanders at the present day. A soldier walking along a road noticed a hat, which he attempted to kick out of the mud. What was his surprise to find a bead under it, and to hear a voice calling for help. When the man was extricated he said: "I was on horseback." So together they proceeded to dig out the horse. The horse's mouth was found to be full of hay taken from a wagon which had sunk still farther down.

"There will be nothing but war talk heard all over the world for many years to come," said an author, "and our various armchair and cosy-corner campaigners will be lucky if they don't make a lot of military mistakes. It was the same thing during and after the Civil War. I remember asking a young lady at a musicale in Boston back in those distant days if she didn't think Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass' was superb. 'Superb!' she cried. 'It certainly is superb! Why, my two brothers are in that regiment,'"

At once after his arrival in a foreign country to which he had been sent the agent of a patent medicine concern compiled a long list of all the diseases and ailments he could think of or find in books at his disposal. Then in his advertisements and selling talks he asserted confidently that his pills and ointments were sovereign remedies for all these diseases. "Furthermore," he assured prospective customers, "if there should be any diseases in this country which are unknown in my country the pills and ointment will cure them, too."

In a railway train the conversation turned to gardening. "I guess," said Johnson, "none of you ever saw such parsnips as I grew last year. Why, I had to hire a steam derrick to get them out o' the ground." "Talking about parsnips," said Perkins, meekly, "reminds me of some I once grew to try the effect of a patent fertilizer my brother had discovered. The result was astonishing. Those parsnips for size easily beat all records, and just how far the root penetrated into the earth we could only guess at. But to our disappointment the plants suddenly sickened and died." "I guess that was a pity," said John-

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son sarcastically. "What was the matter with 'em. Outgrew their strength, I suppose?" "Well," replied Perkins calmly, "we found out afterward; it was because the end of the roots had been eaten off by rabbits in Australia."

### THE MERRY MUSE.

The Ford.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little car,  
Spatter mud both near and far,  
Spin along the road "on high"  
Like a kettle nearly dry.

When a chicken, E-Z mark  
Hesitates advance the spark;  
Flutter, flutter, little chick,  
Either you'll be dead or quick.

At your raucous, warning horn  
By dilemma we are torn,  
Still you are so popular,  
Chug and "chutter," little car!

—Sergeant Charles Irving Corwin, in *Motor Life*.

Loves and Hates.

I love the poet of cloudless ray;  
Love, too, the folded, golden vapor;  
But hate the humbug who all day  
Serves up deliberate fog on paper.

—Sir William Watson.

Ration or Ration?

In the far distant piping times of peace  
The orthodox correct pronunciation  
Of this once rare, but now familiar word  
Was "Ration."

But now that all commodities are short,  
Economy becomes the ruling passion,  
And so we even shorten vowels, and call  
It "Ration."

—D. F. Ferguson, in *Westminster Gazette*.

Ballade of Ordinance No. 37,699.

IT MADE LOS ANGELES DRY.

"Ou sont les neiges d'antan?"

The day is dark, and the sky o'ercast;  
In a maze of shadows and gloom we dwell;  
For the dread enactment has now been passed,  
And it sounds our spirits' funeral knell,  
As the vote presages a long dry spell.  
All in vain to the courts we pray;  
We dare not handle, or taste, or smell.  
Where are the drinks of yesterday?

Cocktail and highball have howed to the blast,  
Rickies and fizzes have gone to swell  
The sad majority, silent and vast,  
Of the foes of grief who fought and fell.  
What is our future, none dare foretell;  
Shall we drink root-beer with the Rube and jay?  
How shall our raging thirst we quell?  
Where are the drinks of yesterday?

Better for us were we shot or gassed,  
Or shivered to shreds by the shock of a shell.  
We are pious and sober—and dull—at last,  
Now the sprites of joy we must expel.  
For all that we have, we might just as well  
Be living in Kansas or Io-way;  
Or—almost as bad—it might be Hell.  
Where are the drinks of yesterday?

ENVOIE.

Friends, it is idle; do not rebel;  
The law is passed, and we must obey.  
But still from our parched throats we yell:  
Where are the drinks of yesterday?—W. R.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"  
"No, sah, I doesn't. I buys it open and  
hones", sah."—*Baltimore American*.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Peggy Riddick and Lieutenant Howard Martin was solemnized last Saturday in St. Stephen's Church in Hollywood. Miss Ruth Weher was the bride's only attendant. Mrs. Martin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Riddick of Hollywood. Lieutenant Martin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of San Francisco and the brother of Mrs. Duval Moore, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, and of Mr. Lewis Martin. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Martin and Mrs. Martin will reside in San Diego.

Miss Flora Miller gave a dinner Monday evening at her home at Stanford Court in compliment to her cousin, Captain Purcell Jones. The guests included Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Mary Louise Black, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Christian Miller, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Francis Langton, and Lieutenant Hale Sattley.

Mrs. John Drum gave a luncheon Thursday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. George Newhall. The guests included Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. William Hitchcock, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. George Cadwal-

der, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Henry Breeden, and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

A dinner-dance was given last Saturday evening at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the music fund of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Engineers, stationed at Camp Fremont. Among the patronesses of the affair were Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Charles Duval, Mrs. John Morrison, Mrs. Walter Chidester, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. A. H. Alvord, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Andrew Stone, and Mrs. George Pope.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Ignacio Sepulveda, Miss Mildred Chapman, Mr. Maurice Hall, Mr. Guillermo de la Pena, and Mr. Downey Harvey.

Miss Kate Crocker gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in compliment to Mrs. Horace Van Sicken. Miss Crocker's guests included Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Alice Claire Smith.

Miss Marion Baker gave a dinner recently at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Relda Stott, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. James Miall, and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Frederick Clappett gave a reception last Wednesday afternoon at her home on Clay Street as a farewell for Dr. Clappett, who has gone to San Diego. Miss Cornelia Clappett assisted her mother in receiving the guests, among whom were Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols, Dean Wilmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham, Dr. Harry Sherman and Mrs. Sherman, Colonel Harry Benson and Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Crawford Clark, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Heynemann, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kamm, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Marion Crocker, and Miss Helen Dean.

Mrs. Harry Mendell gave a luncheon last Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Julio de Cordova of Boston.

Mrs. Norris Davis gave a luncheon recently at her home in San Mateo, her guests having included Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Samuel Knight, and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a luncheon last Monday at the Town and Country Club. Those attending the affair were Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Norris Davis, and Mrs. Henry Kiersted.

Miss Dorothy Collier entertained at luncheon last Monday at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Ella Haggin, who has been visiting here from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained a group of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in compliment to Mrs. Emery Winslip. The guests in-

cluded Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, and Mrs. Danforth Boardman.

Mrs. George McNear, Jr., was the honored guest at a luncheon given Saturday by Miss Cecily Casserly at her home in San Mateo. Those asked to meet Mrs. McNear included Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Louise McNear, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Cara Coleman, and Miss Elena Eyre.

Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman and Mrs. Lyman entertained a group of friends at dinner Saturday evening at the Peninsula Hotel their guests including Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Mary Louise Black, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Captain A. B. Johnson, Lieutenant Donald McLaughlin, and Lieutenant Edward Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Captain George Leib. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, and Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr.

Miss Augusta Foute gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Peninsula Hotel in compliment to Miss Elva De Pue and Mr. Warren Matthews.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott gave a dinner Saturday evening in San Mateo in honor of Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday evening. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Keyser, Miss Anne Peters, Lieutenant-Commander William Van Antwerp, Lieutenant Alfred Merrill, and Captain George Leib.

Mrs. John Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, gave a tea Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel in compliment to Mrs. Kinton Stephens and Mrs. Carl Bigelow of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Frederick Hewlett gave a tea last Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. William Reding, who will leave soon for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy gave a dinner Saturday evening in Burlingame, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pott, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Westland, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Captain Laurence Scott and Mrs. Scott, Mr. George Pope, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Mr. William Crocker.

#### Dr. Van Dyke to Lecture.

"Our Country's Conscience in This War" is the subject of the lecture to be delivered by Dr. Henry Van Dyke on Wednesday evening, May 22d, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Dean Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California will preside. Arrangements for this event are under the direction of Paul Elder.

Dr. Van Dyke will also deliver this lecture in Oakland at the Auditorium Theatre on Tuesday evening. Professor Henry Morse Stephens will preside on this occasion. Tickets for the two events are now on sale at Paul Elder's, and for the Oakland lecture at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in Oakland.

The most important water conservation work thus far undertaken in Canada is that undertaken by the Quebec government at La Loutre, on the St. Maurice River, and which is now about completed. It will store up the waters of the river for the benefit of its many water powers and will double the low water flow. This work has been projected for many years. The huge dam is now completed, the finishing touches having been given last December. The dam has a maximum height from foundation to top of ninety feet, and contains 72,000 cubic yards of concrete, of which 45,000 cubic yards were placed in the three summer months of 1917. The reservoir thus formed contains, at this writing, a storage of about one billion cubic feet of water which is now being utilized. It is hoped that the storage lake will be substantially full at the end of the flood period in June, 1918, and from that date the full benefits of the storage power will be available to the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, its allied interests, and other large users of power.

Congressman Ben Johnson recently brought to light a fact generally forgotten. That is that Georgetown, D. C., was incorporated under the British crown in 1750. Further, that it was a separate municipality until February 21, 1871, when its corporate existence was repealed and it was merged into the District of Columbia. All this was recalled by Ben Johnson in his explanation that there is no such place as Washington. It may be recalled that he settled the point legally a few months ago and that he induced the President to change the manner of concluding his proclamations. The President used to say: "Done at the city of Washington" on such and such a date.

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#### Recreation League.

Preparations are nearing completion for the pageant to be given under the auspices of the Girls' Section of the Recreation League on the evening of June 1st. Imbued with the spirit of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," representatives from nearly every woman's organization are striving to make this patriotic pageant one that will set the high-water mark in community drama. Symbolical of woman's place in the history of the world from the time of the ancient Greeks to our own immediate present, the pageant will be interpreted by color, motion, and music. Not one word will be spoken.

Eight episodes will mark the story. Special music is being arranged, and will be under the immediate supervision of Miss May Sinsheimer. Mrs. D. E. F. Easton is pageant director and Garnet Holme is stage director. Miss Anne Bremer is looking after the costumes of the six hundred girls who are to take part.

A young woman artist in New York has devised a process of lace, tapestry, and panel decoration which she says can be easily done by soldiers crippled by the war, and she is most anxious to put the work at their service. She has had the process patented that it may be kept for them, and she herself will volunteer to teach the art, which she says can be learned in a few days, and could easily be done by a man with one arm, even if that was a left one.

He—I would rather have a man call me a knave than a fool. She—Of course. It's the truth that hurts.—*Cleveland Leader.*

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard McCreery returned Saturday to her home in Burlingame, after a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace has opened her home in Los Altos for the summer, after having spent the winter at her town house on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Armshy in Burlingame for the summer months.

Mr. Edgar Walter returned last week to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in New York.

Colonel William Jones and Mrs. Jones, who arrived recently at Camp Fremont from Seattle, have taken the home of Professor E. D. Adams at Stanford University for the summer. They have been joined by their daughter, Miss Dorothy Jones, who has been in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford have been spending several days in Ross as the guests of Mrs. Robert Davis.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins arrived a few days ago from Santa Barbara and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Lieutenant Raymond Armshy, who spent several days here on furlough from San Diego, has gone to Georgia, where he will be aide-de-camp to General Leroy Lyon, U. S. A.

Miss Jean Wheeler has returned to her home on Washington Street, after a visit of several weeks in Southern California with her aunt, Mrs. William Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Scheller have taken a house in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughter, Miss Evelyn Barron, will spend the summer season in Burlingame, where they have taken a house near the golf links.

Mr. Eugene Plunkett has returned to his home in San Rafael, after a trip to South America.

Mrs. George McNear and her daughter, Miss Louise McNear, have been spending a few days at the Clift Hotel from their home in Petaluma. They were joined Monday by Mrs. George McNear, Jr., who passed the week-end in San Mateo as the house guest of Mrs. John Casserly and Miss Cecily Casserly.

Captain Miles Gorgas and his daughter, Miss Mary Gorgas, have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after a visit of several weeks in Washington and New York.

Mr. H. A. Torchiana has gone to Washington for a month's visit. Mrs. Torchiana has reopened her home in Santa Cruz for the summer, having given up the Torchiana home at Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street. Mr. and Mrs. Torchiana will pass their winters in future at the Hotel Whitcomb instead of keeping up their home.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher returned Monday to her home in San Mateo, after having passed the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Whitney Wheeler has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several months, and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis, who passed the winter at the Clift Hotel, have reopened their home in the Santa Cruz Mountains for the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low will remain in San Francisco for the summer with occasional brief visits to Del Monte.

Mrs. Kent Pittman arrived recently from her home in Chicago and has taken a house in Ross for the summer.

Mrs. Arthur Ford has gone to New York to join Mr. Ford, who has been granted a brief leave of absence from his ship.

General Charles Treat and Mrs. Treat, who have been staying at the St. Francis since their arrival in San Francisco, will take possession of their home at Fort Mason within a few days.

Miss Jennie Blair will pass the summer in San Francisco and has taken apartments at the Clift Hotel.

Miss Cara Coleman will pass the greater portion of the summer in Burlingame at the home of Mr. Carl Philip and Miss Gertrude Uke-Philip.

Mrs. E. E. Robins, who was recently a guest at the Palace Hotel from her home in Pasadena, has gone to Carmel for a visit. Miss Theodora Robins has remained in San Francisco as the guest of Mrs. Robert Monroe.

Lieutenant Kittle Boyd, who has been stationed at Camp Kearny with the Grizzlies, has been ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Rev. Frederick Clappett returned Monday to Camp Kearny, after a brief visit in San Francisco. Dr. Clappett's son, Mr. Frederick Clappett, who has been here on furlough from Kelly Field, has returned to Texas.

Captain Purcell Jones of the British army is spending a few days in San Francisco. Captain Jones is a nephew of Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull returned to San Francisco Sunday from a visit in Grass Valley.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge returned last week to their home on Clay Street from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Spreckels will pass the summer at their home at Manhasset, Long Island. Lieutenant-Commander Spencer Eddy and Mrs. Eddy will pass a portion of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their daughters, the Misses Marie and Florence Welch, have returned to their home in San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. Henry Maxwell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Havens, at her home in Piedmont.

Colonel Charles Potter and Mrs. Potter, who arrived recently from Washington, have taken the home of Mrs. Charles Cobb on Webster Street for the summer.

Mrs. John Drum, who will pass the summer at Tahoe, will leave in the fall for Washington, where Mr. and Mrs. Drum will reside until the

close of the war. Mr. Drum has already left for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, who have recently returned from their wedding trip, have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. E. M. Heller, who has been visiting in San Francisco for a few weeks, has returned to San Diego, her son, Lieutenant Leonard Heller, being stationed at Camp Kearny.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett returned last week to their home in San Mateo from a trip to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Fleischmann have been passing several days in San Francisco from their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Berthe Welch has opened her home in San Mateo for the summer.

Dr. William Younger and Mrs. Younger, who have resided in New York for the past year, will spend the summer in San Francisco with their daughter, Mrs. Burns McDonald.

Mr. Eugene de Sahla arrived a few days ago from the East and has joined his brother, Mr. Leon de Sahla, at their home in San Mateo.

Captain Laurance Scott and Mrs. Scott have gone to New Mexico for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrington White, who have been visiting in Santa Barbara from their home in Washington, have taken apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. Warren Matthews, whose marriage with Miss Elva de Pue will be an event of next month, arrived last week from New York and has been a guest at the De Pue ranch in Yolo County.

Among recent visitors at Hotel del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brackenridge, Mr. W. H. Whiteside, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wright, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. William M. Elliott, Baltimore; Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Mary Louise Black, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Koster, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mrs. Irving Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sneath, Miss Jean Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Drum, San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. Manuel L. Videaux, Parate, Mexico; Mr. M. Huerta, Mexico City; Dr. James A. Kirk, New York; Mr. O. B. J. Conger, Hongkong, China; Mr. Bernard A. Joyce, New York; Judge D. H. Canfield, St. Louis; Mr. G. F. Fels Lodz, Vladivostok.

## LOYALTY TO THE MIKADO.

Japanese Journalist Explains His Country's Adherence to Monarchy.

The relation between emperor and subjects in Japan is that of a father and children in one family; and the emperor is the co-operative movement of the whole nation upon the Mikado as its pivot.

The Japanese are a people with peculiar characteristics. Although she has many institutions analogous to those of foreign countries, it would be difficult to understand Japan without a knowledge of the principle that has been guiding the spirit of the nation in the development of her civilization. This principle is what we call Yamato Damashii.

It is necessary first to take a bird's-eye view of Yamato Damashii. In Japan, the relation between sovereign and subject was established when the state was first founded. And Yamato Damashii was at the beginning. Yamato Damashii is not religion, but it has a wonderful power to control the soul of the Japanese, and it is the main pillar of our nation.

All the Japanese ethics and morality are based upon Yamato Damashii and therefore those who attempt to solve the Japanese ethics along fundamental ideas will find themselves greatly erroneous.

In the first part of the famous imperial rescript on education by the late Emperor Meiji, in 1890, it says: "Our imperial ancestors found our empire on a basis of broad and everlasting and deeply and firmly implanted

virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the 'glory' of the fundamental character of our empire, and herein also lies the source of our education." In the imperial rescript "Glory" is Yamato Damashii—the glory of the fundamental character of the Japanese empire.

The cardinal virtue of the Japanese is loyalty to the country. In the Japanese mind the love that we hear to our country naturally compels a love for the emperor who reigns over it. In our mind the state is the emperor and the emperor is the state. This is the teaching of our ethics and the sentiment of the people. Our ethics teach that one who is loyal to the emperor or the country is at the same time imbued with filial piety to his parents, affectionate to his brothers and sisters, supreme love to his wife, and truth to his friends.

Yamato Damashii requires not only loyalty to the emperor, but it holds benevolence as the crowning attribute of a noble spirit. It teaches that it is cowardice to crush a fallen man, that it is manly to help the weak and show sympathy to women and children, that a man is truly a Japanese who feels in his heart pity. The history of Japan is full of examples and instances. An ancient poet sang on Yamato Damashii:

Isles of blessed Japan,  
Should your Yamato spirit  
Strangers seek to scan,  
Say—scents of morn's sunlit air,  
Blows the cherry, wild and fair.

Shinto is the original religion of Japan. In general it may be described as a code of ceremonies based upon primitive legends and traditions. It emphasizes ceremonial purity and ancestral worship as a part of filial obedience. It has had a great influence in forming the Japanese character.

Buddhism and Confucianism, it is true, made large contribution to our ethics and civilization. But Buddhism and Confucianism as they exist in Japan today are systems of faith widely different from the primitive forms. All religions, including Christianity, are modified and harmonized with Yamato Damashii. The Japanese nation assimilated their teachings, rather than their teachings assimilating the Japanese nation.

Japan is the only country in the world which is governed under an emperor whose throne is transmitted through an unbroken dynastic line from time immemorial. There were times when court officials or the military held the actual power, but at no time was the vital and fundamental principle of administering the government in the name of the throne ever departed from. No subject in the long history of our country has ever attempted to usurp the throne. No blot of the death of a Charles I or Louis XVI ever stained the pages of our history. And the Japanese are very proud of it.

Our imperialism is an imperialism based upon the Japanese race; our democratism is a democratism that comprises the whole Japanese nation. With socialism, an offshoot of democratism, this also holds good. Our socialism does not aim at benefiting the poor at the expense of the rich, but strives to take all classes, rich and poor, under its wings. In its expression, therefore, it may be a poor-relief system or a system for the protection of millionaires.

But our imperialism, our democratism, our socialism—all these centre upon a single principle, and that principle is "centripetal Mikadoism."

Our successive emperors were all beneficent

to their people. "The well-being of the people is the well-being of ourselves," said Emperor Nintoku, sixteenth in the succession to Emperor Jimmu, founder of the empire. And these enunciations laid down the imperial principle ever governing our Mikados. One of the five principles of the imperial oath, by the late Emperor Meiji, in 1868, says: "All state affairs shall be decided by public opinion."

Since the restoration of Meiji, in 1868, we have been industrious in importing the essence of European and American civilization. But while we were busily engaged in imparting good teachings from foreign countries, we were not foolish enough to forget the beautiful characteristics original with Japan.

The present constitution of Japan was promulgated by the Emperor Meiji in 1889. The constitutions of Western countries were examined, and most of the principles of constitutional governments have been adopted, in so far as they are consistent with the fundamental principles of our ancient imperialism.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the feudal days of Japan, Oshi Yoshio and forty-six other men of the retainers of Asano Takumi, Lord of the Castle of Akao, performed a vengeance against Lord Kira Kozuke, by which their master lord was insulted and sentenced to the death of Hara-kiri, and his family and vassals ruined. After having thus revenged themselves, the forty-seven retainers met their death nobly, performing each Hara-kiri.


Such a terrible picture of fierce heroism and loyalty to their lord is, however, hardly believed by foreigners, who do not understand the real character of the Japanese. The Japanese mind can not refrain from admiration for their loyalty to their lord. For in those days of national isolation a feudal lord was looked upon more as a sovereign than a governor, and these men believed that loyalty to their lord was the supreme duty of mankind. In this case every heart of the Japanese well comprehends that the loyalty of the forty-seven men is perfectly consistent with the teaching of Yamato Damashii, and therefore our tributes to the heroes is, "Glory of Yamato Damashii." Pious hands still deck their graves with green boughs and burn incense upon them. Even today the story is the most pregnant topic of home education to our younger generation.

Some people in Europe and America may think that some day Japan will be a republic, like China or Russia, but nothing is less likely to become true. For a Japanese nothing is more hated than to be called a man disloyal to the imperial household. The worst criminal will draw a line at disloyalty.

If you would ask the question to a Japanese: "Why should you stand loyal to your emperor?" he would answer you: "Why is a man a man, and why is it that one is one? Our imperial throne will be coeval with heaven and earth.—Tokujiro Iwaki, Los Angeles correspondent of Japan Times, Tokyo."

In spite of the fact that there are over 3,000,000 Jews in this country, according to the latest church census, there are only 1769 synagogues, with a membership of 143,000. That is, only one in twelve, approximately, of the Jewish population is connected with the synagogue. In Canada there are about 100 synagogues with 10,000 members, out of a population of 250,000.

"I don't like today's war news." "Then why don't you read last week's paper?"—*Buffalo Express*.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Jones a deep thinker?" "He must be. None of his ideas ever get to the surface."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you know anything of the art of husbandry?" "I ought to; I've married off five daughters."  
—*Baltimore American*.

"No man wants to be too hard on his children's follies." "Then, if I marry your daughter, can I expect you to make proper allowances for her?"  
—*Baltimore American*.

"Well, did you get any orders today?" asked the hook agent's wife. "Yes," replied the agent, "I got two orders in one place. One was to get out and the other was to stay out."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

"To be bappy a man needs a wonderful digestion and a woman needs beautiful attire." "Yes," commented Miss Cayenne; "one wants the stomach of an ostrich and the other wants the feathers."  
—*Washington Star*.

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man, smartly. "He had a thousand wives." "Yes," answered the woman, tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."  
—*Dallas News*.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grahroxx had joined the church." "I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."  
—*Grit*.

"What are they moving the church for?" "Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."  
—*Grit*.

"Our public library is a favorite with film people," said the man from Plunkville. "As to how?" "Last week it figured as the ducal palace, home of a steel millionaire, Ufuzzi gallery, temple of Diana, and summer residence of the Czar."  
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

He—Your hills are awfully heavy again this month, my dear. She—Well, the nerve of you objecting to my hills when you know it is papa who pays them. He—That's just it. How can I have the cheek to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?  
—*New York Globe*.

Doctor—You should be constantly at your husband's side, as you will need every little while to hand him something. Mrs. Coesey—

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Niver, doctor! Sure, Oi'm not the woman to hit a man whin he's down.—*Kansas City Star*.

"Pa, what's 'manipulation for a rise' mean?" "When I pull the hedclothes off you in the morning."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

"Would you bide behind a woman's petticoats?" "Not exactly, but I find it just as well to let your wife do the talking when you are held up by a traffic cop."  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I despise a hypocrite. Now there's Johnson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth." "But you appear to be his best friend." "Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly

towards him. It pays better in the end."  
—*Houston Post*.

Editor—How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible. Assistant—He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: "Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jahber roared, Mrs. Duller hored, Mrs. Rasping gored, and Mrs. Emhonpoint snored."  
—*Detroit Times*.

"There ought to be only one head to any family," shouted the orator. "That's true," replied a married-looking man in the audience. "You agree with me?" shouted the speaker. "I do," replied the married-looking man. "I've just paid for hats for nine daughters."  
—*People's Home Journal*.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Dilemma of the Public Utilities.

Among the serious and pressing problems growing out of war conditions, and indirectly related to efficiency in the war, is that presented by the public utility companies of the country, caught between the upper millstone of increasing cost of operation and the nether millstone of rigidly fixed charges for service. Every factor entering into the business of local transportation, of gas and electric lighting, and many other public utilities essential to the orderly and productive life of communities and commonly owned by private companies, has gone up at the point of cost. Reckoning the items of labor, material, transportation, and other elements in the make-up of cost sheets, the increase ranges from 25 to 60 per cent. Furthermore, the work of these agencies has become more and more vital as it relates to activities which support the war. The expansion of industry incidental to the war and necessary to it puts upon every public utility increased demands and heavier burdens.

It is no secret that all over the country public utility companies are literally staggering under conditions as on the one hand they augment the charges of operation and on the other are limited by positive restrictions.

The general transportation system broke down under the strain months ago, and the experience of the government since its assumption of possession and control of the railroads has served to illustrate the impossibility of meeting the new and heavy charges of operation in conjunction with the old schedule of rates. In the less than half-year since the government took over the roads it has been demonstrated that to meet the new conditions of increased expense there must be a sharp advance in charges for both freight and passenger service.

In respect of the railroad situation the government may arbitrarily readjust rates. But a similar privilege is not permitted to the local companies which carry on a vast range of relatively minor utilities. In practically every case these companies are held to definite schedules of charges prescribed prior to the coming on of the war. Thus, while they must pay more for everything, they are not permitted to proportionately advance their charges. The result is that many agencies of public utility which formerly were established upon sound conditions now find themselves heading toward bankruptcy. Many have actually broken down; all are suffering. This in spite of enforced and in many cases unwise and unjust economies, including the cutting off of dividends to stockholders.

One effect of this situation, and a very serious effect it is, is that the credit upon which public utility companies must rely for extension and improvement of their plants has been destroyed. Thus, although demands incidental to the war involve them in new obligations, they find it impossible to obtain the means for meeting these obligations. Investors will not advance money necessary for the extension and expansion of public utilities when profit-and-loss balances are on the wrong side of the ledger. And there is further weakness under a system of regulation and control which places the only means of relief in the hands of official bodies organized politically and disinclined upon political considerations to concede privileges of increased charges upon the public.

The obvious remedy for increased cost of operation is permission to augment revenues by advanced charges for service. If local transportation companies, lighting companies, power companies, and the like are required to pay more for wages and material, if they are called upon to augment their services to meet the demands of war industry, then they must be allowed such advance in rates as will yield, not only adequate returns upon investments, but profits sufficient to sustain the credit upon which alone there may be dependence for the means of enlarging their facilities.

In recent official utterances the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Comptroller of the Currency have recognized the importance under the necessities of war of maintaining the local utility companies upon a sound basis. As the President has expressed it, these agencies must be prepared to "respond promptly to the necessities of the situation." The logic of this requirement addresses itself directly to state and municipal authorities in whom repose the rate-making power. Their duty is to look the facts in the face, to consider both the needs and the equities of the situation, and so seeing to revise and reestablish rates of charges for public services upon equitable terms.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, a journal not given to courageous utterance, has recently had the temerity to discuss this issue with admirable candor. Pointing out that the situation as affecting the efficiencies and equities involved in public utilities is "going from bad to worse," it declares the necessity for a general advance in rates. Its summing up of the issue in a recent number is notably emphatic and just. We quote:

As with the railroads the whole case of private versus government ownership is involved. If the American experi-

ment of private ownership and public regulation fails because regulating bodies have not the courage to face criticism or because they are animated by hostility to capital, the only alternative is government ownership—to the great satisfaction of Tammany Hall and every like organization. The experiment will fail unless, on the whole, regulating bodies discover a more courageous and liberal temper.

### Congress and the War.

It is not an unreasonable assumption that behind the systematic encroachment being made by the executive department upon the powers of Congress there is definite calculation. Bear in mind that the President has demanded and has been granted (through the Overman bill) the right to readjust the various services of the government at his pleasure and without consulting Congress. Further bear in mind that he has demanded and has been granted (through the so-called Sedition bill) power to discipline whomever may hinder or offensively criticize the authorities of administration. On top of this the Secretary of War has demanded authority to enlist fighting forces in unlimited numbers and the Secretary of the Treasury is insisting upon a new revenue law in advance of immediate necessity, but handy to have in time of need. Witness still further the demand for a grant of many billions which can not possibly be expended prior to the end of 1919. These authorizations, made and in the making, taken together create a situation practically eliminating the necessity of congressional action to a time beyond expiration of the term of the present Congress, which dies on March 4, 1919. Thus this Congress by its own acts under the whip of administrative insistence is signing a warrant of practical nullification of the authority and powers of the next Congress. Naturally the more intelligent men of this Congress are shocked, hurt, humiliated. None the less they and their colleagues acceded to every demand and are obviously in the way of yielding everything that may be asked by the Administration.

A congressional election is to be held this coming November and there is the possibility that the present Democratic majority may be lost. When this Congress dies on March 4th next no regular session is to be held until the first Monday in the following December—more than a year from the date of election. Congress can only come to Washington during the interim of nine months between March 4th next and the first Monday in December of 1919 at the call of the President. It is possible that in any event, with powers and appropriations duly established upon the lines of present demands, acceded to and pending, the President may not want to have a Congress "on his hands." Especially if the new Congress should be dominated by the Republicans it will be convenient to be exempt alike from its advice and its restraints.

It is possible that some such reflections as these are in the minds of the leading members of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, which is seeking for itself—and is likely to get—a blanket grant of authority. Its project is defined in the following resolution offered by Senator Hitchcock on Monday of this week:

Resolved, That in addition to the authority given to the Military Affairs Committee by Senate Resolution 48, heretofore adopted, the committee is hereby authorized to incur necessary traveling expenses, and employ assistants, and its sub-committees are authorized, if deemed necessary, to sit during the recess of Congress. [Resolution 48 is that adopted at the beginning of the session, under which the committee has been acting in its investigations thus far.]

Thus commissioned—with authority to pursue its inquiries when and where it pleases—the committee would practically carry the powers of the Senate through the period when Congress is not in session, however protracted.

It is further to be noted that as now constituted—it has recently been augmented in numbers—the Senate



Committee on Military Affairs is an imposing body, inclusive of the larger personal forces of both parties in the Senate. And it is still further to be noted that it is dominated by senators who in recent months have been open critics of executive shortcomings. Already this committee by its courage and forcefulness has projected itself into the conduct of the war. It has become the one channel of information not under the restraints of executive authority, the one source through which the country is informed of what actually is being done in war organization and war supply. Since the day when Chairman Chamberlain startled the country by boldly declaring that many things were amiss in the war administration, it has enforced many notable reforms. Schwab, Stettinus, Ryan, Goethals, Hughes stand in proof. It can do much more and if we do not mistake its spirit it has the courage and the determination to do more.

In view of all this it is worth while to bear in mind the personnel of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, by far the most important committee of Congress at this time. Here is its make-up: Democrats—George E. Chamberlain of Oregon (chairman), Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska, Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida, Henry L. Myers of Montana, Charles S. Thomas of Colorado, Morris Sheppard of Texas, J. C. W. Beckham of Kentucky, William F. Kirby of Arkansas, James A. Reed of Missouri, Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, Hoke Smith of Georgia; Republicans—Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, Howard Sutherland of West Virginia, Harry S. New of Indiana, Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Hiram W. Johnson of California, Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania.

#### Mr. Borglum's Status.

There has been an atmosphere of mystery concerning the status of Mr. Borglum, whose investigations into the aeroplane situation, with his insistence in urging their results upon the President, was the means of bringing a desperate situation to public attention. This mystery, according to an Associated Press report, has been "cleared up" by publication of a letter written to Borglum last month by the President. But to certain minds the clearing-up process only adds an element of bewilderment to an already confused situation. In his letter of April 15th the President wrote to Borglum:

I never at any time constituted you an official investigator. I merely gave you the right to look into the matter of your own motion.

We have wished at every point to assist you and to make possible for you what you wished to do, but we have at no time regarded you as the official representative of the Administration in making the investigation. If I had so regarded you, I would, of course, have supplied you with such assistance as you feel you lacked.

This would seem plain enough, and it would indeed clear up the matter if we had not at hand a copy of another letter written by the President to Borglum of date January 2, 1918—three months prior to the letter above quoted. In its full text it is as follows:

January 2, 1918.  
MY DEAR MR. BORGLUM: I have your letter of December 25th.

Knowing the earnest of loyal purpose with which you have written me I have conferred with the Secretary of War, and at his request and my own hearty concurrence I urge you to come at once to Washington, lay the whole matter frankly and fully before the Secretary, and by your own investigation discover the facts of this business.

The Secretary of War assures me that he will be delighted to clothe you with full authority to get to the bottom of every situation and that he will place at your disposal the services of Mr. Stanley King, a member of his own personal staff, if you desire to have his counsel in your inquiries.

The Secretary further says that he will bring you into personal contact with General Squier, whom you doubtless already know personally, and will direct that every facility of inquiry be placed at your disposal.

When you have thus investigated, if the other experts whom you suggest in your letter of December 25th still seem desirable to be appointed, you can say so to the Secretary, and in the event of any difference of judgment between you, which seems to me impossible, I would be most happy to have a report from you personally to me on any phase of the matter which remains in the slightest degree doubtful in your mind.

Cordially yours, WOODROW WILSON.

The point in question is: Did or did not this letter of January 2d constitute an official appointment of Mr. Borglum? The President said in January: "I urge you to come at once to Washington \* \* \* the

Secretary of War will \* \* \* clothe you with full authority \* \* \* I would be most happy to have a report from you personally," etc. Most men, we think, would regard this as an official appointment. We can but wonder if Colonel House or John Lind and others who have represented the President in affairs large and small under executive commission ever had anything more definite.

Secretary Baker deemed the letter of sufficient authority to assign a room in the War Department to Mr. Borglum and to assign an assistant—the same Stanley King named by the President—to help him. But presently, according to his own version of the matter, Borglum found that King was "double crossing" him, that he was being shadowed by detectives put on by some one in the War Department, so he quit the office.

#### Notes on the War.

Mr. Baker's statement that the United States now has upwards of half a million men in Europe would be more definitely an assurance if his repute for accuracy had not suffered through previous mistaken or evasive declarations. We may have, as the Secretary declares, half a million men in Europe, but this estimate is probably inclusive of noncombatant elements—engineers, physicians, nurses, Red Cross workers, laborers, and miscellaneous attaches. A considerable element of combatant forces is known to be in England undergoing training there. Unofficial estimates place the number of actual fighting men under command of General Pershing and prepared for actual service at approximately 200,000. There are definite assurances that the current movement of men across the Atlantic is rapid, being largely aided by the loan to the American government of British transports formerly employed in carrying troops from Australia and New Zealand to the war zone. Arrivals in England en route to France are reported to be at the rate of 50,000 to 60,000 per week.

If we could accept the red "banner lines" of the evening papers at one-half face value, and if we might believe only half of the complimentary and congratulatory guff of even the less lurid daily papers, we should get the impression that the Americans on the battle front are doing pretty much all the fighting. But when we get down to cold figures and discover that in a single week the British losses in the western sphere run somewhere from 12,000 to 15,000 men; that the French losses run somewhere in excess of 8000 men; that the Belgians, the Portuguese, the East Indians, and other minor factors in the fighting run, at the point of losses, upwards of 1000; and that concurrently the Americans lost less than fifty killed and less than 200 wounded, we get the situation in truer perspective. No, men and brethren, we are not doing all the fighting! But it remains to be said that in so far as they have been employed in actual warfare the Americans have carried themselves courageously and effectively. They have, when the exact truth is told, had a modest part in recent operations in conjunction with British and French forces, but they have neither shirked nor flinched. It is of record that they have already won the commendation of the Allied commanders and that their achievements thus far go to sustain hopes that the ultimate and decisive factor of the war will be the on-coming millions from America. In the meantime nothing is gained by extravagant appraisements and spectacular boasts.

The new pact between Germany and Austria under close inspection is seen to be an acknowledged extension of the sovereignty of Prussia over Austria. This was practically achieved at the beginning of the war; now it becomes a definitely admitted fact. Austria, as all the world knows, is a hodge-podge of nationalities held in leash by the predominant German element in Austria. The tie of common allegiance, never a strong one, would long ago have broken under the strain of war if the late Francis Joseph and his successor, Charles, had not accepted practically the Prussian overlordship. The situation has now become so serious that it is necessary to go further and make complete submission to the Prussian power. Austria would be in revolt today but for the argument of force supplied in her internal organization, civil and military, by Prussia. In truth, many of the factors of the Austrian sovereignty are in sentimental revolt, but are held to endurance of the hardships of war, and to such support

of its operations as may be rung from them, by sheer terrorism.

This latest development of treasonable intrigue in Ireland should—and will, we suspect—completely nullify sympathy in this country for the "Irish cause" as defined by the Sinn Fein leaders. There are few here—and we hope in Ireland—so eager for Irish independence of British authority as to be willing to exchange it for the authority of Germany, and still fewer willing to make Ireland a pawn in the German game. Beyond a doubt the present movement has been developed through Germany intrigue and supported by German money. The Sinn Fein leaders have plainly sold themselves, and have exhibited their willingness to sell their country to the enemies of every principle and practice in government condemned by their own platform and under their own pretensions. There is nothing for British authority to do but to deal with the situation promptly and sternly, as it appears to be doing. It is useless or something worse to attempt to conciliate elements so steeped in malice, so hardened against motives of honor, so crazed by vicious emotions as to be insensible to any restraint. The fate of the leaders in this movement now under arrest has yet to be determined. It will serve them right if they shall be lined up *en masse* against a stone wall and given short shrift at the hands of a firing squad. The fewer such creatures the better for the world in general and the better for Ireland in particular.

More and more it becomes manifest that the war with its requirements, immediate and prospective, is doing for the American people a great and necessary service. First it is erasing divisional lines among our people and reincorporating them under new sentiments of national unity. Seventeen millions of our people subscribed individually to the Third Liberty Loan. This means that more than a majority of all American families have become actively affiliated in the task of voluntarily supporting the war. It means further that they have become interested financially in the stability and responsibility of the government. Other millions of our people—in large part women—are devotedly employed in the work of the Red Cross and in other volunteer activities. All this implies nothing less than a new birth of patriotic spirit. Our people, very largely alien in their origin and strange to each other, are now finding ground of a common sympathy and a common interest through the war and as a result of the sacrifices it is demanding. Already its reactions are clearly traceable. They include the dropping of frivolous amusements and pastimes for serious work, ranging from preparation for the trenches to the clicking of knitting needles. They are to be seen in the popular practice, open and proud, of careful economy. They are further illustrated in a tendency to serious things, notably reflected in greater dignity of thought and of conversation. They are discovered in a general disposition to harken less to the political demagogue and to turn for inspiration and leadership to men of greater solidity of character and of demonstrated powers of judgment. Concurrently they appear in a growing sense of justice due to all elements, even those long under the ban of popular prejudice and of class resentment. The interests represented on the one hand by labor and on the other by capital are coming to a more intelligent and just understanding, one with the other. In brief the war, with its common demands, its common sacrifices, its enthronement of what is real as distinct from what is false, its appeal to courage and to sympathy, its stimulation of generosity, and its subordination of selfish aims, is making over the American people, welding them in the spirit of brotherhood, reviving in them the virtues typified by the greater names and fames of our national history. It is costly—vastly costly in a hundred terms—but is there anybody with powers of observation and understanding who does not see that it is worth the price?

Confidence grows, not in the sense that anybody is expecting a sudden and spectacular triumph, but in the feeling that the conditions which lead to ultimate victory make surely for our cause. The arrogant assumptions of the enemy are seen to be without foundation; his powers do not sustain his boasts. More and more is it discovered that behind his practice of terrorism is the moral weakness which ever haunts an unholy cause. A month ago there was universal fear that the des-



perate western drive toward Paris might succeed. Today this spectre has vanished. Again, again, and still again the German pushed forward with utmost determination, only to be repulsed. His preparations for a fourth assault are obviously making, but there is in the prospect no force of terror or fear. Thwarted thrice—at the Marne, at Verdun, and at Amiens—he will be thwarted again. It is in the atmosphere, in the sense of the men on the battle line and in the sense of the nations that "they shall not pass." Much of the deepening confidence on the part of the Allied nations rests upon the calm reserve of the supreme commander, General Foch. "Ask me nothing," he said to an inquirer on Sunday of this week; "I shall tell you nothing. I am confident." This is the attitude of a man of firm spirit, of intelligent purpose, of faith in himself. A weak man, an uncertain man, would be filling these void and waiting days with futile talk. The man who grimly says, "I shall tell you nothing; I am confident," inspires faith. When such a man is confident, all is well. Verily they shall not pass!

#### Editorial Notes.

Subscriptions to the Fewell Eye-Glass Fund received since last report aggregate \$129. From W. Johannsen & Co., Oakland (made up of various contributions), \$25; Mrs. Hattie S. Walton, Sacramento (additional), \$50; Sarah Schwabacher, Paso Robles, \$5; M. W. Alt-mayer, San Francisco, \$12; G. T., Portland, \$5; Johanna Courtney, San Francisco, \$2; "Students of Herter Murals," through Mrs. Juliet L. James, Berkeley, \$30.

#### The Farmers of Glenn County and a Slacker (From the Glenn County (Cal.) Transcript, May 4th.)

A meeting of one of the several Liberty Loan committees was held at the Glenn Club rooms last evening at which the following-named persons were present: S. M. Chaney, H. M. Plimpton, Lester Scheeline, J. W. Monroe, A. W. Dunstan, L. B. McBride, A. Plato, L. Speier, T. J. O'Connor, A. D. Pieper, L. M. Reager, J. E. Birch, Leland Drew, C. R. Wickes, George R. Freeman, W. H. Sale, E. W. Wright, F. W. Leavitt, G. Kotes, Edgar Hunter, R. M. Smith, H. G. Rawlins, P. G. Jones, D. C. Linchbaugh, Frank Chamberlain, W. B. Sale. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Newton Peterman, a resident of Willows, has not subscribed to either the first or second issue of Liberty War Bonds, and

Whereas, up to and until the afternoon of May 3d the said Newton Peterman had subscribed for only \$100 of the third issue of Liberty Bonds, and only under moral pressure subscribed to an additional \$500 of said bonds, and

Whereas, it appears to the satisfaction of this committee that said Newton Peterman is the owner of 1100 acres of land in the County of Glenn, free and clear of encumbrances, which land is assessed for \$34,500, and that he has from his own statement the sum of \$14,000 on deposit in banks, and that it appears that he made profits of at least \$50,000 during the year 1917 from a rice crop on the land so owned by him, and that the profits so obtained were attributed directly to the fact that the war exists, and that he is well able to and should subscribe liberally for Liberty Bonds, and

Whereas, A special committee sent out from this meeting to request the presence of said Newton Peterman before the committee has met with the response from said Newton Peterman that he would not appear and that he will not further subscribe for Liberty Bonds and that if the people of this community do not want him to reside here that he will move away, and

Whereas, It is the sense of this committee that the proposition advanced by said Newton Peterman to the effect that if the people of the community do not want him to reside here he will move, should be accepted;

Now, therefore, he it resolved:

(1) That it is the sense of this committee that the proposition so advanced by said Newton Peterman he accepted and that he be notified that the liberty-loving, patriotic people of Glenn County would be well pleased to have him move from the County of Glenn.

(2) That we recommend to the merchants and to all patriotic people generally that they abstain from association of any kind with said Newton Peterman to the extent that they shall refuse to have any commercial dealings with him or to his use or for his benefit, or any association with any merchant or other person who does have commercial dealings with said Newton Peterman, or to his use or benefit, and

(3) Be it further resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded by registered mail to said Peterman, and that a copy thereof be given to the public press with the request that it be given publication.

[This medicine proved immediately effective in purging Glenn County of a slacker. We are informed that upon receiving a copy of these resolutions Peterman sold his place at a sacrifice and left the county. Good work—mighty good work!—EDITOR ARGONAUT.]

"Pretty, Pretty!" said Little Rollo, Clapping His Hands."  
(From Colonel Harvey's War Weekly.)

Two items printed on the same day:

Dr. Karl Buenz, managing director of the Hamburg-American Line, who was sentenced to serve eighteen months in the Atlanta penitentiary more than two years ago for issuing false manifests. Marshal McCarthy allowed his valet to join the party and make the trip.

On the trip to the Atlanta prison, Buenz will be allowed to occupy a parlor-car and will be extended every courtesy. If he becomes ill the party will stop off until he has recovered sufficiently to proceed.

Mr. Gerard said that no one in this country could have any conception of the cruelty and beastliness with which war prisoners are treated by the Germans. He instanced the herding of French, British, and Italian prisoners in Rublehen, healthy and strong, with Russians infected with typhus fever, offering as the only excuse that the British and French "must learn to know their allies."

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Nearly day by day for a month we have been told of the preparations to resume the great German offensive. There have been bombardments up and down the line all the way from Montdidier to Ypres, and these bombardments have been of the kind that usually precede an attack. There has been some heavy fighting at Kimmel and at some other points, but it has been provoked by the Allied forces in their search for improved local positions. A German attack on a large scale has seemed to be imminent on more than one occasion, but it has faded away. We have the usual vague reports of the passage through Belgium of large masses of German troops, but probably movements of this kind are continuous and up to the moment of writing they have led to nothing. There is an unmistakable note of hesitation in the German activities, and while the Allied bulletins seem to foreshadow a renewal of the assault there is nothing to indicate any intensive preparation for it, nor to account for the long delay, a longer delay than actual military preparations would seem to demand. None the less we may believe that it is now imminent, and that favorable weather may at any moment be the signal for its beginning.

We can better appreciate the position if we look at the problem from the German point of view, which includes something much wider than the battlefields in the west. Germany is fighting, not so much that she may win battles, as that she may emerge from the struggle in a position of world dominance. She has already attained that position so far as treaties can secure it to her, seeing that she has conquered Russia, Roumania, and Serbia, and therefore has three alternative routes into Asia Minor, three roads to India, to Africa, and to China. She is still fighting in the west, not at all that she may gratify the pan-Germans by further territorial extensions—and the pan-Germans are noisy, but not very numerous—but that she may crush the resistance of the Allies to the realization and consolidation of her eastern gains. She knows well that her eastern treaties have no validity whatever except through the assent, compulsory or otherwise, of the Allies, that so long as the Allies remain uncrushed those treaties are scraps of paper and nothing more. She knows also—and here is the heart of her difficulty—that those eastern treaties were extracted by force and from unrepresentative signatories, that they are liable at any moment to be repudiated by aroused, indignant, and disillusioned nationalities, and that they will be effective just for so long as she has soldiers on the spot to make them effective, and not for a moment longer. She herself has impudently broken those treaties before their ink was dry, and she knows that retaliation must come as soon as it shall be possible. Her supreme task at the moment is then to consolidate her eastern gains, and to protect them alike against the armed veto of the Allies in the west, and the coming repudiation of the peoples from whom they were extracted. At the present moment those gains are secured only by treaties that have the flimsiest vitality, that may at any moment be canceled by popular uprisings or counter-revolutions, and that are certain eventually to be canceled by the veto of the Allies unless those Allies can in the meantime be beaten into acquiescence. And in order to secure this latter end she has largely withdrawn her forces from the east, and has left her eastern gains to rely for their maintenance upon her record and her prestige. In other words her conquests in the east are phantom conquests. They have no real strength except from the attenuated forces that she has left there. They are actually neutralized by the still unconquered armies of the Allies in the west, and they are threatened with instant repudiation by the roused nations who were throttled into compliance. And the awakening of the Russians and the Ukrainians may come at any moment—it seems to be coming now—and when it comes it will be followed by renewed resistance from Roumania.

It is now clear that the German military commanders are divided into eastern and western parties, as have the Allied commanders and statesmen since the beginning of the war. The division has been one, not of aim, but of the methods to attain that aim. When we are told that the war must be decided in the west, what is meant is that western battles will determine whether the Central Powers are to have an open road through the Balkans, or by other alternative routes, into Asia Minor, to China, and to the Pacific. Both "easterners" and "westerners," Teutonic and Allied, are in full agreement that Asia Minor is the cage of the war. The disagreement is in the choice of battlefields whereon that issue shall be decided. Probably history will determine that the Allies made their supreme mistake when they decided to bar Germany from the east by heating her in the west, and to concentrate their power in France and Flanders in the hope of winning the war so decisively as to impose their veto upon any further eastern advance. Germany was willing enough to encourage that view. There was nothing she wanted so much as an unopposed hand in the east. She, at least, never allowed her vision to wander from the main chance, which she knew to be in Asia. She waged war in the west with every appearance of determination and vigor, but she never relaxed her steady march eastward. She was resolved to be the man in possession. She conquered Roumania and Russia and thus secured the highroads that she coveted, and in the meantime she could look with equanimity upon Allied successes in the west that actually had only an indirect bearing upon the essentials of the situation, so long as they led to no positive disaster. If Germany could have been so far crushed in the west as to render her incapable of resistance anywhere, the Allied plan would have been abundantly justified. Her grip upon the

east could then have been easily torn loose. But Germany could not be crushed in this way. She could be beaten, it is true, at Verdun, on the Somme, and elsewhere, but in the meantime her tentacles were steadily enveloping the eastern fields. She was accomplishing her greater aims even at the moment of her seeming discomfiture. If the Allies had been content to hold their western lines with a minimum of force while at the same time directing their supreme energies to heading off Germany from her eastern goal they would probably at this moment be the masters of the Balkans, and they could have built an impenetrable barrier across the Teutonic road eastward. Germany is now in possession of that road, although her gains are discounted by the presence of British armies at Jerusalem and Bagdad. Encouraging the Allies to believe that she, too, regarded the western fields as the centre of the storm, she has quietly placed herself in the only position that she has ever intended permanently to occupy, and she has done this practically without opposition, almost without observation.

None the less it is evident that so great a success in Russia, Roumania, and Serbia has caused a loss of balance to the German plans and has encouraged the German "westerners" to forget the substance in pursuit of the shadow. Competent observers in Switzerland and other neutral countries speak of a sharp difference of opinion among the German commanders. On the one side is Von Hindenburg, who is the typical "easterner," and who insists that the consolidation of the eastern gains is the task of paramount importance, and that to risk a great western offensive is to risk everything both east and west. Let us make ourselves absolutely secure in what we have already won, Hindenburg is represented as saying. We are now strong enough so to establish ourselves in the east that we can never again be shaken, no matter what shall happen in the west. Here at least is the treasure actually in the hank. To start a mighty adventure in the west means that we leave the east practically unprotected and at the mercy of counter-movements that are certain to come. To move our armies from the east is to expose everything that we have actually gained, whereas if we hold the west with a minimum of force we can then concentrate ourselves upon the consolidation of the east, and make our position so strong as to be permanent. A western offensive means to risk everything. We shall endanger a certainty for the sake of a possibility, and a rather remote possibility at that.

But on the other hand was the Crown Prince, supported by Von Ludendorff. Both are "westerners," and particularly the Crown Prince, who can not appreciate the greater national problems, and whose career in the west has been one of unbroken failure. The hesitating ambition of the Crown Prince is to take Paris, and he can see nothing beyond that brilliant and unattainable dream. Hindenburg is said to have hotly opposed the idea of a western offensive that would involve the exposure of his eastern conquests to the chances of counter-revolution, but he was overborne by the weight of the Crown Prince and of Ludendorff, who succeeded in obtaining the rather vacillating support of the emperor. Hindenburg maintained his opposition until within some three weeks of the beginning of the offensive, and then he was finally persuaded to give to it his assent, but on the condition that it should not be carried beyond a certain point, and that as soon as it had been brought to a standstill, as he predicted that it would, it should then be abandoned and sufficient forces sent back to the east to make good the situation there against the chances of counter-revolution in Russia, and to secure the control of Greece by an attack upon the Allied forces at Saloniki. We are further told that Hindenburg claimed the fulfillment of the bargain after the failure of the attack upon Ypres, and that there were stormy scenes with Ludendorff and the Crown Prince, who denied that the offensive had actually been brought to a standstill, and claimed that its third stage was still to be fought. These are said to be the circumstances that caused the delay in the beginning of the offensive, and that have produced the hesitation following on the battle for Ypres and the Channel ports.

Assuming this explanation to have a basis of truth, it is now becoming evident that Hindenburg's forebodings of trouble in the east are being justified. There is no trouble not only at one point, but at many. Russian Soviet troops are said to have driven the Germans out of Rostov-on-Don. The Russian government has addressed a heated protest to Berlin against the outrages inflicted upon White Russians, who have been plundered and murdered in the congenial German way. Women and children trying to escape have been flogged and massacred, and the Jews have been subjected to special outrages, presumably because their intelligence and love of liberty renders them particularly dangerous. The Russo-Finnish border is said to be blocked with troops, White Guard and Bolshevik, and a battle is imminent, while the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin says that war has been proclaimed at Ekaterinosl, Odessa, and Poltava, and that there are large Russian forces in the neighborhood. The Ukraine is evidently ablaze with revolt in spite of treaties and Germany has been compelled to suppress the Rada and to resort to her usual methods of terrorism. She is also sending Bavarian troops back from the western front. Small wonder that the "easterners" among the German commanders should recognize that their tenure of Russia is of the most frail kind, that their conquests are nominal only, that the transfer of troops in such numbers to the western field was a grave mistake, and that it is a still graver mistake to begin a great offensive there that is likely to demand every available man, and of which no one can foresee the end. The eastern situation, we are told, is causing the gravest concern to the Ger-



man authorities, and well it may. No one with even the most casual knowledge of Russia can doubt for a moment that vast social forces are on the move, and that so far we have done no more than watch the agitation of the froth upon the surface. Russia is not represented by brutal and mutinous soldiers, nor by the riffraff of Petrograd, nor by the Bolsheviks. The real intelligence of a nation moves slowly, noiselessly, and cautiously, and it waits for the storm of unreasoning passion to subside. It was so in the French revolution and in all revolutions, and evidence is not wanting that it will be so here. And no knows better than Germany that it will make light work of treaties signed by illiterate rioters without a particle of representative character. Nor must we forget that disturbances in the Ukraine are a menace to the food supplies that Germany hopes to secure from that province, and that she is now not likely to secure except by force that she is less and less well equipped to supply.

None the less we must assume that Germany has cast her die in the west and that her great offensive will continue, but it has already been robbed of every element of expectant triumph. If it should still succeed to the utmost of her hopes it will be justified, and she will then be able to proceed to the consolidation of her eastern gains undisturbed by the threat of an Allied veto. But anything short of complete success will be disastrous to her, and complete success is barely within the limits of possibility. She is markedly weaker than when she fought the battles of Amiens and Ypres, and the Allies are markedly stronger. They lost ground, it is true, a great deal of ground, but it contained nothing of strategic importance, and they demonstrated their ability to fight their foes to a standstill, and this without any great draft upon their reserves. Large numbers of Italians have reached the fighting lines, and it may be said also that large numbers of Austrian Slavs are making their way northward into France. The Allies will be at the usual disadvantage of not knowing exactly where the attack will be brought, and this will probably result in an initial loss of ground. But we ought now to be beyond the reach of the pessimism that such losses have induced in the past. They will have even less significance than they had in the earlier battles of the offensive. If the attack is brought in the direction of Amiens, as seems to be the expectation, it will have the same immediate objectives as the final struggle. It will be intended to force apart the French and British armies, and thus indirectly lead to the capture of Paris. It is at this main objective that we must look, and not at battlefield fluctuations that mean little or nothing. This main objective will either be won or it will not be won. If it is won, then we must face a great German victory. If it is not won, then Germany has failed, and disastrously failed, no matter what territory she may overrun in the process. She will be more firmly anchored to the west than she was before. She will have suffered the most grievous and paralyzing losses, and her eastern position—which is the gage of the war—will be far more precarious than at any other time. Her position will then be a nearly desperate one, and she will be exposed to the full force of an Allied counter-attack in which the now considerable American force will bear its expected part.

Americans are now being landed in Europe at the rate of about ten thousand a day, a fact significant of the helplessness of the submarines in the face of proper convoys. Up to the present time only one ship has been caught, the *Tuscania*, and even here the loss of life was relatively inconsiderable. Perhaps it is too much to hope that such immunity will be preserved to the end of the chapter, but the existing record is none the less a remarkable one. We may suppose that the Americans are helping to swell the strength of the army of reserves, and that they are not being sent to the actual fighting lines, and certainly it is in the army of reserves that they would be of most value. This is the army that will give the decisive blow, and it is upon this army that we must keep our eyes, no matter how serious the situation may seem to be on the actual fighting lines. It is evident that Foch does not wish to bring this force into action except under the most extreme necessity. It is intended to be an offensive, and not a defensive, army. Considering the situation from all possible angles, and with a view to the great issues of the war rather than to the ebb and flow of battles, we may believe that the situation of Germany has never been more critical than it is now, and that she must either decisively win the approaching fight—that is to say attain her objectives irrespective of all other considerations—or enter upon a disintegrating defensive that must be the prelude of her downfall.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22, 1918.

In his advice to young actors Edwin Booth said: "A frequent change of rôle, and of the lighter sort, especially such as one does not like, forcing one's self to use the very utmost of one's ability in the performance of, is the training requisite for a mastery of the actor's art. I had seven years' apprenticeship at it, during which most of my labor was in the field of comedy, walking gentlemen, burlesque, and low comedy parts, the while my soul was yearning for high tragedy. I did my best with all that I was cast for, however, and the unpleasant experience did me a world of good."

Nearly everybody was born right-handed, and yet, two, and some authorities say four, out of every 100 are left-handed. In a test of 2000 school children it was found that 4½ per cent. of the girls and 5½ per cent. of the boys used the left hand in preference to the right.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Henry Wilson, the new chief of the British imperial general staff, is said to have greatly pleased some men of the new army by a brief speech which he made some time ago. "You men," he said, "must not be afraid of taking responsibility and showing initiative. If you find yourselves in a tight corner, in which it seems to you that the book is wrong, then chuck the book."

M. Escoffier, whose name is known far and wide as that of the famous French chef, has received the bronze medal for distinguished war service. In 1870 he shouldered his rifle and was taken prisoner by the enemy. Having discovered his identity, the Germans sent him to the royal kitchens to cook for the emperor. At the close of the war every inducement was offered him to stay in the imperial service, but Escoffier declined the honor and returned to his own country.

Josef Stransky, chosen to continue to lead the orchestra of the New York Philharmonic Society after a formal avowal of pro-Ally sympathies, is a native of Bohemia. After formal cultural study at the universities of Prague, Vienna, and Leipzig, he studied music with masters in Leipzig and Vienna. In 1911 he went to New York City to take the post of leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and has retained the position during all the difficulties and controversies of the period, not a few of which have been due to the war. Mr. Stransky also has been a composer of songs, an opera, and symphonies.

Mrs. Hilda Mühlhauser Richards, who has been made chief of the women's industrial division in the United States Department of Labor, headed the first municipal employment bureau in America. That was in Cleveland, Ohio. The daughter of a wealthy Cleveland wool manufacturer, Mrs. Richard had from girlhood made a study of the working conditions of women. In order to get first-hand information on her subject in the most authentic manner she went into factories and learned by actual experience. She was associate head worker of a Cleveland settlement, and for eight years lived in an industrial neighborhood, where she came in daily contact with women in industry.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, the great Russian idealist, revolutionist, and world-known scientist, recently reached the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. He was born in an old aristocratic quarter of Moscow, the son of a prince, a landed proprietor possessing vast estates and arbiter of the destinies of over 1200 serfs. When he was eight years old he so completely took the fancy of Emperor Nicholas I at a costume ball given in honor of the imperial family that the emperor, taking him by the arm, led him over to Marie Alexandrovna (the wife of the heir to the throne), who was then expecting her third child, and in his military way said: "That is the sort of boy you must bring me."

Lord Leverhulme, who has recently purchased Lewis, one of the Outer Hebrides, from Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Matheson, is chairman of the firm of Lever Brothers, Ltd., the famous soap manufacturers at Port Sunlight. Lord Leverhulme is a strong advocate of a six-hour working day, and continually speaks in support of this reform at public meetings throughout the country. His ambition is to see the working classes given enough time for study and wholesome recreation. Lever Brothers, like the Cadburys, have done a very great deal in making the conditions of their employees as good as possible, and Port Sunlight is one of the best known model townships in England.

George W. Norris, United States senator from Nebraska, over whose availability as a candidate for renomination by the Republican party and reelection by the people there is a dispute, is a "progressive," who made his record as such in the House of Representatives during a ten years' term of service. He was then a leader in the revolt against the control of the party by elements that he believed to be reactionary; and in his general attitude he sympathized with the policies of Mr. Roosevelt. Never, since he entered on a career as a lawmaker, following a career as a judge, has he been an easy man to control; and he has a characteristic way of siding with minorities and of opposing majority trends.

Fuel Administrator Garfield's qualifications as a business man are thus set forth by a recent biographer: "In 1901 he became manager of a Cleveland syndicate that developed the coal mines in the Piney Fork district of Ohio, built a railroad from those mines to a Lake Erie port, and finally sold the properties to the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Company. He was president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce in 1898, was a member of its executive committee for several years, and as chairman of its building committee conducted the construction of its present building. He helped to organize the Cleveland Trust Company, which has been successful as one of the most ably managed financial institutions of Cleveland. During his years of practice as an attorney he had sole charge of an estate that had interests in Lake Michigan iron mines, in a shipbuilding firm, in real estate, and in various business companies."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Charter Oak.

Once there came, in days of yore,  
A minion from the mother shore,  
With men-at-arms and flashing eye  
Of predetermined tyranny.  
High words he spake, and stretched his hand,  
Young Freedom's charter to demand.

But lo! it vanished from his sight,  
And sudden darkness fell like night,  
While, baffled still, in wrath and pain,  
He, groping, sought the prize in vain:  
For a brave hand, in trust to me,  
Had given that germ of liberty;  
And like our relative of old  
Who clasped his arms, serenely bold,

Around the endangered prince who fled  
The scaffold where his father bled,  
I hid it, safe from storm and blast,  
Until the days of dread were past;  
And then my faithful breast restored  
The treasure to its rightful lord.

For this do pilgrims seek my side,  
And artists sketch my varying pride,  
And far away o'er ocean's brine,  
An acorn or a leaf of mine,  
I hear, are stored as relics rich  
In antiquarian's classic niche.

—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

### When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies, they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The village lads and lasses say,  
With roses they will strew the way;  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The laurel-wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part,  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

—Patrick S. Gilmore.

### Lenore.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!  
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;  
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now or never  
more!

See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!  
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!  
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her  
pride,  
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she  
died!

How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be  
sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous  
tongue  
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so  
young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song  
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!  
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew  
beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been  
thy bride—

For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! tonight my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise.  
But wait the angel on her flight with a psalm of old days!  
Let no bell toll—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,  
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned  
Earth.

To friend above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is  
riven—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—  
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King  
of Heaven."

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Laboratory experiments conducted of late have shown that a candle flame will become extinguished when the oxygen content of the atmosphere in which it is burning falls to about 15 per cent. Sulphur stops burning when all but 13.5 per cent. of the oxygen in an inclosed space has been exhausted. The case of charcoal, however, is notable. Combustion continues until only 9 per cent. of the oxygen remains.

It is stated that the needless waste of gasoline in the United States is over 1,000,000 gallons per day, or sufficient to supply our war requirements. Leaky and badly adjusted carburetors waste 275,000 gallons daily; motors running idle, 150,000 gallons; and needless use of passenger cars 900,000 gallons more.



## FLASHES FROM THE FRONT.

Charles H. Grasty Publishes a Volume of War Dispatches from Europe.

American newspaper readers have long since learned to look with confidence upon the press dispatches of Charles H. Grasty contributed from London to the columns of the New York Times. Mr. Grasty was peculiarly well fitted for a task that demanded alike discretion and keen observation. With a vivid sympathy for the Allied cause, he tried to interpret British opinion of American policies during that long period of hesitation that preceded American entry into the war. "My country," he would say, "is all right. We will come in in our own time. Let them pile it up." The President, he believed, was waiting for the unification of the American mind. He wished to be sure that he had a united country behind him. On January 14, 1917, he comments on the President's speech to the Senate and on the phrase "peace without victory." In the British press, he says, "there was a note of regretful readjustment of public opinion to the American attitude, a sort of revaluation of American friendship toward the Allies on a sliding scale downwards":

Apart from the phrases to which unwarranted importance may be given, there is a deeper offense to the English in the implication that the helligerents all stand on the same footing. The vice of the whole discussion by the President from the English point of view lies in what is regarded as a complete misunderstanding of the moral objects for which the Allies are fighting. The British mind declines to entertain any consideration of the war based upon the moral equity of the Entente and the Teutons. The suggestion that the head of a great neutral country may wish to keep himself in a position to maintain friendly relations with both sides if he is to play a useful part was not favorably received when offered today as the possible explanation.

In May, 1917, we find Mr. Grasty commenting on the career of General Joffre. He finds in him a resemblance to Henry Watterson, "the noblest figure that has appeared on the platform in America in my time." Apart from his technical merits, Joffre must be judged from his character and citizenship:

I remember that after Charleroi or Mons Joffre was asked why he suffered defeat there, and by a second question he was encouraged to say that the English failed. "The English to blame?" he replied in effect. "Not at all. They did splendidly, giving us much more help on the short notice than we had any right to expect."

"What was the trouble then?"  
"My own generals. They were inexperienced, inefficient. We couldn't stand against the superior expertness of the enemy."

"What are you going to do about it?"  
"I have already acted. I've put those officers out and put new ones in."

And he had.

Mr. Grasty's judgments of men are usually shrewd. He has a great admiration for Lloyd-George, but he thinks he is something of an opportunist. He is unwilling to go against the popular mood:

I was discussing Mr. George, his services to his country and humanity, at an officers' mess at the American headquarters recently. The talk was in regard to a policy of absolute and public frankness about sinkings by the U-boat. An army doctor, evidently sharp on psychology, spoke in effect as follows:

"The present policy of soft-pedaling on submarine news is precisely the reverse of what is good for us and bad for Germany. We ought to put it out at its blackest. Fill Germany full of optimistic 'dope.' Let her get good and drunk on it. Then will come the inevitable disappointment. After that there will be a recovery. Give the same treatment again. Get them up as high as possible. Then will come a fall. Keep it going on these lines, and Germany will crack. There is no fortitude that can withstand that process. On the other side, looking at the facts squarely will give us an intelligent and reasoned courage and stimulate our effort. Mark my words, the war will be won by those with strength enough to face the truth at every stage and lost by those who hemuse themselves with ill-timed optimism."

His appreciation of Mr. Balfour is frank and unstinted. Many people have tackled Mr. Balfour under the conviction that he lacks the fighting quality, but they have "caught a Tartar." He has both pugnacity and staying power. Mr. Grasty was present at the New York reception to the English delegates, and he gives an admirable description of the occasion:

When the crowd had a chance to revise its impression, it noted that all Englishmen of the party were very like men of the same sort in this country, and the similarity conveyed vastly more sense of compliment than it would have done a few short months ago. The crowd saw, too, with a certain pride of race, that the foreign secretary was the pattern of an English gentleman.

He is six feet and over, with a fine, well set-up frame. He wore a Prince Albert coat with a low turn-down collar. His shoes were calfskin and British in a certain affectation of heaviness.

I couldn't help feeling that Mr. Balfour was a good deal dressed up. I have often seen him in the dining-room of a club in London, where I am in the habit of lunching in the summer, and he would wear tweeds and rubber-soled shoes. He would come in very quietly, usually with a book in his hand, and nobody would notice him much, for they don't lionize their lions much in England—a good habit we ought to learn from our cousins, now that we are brothers-in-arms. I had the impression from seeing Mr. Balfour that he had a contempt for dress. But of course conventionality called for a certain costume for the head of the commission; Mr. Balfour wore it, and it was becoming to him.

I couldn't repress a feeling of pride in this great gentleman as he stood there, and I believe that the same feeling was general in the audience. The best thing, perhaps, about family and position is that it confers the right not to think too much about it. Mr. Balfour is one of the best-born men in England, but there isn't a trace of the kind of consciousness that sometimes goes with position. He has had in his hands the power to create peers; he could himself have had

any kind of peerage. His transfer to the House of Lords would have conferred distinction upon that body. He has preferred to remain Mr. Balfour.

Those who talk glibly of the sending of an American army to France have usually a slight realization of what is actually implied in the way of transport. Mr. Grasty says:

The American army in France will need some transporting. Here are figures that are at least approximately correct.

It is estimated that one hundred pounds of freight per man per day must be unloaded at the port of debarcation. Therefore, when at the end of two years we have, say, one million men in France, we must unload daily one hundred million pounds or fifty thousand tons of freight.

Three thousand tons can be unloaded daily from a good-sized ship; hence seventeen ships at the wharves, each of them unloading three thousand tons, will fulfill the requirements. In the United States seventeen ships must be loading fifty thousand tons a day. This makes a total of thirty-four ships at the docks. Taking as a basis a six-thousand-ton (dead weight) ship, we see that seventeen ships must leave New York every two days and seventeen ships leave some French port every two days in transit with army freight. Assuming ten days as the time of passage, there would be one hundred and seventy ships (six thousand tons) en route to and from the United States, which added to the thirty-four at the docks will make a total of two hundred and four ships, assuming no loss or delay.

To indicate the quantities of certain articles required, fuel for cooking for six months, on a basis of half a cord a day per hundred men, would amount to thirteen thousand, five hundred cords and owing to the scarcity of fuel, part of this may have to be brought to France.

With one million men there will be approximately two hundred thousand animals. At fourteen pounds of hay a day, there would be required for six months over four hundred and fifty-six million pounds of hay, which must be imported, and also three hundred and sixty million pounds of oats. Rations will require eight hundred and fifteen million pounds. Ammunition will run into billions of pounds.

This freight calculation does not consider what would be required in building and rebuilding railroads or cantonments. The space required for storehousing at the base would be about as follows: Rations, etc., two hundred and fifty acres; fuel, one hundred and fifty acres; forage, four hundred and fifty acres; remount depots, two hundred and fifty acres; cantonments for casals, etc., eight hundred acres; sick and wounded, one thousand acres; engineer, ordnance, and signal corps, fifteen hundred acres. Allowing for roads, office-buildings, barracks, etc., the total would be about five thousand acres.

Mr. Grasty had heard much of German devastation in France, but the actual spectacle was a revelation to him. And it was not only the devastation, but the meanness of it all that appalled him. For example, sewage deposits had been covered with a thin layer of coal in order to deceive and disappoint:

When I saw and heard these things, I recalled with less skepticism the stories I had heard from the Americans who had come away from Berlin. To give a single instance, one doctor reported this scene to which he had been an eyewitness: there was an idiot in the village near a prison camp. One day an automobile ran over him crushing his legs at the knees. He lay in the street, screaming with agony, while around him gathered a crowd that laughed loudly at what they regarded as sport.

I have since heard similar stories from officers personally known to me who have given me chapter and verse. For example, the hindering and hurrying of wounded prisoners by the Boche is vouched for by a second lieutenant with whom I played golf at St. Andrews before the war, and in whose hona fides I have the utmost confidence. I have never before felt quite willing to accept the stories of war cruelty at par.

One needs to go no further than the physical evidence of barbarous destruction at Péronne, Bapaume, and Arras to justify the feeling that the German has so long and so fully surrendered himself to cumulative war impulses and war education that he is at last a different being from the rest. Kipling's classification of the world's people into "human beings and Germans" is not wide of the mark, and a visit to the cities wantonly ruined by the Germans with their overwhelming testimony of unspeakable brutality compel an acceptance of extremist views in respect to the method of dealing with Germany. The good in that country must suffer with the bad, for it is the bad who have been permitted to have full, unhindered sway.

These impressions were deepened by the spectacle of Rheims. The city has become a sort of Mecca where pilgrims pledge themselves to the overthrow of the German criminal:

It is here that the conviction of German criminality becomes irresistible, for, alas! the sight of Rheims destroys the power to think of Germany in sections. The Kaiser is a vandal and a murderer, and his people participate criminis. It is all one monstrous, brutal Germany, the unprotesting good only serving the dominant had the better by their supine goodness.

Mr. Grasty thinks that a change has come over the German mind and that public opinion has established itself as a new force in Germany. But he thinks that Germany will stand out against the payment of indemnities:

Germany's standing out against indemnities is not to be referred to financial reasons. It means that she is not willing to put herself to her people, to her posterity, and to the world, in a position of having waged a wicked war. She feels keenly the isolation she has been forced into by having twenty-four nations arrayed against her. She knows that she will have to face a hostile and scornful world. But she can, and does, feel now as if her moral isolation is the result of the misunderstanding of the rest of the world.

The payment of an indemnity would write her down a felon in her own eyes and those of the world. She will shed her last drop of blood before accepting such humiliating terms.

Writing from Switzerland in August, 1917, Mr. Grasty deals with the situation in Germany and with the prevailing attitude toward America:

The attitude toward America is a mixture of fear and contempt, at least among the militarists who are in charge of this war. They would like to think that the Spanish and Mexican wars furnish the scale by which American capacity for war is to be measured. But when they look at American resources in wealth and population, and when they turn to the direct evidence of German-born citizens in America as

to her earnestness and purpose, their contempt fades into fear, and they quail at the prospect.

The talk now put out here is that Germany realizes that America is sure to come in with all her weight, and that because of this, Germany must take whatever steps for peace she has in mind within the next few months. It is declared that Germany carefully refrains from any act that might inflame America toward her and thereby accelerate her preparations. It would be possible, they say, to torpedo American transports and passenger ships, but submarine commanders have rigid instructions not to touch them.

Unless compelled by circumstances, Germany will do nothing to rouse American fighting spirit, and will hope that peace can be concluded before America gets into the trenches "with both feet," or that the submarine can so reduce shipping tonnage as to make transport on a large scale impossible within the next six months, except at the cost of starving England and France or cutting off supplies for the Entente armies.

Incidentally the author heard a curious story to the effect that Count von Bernstorff was giving real information and advice with regard to America and that he was showing strong leanings toward democracy:

The trouble is that the Kaiser, like most of the breed of autocrats and tyrants, listens only to those who tell him what he wishes to hear. No minister can get along with him without sacrificing his own principles and convictions. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are not so subservient, but they are war chiefs and can not be replaced. These two are said to give the Kaiser when he is at the front an hour a day, and no more, for advice and consultation. That hour finished, the two generals leave on the dot, declining always, on the score of military duty, to accept royal hospitality, which would tend further to open military matters to what they regard as lay discussion.

The opinion was expressed that if anything should happen to the Kaiser, the Crown Prince would never be allowed to take his place as absolute monarch. There is enough "kick" in German liberalism for that. Moreover, the Kaiser's policy, ending in this great war, has fully capitalized for himself all the loyalty to dynasty that there is in Germany, every drop of it.

Mr. Grasty gives us a final chat about aviators. He had once been told by Henry Ford that every man was peculiarly fitted for some given job, and he wishes that it were possible to apply the idea to war service, and particularly to aviation:

If there were a score of Henry Fords studying the millions of men in the field and seeing to it that they were drawn out on the side of their bent, the Fords aforesaid would each and every one earn the money that the Detroit member of the family makes. Nowhere else is this problem quite so important as in the air service. This service attracts the venturing, but that process of selection is too rough to stop at; there should be a second comb-out which would restore to other services all except those with true flying instinct. As the war takes on permanent form its processes are standardized. The air-man becomes more and more true to type, but there is still a haphazard mixture of big, strong infantrymen with the air forces, and high-strung, race-horse types in the trenches. The six-foot, two-hundred pounder, who as an infantryman would, if lost, find his way home with a Boche under each arm, perhaps lacks the nervous organization for quick perception and action. On the other hand, the sensitive, feminine-looking man, who could make his fifty record in the air, might die of nervous agony in the funk-holes and on the firing-strip.

Let me illustrate with Georges Guynemer. I have heard soldiers say that so far Guynemer is the greatest soldier of the war, perhaps of any war. I never saw him face to face, much to my regret. But I saw his performance on the Fourth of July when he was flying in a car, chic in its new paint and gaudy in its French colors. He was cutting capers over the Place de la Concorde as the newly arrived American troops marched. It was a beautiful and historic sight. Look at the photograph of the boy who performed marvels in air-fighting. His girlish face, on which he was unable to raise a moustache, doesn't at all suggest the soldier in the old sense, "hardened like the pard." What if such genius had been sacrificed in the mud of trench warfare. And yet the like thing is being done every day through lack of that kind of knowledge which only long experience and high expertness make possible.

I have recently heard a story that sounds like fiction, but it came from a good source. Some people at Compiègne, the family home, told me that Guynemer was carefully examined when a lad for an abnormal heart, and the doctor found that that organ was singularly like a bird's. If there he such a thing as "bird-heart," it is a good disease for air-men to have.

Mr. Grasty's dispatches are well worth publication in their present form. As an observer and a commentator his writings have the value of history.

FLASHES FROM THE FRONT. By Charles H. Grasty. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

History recounts that certain celebrated saints gave forth a perfume of flowers. Santa Rosa of Viterbo, according to chroniclers, smelt of roses. Saint Catherine of violets, Saint Teresa of lilies and jasmine. Alessandro Magno, according to Plutarch, smelt of violets. Certain women are said to exhale the perfume of violets or vanilla. A certain hysterical woman is said to have breathed forth the perfume of violets from the left lung, and this was not an artificial perfume. It has also been duly certified that a handsome young Siamese smelt very strongly of anise. These perfumes seemed to vary in intensity and quality, according to the hours of the day and the nervous state of the person in question.

It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the Venetian gondola assumed its present simplicity and sombreness of color. A vain attempt has been made to introduce it to other countries, but it has apparently resisted all efforts at acclimatization. Some years ago it was to be seen on the Thames, with real gondoliers in brilliant scarfs and a sailor attire which suggested the color and light of the lagoons. But not even the lovely reaches or backwaters of the "silvery Thames" could retain the graceful Venetian craft.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ending Saturday, May 18th, the local clearings, according to the returns of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, aggregated \$105,417,870.11, as compared with \$91,743,875.39 in the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings amounted to \$13,487,461.20.

A falling off of the total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, amounting to a little less than \$12,000,000, was reported Saturday.

The total resources of the bank, as of May 17th, aggregated \$202,851,000, as compared with \$214,607,000 at the close of the preceding week.

The gold reserves amount to \$123,757,000, and stand in the ratio of 67.44 per cent., as against the net deposits and the Federal Reserve note liability.

Bills discounted last week aggregated \$39,072,000, as compared with \$37,761,000 in the

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preceding week and the amount due on the reserve account of member banks was \$71,698,000.

The Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation amounted to \$107,540,000, as compared with \$106,024,000 in the preceding week.

McDonnell & Co. have been advised through their bond department that announcement had been made in New York that a block of Federal Land Bank bonds would soon be offered for sale. It is understood that the bonds, which are owned by the Treasury Department, will be offered at about 101 for twenty-year 5 per cents, callable in five years. At this price the bonds would yield investors about 4.90 per cent. The bonds, like municipals, are free from Federal income tax.

Efforts to finance the large government loans and to provide for the unprecedented tax payments to the government on June 15th next have given rise to a broad demand for money with a good inquiry from mercantile

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sources. Rates have held rather firm, but there has been a sufficient supply of accommodation to meet legitimate mercantile demands. The indications are that the tax payments to the government next month will be largely in excess of the first estimates made. The treasury is aiming to safeguard the money market so far as possible and to prevent any violent rise in money rates during the coming three months, when the three remaining instalments on the Third Liberty Loan will be provided for.—*The Business Outlook.*

Earnings of the railroads for the first three months of this year under government control, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, were only \$71,705,000, as compared with \$179,431,000 in the corresponding period in 1917. This represents a loss to the government under the system of common operation of about \$109,000,000. This report covers all but five of the 196 railroads in the country and it verifies the figures previously given out on rail earnings.

Bond & Goodwin, investment bankers, and also one of the oldest established commercial paper houses in America, have moved their local business into spacious offices on the sixth floor of the new American National Bank Building, at the corner of California and Montgomery Streets.

Since Cheever Cowdin received his commission and moved to Washington as a purchasing agent for the aviation corps Prescott Scott has full charge of the business of the San Francisco office.

The bond department of the Equitable Trust Company of New York has issued an interesting pamphlet, showing in graphic form the price range and yield of standard railroad bonds from 1913 to 1918, and outlining the many investment opportunities available among the underlying bond issues of reorganized railroads.

The rise of prices last week was a reminiscence to some people of the rise in prices for a few days just before subscriptions to the Second Liberty Loan came to a close. Since the outbreak of war, Wall Street has manifested sometimes a great deal of concern and sometimes gorgeous expectations for the effects of Liberty Loans on the market. When the first loan was offered, in May, 1917, it was a widespread theory in the financial district that the campaign would be accompanied by a stirring hull market. One was almost tempted to think that Stock Exchange people looked for the government itself to provide one. It was "necessary" to have a bull market in order "to get everybody feeling good," so that everybody would subscribe for the loan. Traders reasoned by analogy from stocks in the market. One could not float a \$2,000,000,000 bond issue in an atmosphere of depression and decline. People would grow suspicious of the stability of the country's business, and hence its bonds; and if prices fell, there would be no profits to subscribe to the loan.

As coincidence would have it, prices actually did rise during the first loan campaign, and very handsomely. In the first three weeks of the campaign, that is, from the week ending May 12th to the week ending June 9th, the market advanced some 10 to 15 points. Steel common rose from 116 to 131½, Reading from 86½ to 95½, Union Pacific from 132½ to 137½, Anaconda from 77½ to 86, Crucible Steel from 87½ to 101½. During the final week of the campaign prices remained about on the same level.

It is small wonder, therefore, that many traders looked for a corresponding market prior to the second loan, and that the same theories held sway on the inevitability of hull markets during loan campaigns. Prices had had a severe shakedown in the meantime, but that only strengthened the opinion that the fall must now stop; the adjustment to a war basis had already been made, and a great loan could not be floated if the decline continued. But the decline did continue. From the week ending September 29th to the week ending October 20th, the first three weeks of the offering, United States Steel declined from 109½ to 106½, Reading from 81½ to 76½, Union Pacific from 128½ to 124, Anaconda from 71½ to 64½, Crucible Steel from 71½ to 69, Mexican Petroleum from 92½ to 87. In the early part of the last week of the campaign the decline went on, but in the last few days there was a recovery, so that prices were left about where they had been at the beginning of the week.

The subscription period just closed has differed from either of the two previous ones in that prices went neither decidedly up nor decidedly down, but hung about on the same level. The rise on Wednesday and Thursday of last week brought prices of the half-dozen selected stocks at their top levels to about where they were on April 6th, the day the campaign opened. The exception was United States Steel, which at its top price last week was 98½, compared with 91½ a month ago.

The question in which Wall Street is now

interested is the course of prices, now that the campaign has closed. There is a tendency to look for a rise, as there always is, and the theory runs that the market has been ready to go up, but that it has been held back by Wall Street's absorption in the Liberty Loan; and now that it is over, speculative funds will again be free for the market, and an advance will come. The rise of United States Steel to par, a new high price for the year, has lent support to this view. But the precedents do not support it. In the month following the closing of subscriptions to the first war loan, United States Steel fell from 131 to 123, Reading from 97½ to 96½, Union Pacific from 137½ to 135½, Anaconda from 81½ to 78½, Mexican Petroleum from 98 to 97. And in the very next week after the closing of the second war loan, United States Steel dropped 11½ points, Reading 9, Union Pacific 6½, Anaconda 8½, Crucible Steel 11½, Mexican Petroleum 8½; while, after a month had passed, the declines in several issues had extended several points further.

All this, taken by itself, would seem to lend color to the theory that the market in the first two loans was artificially supported, either for sentimental or practical reasons, while the subsequent decline was merely the unloading of the interests that had supported it. But certainly it would have been gratuitous to "support" a market by actually hiding it up 10 to 15 points, as in the first loan, and the week following the second loan was the week of the Italian disaster. The market during the recent subscription period revealed no symptoms whatever of artificial support.

The truth seems to be that, just as the three Liberty Loans provide no precedent for market movements during a loan campaign, for the simple reason that the market has acted differently during each period, so no precedents can be depended on for market movements after a loan. That Liberty Loans affect security values, no one doubts. The current error lies in the assumption that their effect on values takes place during or immediately before or after the period during which the loans are being floated.

As a fact, their influence is spread over the whole war period, and a war loan may be discounted three months before it is floated just as well as at the time. Other events and circumstances seemingly affect markets quite as much while a loan campaign is going on as while it is not. Between June 16, 1917, when the first loan had closed, and September 29th, before the second loan opened, Steel common had fallen 21½ points, Reading 15½, Union Pacific 8½, Anaconda 9½, Crucible Steel 9½, and Mexican Petroleum 5½. But the swing had very nearly reached its low point in the week following the second loan, and between then and April 6th, this year, Reading had gone from 66 to 82, Union Pacific from 114 to 120½, Anaconda from 56½ to 64, Crucible Steel from 56½ to 63½, and Mexican Petroleum from 78½ to 94½. Only United States Steel had fallen some 3 points, but that was more than made up last week.—*The Nation.*

Frederick H. Colburn, secretary of the California Bankers' Association, announces the annual convention to be held at Del Monte May 23d to 25th. On bank, labor, food, and affiliated subjects the speakers will be J. F. Sartori, Los Angeles; John A. McGregor, San Francisco; Ralph P. Merritt, San Francisco; G. Aubrey Davidson, San Diego; George K. Weeks, San Francisco; George D. Bartlett, Milwaukee, and George S. Meredith, Oakland.

Many industrial corporations are in need of funds and the probability is that a good deal of new financing will be undertaken as soon as the Third Liberty Loan operation has been completed. Much of this will come within the field of the new War Finance Corporation. This corporation capitalized at \$500,000,000, and with authority to issue \$3,000,000,000 bonds, will probably be of great assistance in financing concerns which are engaged directly and indirectly upon war work. It will also help to safeguard the money market from the results of tying up immense sums of money in large government contracts, contracts which take several months to complete. These delays in some cases are inevitable. In cases where they may be avoided, the government authorities are doubtless doing what is possible to expedite the prompt auditing of all bills covering government work. As soon as government borrowings have been provided for, arrangements must be made to finance large loans for corporations, whose requirements are not covered by the activities of the War Finance Corporation. The situation has been helped by the decision of the government authorities to permit the railroads to draw against 90 per cent. of the amounts which will probably be paid them as rental under the terms of the Railroad Control Act. It is understood that the recommendation by the Railroad Wage Commission that wages in the transportation industries be increased \$300,000,000 annually from January 1st last will probably be adopted with some modifications. This action

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by the government will insure a material advance in freight and possibly passenger rates to compensate the carriers for the advances granted.

It is expected that the United States government will, after this, finance the advances which must be made to the Allies, other than Great Britain, in connection with war work. Advances made by this government to its allies reached about \$5,300,000,000 up to the opening of this month.—*Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Business Outlook.*

No matter what this war costs the government and the people of the United States in the way of money, it is going to be much cheaper to win this war than to lose it.

The commercial and financial losses that would follow a German victory are not to be calculated. All that we spent would be lost, indemnities beyond calculation would have to be paid, and along with these losses would come a continuing loss in foreign commerce that would spell disaster.

With these material losses we would lose our national liberty and independence, our power to secure our international rights, our right to live in a world ruled by the dictates of humanity and civilization.

A company in India desires to purchase iron and steel bars, angles, tees, plates, wire nails, hulklock nails, hardware sundries, paints, hammers, hoes, brass fittings, etc. It also wishes to entertain an agency proposition for the sale of same. Address Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C. Refer to No. 26,848.

Trade of the United States with Netherlands and its East Indian colonies has shown rapid changes since the beginning of the war. With Netherlands the trade has fallen to one-fourth of the normal, and with its East Indian colonies the trade at the present time is fifteen times as much as in the year preceding the war. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the imports from the Netherlands in the nine months ending with March, 1918, are but \$14,000,000, against \$28,000,000 in the same months of 1913, and the exports to the Netherlands but \$11,000,000, against \$96,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1913. On the other hand direct imports from the Dutch East Indies in the nine months ending with March, 1918, are approximately \$68,000,000, against less than \$5,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1913, and the exports to the islands approximately \$18,000,000, against less than \$2,500,000 in the corresponding months of 1913.

This radical change in the trade with the Netherlands and its East Indian Colonies, due in part to changes in shipping facilities, and in part to the large increase in production in the Dutch East Indies of articles required in the United States, has occurred chiefly in the last two years. Netherlands had been a large importer of merchandise from the United States, both for its own use and for resale to the interior of Europe, and with the restrictions placed upon the movements to that country of the class of merchandise which would be desired by the Central Powers, the exports from the United States to the Netherlands showed a marked fall, from \$101,892,000 in the nine months ending with March, 1915, to \$72,428,000 in the corresponding months of 1916, \$83,271,000 in the same months of 1917, and but \$11,035,000 in the corresponding period ending with March, 1918.

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### WOTAN—A FRENCH WAR STORY.

By Maurice Level.

"You have a beautiful dog there, lieutenant."

"Yes, haven't I, captain?"

"What breed is he?"

"A Beauceron collie—a 'red stocking,' as the French breeders would call him. He is still a little spiritless. But he is beginning to perk up. I found him lying at the foot of a tree some two weeks ago, and I believe that if I hadn't picked him up he would have died of starvation within a few hours."

"A beautiful animal, a beautiful animal," repeated the captain. "What do you call him?"

"Wotan. He doesn't answer well. But that will come. Isn't that so, Wotan?"

The dog made no sign. The captain stretched out his hand prudently.

"Can one pet him?"

"Yes, yes."

"But he hasn't a very friendly air about him."

"There is no danger. See. I don't even put a muzzle on him. Nevertheless, he is terribly armed, this fellow. Look at his teeth."

"But he ought to be less formidable than our mastiffs or our sheep dogs."

"Yes, I think so. Our dogs are true fighting dogs. Here they are of a milder strain."

"Is he a good watchdog?"

"No. The first days, to test him, I made him sleep in my bedroom. He didn't growl even when the orderly entered."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"Ah! To divert my mind. When I am tired of him it will be different. Shall we go? Get up, Wotan! We're off."

The dog stretched himself and got up. He had a strange gait, wearied, inelastic, and dragging. Without any reason, at the cross roads, before an open house, he stopped, raised his head, sniffed the wind, his ears erect, one paw lifted like a hunting dog who points, and then started off again. Little by little he learned to know his master and to come when whistled for. And as he followed docilely enough the lieutenant stopped using a leash. Nevertheless, in spite of his docility and his gentleness he had less the air of a companion than of a guardian, never playing and never responding to caresses.

"He is sad," said the lieutenant, noting that at meals he refused sugar and scraps of meat.

"He is very stupid," answered Lieutenant Baron von Pietz, shrugging his shoulders.

Time passed. Wotan had recovered his glossy coat and his firm muscles, but he did not recover his gaiety. The Saxon regiment changed quarters frequently, Wotan trotting on the flank of the column. Sometimes, when they entered a village, he seemed nervous and restless and whimpered during the night.

In the course of marches and counter marches they returned to the region in which the officer had picked him up. Everything was changed. The trees of the forest were bare of leaves. The fields showed dull brown under a leaden sky. One could hardly recognize the former roads, trampled by the horses

and broken by heavy wagons and cannon. Winter approached, heralded by chilling rains.

By the side of the fire in the lieutenant's chamber it was cosy and comfortable. But the dog disappeared one morning as the snow began to fall. They hunted for him all day, and they didn't find him until the next day, at the foot of the very tree where the officer had run across him in the month of August.

The regiment was shifted again. That night, when they marched, Wotan responded with a plaintive call to the cattle that lowed and the invisible dogs that harked in the misty shadows. Then suddenly he dashed across the fields and returned in excited leaps to take his place in the ranks. He was no longer the spiritless beast of other days. He uttered cries of delight, he jumped gayly in the air, and when the men halted he harked, impatient to go ahead.

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "he is not an ordinary animal. I shall finish by making something out of him."

They went into camp in a village. Winter had arrived. It snowed. Wotan ran before the officer from door to door, stopping, waiting for him, leaving him with sudden turns and then dashing back to his side. The lieutenant chose for his quarters a handsome house, standing back in a garden. It had a pointed roof and was surrounded by wooden balconies. Close behind him Wotan ran from room to room, galloping up the stairways, drying on the carpets his coat covered with snowflakes.

They lighted a fire. But he refused to lie alongside the wooden logs and ran across the garden, inspecting it in every nook and corner—the greenhouse, the cellar, the shed, where a hundred miscellaneous objects were stored; a dog house in which some straw was rotting. During the day he never entered the house. In the evenings, when the officer whistled for him to give him his dinner, he did not respond. The orderly wanted to chase him away. Then for the first time he showed his teeth.

"Let him alone. When he gets hungry he will come," said the haron.

Night came on. The moon shone down on the white surface of the garden. Wotan resumed his rounds, trotting indefatigably from hush to hush. A deep silence hung over the country. The last fires were extinguished. The clock in the church tower struck ten.

A sound of footsteps and of laughter came from the frozen road outside. Then a man advanced alone. A figure appeared behind the iron grating and the garden gate creaked on its hinges. It was the lieutenant returning, somewhat intoxicated. He whistled. Nothing happened. But as he arrived at the doorway of the house, without a sound, with a spring so sudden that the snow flew from under his paws, the dog jumped at the officer's neck and stretched him on the ground.

It was freezing cold that night. The next morning a peasant who was passing saw the gate open and went into the garden. The Prussian lieutenant lay there, stiff and stark, in the blood-stained snow. Crouching over him, his jaws still ready to bite, Wotan harked and wagged his tail.

Then the peasant ran away and, reaching home breathless, said to his wife:

"What do you think? Trim, who we thought was lost; Trim, the dog of M. Langlois; well, he has come back. I have just seen him. He has killed the German officer who ordered the house opened. Ah! he had reason, M. Langlois, to love his dog! He is a true watchdog, don't you think?"—*Translated for the New York Tribune by William L. McPherson.*

After giving the admonition "Don't grouse," Mr. Joe Blackburn (Birstall), a member of the Heavy Woollen District Advisory Board of British Food Control Committees, has informed his colleagues privately that the world was without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal until the fourteenth century, without butter until the fifteenth century, without tobacco and potatoes until the sixteenth century, without tea, coffee, and soap until the seventeenth century, without lamps and umbrellas until the eighteenth century, without telegrams, gas, matches, and cholera-form until the nineteenth century. And yet, he observed, people talk about "the good old times."

Arthur F. Gay of Rochester, New York, now a seaman second class, of the Naval Training Station, is the strongest man in the navy. In 1915 he won the physical culture contest in Madison Square Garden and was pronounced physically perfect. In 1917 he won the international posing competition. He has lifted a hoy weighing 140 pounds over his head thirty times and with one hand lifted him ten times. One of Gay's famous tests is a hack lift of fifteen men weighing over a ton. Gay is only twenty-three years old.

During twelve months the American army hospitals increased from seven to sixty-three in number and from 5000 to 58,400 beds; 30,000 more beds are being added.

### CURRENT VERSE.

Kamerad! Kamerad!

I ought to shoot 'im where 'e stands—  
A whinin' 'Un, with lifted 'ands—  
For 'e called me "Kamerad"!   
Me, wot's fought 'im clean an' fair,  
Played the game, an' played it square;  
'E crucified my pal out there!  
An' 'e calls me "Kamerad"!

You low-down, stinkin' 'ound o' 'ell,  
I've seen the work you do so well;  
Don't you call me "Kamerad"!   
You, wot shells a 'elpless crew,  
Wot rapes an' murders women too;  
A blasted blackguard through an' through!  
An' you calls me "Kamerad"!

You bloody, bleedin', blinkin' 'Un,  
After wot you've been an' done,  
Don't call me "Kamerad"!   
I aint no bloomin' 'ypocrite,  
There aint no 'alo in my kit,  
But when you comes to this, I quit!  
Don't call me "Kamerad"!

—George B. Eager, Jr., in *Life*.

Fairies Have Never a Penny.

The fairies have never a penny to spend,  
They haven't a thing put by,  
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower,  
And theirs are the earth and the sky,  
And though you should live in a palace of gold  
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,  
You could never be poor as the fairies are,  
And never as rich.  
Since ever and ever the world began  
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,  
They have sung their song through the centuries long,  
And yet it is never the same.  
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,  
With hair of silver or gold,  
You could never be young as the fairies are,  
And never as old.

—Punch.

Mary Shepherdess.

When the heron's in the high wood and the last  
long furrow's sown,  
With the herded cloud before her and her sea-  
sweet raiment blown,  
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her  
own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint  
John he calls the kind,  
Saint Peter seeks the valiant men all to loose or  
bind,  
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard  
to find.

All the little sighing souls born of dust's despair,  
They who fed on hither bread when the world  
was bare,  
Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.

All about the windy down, housing in the ling,  
Underneath the alder bough linneth-light they  
cling,  
Frighted of the shining house where the martyrs  
sing.

Crying in the ivy-bloom, fingering at the pane,  
Grieving in the hollow dark, lone along the  
rain,—  
Mary, Mary Shepherdess gathers them again.

And O, the wandering women know, in work-  
house and in shed,  
They dream on Mary Shepherdess with doves  
about her head,  
And pleasant posies in her hand, and sorrow com-  
forted.

Saying: There's my little lass, faring fine and  
frec,  
There's the little lad I laid by the bolly tree.  
Dreaming: There's my nameless bairn laughing  
at her knee.

When the bracken-harvest's gathered and the  
frost is on the loam,  
When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb  
runs out in foam,  
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs  
home.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away  
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm gray,  
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands  
and pray.

—From "The Lamp of Poor Souls," by Marjorie  
L. C. Pickthall. Published by the John Lane  
Company.



You would not neglect your family TODAY—  
Why neglect to provide for their FUTURE?

Your finances may be safe now and the income for the support of those dependent on you ample and regular. But are you sure that they will always be well cared for?

If you make a will and appoint Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco as executor and trustee, your estate will be conserved and the income paid promptly and regularly to those for whom you provide.

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS:

##### Greatheart.

We are a little tired of supermen and inclined to hope that the supply is nearly exhausted. We do not like their overbearing ways nor the inflexible certainty with which they compel women to fall in love with them.

In this case the superman is Sir Eustace Scott. He is veritably an Apollo, and also a most offensive bully. But he has a brother commonly known as Stumpy, who is pictured as so physically insignificant as almost to hurt the eyes. We meet Eustace and Stumpy in Switzerland, where they have taken their sister Isabel, who is in a state almost of insanity through the accidental death of her husband a few weeks after their marriage.

What more natural than that little Biddy, who has been taken to Switzerland by some disagreeable rich relations, should fall in love with the Apollo? Any one else could see that he is an offensive boulder, but then love is blind. No girl can possibly wish for more than a handsome face, a title, and irreproachable dancing and skating. Meanwhile Stumpy grows in favor. The homely little man is a saint. He waits on his too much afflicted sister, guards her from the draconic remedies favored by Sir Eustace, and accepts insults and even physical kicks with a patient resignation that we should think would prompt their repetition. Stumpy is far too good for this wicked world.

Of course we see quickly how things will work out. Biddy has been dazzled, overwhelmed, fascinated, and mesmerized. Now she becomes frightened by the tempestuous ardors of her lover and presently she discovers that the homely and saintly Stumpy is the man for her and that Sir Eustace had better marry some woman who can hit back more effectively.

All of the characters are overdrawn and exaggerated. They are not human beings. Sir Eustace is a rather vulgar ogre. Stumpy is an impossible Seraph, and Isabel is a sickly neurasthenic who ought to be shaken. We should be sorry to marry any of these people.

GREATHEART. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

##### He Who Breaks.

The author has based her novel on a theory said to be much in favor among European music-teachers that the highest art can be attained only through the medium of a broken heart. Theodore Biran, sculptor and violinist, is attracted by the amateur playing of Elsa Colt. Condescendingly he gives her a few lessons and eventually he invites her to go to New York and to study under a master whom he will provide. Elsa is certainly an unsophisticated young woman, and perhaps that constitutes her chief charm in the eyes of the selfish and blasé Biran. She is apparently unaware that he is paying the larger part of her expenses, even to her clothing, and the inferences that must naturally be drawn from that fact. Of course the inevitable happens. Elsa becomes his mistress, but the reader must be left to discover the dénouement for himself.

We do not know if there are such people as Biran and Elsa. We have not met them, but a good many novels have been written on the theory of their reality.

HE WHO BREAKS. By Inna Demens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

##### The Outrage.

For many a long year the novelist and the poet will be busy with the sufferings and the tragedies of war, and perhaps it is only the novelist and the poet that can do them justice. Here we have a story by an Italian poetess, Annie Vivanti Chartres, who chooses the invasion of Belgium for her theme. It is all sickeningly familiar—violence, rape, and murder. We see the peaceful village transformed into an inferno and maidens sent out into the world with the indelible stains of the

heast upon them. Such stories, told in such detail, are not unprofitable. They turn mere acceptance into realization, and perhaps it is realization that we need more than anything else.

THE OUTRAGE. By Annie Vivanti Chartres. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.35.

##### American Poetry.

A volume of nearly 700 large pages is substantial enough to deserve such a title as "American Poetry," always with the understanding that the selections have been well and wisely made. Certainly no adverse comment has been earned upon this score. The selections are not only an index to the progress of American poetry and to the progressions of American thought, but they fairly represent the chief characteristics of their authors. The editor has not been afraid of rigid exclusions. His standard has been poetic merit rather than patriotic popularity, and as a result we have a limitation of the number of units to twenty-nine, twenty-five poets and four time groups; songs, epigrams, and elegies of the seventeenth century, almanac verse of the eighteenth, and the lyrics of the Revolutionary and Civil wars not included in the works of the more important poets.

A valuable feature of the work is the critical comments that appear on the final pages. They are offered as "aids to reflection" and not as dogmatic finalities, and they are well designed to that end. The volume is one that the reader will wish to keep within his reach, not only for the poetic pleasures thus made available, but as a history of American poetry.

AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Percy H. Boynton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.25.

##### Religion in China.

In this volume the author shows us the course of action and reaction between history and religion in China during the last 3000 years. It is pleasant to note that he is not an apologist for any one form of religion. He sees the Chinese, like ourselves, breaking their way through the crust of corruptions and superstitions toward some better knowledge where all religions are one.

The topic is necessarily lightly handled. We have chapters on Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, and Lamaism, and the influence of Christianity is sketched for us, all with an admirably impartial hand and in that spirit of benevolence that should be inseparable from such a subject.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION IN CHINA. By W. J. Clennell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

##### Georgian Poetry.

Readers of anthologies usually believe that they could have made a better selection, but this gives a zest to perusal and is not a detriment. Thus we think that we might have done better with the third book of Georgian Poetry, 1916-1917, that carries the series to the end of the seventh year. To effect a due balance between war and other verse was doubtless difficult, but none the less it would seem that there are some war poems that ought to be here and that are not. But the task was a difficult one and we would be charitable. Eighteen poets are represented by about eighty poems, and even though we may miss some favorites we welcome the volume as a worthy record of high poetic industry.

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1916-1917. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

##### Tuberculosis.

This book by Dr. Edward O. Otis should have a high place in the literature of tuberculosis. Actually the problem of tuberculosis is one for the statesman. It is the disease of bad government, poverty, overcrowding, congestion, and filth. The remedy is in the removal of all these evils. Individually the cure is to be found in fresh air without admixture of drugs, sprays, or germicides.

Dr. Otis writes primarily for the layman and for the sufferer, but he includes something of the history of tuberculosis and of the crusade against its ravages. It is an eminently helpful book.

TUBERCULOSIS. By Edward O. Otis, M. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

##### Brier Reviews.

"Your Vote and How to Use It," by Mrs. Raymond Brown (Harper & Brothers; 75 cents), is intended for women and is a general survey of the mechanism of government, state and national, with an indication of some of the remedial evils.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "The Melody of Earth," an anthology of garden and nature poems from present-day poets. The selection of over 250 poems has been made by Mrs. Waldo Richards, who seems to have found her material from most of the best-known poets of the day. The price is \$1.50.

"The Philosophy of Christian Being," by Walter E. Brandenburg, A. M. (Sherman,

French & Co.; \$1.20), is intended to remove the stain of German materialism from the tenets of Christian theology. With every desire to appreciate a good intention it may seem to the average reader that the author has administered a hair of the dog that bit him and that the remedy is nearly indistinguishable from the disease.

Much water has passed under the bridge since "Desire," by Charlotte Eaton, was first published in 1904. Taste in verse may have changed during the last fourteen years, and there may not be quite the same appetite for the fleshly and passionate poetry that then awakened responsive yearnings in some of us. None the less E. P. Dutton & Co. have brought out a new and enlarged edition of "Desire," and we shall note its fate with some interest.

The Food Administration asks for economy in wheat, meat, sugars, and fats, and the housewife finds herself unable to rearrange her domestic scheme without impossible expense. It is to meet this difficulty that Mary Swartz Rose has written her little book, "Everyday Foods in War-Time," just published by the Macmillan Company (80 cents). The author is assistant professor, department of nutrition, of Columbia University and she writes simply and understandingly.

Every one familiar with English newspapers knows something of the humorous essays that have for so long appeared in the columns of the London Star. They were originally by many writers, but the war took them one by one until only "Alpha of the Plough" was left. This volume is a selection from his papers, "a sort of informal diary of moods in time of peril," admirably written with the daintiest of touches, and equally admirably illustrated by Charles E. Brock. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.

"Handbook of Northern France," by William Morris Davis, S. D., Ph. D., with a foreword by Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azan, has been written "with the approval of the Geography Committee, National Research Council, for those officers of our national army who may wish to learn something of the leading physical features of the brave country where their aid will be so welcome." The little book is written somewhat from the military point of view and its very numerous maps are of inestimable value. It is published by the Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

"From All the Fronts," by Donald A. Mackenzie, just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, is the only book containing biographies of all the great French and English generals now engaged in the struggle against the Hun. The list includes Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, General Foch, General Pétain, Admiral Sir David Beatty, General Sir William Robertson, and many others in whose careers Americans are interested.

The increased interest in the political and revolutionary life of Russia has created a demand for Maxim Gorky's "The Spy," and B. W. Huebsch announces the publication of a new edition of this book, lately out of print. This is Gorky's story of "a superfluous man" in which he throws light on the underworld and exposes the degradation, mystery, and horror of the secret police system.

"Under German Shells" is to be published by the Scribner's during May. The author, Emmanuel Bourcier, was a member of the French commission and was sent to this country as an instructor in Liaison—the service that coordinates the movements of aeroplanes, artillery, and infantry. Captain Bourcier is one of the most successful of the younger French writers, having twice received the prize of the Société des de Lettres and in 1916 the Montyon prize. From this prominent position in the literary life of Paris at the beginning of the war he went into the trenches as a private.

Captain Malcom C. Grow, author of "Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting," just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, is a young Philadelphia surgeon who gave up his practice and went to Russia in 1915 in answer to an urgent call for medical volunteers. He served in three great campaigns, including the terrible one under Brusiloff while the battle of Verdun was being fought, when the Russians hurled back the Teuton hordes and lent their support to the French. "The Russians had three doctors to a regiment," says Captain Grow, "and these quite frequently had 2000 wounded to attend to after an engagement."

According to a report from the other side the writings of Rabindranath Tagore are finding an increasing popularity. It is said, for example, that over 40,000 copies of "Gitanjali" have been sold since publication in England alone.

A notable tribute was paid recently to Isaac F. Marcossion at a dinner given in his honor

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in New York. James M. Beck presided and among the speakers were Ian Hay and Chairman Edward Hurley of the Shipping Board. Telegrams testifying to Mr. Marcossion's distinguished services in the war were read from Earl Reading, Viscount Northcliffe, Winston Spencer Churchill, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and General Leonard Wood. The dinner was a farewell, for Mr. Marcossion sails shortly on his fifth trip to the war zones. His new book, "The Business of War," just published, is in its second large edition.

Lady Dorothy Stanley, the widow of the famous African explorer, whose war novel, "Miss Pim's Camouflage," now in its second printing, has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, writes to her publishers: "Over here we are all 'taut.' We know perfectly well now that we are fighting for our lives, our home—for England, in fact. We are all quite steady—we believe we shall win through with the help of America. We don't underestimate what you can do and are going to do."

At the outset of the war Germany had 71 cents in gold for every dollar of paper money. Today she has only 18 cents in gold for every dollar of paper money.

## War Books You Should Read and Why

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"HOLDING THE LINE"  
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Sergeant Harold Baldwin

Because it is absolutely the best account of what life in the trenches is like. Because it pictures what it means to "hold the line" against the terrific Hun onslaught. Because it tells about the soldier's feelings when he goes "over the top"; and lots of other things everyone should know about the war. Price \$1.50.

READ  
"Long Heads and Round Heads"  
by  
Dr. Wm. S. Sadler

Because it explains logically and convincingly the reasons for the moral bankruptcy of Germany. Because it tells why German savagery is a biological result of racial degeneration. Because it answers the puzzling question—"What's the matter with Germany?"—which has so perplexed all of us. Price \$1.00.

AT ALL BOOK STORES

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Warfare of Today.

This admirable volume by Colonel Azan consists of lectures delivered by the author before the Lowell Institute in the autumn of 1917. Colonel Azan looks far beyond the trench warfare of the present moment. Indeed he objects to the term as misleading. What we call trench warfare is actually a war of position and he foresees the time when it must give place to the war of movement with its penetration of enemy lines, its methods of pursuit, and the preparations for new attacks.

It is all made transparently clear. War is a matter of education and intelligence, and when these are applied to the Allied armies they mean conservation of man power. France under Pétain has necessarily been rigidly economical of her men. She has paid them out cautiously and only so far as exigencies demanded. She has reserved her full forces for the day when the war of movement shall be resumed, and when she shall be able to use them effectively in decisive battles.

Colonel Azan writes for the layman as well as for the soldier. There is not a paragraph of which the meaning is rendered obscure by technicalities. He shows the details of war as well as its great principles, and in such a way as to give a grasp of his subject that we would not willingly be without.

THE WARFARE OF TODAY. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azan, Litt. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

## A League of Nations.

The idea which is just now put forward in the proposal of a League to Enforce Peace is by no means new. In various forms proposals looking to world organization have been put forward ever since the time of Henry IV of France and his Great Design. The greatest advance toward the realization in practice of some plan whereby nations could cooperate in eliminating international anarchy and establishing international order was that made by the Second Hague Conference, only to prove helpless and abortive in the face of the present conflict.

Instead of being lost, however, and being utterly cast out by its failure to avert the present war, the necessity of some such plan is felt by all to be more urgent than ever, and in the great emergency now faced fresh efforts are being made to bring into being some sound and powerful organization of an international character. The leading exponent of the idea in the United States is ex-President Taft, and President Wilson has been converted to the scheme and made himself the official spokesman of the movement.

The little handbook of the League to Enforce Peace that has been prepared by Hon. Theodore Marburg is therefore a timely and useful work. It gives a history of the development of the movement and an outline of the organization that has been suggested, together with an analysis of some of the criticism to which it has been subjected.

The plan is confessedly very general, and if it errs in anything it is in the attempt in some regards to lay down a definite organization. The strongest point made by The Hague Conference in 1907 was not its establishment of a court of arbitration, but the dictum that such a court should reach decisions based on international justice. This marked a great advance over any position hitherto taken by diplomacy. Likewise the strongest bid for success that any league for advancing the cause of peace can make is not any elaborate system of world courts and councils, but the revision and strengthening of international law and the elimination of the causes of war. Mr. Marburg's arguments are far from convincing that the plans of the League to Enforce Peace promise success in eliminating war, but the discussion is useful and stimulating especially in view of the advance in international thinking that has resulted from the political developments of the present war.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Theodore Marburg. New York: Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

## A War Photographer in Russia.

War photography is not a good insurance risk. At least that is the impression one gets from reading the personal experiences of Donald Thompson, recorded in letters written to his wife in America while he was working his cameras overtime in Russia. Thompson is the stormy petrel type of American newspaper man and during the present war has managed to get in the thick of many exciting events.

He reached Petrograd just in time to witness the March revolution, and from that time on through the summer made a regular practice of dodging bullets and trying through an interpreter to find out what it was all about. He is a shrewd observer with lots of common sense. His knowledge of Russia and the Russians was strictly limited, but in spite of this difficulty he was able to get a clearer idea of many of the political changes that were taking place than many of the corre-

spondents whose first business was the pen instead of the camera.

His book is made up of the letters which he sent home to his wife and they are evidently published with little alteration. They are therefore full of vivid fresh impressions of the dramatic events as they took place and as they impressed a wide-awake observer whose business took him into the places of greatest activity. In some places he was evidently misled by his interpreter, but the book contains a lot of first-hand information, useful as data in checking accounts of what happened and evaluating political movements.

DONALD THOMPSON IN RUSSIA. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

## New Books Received.

HIS SECOND WIFE. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A novel.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 50 cents. For children.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE. By Irving K. Pond. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$2.

The broad principles of art.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN SOLDIER TO HIS FATHER. By Curtis Wheeler. Second Lieutenant, U. S. R. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; 75 cents.

War letters.

NOCTURNE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40. A novel.

HOURS OF FRANCE. By Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1. A volume of verse.

GOLD AND IRON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. Three stories.

BOMBS AND HAND GRENADES. By Captain Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. British, French, and German.

SCIENTIFIC DISTRIBUTION. By Charles F.igham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. About advertising.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By Franklin K. Lane. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; 75 cents.

Some reflections on Americanism.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD. By Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50. A novel.

THE TRIANGLE OF HEALTH. By Alma C. Arnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25. Simple advice about health.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By Jean-Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company; \$3. A book of nature.

AIRCRAFT IN WAR AND COMMERCE. By W. H. Berry. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

With a foreword by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, C. S. I.

THE WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON. By Frank Ward O'Malley. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Some satirical sketches.

THE ROOTS OF THE WAR. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50. Modern history.

FIRST THE BLADE. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A novel.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40.

A novel.

THE EXPERIENCE OF GOD IN MODERN LIFE. By Eugene W. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

A theological inquiry.

DEMOCRACY IN EDUCATION. By Joseph Kinmont Hart, Ph. D. New York: The Century Company. A social interpretation of the history of education.

FLASHES FROM THE FRONT. By Charles H. Grasty. New York: The Century Company; \$2. Sidelights on the war.

MODERN SHORT STORIES. Edited with introduction and notes by Frederick Houk Law, Ph. D. New York: The Century Company. A book for high schools.

FORE. By Charles E. Van Loan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35. A novel.

THE REAL BUSINESS OF LIVING. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A history of our institutions and standards.

The development of the iron industry in Korea has been given a great impetus by the erection at Kyomipo, Whanghaide, of a foundry which has cost about \$16,000,000. Work was begun on this enterprise in February, 1914, by the Mitsubishi firm and it was so far completed that operations were begun this spring. Ore to be used there is now being taken from mines in Cholsanmyon, Whangju district, and Unsanmyon, Chaillyong district. The former mine employs about 1000 miners and produces some seventy tons of ore a day, while the latter employs 1600 and produces eighty tons a day.



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## A Visit to Message-Carriers at the Front.

A British chaplain in France writes:

"I think it was on . . . that I paid a visit to one of the pigeon lofts in our area. The pigeons are part of my flock. They live—some sixty of them—in a London motor omnibus from Piccadilly. The outside top part of the omnibus is roofed in to form a cage, while the men occupy the inside—or, rather, three-quarters of the inside, because the front part of the inside is also part of the cage, which is entered by a door from the men's room, and also by a door at the top of the back staircase.

"There is an opening in the front of the cage, cleverly arranged, so that the birds can enter when they return from their flights, but can not fly out when they are inside. A hoard is deftly poised just inside the opening, so that when a bird steps on it an electric bell rings inside the omnibus to tell the men that a pigeon has come home. Two arrived while I was there; they had come from the trenches five miles away in twelve minutes. The pigeons are taken out in baskets to the trenches, to bring messages back in case the wire communications should be cut by the enemy's fire. If not wanted for this purpose, they are sent flying back after twenty-four hours with some message just for practice. Each pigeon has a ring put on its leg when quite young, and is known by the number on the ring.

"As soon as the bird arrives at the loft a man creeps into the cage, catches it, reads the message, writes it down in duplicate, and sends an orderly at once with a copy to the

signal officer, whence it is sent forth like an ordinary telegram to wherever it ought to go. Birds are always sent in couples, each with the same message, in case one should be shot by the enemy. Two males—or two females—are sent together, never a male and a female, lest they loiter by the way, or Eve tempt Adam to wander from the path of duty.

"Truly, they were a beautiful set of birds which I saw—quite a sight to behold, in such perfect condition, and with all the marks of high breeding. Their dignified bearing seemed to show that they realized the importance of their work. It is a wonderful instinct which makes these birds fly back to their homes as soon as possible. The men get devoted to them, and make them love their clean and comfortable homes, where they are well fed and cared for in every way. Ah! how many of us would love to fly back to our warm, comfortable homes and be at rest with those who care for us! The crew of the loft consists of a chauffeur to drive the motor, an expert pigeon trainer, who also acts as cook, and an orderly to run the messages. I had dinner with the men—they providing the meat and I the sweets. I wonder if that omnibus will ever run through Piccadilly again."

A firm at Juarez, in Mexico, is making alcohol from a plant called sotol, which grows abundantly in northern Mexico and western Texas. It is said the plant can be gathered at a cost of from \$2 to \$5 per ton, and that from one ton of this plant from eighteen to twenty-five gallons of alcohol, 180 proof, can be made.

Think what you can  
afford to give  
— then double it



A life  
may depend on it  
—do you dare do less?

All of the Red Cross War Fund  
goes for War Relief





### MAUDE ADAMS IN "CINDERELLA."

No doubt Barrie wrote "A Kiss for Cinderella" with Maude Adams in his mind, for ever since she played Bahhie in "The Little Minister" he seems never to have swerved in his conviction that she is the actress for his especially quaint, endearing, and fantastic creations.

The Cinderella in his new play is a little London slavey with the heart of a child and the soul of a mother. Half-starved because she shares her meager resources with her four adopted little war-wards, her undernourished body plays her eager, questioning brain false, and she gives herself over to fairy-tale fancies. She dares to dream wild dreams that ignore the lack of beauty in her little cockney countenance, and centre ambitiously about the minute size of her shabbily-shod feet. Yes, Jane—nicknamed Cinderella by the kind old artist who appreciates her, and values her for her humble virtues—longs for the miraculous to happen, and almost believes that she will find the kind godmother, wear the glass slippers, and rejoice in the coming of the fairy prince.

And it all comes true, but in a feverish dream that weaves its fanciful way into the poor, sick brain of the little fever-prostrated slavey. For the dream is materialized. We see Cinderella's ignorant, half-formed, groping fancies take shape. Her king and queen resemble the royalties on a pack of cards, although they converse respectively in a rich cockney dialect and a racy Irish brogue, similar to that on the tongue of one of Cinderella's humble acquaintances. The prince is dressed like the white satin princes in the pictures that even London slaveys see. But his face is the face of the handsome policeman at the corner. The ladies of the court are made up of the subjects in the pictures that hang on Mr. Bodie's—the artist's—walls. So the stately Duchess of Devonshire, Mona Lisa, with her faint, mysterious smile, and other pictured ladies are at Cinderella's hall. So are the four war-orphans, clad in nightgowns, but very happy. So is the Lord Mayor, oh-yes-ing like an alarm clock, and strangely resembling the fat citizen for whom Cinderella mends at a penny a patch. And Mr. Bodie is there as Lord Times; that mysterious, all-powerful Times named by every British tongue, that is looked to to remedy every British evil.

How like it is to Barrie at his most fanciful. The pity, the tenderness that is extended to the little cockney Cinderella, the mingling of fancy and reality in her waking life, the delightful humor and pretty fantasy of the hall. As in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," we see the delicious fancies of one who is almost dying take visible shape. The dream personages are incarnated, but the painful, pitiful impression of suffering that was conveyed in the other play is not apparent in this. For all is fun and gayety at the hall. No shadow darkens Cinderella's dream-festivity, which culminates in a wedding and a whirl of gayety.

The closing act is reality again. Cinderella is at a hospital, but it is a sort of earthly paradise. Nourished and cared for though she is, her active fancy still works. Her wheeled bed is a carriage, Mr. Bodie and his doctor-sister are, both in fact and in fancy, a kind of combination fairy godmother, and the handsome young policeman is a good enough fairy prince for Cinderella, with his stammered marriage proposal, and his votive offering of a pair of glass slippers which fit.

It is all very sweet and tender and touching, and Maude Adams, as usual, is in a part that suits her down to the ground. Her small size, her wistful, merry little countenance, the tender inflections of her coaxing voice, and that elfin personality which the public so loves and clings to, all combine to make her in the public fancy an ideal Cinderella.

Miss Adams has a great name, but is not, never was, and never could be a great actress. But she possesses in a supreme degree the power to attach to herself and retain the appreciation, the confidence, the admiration and affection of her most loving public. They, like Jarrie, are unswerving in their constancy. To them her mannerisms are as dear as herself. They are, indeed, not mannerisms, but part of a charm which moves them to ever renewed appreciation.

Here is really quite a wonderful story.

How other players, expert in detecting really well-defined, solidly-founded artistic ability must marvel, realizing that her fame is really built on a charm and a personality. And, also, on her wonderful capability to enter into the play spirit. That, of course, is her value to Barrie. When they temporarily got her away from that line, and tried her on the public with "Juliet" and "L'Aiglon," she wasn't up to it. But probably lots of actresses who could play those rôles would not be able to enter with the appropriate elfin spirit into Barrie's playful fantasies.

Miss Adams is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Morton Selten depicts the kind and whimsical artist as a being with a lovably humorous spirit. Mr. William Boyd impersonated the ponderous but good-hearted young policeman with intelligence and a sense of humor that lent itself to the Barrie scheme. And his finely chiseled features helped to make his graceful fairy prince quite a beautiful personage. Maude Leslie was curt, businesslike and mannishly kind as the hospital doctor, and the five beauties bore themselves with a mien appropriate to the pictured subjects they impersonated, while David Torrence as the king, Ada Boshell as the queen, and the other players enacting the various oddities who composed the guests at Cinderella's delirium-created hall ably assisted in the creation of that peculiar and eminently Barrie-esque atmosphere which makes Cinderella's hall a bit of unforgettable fantasy.

### THE SECOND GALLI-CURCI CONCERT.

It was almost—at least to look at—as fully attended as the first, which they claim made a world record. Not so many standing and a few almost undiscoverable bare patches here and there, but a general survey of the huge auditorium gave one the impression that it was full.

As Galli-Curci made her appearance at her second concert it was evident to an observant eye that her costume was designed to accentuate the physical characteristics indicative of her Spanish origin. She wore a high tortoise-shell comb and flowers drooping low in her black hair, Spanish style; and the skirt of her gold-colored embroidered costume was flounced to the waist. It seemed a pity that there was no color to help out the picturesque figure on the bare, ugly, dismal stage. Really, the ugliness of the Exposition Auditorium is unforgettable and unescapable. It is almost an affront. Why couldn't they at least have introduced some warmth of coloring, a tobacco-brown wood-paneled, for instance, to make some kind of background to the cold, bare platform? To expend millions, and not a cent laid out on the interior with one single thought for beauty! And this after having had the example of the Exposition as an indication and an illustration of how intensely the masses appreciate architectural beauty and mural and sculptural decoration.

Galli-Curci's programme was similar in general lines to that of last Sunday. Although the mad scene from "Lucia" was evidently the *piece de résistance*, since it ended the programme, I found that I agreed with others in considering the melodiously beautiful Bell Song from "Lakme" as the gem of the programme.

We are becoming musically sophisticated out here in San Francisco. Formerly, with our Yosemite-like tendency to an insistence that famous voices should be of a spectacular immensity commensurate with their fame, we grumbled if they were otherwise. But I haven't heard a single adverse comment over the comparatively small size of Galli-Curci's soprano; perhaps because it is so exquisite in quality.

One of the dictionary definitions of a song is "a short lyrical descriptive or emotional piece"; which is to say that the song is supposed to express certain specific sentiments. We are therefore obliged to do an unconscionable amount of guessing at the average concert—unless they print the words of the songs on the programme—because it is a concert convention to sing in from three to four languages. However, we can console ourselves by the reflection that we are also obliged to do some very tall guessing even when the performer sings in English, unless the song is familiar. Which accounts for the intensity of enjoyment with which the auditors listened to Galli-Curci's "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie"; both repeated as encores at this second concert. Occasionally we have a form of literary enjoyment joined to the musical, which results in a pleasure rather rich and rare. There was, I remember, a haritone with a voice of unusual loveliness who was the vocal soloist with the Minneapolis Orchestra; Werrenrath, I think his name was. And he afforded us this pleasure in particularly fine flavor and full measure when he sang "Lochinvar." This kind of enjoyment we can rarely hope for with foreign singers, for the delight with which we listen to "Home, Sweet Home" is different. It is the joy of hearing something well known and well loved, something simple and homely, under ideal conditions. Galli-Curci has de-

veloped and polished her coloratura effects wonderfully, and we marvel at the sweetness, purity, and flexibility of her voice when she tosses off with the utmost ease her vocal star-showers. And yet, in Buzzi-Pecchia's "Little Birdies," there was a simple yet rare enchantment, a tender magic, which I found irresistible. Yet I know it was merely because it was the simple, familiar nursery lay, "What does little birdie say?" enriched and ennobled by the transforming touch that a great artist can give.

It is a pleasure different in kind and degree to that with which one listens to the famous "Lucia" aria, which never for a moment hints of madness or despair. It is merely a carefully composed medium for showing off the exhibitional qualities of a great diva's voice. Galli-Curci's voice in its competition with the flute notes yielded us all the marvelings we hoped for, and she appealed to a variety of other emotions in the remaining dozen or more numbers of her programme. She could not, I should judge, ever yield us the supreme pleasure which results from an artist in the depiction of great emotions melting our souls to wax within us, but she goes so far in the delight she confers that she just stops short of it. And it was significant that many went to see her the second time.

### THE WHITE PROCESSION.

One would like to be either twenty years old, in order to envisage fifty years of burning interest and tense activity, during the rehabilitation of a war-ravaged world, or else the mother of half a dozen eager-minded American children, taking in fruitful and valuable impressions at every pore, and storing up rich memories for the future. Whatever lies before us—and we firmly believe it

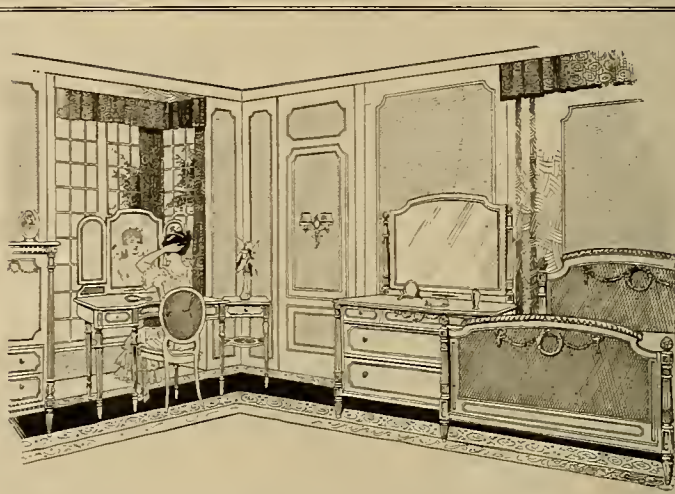
is victory—we know that the people of America are for the third time passing through an experience peculiarly rich in fine emotions, and pregnant with future greatness. During the infancy of our republic, following the Revolutionary War, the flowering and fruitage of its sturdy youth in the period following the Civil War, and now, in what may be called our climb toward maturity, we have felt and continue to feel the glow of a fiery faith in the national star.

There must inevitably be grief for the mourners, there will be some broken hearts, there has been even in our midst havoc and desolation, but there is a new thrill and challenge in mere living. The past is past, but an absorbingly interesting future urges us on. What it holds we do not know, but each of us can help in some degree to win that which we wish with all our hearts it should hold.

So there is service for all, if it is only to march in the great white parade. How simple that sounds! The women, most of them, were ready and willing; exhilarated, in fact. It was just one more minor contribution toward doing their bit. And besides, who doesn't love to wear a uniform? Everybody, except those who are obliged to.

So they pledged themselves by the thousands to march in the parade, and went forth on last Saturday, an eager, expectant, white-veiled multitude. And it was strange to discover anew the dignity and esthetic value of uniformity. The streets became beautiful with the white-draped figures. Individuality melted away, although many attractive faces were refined, even ennobled by the flowing veils.

There was, of course, the usual preliminary. Thousands of women surged on the side streets, off Market, rallying around the banner of their special unit, and every tongue flew. Soldier-officers came and tried to give



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orders, Red Veils and Blue Veils endeavored to hush the throng. In vain. The tongues never suspended their activity, and the soldiers blanched and seemed to melt away. But soon, by some miracle, the ranks were formed, and we saw the white-clad figures swinging into line and marching in orderly files up the wide, sun-showered street.

And a sort of solemnity descended upon the multitudes lining the wide thoroughfare. There was a suggestion of a religious festival about the impressive procession. The women looked like priestesses consecrated to a holy task; as indeed they are.

The white-clad sisterhood, however, had their trials. To the majority it was their first experience in marching before a public in step and time; or at least trying to. When the white sisterhood got into line, they made the discovery that for a tyro to march even fairly creditably, to keep step and straight ranks meant constant vigilance and steady effort. An embargo had been laid upon too-active tongues, and absorption in the task assisted in obedience. As for the people on the side, they counted as a collective living eye whose exactions must be appeased by conscientious marching.

In the ranks there were children, young girls, the middle-aged, the elderly, the venerable. I saw an old lady whose head shook with palsy, but there was the beam of youth in her faded eye. There were women in the ranks that were partly lame, but they were determined that their infirmity should not lessen by a single one the thousands who marched.

In the freshness of the morning they swung out with vim. And really, Mr. Soldier Man, although from the point of view of real marching it didn't count at all, as a great and impressive spectacle it did. There were enough floats and symbolic groupings to make for variety. Racial groups, such as those of the Chinese and the colored people, sent thrills of interest and patriotic pride along the watching ranks; for it meant unanimity of national feeling. But always the most impressive feature was the long file composed of thousands of white-robed, white-veiled women, with here and there the dashes of red and blue made by the different colored head-covering of their officers.

There was plainly a new feeling of consecration in the ranks. One noted it in the expression of the faces. There was an elasticity to the tread even of the older women, and an easy, graceful buoyancy to the swinging step of the younger ones. And how sweet the girls looked; principally because they were not thinking about themselves. Each felt herself an infinitesimal part of an immense and impressive whole.

Of course there were women who had scuttled about at the last moment, and just gotten a uniform in time to squeak through. But mark you, that was one of the good results of the whole plan. For they will immediately join a unit, and, in conformity with sanitary requirements, wear that uniform while they contribute their bit to the sum total of Red Cross work.

For the white procession was an exhortation, an invitation, and an inspiration. Even the street children, faithful recorders of the excitements of the times, felt its urgency and instituted imitation parades on their special block. But they will not forget it, and never again will the national membership of the Red

Cross sink to its former insignificant figure. The coming generation of Red Cross members were there in the Red Cross procession. I mean in all the parades that took place all over the nation on that epochal day. Many in the Junior Red Cross are already doing efficient service. They form the personnel of the coming army that is growing up, and will be the American Red Cross of the future, doing its great work of merciful reconstruction for the wearied peoples desolated and ravaged by war.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### COWARDS BECOME HEROES.

A veteran of the Civil War confesses in a letter to the New York Sun that in '61 he enlisted because of his fear of public opinion, when others were enlisting. He went to the recruiting tent with his teeth chattering. When assigned to duty as a soldier he fought to escape "the common gossip of the barracks" upon his lack of courage, and by doing so won the respect of the men "and likewise the respect of my company commander, a man of worldly wisdom, who knew that I was a coward." On picket duty at night he was assailed by temptation to desert, but he stuck to his duty. One night two bounty jumpers for whom he was responsible attacked him. "If I had had warning I think I should have let them escape, but I had no such opportunity. When the fight was over the three of us were unconscious. I was commended in regimental orders, but both my company commander and myself knew it was not deserved."

The company commander knew perhaps, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, commenting on the above, that a man naturally timid who could take care of two desperate men in a hand-to-hand encounter deserved commendation from any one who knew his weakness, and his strength as well as the formal commendation of regimental orders.

At the battle of Pea Ridge this courageous "coward" felt that he would like to run away, but for the certain knowledge that he would be shot by his comrades for making the attempt, but after the firing began he "took hold of the work steadily," and for his work, which must have been done uncommonly well, he was "read off corporal and immediately after fourth sergeant." Later, and after he had been under fire most of the time for a year, he learned that an officer had written a report in which he had said of him: "He will tackle hell single-handed."

"I am inclined to think he was right," says the veteran. "I had grown to be an ugly devil, but down in the bottom of my heart I was full of fear, and ashamed of it, and in mortal terror lest some one should find it out."

"The coward dies a thousand deaths; the brave man dies but once." Midway between the ideal warrior who goes into battle with a song on his lips, apprehensive of nothing, fully confident that the casualties will occur in the enemy's line, continues the Courier-Journal, and the timid and imaginative man who suffers a thousand deaths in anticipation, fighting only because he is afraid not to do so, there are many who belong to neither class. They are men who do not go to war in a spirit of sport, but from a sense of duty, and because they love liberty more than they fear death. Such men were encountered by the British troops when there existed in England the belief that shop-keeping American colonists would not fight. Such men will be encountered by the Kaiser, who has sneered at the Americans. In the American army, as in all armies, there will be men who, like the veteran whose confession is published by the Sun, are the opposites of the "fearless man," but who will acquit themselves well and who will deserve more praise for their gallantry than is deserved by the man to whom gallantry is easy because to him the sport of the conflict is a motive more powerful than the fear that he will not live through the battle.

No recruit need be ashamed of himself if in his heart he does not feel that he is a fearless soldier. The man in the tent with him feels the same way, perhaps, but not until both men have stood the test of courage under fire will either admit just how he felt before his courage was proved when it was needed.

From Frankfort in Germany it is reported that old pipes, of which at least 200,000 pounds have been collected recently, are, perhaps, to be used as a substitute for tobacco, which grows increasingly scarce. It is asserted that chemical investigations have proved that by a method of preparation the hops act and taste much like tobacco and can be used without even a mixture of tobacco.

The rank of major is the highest rank ever held by a negro. Charles Young of the Tenth Cavalry now holds this rank.

Today thirty-seven thousand Linotypes are in use by newspapers and printers throughout the world.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### "The Wanderer" at the Cort.

The great biblical drama, "The Wanderer," which will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday, May 27th, is said to owe its success largely to the fact that it appeals to the infrequent theatre-goer. Its theme, which is that of the Prodigal Son, is so widely known that many persons who seldom attend the theatre nevertheless go to see "The Wanderer" because they feel that they are familiar with it.

Considered purely as a spectacle, "The Wanderer" must be ranked among the achievements of modern stagecraft, which is what David Belasco, who directed its production, set out to make it. As a drama dealing with a religious subject, it is said to be both impressive and thrilling.

The cast includes such well-known stars as Nance O'Neill, James O'Neill, Charles Dalton, Frederick Lewis, Olga Newton, Jean Robertson, Lionel Braham, Florence Auer, Sydney Herbert, and more than one hundred others, besides a ballet of ninety, led by Franceska Karmenova, of Petrograd.

##### Final Week of "A Kiss for Cinderella."

The admirers of Maude Adams are all flocking to the Columbia Theatre to see her in J. M. Barrie's play, "A Kiss for Cinderella." Barrie was never more diverting than he is in his modernized version of the oldest of fairy tales. His characterizations are deft, his humor is delightful, and his fleeting bits of pathos are effective. Continued examination of the Scotchman's plays shows that he is never superficial. There is an idea as well as a sound thought back of every one of his lines. There is the scene in Cinderella's little shack with the policeman and the children. The policeman is asked to have a tin of milk. A toast is proposed and then the policeman proposes one. "Here's to absent friends!" he exclaims. Cinderella bows her head for a moment, but only for a moment, but what a dramatic moment it is when the auditor gets the full import of the line. The line must have been a poignant one in England, and it is sure to be poignant in this country at no great distant future.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" shows how original Mr. Barrie can be. The work does not remind one of anything else that the dramatist has written. Cinderella is as distinct a characterization as was Lady Babbie, Phoebe Throssell, Maggie Wylie, or Leonora. The characters have only one thing in common, their charming femininity and their humanity.

The play is most artistically staged, capably cast, and is one of the most valuable contributions to the theatre of the present time.

Miss Adams will begin her second and last week in the city on Monday night.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the greatest shows in its history. Wilton Lackaye will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city next Sunday matinee in a playlet entitled "The Ferret," by Hall McAlister. This announcement doubtless will be hailed with delight by theatre-goers who know of Mr. Lackaye's art.

By all odds the best dancing act that has come into vaudeville in a long while is the one presented by Lester Sheehan and Pearl Regay. Mr. Sheehan for the past two years has been the principal support of Bessie Clayton in her various dance offerings and Miss Regay was the featured member of the "World Dancers."

"You Know What I Mean" is the title Jim Toney and Ann Norman have given their amusement notions. The only thing definite in their performance is the fact that it is generally entertaining. The character part is devoted to laughter and the rest to song.

Claire Rochester, soprano-barytone, who scored a tremendous success on the occasion of her only engagement in this city some two years ago, will be heard in new songs. Her soprano voice has a range reaching to F above high C and her baritone range equals David Bispham's.

Cole, Russell, and Davis, genuine comedians, will present a new skit called "Yeggs." The Three Daring Sisters are appropriately named, for they present a thrilling aerial act. The remaining acts in this bill will be Grace De Mar in her successful feminine character studies and the sparkling musical comedy, "The Naughty Princess."

##### The San Francisco Opera Company.

Another notable revival will be offered this coming week by the San Francisco Opera Company at the Washington. It will be Ponchilli's dramatic grand opera, "La Gioconda." In the cast will be heard such favorite artists as Giuseppe Mauro, Elena Avedano, a dramatic soprano who daily grows in favor, Bartolomeo Dadone, Blanche Hamilton Fox, Louise Noe, Genia d'Agarioff, and Aristide Neri. Tonight (Saturday) "Faust" will be repeated, and tomorrow "Rigoletto" sung once



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more. In this last opera a change in the cast has been made, and this time "Rigoletto" will be sung by Bartolomeo Dadone. Reggiani will again be the Gilda, and Magano will be heard as the Duke. Tuesday, May 28th, will be the premiere of "La Gioconda"; Thursday, "Ernani," with Mauri in the title-role; Friday, "Lucia di Lammermoor," with all its entrancing melodies and with Lina Reggiani in the title-role.

##### Lou Tellegen Coming.

"Blind Youth" is the title of the play in which Lou Tellegen will come to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning June 3d. The youthful blindness to which the title of the play refers is the inability of the young to distinguish between false and genuine love. It is the revelation of how a young artist is guided by his impulses rather than his reason in bestowing his affection. The play is lifelike in that it has its moments of laughter as well as its moments of pain, but the impulse of the story is to the joy of life. The tour of Mr. Tellegen is under the direction of Charles Emerson Cook.

"So you approve of the government's action in taking over the railroads." "Yep," replied Mr. Growcher. "I approve of that and prohibition for several reasons, one of them being that now a lot of people can quit lecturing on the subject and go to work."—Washington Star.

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Sunday, May 26, "Rigoletto."

Tuesday, May 28, "La Gioconda"—First Time.

Friday, "Ernani."

Saturday, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

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Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c and 25c. War tax included.



## VANITY FAIR.

Among the many expedients in aid of the Red Cross there is one in particular reported from London that commends itself to what we are pleased to call our intelligence. The ladies of England have been invited to contribute their pearls to the Red Cross fund and a committee of jewelers has been appointed to receive these pearls, to classify them, and to report upon their value. The queen and the princesses have made a large contribution and at the first meeting of the committee there were eighty large pearls in evidence, and a month later there were over eleven hundred, and they are still coming in fast alike from men and women. Some of them come anonymously, but with inscriptions, such as "In memory of my husband, killed in Flanders, May, 1915," "In memory of my son, killed in action October, 1915, in France," "In memory of my only son." Large numbers of pearls are expected from overseas as soon as the demand is made known, and the princes of India will certainly send lavish gifts from their almost inexhaustible stores.

Now here is our opportunity. Shall we allow ourselves to be outdone by Englishwomen? And why draw the line at pearls? Why not clear out the whole jewelry drawer with the exception of its utilities and send their contents in glittering masses to the Red Cross? You know these things have no actual value. They will all be looted if the Germans win the war. They will take your jewelry, your watches, and even your underclothing. That pilfering ape, the Crown Prince of Germany, is said to have a very pretty taste in women's underclothing, and the German government is publicly boasting of the jewelry and the silver spoons that it has looted from Belgium and France. Why not send in the gems at once to the Red Cross and have them minted into beneficence? Why worry about safe deposit boxes and strong rooms? Why be anxious? Why fret? Why not give ourselves the unprecedented experience of self-sacrifice, of parting with something that we actually want? It is said to be quite stimulating.

Men have usually very little jewelry, but occasionally they have some, jeweled shirt buttons and the like. Send them in. Wear the tasteful little black studs that they send home with the laundry. They are quite as effective. Pack the jewelry in little boxes with the name and address of the giver and hand them in to the Red Cross, who will doubtless arrange to have them valued and insured. Do it now.

France is imposing a tax upon all luxuries and England is about to do the same. Here in America we are indulging in a sort of preliminary canter in the same direction, but it is hardly noticeable. We probably waste enough gasoline every day to supply all the war tanks in Europe for a week. How about pet dogs and pianos, although the piano should be described as a pest rather than a luxury. How about laces, embroideries, and feathers? How about horse carriages, hilliard tables, and furs? Horse carriages in France pay a war tax of \$200, and pianos a tax of \$250. Motorcycles pay a tax of \$400, and bicycles \$50. Motor-boats and yachts are taxed almost out of existence. So are sporting guns, paintings, and sculptures.

We are all in favor of laws against loafers and vagrants, or we think we are, which is not quite the same thing. At least we should like to supply the definition of a loafer and a vagrant. But they have a law down in Maryland, my Maryland, in which there are no reservations. It requires that all able-bodied men—there is nothing said about able-bodied women—from eighteen to fifty years of age shall be "habitually and regularly engaged in some lawful, useful, and recognized business, profession, occupation, trade, or employment until the termination of the war." Herewith we register a vow not to migrate to Maryland until this dreadful war is over. This law is too wide and also too narrow for us. Our occupation—that part of it that we allow to be visible—is probably lawful, or will be until the Overman hill gets into action. It is certainly recognized. But is it useful? Could we willingly leave this point to a judgment of our peers?

But think of the leveling action of this Maryland law. Contemplate the delight with which the Maryland Bolshevik will gird up their loins and descend upon the cluhmen and the society folk who toil not neither do they spin. Indeed the devastation has already begun. James Madison Thompson of Baltimore has been prosecuted as a vagrant. No, he had not been found sleeping under a haystack nor seeking the unproffered hospitality of the box-car. He was not an I. W. W., nor even a festive hobo who was obeying the scriptural command to take no heed for the morrow. James Madison Thompson was a retired banker living on his dividends, joyfully clipping his coupons, and somnolently

supporting the government from the sacred privacies of his club. But he was not "habitually and regularly engaged" within the meaning of the act, which contained absolutely nothing in the way of immunity for best citizens, prominent townsmen, or the socially elect. Imagine the horror of James Madison Thompson of Baltimore when he was hailed before the judgment seat and requested to explain why he should not be considered as an unemployed person, male, and between the ages of eighteen and fifty. James Madison Thompson was bewildered, as well he might be. He foresaw the crashing of the social system in ruins about his ears. He heard the denunciation how-woos of anarchy close upon his heels. The court mercifully allowed him a short season in which to find work, to secure a job of some kind that should be lawful, recognized, and useful. Imagine James Madison Thompson poring over the "wanted" columns in the daily newspaper and gradually coming to the conclusion that he was not "wanted," that the tide of utility had passed him by, and that this grand old globe had been given over to the world, the flesh, and the Bolshevik.

A fundamental difference between the American and the Englishman is illustrated by M. André Chevrillon in his recent book.

"The Englishman," he says, "is governed by rules of the social code, the first of which is to conform as closely as possible to the general type. Convention forbids him, above all, to 'gush.'"

And the result, to say the least, is strange if not startling in the eyes of the innocent foreigner. Consider the case of the new recruit facing the stern drill sergeant, Union Jack stuck jauntily in his buttonhole. Patriotism had driven him to the ranks, and he was trying to show it. Heavens! What a breach of good form!

"Take that gaw-gaw out!" yells his mentor. "You're a soldier now. We want no damned patriotism in the army."

## Voices Buried in the Air.

Occasionally operators at wireless stations report that they have heard sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds, and explosions of sound for which they can not account. It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation" as wires do, and that they believe that the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sounds at any distance. If this be true, we may indeed be on the eve of an electric miracle (says the Los Angeles Times). It may be possible that in the future the voices of the past will be brought back to us on the waves of the air. Here is the theory:

Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and the receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little pause which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen. The air envelope around the earth, however, is only fifteen miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations can not carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the Weather Bureau has used for a number of years to help in the prediction of temperatures. Now, from all this evidence, we have the deduction: The earth is a hall whirling around in space with an envelope of air fifteen miles thick, an envelope which must have absorbed all the sounds that have been made since the world began.

The question is, where are those sounds? They must be somewhere. They must be within the radius of fifteen miles, unless their vibrations have died out, and recent experiments have shown, it is contended, the probability that vibration is the real perpetual movement. The range of the wireless is something over 3000 miles: so that, even at this comparatively early day in electrical science, it may be that we are beginning to pick up these vibrations. Wireless operators are always complaining of "breaks" in their transmissions, queer, odd sounds, which seem almost articulate, and which can not be accounted for on any other ground than that of some phenomena connected with the lingering vibrations of other days.

The United States now has 233 electric steel furnaces out of a world total of 733. The United States capacity is 1,800,000 tons annually, or nearly one-half of the total. Five and one-half years ago there were only nineteen furnaces in the United States. Progress in one year shows an increase from 140 to the present 233.

He—I am a poor man, you know. She—When we are married I can learn to cook, dear. He—Haven't you better practice while your father is supplying the raw materials?—Houston Post.

## A WARNING TO NEUTRALS.

German propagandists in Spain are circulating a document dealing with what has been "accomplished" by the German armies, which would seem to convict the Germans out of their own mouths of many of the charges of violation of international law, cruel treatment of prisoners, looting of civilians, and reprisal against the civilian population in occupied France and Belgium, of which the Germans have been accused.

The document asserts that 50,000 British have been made prisoners and admitted that 124,806 German prisoners have been taken by the British (says a Washington correspondent of the New York Times). The document was circulated before the recent German offensive in Flanders and Picardy began, and these figures regarding British prisoners refer to the total prior to the recent offensive.

The Department of State has received a copy of the circular, and the authenticity of the document as being of German origin has been established. The circular, which is in Spanish, states:

"Besides an untold amount of war material captured on the battlefield, the Germans have taken possession of incalculable booty in France and Belgium, including:

High-grade watches .....	147
Average watches .....	5,016
Underwear .....	18,073
Embroideries and women's handkerchiefs .....	15,312
Umbrellas and parasols .....	3,705
Silver spoons .....	1,876
Bottles of champagne .....	523,000

"These figures show large increase over those of the campaign against France in 1870-71. In Belgium, besides many art treasures, they have confiscated old paintings valued at 3,000,000 pesetas.

"Due to the treachery of Cardinal Mercier and other priests, who did their utmost to stir the priests against the good-hearted German soldiers, they were forced to teach a severe lesson to the Belgian and French Catholics:

Cathedrals destroyed .....	4
Rendered unserviceable .....	8
Churches destroyed .....	27
Rendered unserviceable .....	34
Total .....	73

"In Poland also a large number of churches have been destroyed for military reasons. The figures concerning these have not yet been published.

"As a result of the stupid stubbornness of the Belgian people in continuing the struggle after their bloody and final defeat on the battlefield, the German officers were forced, against their will, to impose punishments on many rich individuals and wealthy cities. This has contributed the following amounts to the Germany treasury:

	Pesetas.
Punishments .....	87,000,000
Security .....	13,000,500
Reprisals .....	15,850,000
Forced contributions .....	4,320,800
Total .....	120,071,300

"This amount includes a fine of 15,000 pesetas imposed on the Alsatian children who insist on speaking the French language and refuse to study the beautiful German language. These statistics are a most useful warning to the neutral countries. If there are any still thinking of siding with the Allies, let them take warning from the fate of the others."

In connection with claims of the extent of territory occupied by German troops the following footnote appears:

"When it is held that the Germans have occupied no English territory and that on the contrary they have lost all their African colonies, amounting to some 3,000,000 square kilometers, it must be remembered that the English, according to the declaration of their ministers, are not intending to secure any extension of the British Empire; that they have entered the struggle with only the aim of helping the Belgians. That is to say, the English have practically pledged themselves to return the German colonies after the war, in exchange for the evacuation and indemnification of Belgium. The Germans, therefore, are to recover all that they have lost in Africa."

It is claimed in this document that more than 50,000 British have been made prisoners, and in this connection the following statement is made:

"Although to these figures the English oppose 124,806 German prisoners taken by them on the western front, it must be remembered the English treat their prisoners with notable kindness (*blandura notoria*), while the régime imposed on the English prisoners by the Germans is one of extreme rigor; so that the Germans, with a small number of prisoners, have secured a much superior moral effect. Besides, to the 2264 officers and 51,325 soldiers must be added the several thousand English prisoners that have died in conse-

quence of disease, scanty food, and other accidents in German concentration camps."

While the new food campaign was being talked about at Seattle, Randolph L. Summerfield of Singapore, who has lived forty years in the Malay states, arrived on a government mission. He is a civil engineer. "The world's livestock has been decimated," said Mr. Summerfield, "but if worst comes to worst and there's a real meat famine, the jungles of the Malay states can supply vast quantities of meats and fats. Our forests are full of monkeys of all kinds. Our streams teem with crocodiles. The huge anaconda snake is numerous and prolific. Monkey meat, cooked French or Spanish style, billed on the menu as veal, would make an epicure yearn for more. There's no disagreeable sentiment about killing a crocodile, or the boa constrictor. Portions of the 'croco's' tail are extraordinarily good, and the boa constrictor is a culinary favorite in India. Fried in butter, or certain oils, the boa constrictor is considered a delicacy."

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 \*S. S. "Korea Maru".....June  
 \*S. S. "Siberia Maru".....July  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Yarmouth pork butcher notified his customers that he had sold out by hanging in his window a pig's tail with a card bearing the words: "This is the end of our pork this week."

Here is an extract from a hotel prospectus in Switzerland: "Veissbach is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of it are in fact constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."

Little Eunice was attending her first class in domestic science, and was asked to tell briefly the surest way to keep milk from souring. And Eunice, who was an exceedingly practical child, gave this recipe: "Leave it in the cow."

One broiling August day an aged "cullud gemman" who was pushing a harrow of bricks paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, shaking his fist at the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the Lawd's sake, whar wuz yuh last Janooary?"

Little Dorothy's uncles are both at the war and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street-car she was sitting on her mother's lap, when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor. "Here, Soldy," she offered, "you can sit on mamma's lap."

Pat and Sandy reconnoitring round an old farmhouse found a war-weary chicken. Pat was overjoyed. He was sick of bully and biscuits. "That's a hit of luck," said Pat. "Sure we'll have a dainty supper tonight." "No, no," said Sandy, with his native cautiousness. "Let's keep it till tomorrow. It may lay an egg."

This story comes from British East Africa. A hunter met a magnificent lion almost face to face. With a terrible roar the beast sprang at the man, but missed his aim by jumping two feet too high. Disappointed, it dashed away into the woods. The next day a party set out to track the beast down, and at last came upon it in an open space in the jungle practicing low jumps.

Two Irishmen of opposite convictions met on a highway in the Ould Country. "Misther O'Sullivan," said O'Flaherty, "will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?" "It's sorry I am," said O'Sullivan, "but it's not convenient just now." "And why not?" said O'Flaherty. "Why, to tell ye the truth," said O'Sullivan, "I haven't got me shtick handy."

An enterprising hatcher recently put a notice outside his shop to the effect that he had "All sorts and sizes of shoulders to suit all purses." While he was surveying this notice with much satisfaction a young lady approached him, and, after reading the announcement, turned to him and said: "What sort of shoulder have you got to suit an empty purse?" "Nothing but the cold shoulder, miss."

Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska remarked at a social gathering that when one was doing his best it was all that could be expected of him, and contributed the following story as an illustration. One afternoon little Jimmy was invited to take tea with a chum, and when he returned home he found his mother anxiously waiting for him. "I hope, Jimmy," said the mother, after listening to sundry details of the affair, "that you remembered to wash your hands before you

went to the table." "We were called in so quickly," answered Jimmy, "that I didn't have time to wash but one." "Wash but one?" exclaimed his mother, with much concern. "What did you do?" "Why, I ate with that one," was the reassuring reply of Jimmy, "and kept the other in my pocket."

The eager lady was having her first conversation with an aviator. "But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens?" she asked. "Can't you get down?" "That's just what 'appens, mum," said the aviator. "There's two Germans up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can't get down, so they're starving to death."

An Indian soldier, home on a furlough, was walking down the main street at Muskogee, when a white man who knew him stopped him and said: "Well, John, I see you have become a soldier." "Yes, me soldier," replied the Indian. "How do you like being a soldier, John?" "No like-um." "What's the matter?" "Too much salute—not enough shoot." "Of course, you know what you are fighting for, John?" "Yes, me know," answered the Indian. "Well, what are you fighting for, John?" "Make the whole old world Democratic party," answered the Indian.

It was Christmas eve in camp, and very cold at that. There was a certain amount of confusion owing to the Christmas festivities, and leave and so forth, and one man was unable to find any of his outer garments. He wandered about shivering, and asking all his mates if they knew where they were. "Has any one seen my h-h-blanket?" he demanded, and was told that no one had. "Has any one seen my t-t-trousers?" No answer. The unfortunate Tommy scratched his head for a moment. "Well, I'm jolly g-g-glad I have got a n-nice w-w-warm pair of h-h-hraces!"

"Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," was the favorite saying of an old farmer. He had just made this remark in a train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the next seat turned to him and said: "Nonsense, sir! I can tell you many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish." "Perhaps you can," said the farmer, "but I have never yet come across one thing." "Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?" "Certainly." "I would like to know how." "Simply by waiting for the water to freeze."

"The Germans exaggerate their submarine murders as the old settlers exaggerated their fog yarns." The speaker was a champion flyer of the Hempstead aviation camp. He went on: "An old settler took a chew and said: 'The worst fog I ever seen was back in '74. I remember I had to go to the hen-house that night, and the fog was so lame thick I had to get the three hired men to push me through it.' 'I remember that there '74 fog well,' said the second old settler, 'but it wan't nothin' to the '63 one. That was a fog! Solid! Why, us boys sat on the fence back of the distillery all that day makin' fog halls an' heavin' 'em at the people that went by.'"

During the invasion of Belgium a captain in a Prussian regiment got hold of a hundred fresh eggs somewhere; and, wishing to give his faithful soldiers a treat—there were just exactly a hundred men in his company as it happened—he turned the eggs over to the top sergeant, and told him to see that every man in the command had an egg for his breakfast next morning. But the company cook smashed one of the eggs, and next morning there were only ninety-nine eggs to be distributed among a hundred hungry soldiers. The sergeant was puzzled at first. He knew he had to obey orders. For a while he didn't know just how to distribute those eggs. "Finally," says the narrator of the story, "he had a wonderful inspiration—a typical Prussian inspiration. It worked all right, too." "Well, what did the sergeant do?" demanded one of the company. "Killed one of the soldiers."

An amusing scene took place recently in the House of Commons, when Major-General Henry Cecil Lowther (who when military secretary to the Duke of Connaught at Ottawa was so frequently a visitor to the United States) arose to move the address of thanks to the speech from the throne. Although he has represented the Appleby division of Westmoreland for more than three years in the House, it was his maiden speech. For most of the time he had been engaged on military duty at the front in France. He began his speech by drawing attention to this fact, in declaring: "Mr. Speaker—I address you for the first time." A shout of laughter caused him to pause, and when the hilarity had subsided he added the word "officially." For the Speaker of the House of Commons happens to be his elder brother, and the relations be-

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tween them have always been particularly close and intimate. Nor was the amusement diminished when the general concluded by remarking that if his remarks on that occasion were his maiden speech, they were also his swan song as a legislator, since "My constituency is one of those that are doomed to disappearance under the provisions of the Parliamentary Redistribution act, for which the conference over which you, Mr. Speaker, presided, was entirely responsible."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Alliterative Authorship.  
All adolescent authors aim  
At aggrandizement and acclaim,  
At acquisition, adulation,  
Awards and ardent admiration.

Are apt at amorous affairs,  
At aping abler artists' airs,  
At argument aloof, apart,  
At apotheosizing Art.

And almost all, alas, attain  
An aptness at (and all arraighn  
An artificial animation)  
An asinine alliteration. —Life.

## Afterward.

Dear eyes, twin lipped glories,  
Dear, tender, honest eyes,  
That told such wondrous stories—  
And most of them were lies.

Dear lips, that promised blisses,  
That used to pout and quizz,  
Lips made for love and kisses,  
That kissed my lips—and his.

Dear voice, like summer weather,  
That spoke of love and youth  
And spring, and years together—  
And never spoke the truth.

Dear heart, so close to my heart,  
That answered to its call,  
That made of love a high art—  
And never loved at all.

Dear mem'ries, ash and ember,  
Dear things that pain and grieve,  
And yet I still remember,  
And—sometimes still believe.

—Channing Pollock, in Century Magazine.

## A Subway Rubaiyat.

The subway knitter knits; and having purled  
Knits on: Nor all the jostling in the world  
Shall cause her hand to drop one stitch of it  
Nor all the angry glances toward her hurled.

Come, wind the wool, and on your needles fast  
His winter garment—eighty stitches—cast;  
The morning train has but a little way  
To struggle—Forty-Second Street is past.

Each morn a thousand knitters brings, they say;  
Yes, but where knits the girl of yesterday?  
You of the socks, so deftly toed and beeled—  
What made you take a local train today?

And, oh, if you should vanish with the spring,  
And subway trains each night and morning bring  
Their dreary crowds without a sign of you—  
I'd miss you and your socks like anything!

My evening paper, and a seat for two,  
A knitting-bag, a pair of socks, and you  
Beside me knitting in a Bronx express—  
Even The Bronx for Paradise would do!  
—Dorothy Douglas, in New York Evening Post.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Ridgway Trimble of Santa Barbara has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Trimble, and Baron Harold de Ropp. Miss Trimble is very well known in San Francisco and has only recently returned to her home in Santa Barbara, having come to San Francisco to attend as maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Alejandra Macondray and Mr. Alvah Kaime. Baron de Ropp is the son of Baron Alfred de Ropp and Baroness de Ropp of New York. He is a brother of Mrs. Eric Wood of New York and of Baron Alfred de Ropp, who is at present visiting in San Francisco. The marriage of Miss Trimble and Baron de Ropp will be solemnized in the summer.

Mr. M. H. de Young has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Phyllis de Young, and Mr. Nion Tucker. Miss de Young is the sister of Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot. Mr. Tucker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tucker of Sacramento. The marriage of Miss de Young and Mr. Tucker will be solemnized in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Lieutenant Alfred Montgomery, Lieutenant John Lusk, Mr. Percy King, Dr. Tracy Russell, and Baron Alfred de Ropp.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. George Pope, and Mr. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor gave a dinner Monday evening at the St. Francis, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. George Armes, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. Hugo Frear, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, and Mr. H. A. Haden of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling.

Mr. Bruce Dohrmann and Mr. Bernard Dohrmann entertained a number of friends at a picnic Sunday, spending the day at Halfmoon Bay.

In honor of Major-General Arthur Murray and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at dinner Sunday evening at her home on Broadway. The guests included Judge William Morrow and Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. F. K. McRae, Miss Mildred Chapman, Miss Helen Jones,

Mr. Philip Paschel, Judge Erskine Ross, Mr. Downey Harvey, Major H. Carleton, and Mr. Guillermo de la Pena.

Mrs. Frank Heim gave a luncheon on Tuesday in compliment to Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow gave a luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Katherine Treat, the daughter of Brigadier-General Charles Treat and Mrs. Treat. Those asked to meet the complimented guest were Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Gilchrist Hatch, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Doris Durrell, Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Cara Coleman, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Jeannette Bertheau, and Miss Flora Miller.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy entertained at luncheon last Wednesday at the Francisca Club, her guests including Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern gave a dinner last Wednesday evening, with their guests later attending the opening of the new Officers' Club at Menlo Park. Among those asked to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Stern were Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick, Mrs. Walter Haas, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Claire Scheeline, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Major H. L. Archer, Captain Henri Colombier, Lieutenant Jean le Gardi, Lieutenant François Turpin, Lieutenant Jean Marie Lozier, and Lieutenant René Bondin.

Mrs. Murray Innes gave a supper-dance recently at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken.

Miss Martha Sutton entertained a group of friends at luncheon Tuesday at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Mrs. Cal Scheller, whose marriage was an event of last month.

A dinner was given last Wednesday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson. Those who shared in the pleasure of the affair included Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Mr. George Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a dinner last Thursday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Lieutenant-Commander William Van Antwerp. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor, and Mrs. Ashton Potter.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon Friday at her home in Menlo Park in compliment to Mrs. Horace Van Sicken. The guests included Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Kate Crocker, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisca Club in compliment to Mrs. Richard Derby. The guests included Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frank Heim, Mrs. Henry Burgin, Mrs. Clinton la Montagne, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, and Mrs. Ruby Nichol.

Mrs. Robert Smith gave a luncheon Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Robertson Duff of New York, the guests including Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Rear-Admiral William Fullam and Mrs. Fullam gave a tea recently at their home in San Diego in honor of Major V. E. C. Dashwood. Some of the guests were Major William Devereux and Mrs. Devereux, Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton, Lieutenant Arthur Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy, Mrs. Philip Snyder, Mrs. Austin Sands, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Captain R. A. Banon, and Captain R. J. Pinto.

Captain Mark Gerstle and Mrs. Gerstle entertained a group of friends at dinner last Monday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Duff of New York.

Mrs. Douglas Short entertained at tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Taylor Street in honor of Mrs. Alfred Oyster.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy entertained a number of friends at luncheon last Thursday at her home in Burlingame, her guests having included Mrs. Alex-

ander Garceau, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Charles Gove, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

Lieutenant Wilder Bowers and Mrs. Bowers are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Lieutenant Oliver Wyman and Mrs. Wyman are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buckingham are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

#### Red Cross Chamber Music Concert.

Miss Ada Clement, Constance Alexandre, Hother Wismer, Lajos Fenster, and Maurice Amsterdam will give a chamber music concert for the benefit of the Red Cross next Sunday at 3 p. m. at the Ada Clement piano school, 3435 Sacramento Street, near Laurel. The programme is an excellent one, comprising the Brahms Quartet in A major, op. 26, the Schumann Quartet in E flat, op. 47, both quartets being rendered in their entirety and an interesting group of French songs, sung by Miss Alexandre.

#### New Series Bois Lectures.

Professor Jules Bois announces a new series of lectures to be given on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at the Elder Gallery. His subjects are French politics, the drama, women of France, philosophy, art, and literature.

#### Paulist Choristers.

It is not likely that San Francisco music-lovers will enjoy another opportunity, after this season, of listening to the music of the Paulist Choristers, who come 100 strong to the Exposition Auditorium next Sunday to sing under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

The choir is completing its tour of Southern California and is leaving behind an unbroken record of success and crowded houses. This latter is particularly gratifying because the entire net proceeds of this tour are being sent to France and devoted to the alleviation of sufferers from the frightfulness of the Hun. The money passes to its needy destination through the hands of the French ambassador in Washington. It is hoped to raise more than \$100,000 for this most worthy cause.

The programme Sunday will begin promptly at 2:30 and tickets are obtainable at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. On the day of the concert the box-offices at the Auditorium will be open and tickets may be secured there after 10 o'clock.

Georgia, where the Armenians and Georgians are putting up a stout struggle against the invading Turks and are seeking to establish themselves as a distinct national state, is little known to the outside world except, perhaps, as the home of beautiful Circassian women. But it had up to the nineteenth century 2000 years of existence as an independent Christian kingdom. Joined to Russia, principally for protection against the Moslems of Turkey and Persia, it has been the home of a fighting race. Thrown to the Turkish wolves by the Bolsheviks, the Georgians have naturally taken up arms again. With them have joined the Armenians driven out by the Turkish reoccupation of the Trebizond and Erzerum areas. The demands by Germany that Turkey be ceded the Batoum district were granted by the Bolsheviks, but the Georgian Supreme National Council immediately mobilized the entire male population and defied them. The drunken sailors of the Black Sea fleet homedard Soukhum, on the Georgian coast, until the Georgians captured ten of the ships for a naval defense force. The heavy task of the brave little people may be understood when it is said that they have 150 miles of coast to defend, and a front of 200 miles against the Turks. With the Armenians, their forces number about 400,000, and they have some very distinguished generals from the old Russian imperial army.

The institution of auto truck freight service between Philadelphia and Reading is accompanied by the announcement that there soon will be freight service over the highway between the New England States and Washington.

Mrs. Brown—My 'usband, 'e's a very dainty feeder. Mrs. Green—Is 'e? Now my old man is jest so much the other way about; 'e's a perfect epicure, 'e'll eat anything.—*London Tatler.*

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#### Paper for Lifeboats.

Japanese manufacturers are now experimenting with articles made from a tough fibre paper which is manufactured from the fibre of the mulberry tree. This paper has been made by the Japanese for centuries, but it is only recently that any ambitious attempts have been made to adapt it to a wide variety of uses. A collapsible lifeboat, which can be folded up and weighs but a few pounds, is among the most interesting productions, now in an experimental state. This lifeboat is the invention of a rear-admiral of the Japanese navy, who discovered a chemical process which makes the paper water-proof. There seems to be no limit to the uses to which this paper can be put. Some time ago a sample sandbag was submitted to the British government. The bags possess all the strength of the canvas bags, but unlike them they are waterproof, can be easily emptied and used again. The bags can be made at a cost of about one cent each. Life-preservers, inner tubes for motor-car tires, bladders for footballs, air cushions, air mattresses, ponchos, pup tents, and moth-proof bags for clothing are a few of the things that have been made and appear to be successful.

An example in social amity is forthcoming from District Attorney Cline of Chicago: "Two society leaders met one day in a hotel tearoom and had tea together. 'Well, I must be going now,' said the first leader. 'I'm going to call on mother.' The second leader looked astonished. 'What! have you got a mother living?' she said. The other gave an acid laugh. 'Why, yes,' said she, 'and I assure you she doesn't look a day older than you, either.'"

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard will leave June 1st for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Morse has gone to Tahoe, where she is the guest of Mrs. James Moore. Mrs. Morse, who has been passing the spring months in Santa Barbara with her children, will remain at Tahoe throughout the summer.

Mrs. Stewart Edward White has been passing several days at her home in San Mateo, after having spent several months in San Diego, where Major White has been stationed with the Grizzlies. Mrs. Marion Lord and Mrs. Albert Knott have been passing several days in San Francisco from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt passed the week-end in Ross as the guests of Mr. William Berry at his country home.

Mrs. A. Schwabacher left Friday for Seattle, where she will spend the summer with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Schwabacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lilienthal have taken a bungalow at Larkspur for the summer season. They will be joined in a few days by Mrs. Lilienthal's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Solomons.

Mr. M. H. de Young and his daughters, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, and Miss Phyllis de Young, returned to San Francisco last week, after a visit to New York.

Miss Dorothy Starr returned last week to her home in Grass Valley, after a visit in Redwood City with Mrs. David Swim.

Mrs. John Myers, wife of Colonel Myers, is visiting at Mare Island as the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. M. Cutts, Sr.

Mrs. Wilson Dibblée and her children are the guests of Mrs. Dibblée's father, Mr. Dario Orena, at his ranch near Santa Barbara. They will return to San Francisco next month.

Mrs. Christian de Guigné has returned to San Mateo, after a brief visit in San Francisco. During her stay here Mrs. de Guigné was a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling returned to San Francisco a few days ago from the East. They were accompanied to this coast by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Duff of New York.

Mrs. John Kirkpatrick and her daughter, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, who have spent the winter in San Rafael, have left for a trip to Victoria and Vancouver. They will be joined in a few weeks by Mr. MacDonald.

Lieutenant George Pinckard, who entered the service shortly after the declaration of war, is visiting in San Francisco on furlough.

Mr. Willard Barton has returned to San Francisco and has been spending several days at the St. Francis.

Colonel George Van Deusen and Mrs. Van Deusen, Captain Frank Helm and Mrs. Helm, and Judge Richard Campbell of Manila passed the week-end as the guests of Mrs. Francis Davis at her ranch near Hollister.

Commander Thomas Hutchins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hutchins have arrived in San Francisco and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Denis Seales has taken a house on Vallejo Street near Franklin, where she will spend the summer months.

Miss Marion Winston of Los Angeles has been visiting in Santa Barbara as the guest of Lieutenant Harry Gantz and Mrs. Gantz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper have taken a house at Woodside for the summer.

Mrs. Corbett Moody will arrive in San Francisco within a few days, joining her little son at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody, on Clay Street. Mrs. Moody has been with Lieutenant Moody at San Antonio, Texas.

Captain George Leib returned last week to American Lake, after a visit of several days in San Francisco.

Mr. William Tevis, Jr., who has been with the Grizzlies in San Diego, has gone to Texas, where he will be engaged in government work.

Mrs. Stephen Chadwick and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Chadwick, arrived recently from their home in Washington, and have joined Mrs. Chadwick's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Gatch, at the Hotel Oakland.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer left last Wednesday for the East, where she will remain for several weeks. Mrs. Ryer will spend a portion of her visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Nixon, at their home in New York.

Miss Marion Zeile will pass the greater part of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rosenblatt will return next week to their home in Presidio Terrace, after a visit in Paso Robles.

Lieutenant Charles Keeney has joined Mrs. Keeney at their home in Oakland, where he will spend his two weeks' furlough.

Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Breeden, at her home in Burlingame. Mrs. Stoddard is planning to take a house in Piedmont for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller arrived a few days ago from their home in Pasadena and have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel, where they will reside for a few weeks.

Dr. John Tanner, who arrived from the East a few days ago with Mrs. Tanner, has already returned to Washington. Mrs. Tanner, who has been a guest at the Fairmont Hotel, will leave in a few days for Santa Barbara, where she will pass the summer.

Miss Margaret Williams, who has been spending some time in New York, will return within a fortnight to her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Raoul Duval is visiting in New York, where she is at present the guest of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt at her home on Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. George Boyd and her daughter, Miss Jean Boyd, have been visiting in San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster. Mrs. Boyd

and her daughter will return in the near future to San J go, where Lieutenant Kittle Boyd is stationed.

Captain Robert Warwick, the brother of Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, has received an appointment as interpreter on General Pershing's staff.

Major Andrew Rowan and Mrs. Rowan have closed their home on Russian Hill and returned to their country place in Mill Valley for the summer.

Miss Lorna Williamson will arrive soon from the East to pass the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson, at their home in Piedmont.

Miss Cora Smith left last week for the East, where she will visit her brother, Lieutenant Felix Smith.

Mrs. Nicholas Wilson, who has been spending several weeks in Chicago and New York, has joined her mother, Mrs. Harry Gray, in Burlingame.

Mr. James Van Alen visited in San Francisco for several days recently en route to his home in New York from Santa Barbara, where he has been occupying the home of Mrs. Cameron Rogers.

Major V. E. C. Dashwood, who has been in San Diego for some months, has gone to Fort Worth, Texas.

Mrs. James Black and her sons have gone to their summer home on the McCloud River, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Charles Cooper has returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several weeks in the East.

Captain Paul Verdier, who arrived last week in New York from France, is spending a few days in Washington. He will visit San Francisco before returning to France.

Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman left for the East Sunday, accompanying the Belgian commission.

Mrs. A. S. Sayre is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith from her home in Modesto.

Mrs. Louis Meyerstein has left San Francisco for Paso Robles.

Mrs. Elliott H. Pierce left last week for Winnipeg, where she will spend the summer. Mrs. Pierce will pass the early autumn weeks in New York and Washington en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have opened their home in Menlo Park for the summer.

Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild have been spending the past week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have taken a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the summer.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals during the past week include Mr. J. B. Collins, St. Paul; Mr. J. W. Gatlin, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Henry Kalding, Chicago; Mr. De H. Van Halle, Antwerp; Mr. Seymour Johnson, Victoria, B. C.; Mr. W. A. Hewitt, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Henry T. Winsor, Sydney, N. S. W.; Mr. Bryce T. Mills, Honolulu.

"Finner" Schock promises to be one of the Ty Cohhs in the new national riveting game. "Finner" is the crack riveter at the Baltimore Dry Docks and Shipbuilding Company. The tabulations of riveting records in a recent issue of the *Emergency Fleet News* stirred new ambitions in the heart of stalwart Mr. Schock, and he started out to set a record that would stand for weeks to come. The score sheet was then beaded by John Fraser and his gang at the American Shipbuilding Company in Buffalo. Fraser was able to drive 1624 7/8-inch counter-sunk rivets in eight hours and forty-three minutes. On April 9th "Finner" Schock and his gang drove 2720 3/4-inch snap rivets in the floors of 8800-ton steamers in nine hours. Schock's speed was too much for an ordinary gang and he had to put on an extra heater hoy and an extra passer hoy. The record was made in nine hours even. Schock heads the list in the latest tabulation.

"I want a good motto for my hook on sea travels." "Why not try 'Sic transit'?"—*Baltimore American*.

## MUKDEN.

If it were nothing more than a heap of mud ruins Mukden would be a spot of great interest to all travelers because of the immortal historical events with which the place is associated. It has fallen to few cities to play such an important part in deciding the destinies of a great part of the world's population (says Carl Crow, writing in *Japan*). It was here, nearly three hundred years ago, that Nurhachu, the Manchu chieftain, attained the power which enabled him to march on his neighbors to the south, conquer them, and hand over the most populous nation on earth as a heritage to his family. Nurhachu's history, which is inseparably linked with Mukden, is an extremely interesting one.

He was a rather obscure member of an equally obscure tribe, one of the many nomad tribes which lived in the forests and on the great bleak plains of Manchuria. By his own merit and enterprise he gained the chieftainship of his tribe and quickly followed this achievement with the formation of a federation of other tribes which had previously been more or less hostile to each other. What had been an ineffective group of tribes which occupied their spare time in warring against each other now became a powerful federation equal to the tasks of conquest for which Nurhachu had designed it. He looked about him for further opportunities and made plans for the conquest of China, a rich and powerful country ruled by a dynasty which had lost popular favor. His plans were favored by domestic disturbances and he was able to ally himself with a faction which was hostile to the reigning house. The capital of the Manchu tribe, to which Nurhachu belonged, had been located at Hsing-ching, about a hundred miles east of Mukden, but with the federation of tribes formed the capital was moved to Mukden and it was from here that Nurhachu made his preparations for the attack on China.

Led by Nurhachu, the Manchu tribesmen invaded the Liotung peninsula, capturing one city after another. When a city was captured the inhabitants were required to shave the front parts of their heads and to braid their hair into a queue as a sign that they were a subject people and submitted to the domination of the conquerors. It was in this way that the peculiar style of headdress, which later came to be such a distinguishing mark of the entire nation, was originated. After years of battle, during which the Chinese ineffectually opposed the invaders with cannon brought from Macao, the Manchus finally gained the outskirts of Peking. The gates were treacherously opened to them at night, they entered the city as victors and the last of the Ming emperors hanged himself in one of the palace enclosures.

The Manchus proclaimed their chief as Emperor of China and for a time retained their capital at Mukden, the ruling house occupying the palace which is still one of the show places of the city. However, the Manchu capital was removed to Peking in 1644 though Mukden always retained an importance far beyond that of other provincial capitals. For some time it was known to the Manchus as "the home capital" and after that distinction was abolished the Manchus continued to regard it as the birthplace of their power and therefore a place to be given every honor.

## Salvaging a U-Boat Victims.

The United States has joined hands with the Allies in the greatest maritime salvage undertaking that has ever been essayed. It is

for the recovery of treasure which since the war hegan has aggregated from four to five billion dollars worth of property in the shape of sunken ships and their rich cargoes. Experts from this side of the Atlantic are now at work with men of kindred training in European waters and their union of effort has for its inspiration a record of reclamation that is extremely encouraging. According to published data enemy torpedoes and mines have sent more than 7,500,000 tons of shipping to the bottom, not including trawlers, drifters, destroyers, submarines, and a numerous array of vessels below 1600 tons. The vast majority have gone down laden with valuable cargoes, the salvage of which will go far toward offsetting the ravages of the U-boats. Up to last January (says Robert G. Skerrett in the *New York Sun Magazine*) British salvors had succeeded in refloating about 210 vessels, representing an aggregate of fully a million tons. These vessels were either raised from the seabed or dragged from heaches where they had been grounded to save them from foundering. They were then towed into convenient harbors where it was practicable to begin refitting them for active and vitally necessary service.

Much of the work of the salvage corps is what might be called plain sailing as wrecking goes, because a great many ships are stranded in comparatively shallow water. If not seriously hampered by U-boats or persistently bad weather, this summer will see scores of them refloated and made ready for service. In the harbor of Havre alone there are seven big ships that will be taken in hand at an early date. These vessels were caught by German submarines early in the war before the French had built their defensive boom and taken other precautions to safeguard steamships lying in the open roadstead. It is said that there are numerous other places on the French and British coasts where the beached ships are huddled together in groups.

The *Lusitania*, so far as can be learned, lies in water substantially 270 feet deep and no well-informed salvor entertains the slightest probability of her raising. However, the ship when she sank had aboard of her copper, brass, gold, etc., to the value of quite a million dollars, aside from jewelry and money carried by her passengers. Further, she had in her strong box some millions of dollars of unregistered securities. With dynamite it would probably be possible to break through her hull and reach her cargo and riches, and properly equipped divers should find nothing insuperable in their way unless dangerous currents and the weather block their efforts. The *Parthenon*, sunk off Havre, inside the 150-foot depth line, was insured for a total of \$4,000,000—\$1,000,000 for the ship and \$3,000,000 for the cargo. This vessel should offer a tempting case for wreckers bent upon salvaging a good-sized ship and extremely valuable freight. The *Miyazaki Maru* was sent to the bottom a short distance away from Cherbourg in the English Channel. Some idea of the worth of the craft and freight can be gathered from the fact that they were underwritten for \$3,250,000. The American steamship *Healdton*, which was torpedoed off the Dutch coast in water less than 100 feet deep, carried a combined insurance on ship and cargo of \$2,150,000.

Caller—So your son Willie has started work as an office boy. How is he getting on? Fond Mother—Splendidly! He already knows who ought to be discharged, and is merely waiting to get promoted so that he can attend to it.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

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FULL SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I can marry any woman I please." "Then I conclude you haven't pleased any yet."—*Baltimore American*.

Pandler—Will you give a poor man a quarter for a sandwich? Candler—Don't want it; I'm not hungry.—*Buffalo Express*.

Douber—I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose. Critic—Why not give it to an institution for the blind?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Does that mule of yours kick?" "Yep," replied Farmer Cornlossel. "An' I don't much

object. There allus has to be some kickin' an' I'm perfectly satisfied to leave it all to the mule."—*Washington Star*.

"That's a fine new automobile you bave, Mrs. Comeup." "Yes, and we have such a splendid chefonyear."—*Baltimore American*.

Bill—Did turning the clock ahead put you out at all? Gill—Sure! She made me go home an hour earlier Saturday night.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When a man says that he can't tell margarine from butter, one doesn't know whether he's hoosting the margarine or knocking the butter.—*Buffalo Express*.

"So you own a good many suhrhan houses and small farms. Live on any of them?" "No." "Then you don't raise anything yourself?" "Oh, yes; every spring I raise rents."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Douber—I got more than I expected for my last picture. Friend—Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of next month's rent. Dauber—Yes, but he raised my rent.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Were you ever arrested for speeding before?" asked the judge. The chauffeur flushed angrily. "What does your honor think I've been doing all these years—pushing a wheelbarrow?"—*Houston Chronicle*.

"You see, the trouble about Bill is that 'e's allus afore the times." "Wot's 'e done?" "Well, 'e went away to look for work, an' 'e found there's a strike on. So 'e joins the strikers afore 'e got the joh."—*Punch*.

"Does your daughter still think of marrying a man with a title?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But Gwendolyn has lost her interest in dukes and counts. The man she wants to marry now is a corporal."—*Washington Star*.

Cooking-School Teacher—Did your husband like the doughnuts you made him? Mrs. Youngbride—Yes; he remarked that if I could only make them large enough he could save on his automobile tire hills.—*Boston Transcript*.

First Villager—Hello, Aaron; hear you've got married. What kind of a match did you make? Second Villager—Well, neighbor, I didn't do as well as I expected—but to tell the truth, I don't think she did either.—*New York Times*.

"There goes Professor Diggs. He's a very learned man." "He looks the part." "Yes. I dare say the professor could find his way

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around in ancient Babylon, if the city still existed, more easily than he can right here in this town, where he has lived for thirty or forty years."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I suppose you have many rare manuscripts here," said the visitor who was going through the famous library. "We have," replied the official. "Here is one in particular that we are very proud of. It is the rarest manuscript in existence. It is a tailor's bill that was paid on the day it was presented."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"And was her death sudden?" asked the coroner of the principal witness. "Yes," was the reply. "The fall knocked her senseless, and she never spoke a word afterward."

"Poor woman!" sighed the coroner, who was a married man of long standing. "What an awful sad death!"—*Answers*.

"I don't like the way our presiding officer puts a vote." "What's the matter, wife?" "I want to vote nay, but I don't like to be called contrary minded."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Well, if that aint the limit," mused the postman, as he came down the steps of a private residence. "What's the trouble?" queried the mere citizen who had overheard the postman's noisy thought. "Why," explained the man in gray, "the woman in that house says if I don't come earlier she'll get her letters from some other carrier."—*Indianapolis Star*.





# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mexico.

There is both mystery and bewilderment in the reported "crisis" in the relations of Mexico and Cuba. The mystery lies in the uncertainty as to what it is all about; and bewilderment must fill any mind which seeks to discover any possible advantage to the Mexican government in a round-about policy of annoying and irritating the United States. It is of course well known that "President" Carranza owes his present position to the favor and help of the Washington government. Likewise it is well known that like the true Mexican that he is he is a graceless ingrate. From the day that he was helped into authority by President Wilson he has been the enemy of President Wilson's government. First in secret ways, more recently in open ways, he has exhibited contempt and resentment where gratitude was due. He has sought by every possible means to promote in Mexico, not the interest of the United States, but the interest of Germany. German influence now rules in Mexico—in every avenue of her business life, in such social life as the times afford, and in her political life. If a way shall become available to divert the resources of Mexico to German account and to aid Germany in establishing a foothold in that coun-

try, Carranza may be counted on to turn the trick. There is of course no way of knowing definitely his relation to the German government, but it is a safe presumption that he has been bought with German gold. No other theory explains recent circumstances, including his formal expressions of friendship for the Kaiser and his pin-pricking activities against the United States.

A time must surely come, and it may not be far off, when we shall be under the necessity of going into Mexico with armed forces to prevent the establishment of conditions there menacing the future peace and safety of this country. We have gone into Mexico twice, only to imitate the famous achievement of the King of France in marching up hill and then down again. If we shall go a third time it will be in another spirit and to another purpose. Not again will the American people suffer the shame and humiliation of the futile encampment in Vera Cruz nor the equally futile and shameless man-hunt for Villa. We shall mean business next time, and we advise Mr. Carranza to take warning while still there is time for saving what there is of his government.

### Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration.

The issue between Mr. Roosevelt and the national administration defined (a) by action of the Postoffice Department against the *Metropolitan Magazine*, Tom Watson's paper, and the New York *Tribune*—publications supporting the cause of the United States and its allies, but critical of certain administrative policies and acts—and (b) by a course of administrative tolerance towards other publications—notoriously sympathetic with German interests, but always conciliatory towards the Administration—is one of vital importance to the integrity of popular government. If the authorities and powers of administration can be used to control expressions of opinion concerning the conduct of government, then the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech becomes a nullity and a farce: By its terms and conditions representative government must in the ultimate analysis be government by public opinion, and if opinion adverse to the policies and conduct of administrative officials may not be frankly declared, government becomes autocratic and may easily degenerate into tyranny. Let us then in appraising the merits of the immediate contention put into the background past differences with respect to Mr. Roosevelt's past activities; let us consider only the issue as it has been established by the course of Postmaster-General Burleson acting for and in the name of President Wilson and as protested by Mr. Roosevelt as the champion and spokesman of free speech in these United States—of the right of any citizen to utter his views upon the policies and courses of administrative authority.

With respect to fundamentals Mr. Roosevelt says in his letter of May 22d to Senator Poindexter:

Our governmental officers, from the President down, are the servants of the people, not the rulers of the people. This is the fundamental difference between an autocracy and a democracy. The Hohenzollerns are the rulers of Germany, and the Germans are the subjects of the Hohenzollerns, not their fellow-citizens. On the contrary, our Presidents are not the rulers of the American people, but the servants of the American people, and the rest of the people are their fellow-citizens.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Our duty is to stand by the country. It is our duty to stand by the President—as by any other official—just so long as he stands by the country. It is no less our duty to oppose him whenever, and to the extent that he does not stand by the country. If we fail to oppose him under such conditions we are guilty of moral treason to the country. The President and our other public officials are subject to the laws just like the rest of us. It is an infamy untruthfully to assail our public servants or any one else. But it is our duty to tell the truth about our public servants, whether the truth be pleasant or

unpleasant. The higher the public servant and the more important his task, the more careful we should be to speak only the truth about him; and the more necessary it is that we should tell the full truth about him.

Proceeding from these incontrovertible principles, Mr. Roosevelt arraigns the Administration on the charge that "since the war began the Administration has used the very great war powers of the government over the public press to stifle honest criticism of government inefficiency or misconduct, while condoning pro-German and anti-Ally and therefore anti-American agitators in certain powerful papers which have defended this inefficiency and misconduct; and it has sought from Congress a great addition to the already existing power it has thus misused."

In support of this charge Mr. Roosevelt cites the course of the Postoffice Department in denying the privileges of the mails to Tom Watson's paper, to the publishers of the *Metropolitan Magazine* with respect to a certain issue of that publication, and to a threat of similar action against the New York *Tribune*. He declares that each of these papers, while ardently supporting the cause of the United States and its allies in the war, has exposed incompetence, mismanagement, and inefficiencies of administration on the part of officials holding their positions under appointment of the President and acting in his name and under his authority. He does not undertake to appraise the truth or the justice of all statements or opinions presented; on the other hand he asserts his personal lack of sympathy with certain opinions and policies exploited in the Watson publication. What he does insist upon is the right of Mr. Watson or anybody else to publish facts and declare opinions with respect to policies and courses of public officials under the constitutional right of freedom of speech. He draws a distinction between obstructing the government in its legitimate and necessary operations and criticism of officials for mismanagements, inefficiencies, and misleading statements of fact. Scorning the "timidity or the folly which dares not hold accountable the source of power and only ventures to express its pleasure through which the power is exercised," Mr. Roosevelt aims directly at President Wilson. "Messrs. Burleson, Baker, Creel," he declares, "possess no importance whatever except that accruing to them because it is through them that the President speaks and acts or refuses or fails to act."

By way of emphasizing his arraignment of the Administration for its course with respect to the publications above mentioned Mr. Roosevelt cites its tolerance of utterances on the part of the Hearst newspapers since our entrance into the war and prior to that event. He quotes Mr. Hearst as justifying the *Lusitania* massacre in the declaration that we had "no right to question Germany's use of submarines in her warfare upon British commerce," and that the *Lusitania* as an English vessel was "subject to destruction." He quotes a query of the New York *American*—"Must the United States be a cat's paw for England against Germany?" Again he quotes Mr. Hearst after we entered the war as declaring that "stripping our country of men, money, and food is a dangerous policy. Our earnest suggestion to the Congress is that it imperatively refuse the further draining of our food supply and our military supplies to Europe." Again he quotes Mr. Hearst's New York *American* as saying, "The painful truth is that we are being practically used as a mere reinforcement of England's warfare and England's future aggrandizement." Still further he quotes the same paper as saying, "If you want our food and wealth sent abroad to help suffering England, buy a Liberty Bond; furnish the sinews of war." And again he quotes the *American*, speaking of our soldiers, as being sent



ope "to be offered up in bloody sacrifice to the ambition of contending nations on foreign battlefields."

These citations, with many others tending to discredit American participation in the war and to thwart the policies and energies of the government in the war, are presented by Mr. Roosevelt as contrasted with expressions in the publications placed under ban by the Postoffice Department presenting the truth with respect to inefficiencies of administration in the business of getting into the war. On the one hand, he points out, there was a sinister purpose to assist Germany by weakening the nerve of American enterprise in the war; on the other there was impatience with those acting for the government so deliberately, negligently, and extravagantly as to nullify the declared policy and purpose on the part of the government of supporting the cause of the Allied nations. Tom Watson, he says, being poor and defenseless, has been persecuted by the Administration, while Mr. Hearst, being rich and powerful, has been tolerated, even encouraged. In demonstration of this last statement he cites recent messages of congratulation sent by Secretaries Burleson and Daniels to Mr. Hearst's "alter ego," Mr. Brisbane, upon his assumption of the management of the former's Chicago paper.

It is for those who read the record as presented in Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Senator Poindexter, and as above summarized in outline, to determine whether or not Mr. Roosevelt has sustained his charge that "the Administration has used the war powers of the government over the public press to stifle honest criticism of inefficiency or misconduct while condoning pro-German and anti-Ally agitators in certain powerful papers which have defended this inefficiency and misconduct." It is a simple question of fact which should not puzzle even the simplest mind. Does the prosecution of the *Metropolitan*, of Tom Watson's paper, with the threat against the New York *Tribune*, constitute an effort to "stifle honest criticism of inefficiency or misconduct"? Does the toleration of Hearst, with the friendly and congratulatory attitude of members of the President's cabinet, constitute a "condonement of certain powerful papers"? It is, we repeat, a simple issue of fact, and any man, with the record before him, should be capable of coming to a reasonable judgment.

With respect to Mr. Roosevelt's declaration as to the right and propriety of public criticism of official acts, and as to the right and propriety of exposing and condemning administrative delinquencies, there can, we think, be but one judgment. The administrative officers of our government are in truth the servants, not the masters, of the people. It is the people's government, not the government of those who have been chosen to administer it. And since the government is of the people it can not in logic or justice or expediency stand above and exempt from review and correction. It is notorious that in a national emergency, when the business of government has become of unparalleled magnitude, men of small experience, of little repute, and lacking the support of public confidence have been retained in high executive stations. It is an admitted fact that in the shipping programme, in the aeroplane programme, in the ordnance programme, and in several other branches of executive administration there have been serious mistakes, inefficiencies, extravagances. It is further in evidence that certain accredited agents of the Administration, including its chief intelligence officer, have given to the public mistaken and misleading statements of fact—possibly in good faith but none the less mistaken and misleading. All these things tend, not to sustain efficiency in relation to the war, but to delay or thwart the national purpose—that purpose to which we are devoting, not only our material means, but the lives of our sons. These inefficiencies are subject to correction, but they can not be corrected if held in concealment. Obviously it is in promotion of efficiency in the war that mischievous conditions should be exposed and that remedies for them should be urged. Is it then a bounden duty of citizenship to sit dumb and idle, witness to evils of incalculable magnitude? Is it required of good citizenship that it shall see incompetence, inefficiency, mismanagement, waste rule in administration, and that it shall raise no hand in protest or in remedy?

Mr. Roosevelt thinks not. He as well as or better

than any man living is familiar with the machinery of the American government. And with this exceptional knowledge he combines exceptional sources of information with exceptional powers of reaching the public consciousness. As an accepted guide and leader of millions of our people there attaches to him a certain moral responsibility for the sound conduct of public business. Under this responsibility he has felt bound to speak in criticism of manifest delinquencies. This he has done with a courage that has commanded universal attention and with a comprehensiveness and clarity of statement that have enforced conviction and are in the way of enforcing reform. Is Mr. Roosevelt to be censured for endeavoring to coördinate, inspire, and make practical the energies of government? The *Argonaut* believes otherwise. By no means a partisan of Mr. Roosevelt, far from being an approver of many of his past activities, it holds him in the immediate situation a citizen eminently within his rights, and as a political leader devoted to high moral obligation. There is a famous line which declares "he serves his country best who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on." In the immediate instance Mr. Roosevelt above all other men in the country, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, is deserving of this high encomium. His arraignment of administrative delinquencies has been directed wholly to constructive ends. If he has spoken plainly it is because there has been need for plain speech. And what he has done he has done in full consciousness of the hazards involved with respect to himself. In a recent letter to a personal friend in California Mr. Roosevelt said: "*In this present crisis it has seemed to me the duty of somebody to speak out, and there was nobody but myself quite in position to do it. I need hardly tell you that I have numerous good friends \* \* \* who assure me that I will jeopardize my influence and my future. The answer is simple. As for my future, these good people doubtless do not believe me when I tell them the truth, which is that I have absolutely no concern with any future unless it is conditioned upon being one of the kind of activities in which I believe; and far my influence, the some thing applies—I don't value it in the least unless I can use it for the things in which I believe. The times are too big to warrant small motives.*"

Finely spoken! Putting aside past differences, regardless of the immediate issue, the *Argonaut* stands hat off to a large and forceful figure with the courage and the power to champion rights essential to the integrity—to the very existence—of government of the people, by the people.

#### "Over the Top."

The draft of the Red Cross upon the generosity of America in the sum of \$100,000,000 has been met in full—and with \$25,000,000 "over the top." Thus in addition to the prodigious sums provided in direct promotion of the war our people have voluntarily taxed themselves in the ratio of one dollar and twenty-five cents for every man, woman, and child living under the Stars and Stripes, including the Porto Ricans and the Filipinos. This result testifies to the liberality of the American people, and it is a definite answer to oft-repeated sneers that in their prosperity Americans have lost the higher qualities of sympathy and humanity. We venture the assertion that nowhere in the history of mankind is there a record of voluntary giving in a humane cause comparable to that made in the first and second Red Cross drives.

Another record of similar import is that of our subscriptions to the Liberty Bond issue. In each of the three calls we have gone "over the top." In the aggregate our people have put into the hands of their government in the form of voluntary loans some \$12,000,000,000. It is a sum so vast as to be beyond human conception; and it is further to be remembered that in conjunction with this free aid to the government our people have submitted cheerfully, even with enthusiasm, to schemes of taxation which have brought into the national treasury another and equal sum.

Giving—and we include bond subscriptions under this classification—is largely a habit. It grows with exercise, as illustrated in the fact that for every subscriber to the first Liberty Loan there were seventeen to the third loan. This result is reflective, too, of the spirit of a people stirred to the depths of their consciousness and aroused in their generous impulses by a cause of mighty import in its relation to civilization.

To hold the world for democracy, to make the world a fit place to live in, to sustain the doctrine that all men are created with equal rights—these phrases from popular usage have become trite. None the less they precisely declare the spirit of our people in the precise sense that their provision of money in the form of taxes freely paid, of loans to the government, and of gifts to the Red Cross concretely exhibit their loyalty and their determination.

We are giving our sons to the cause of freedom. We are as freely giving our means to the same high purpose. And in these bestowals we are declaring to the world that we are enlisted in an enterprise from which there will be no drawing back. We shall win this war first of all because it is a just, a righteous, a necessary war; second because we are pledged to its prosecution to the uttermost of our resources.

We have been slow in getting actively into the conflict. It is taking time to transform a system organized for peace into a system organized for war. But we are coming, a hundred million people mightily inspired, righteously resolved, and forceful in our possession of incalculable means. Those who in vanity and illusionment have declared the American government was not master of America's resources, that we could not coördinate our people, that we would not fight, will discover their error. Our government has been made by the free action of the people the master of our forces. We have coördinated all elements of population. We shall demonstrate to the world our ability and our will to fight.

#### Editorial Notes.

Sinn Fieners would do well to bear in mind that in the present situation plotting in this country against the British government is treason to the United States. Furthermore they would do well to remember that the recent "Hindu" case in this city supplies a precedent and a warning of ominous import.

Postal service by aeroplane, just inaugurated between Washington and New York is interesting not so much as an experiment—for nobody expects it to work out in immediate and practical success—as a scheme of trying out aeroplane machinery and of developing experts in flying. At the present time the railroad train is a far more dependable and far cheaper agent of mail service. Probably it is even more expeditious. But it is quite worth while to play with this project to the ends of encouraging all that pertains to aeroplane practice.

Attention of the national authorities might be directed with advantage to an exercise of "profiteering" right under the nose, so to speak, of the government. Washington house-owners and lessees are taking open and shameless advantage of the condition under which the temporary population of the city has been largely augmented. Houses normally renting at anywhere from \$50 per month to \$10,000 per year are being exploited under a system which yields profits of anywhere from 200 to 500 per cent. Rooms normally renting at \$25 to \$50 per month bring under the necessities of the hour five times that price. In brief there is on at Washington a riot of extortion which puts upon officials of the government who must live at the capital and upon others a very serious hardship. Here would be a good place to begin a campaign against the profiteers.

We trust it will not be thought an impertinence to hark back to the Democratic national platform of 1904. The convention by which that platform was formulated was held shortly after the Roosevelt administration had concluded its prosecution of the Cuban postoffice grafters. With reference to this incident the Democratic convention placed this plank in its appeal to the people:

It [the Administration] withdrew from Congress their customary duties of investigation which have heretofore made the representatives of the people and the states the terror of evil-doers.

It conducted a secretive investigation of its own and hoisted of a few sample convicts, while it threw a broad coverlet over the bureaus which had been their chosen field of operative abuses, and kept in power the superior officers under whose administration the crimes had been committed.

It is possible that the War Department has good and sufficient reasons for its persistent side-tracking of



General Leonard Wood. It may be that there are physical considerations, yet this seems unlikely in respect of the fact that General Wood recently passed successfully the very rigid test for over-seas service. The department should know that common opinion identifies the withholding from General Wood of duty due to his rank with fear of his availability as a presidential candidate in 1920. This sort of thing has happened aforesaid and it is not impossible that history is repeating itself. Be this as it may, there is growing in the public mind a feeling that General Wood in being kept out of the war zone and in being assigned to duties which might easily be carried by any supernumery is the victim of calculated malevolence. And the department should further know that if the Administration is really afraid of General Wood as a possible political available, the very surest way to build him up and win for him public sympathy is to slight, flout, and "martyrize" him. Aforesaid and in repeated instances the country has observed the working of this principle. Surely there must be many who do not forget that Mr. Roosevelt came to the presidency as a direct consequence of a calculated effort to bury him in a minor and subordinate office.

The Eye-Glass Fund to which subscriptions have been making for several weeks past through the *Argonaut* has now reached the handsome sum of \$980, which has been duly forwarded. Already the *Argonaut* is receiving from beneficiaries of this fund assurances of appreciation and gratitude. With thanks to the several contributors, we here close the account, the amount collected being sufficient for the special purpose in view.

Dr. Hinko Hinkovich, now a visitor to San Francisco, may certainly be said to have played his part in the early history of the war, seeing that he was tried for complicity in the murder of the Austrian Archduke and sentenced to death. He escaped into Italy and made his way thence to America, where he is energetically pursuing his life object, the federation of all the Southern European Slavs under the leadership of a liberated Serbia. Dr. Hinkovich may be warmly congratulated, first on his escape from Austria, and secondly on the ability of his advocacy of the Slav cause. Among the few merits of war is its educational character, and perhaps it is well that Americans should realize the part that has been played, and that will be played, by these Slav peoples when the day of reckoning with the Central Powers shall come. It is they who must constitute the barrier against Teutonic aggression in the east, and certainly there can be no satisfactory end to the war that shall leave millions of these peoples in virtual slavery. And it may even be something of a revelation to many Americans to be reminded that these millions of Austrian Slavs have actually been in slavery, and that their only road to liberation is through the disintegration of the Austrian Empire. Dr. Hinkovich ought not to find it difficult to quicken the sympathies of our people, sympathies always near the surface where sufferings and cruelties are involved.

Mr. Thomas Atkins has further enriched the English language with war words and phrases (says London *Answers*). They may not creep into future dictionaries, but they will certainly remain as part of the common language of everyday use. "Nahpoo," coined by Tommy from the French "Il n'y a plus," is now our general expression for "nothing doing." It is safe to assume that the expression "over the top" will become part and parcel of our language, to be used when man must be put to the supreme test. "Anzac" is another coined word that will remain for all time. A "scrounger" for a forager, "buckshee" for anything extra in the way of rations, and "Conchy" for the shirker, are hardly likely to be forgotten.

Pigs, instead of being ready to eat anything, are among the most fastidious animals. Out of 575 plants, the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; sheep, out of 528 plants, eat 387 and refuse 141; cows, out of 494 plants, eat 276 and refuse 218; horses, out of 474 plants, eat 262 and refuse 212; while pigs, out of 242 plants, eat only 71 and refuse 171.

George Washington had but five cabinet officers—a Secretary of State, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of War, a Postmaster-General, and an Attorney-General. A Secretary of the Navy was added under John Adams, a Secretary of the Interior under Taylor, a Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The delay in the resumption of the battle on the western front has been a long one, but at last it seems to have been broken. French and British bulletins to hand speak of a heavy German attack between Rheims and Soissons and a renewal of the assault in the direction of Ypres, the former operation being much the more serious of the two. Mr. Lloyd-George was evidently well informed when he said a few days ago that the biggest battle of the war was about to be fought, but whether he knew where it would be fought, whether the Allied commanders had penetrated the German design remains to be seen. We may suppose that they had done so, at least to some extent, since we are told that British reinforcements had been sent to the southern area now under attack. At the moment of writing we have only the earlier bulletins announcing the bare facts of the opening of the battle. Conceivably the present attacks may be a feint to cover more vital operations elsewhere, but this is not probable. They may be supplemented by operations at other points, and notably at Arras, but there is good reason to suppose that the main force of the attack has been transferred from the Ypres and Amiens sectors, and that it will be concentrated once more on the Chemin des Dames, the scene of so many sanguinary encounters in the past.

If Germany had been actuated by purely military considerations she would not have launched her new and main attack against Rheims and Soissons. That she has done so—if indeed events shall prove this to be the case—may be taken as evidence of a certain demoralization in the German command of which we have found hints in the newspapers of neutral countries and that was suggested in last week's "Theatre of War." If Germany had been guided by none other than military considerations the new battlefield would be in the immediate vicinity of Arras, and it would be intended to straighten the German lines from Amiens northward. To use a previous simile, the battle line in the west now resembles an old-fashioned hour-glass with its lower bulb larger than its upper. The two bulbs are connected by a narrow neck, or waist, at Arras, and as these bulbs, or bulges, or salients, are peculiarly vulnerable to attack they ought to be straightened out by a German advance westward from Arras. But the situation is no longer governed wholly by military considerations so far as Germany is concerned. Her one paramount need is to win a victory that shall not merely be represented by a rearrangement of lines on a map, but that shall result obviously and patently in some measure of Allied paralysis, that shall carry with it some kind of promise of the end of the war. Considerations that do not include the growing desperation of the German people are inevitably fallacious, or at least defective. It is no longer a question of the technical ability of the German army to go on fighting, but of the acquiescence of the German people in a war that is growing constantly more hopeless. If the German army could take Paris, if it could take the Channel ports, there would undoubtedly be a new wave of hopefulness throughout the nation, but there would be no such result from the purchase of a new devastated area at the cost of another half-million lives.

If the Germans had been governed only by the rules of military strategy they would, as has been said, have attacked at Arras, and straightened their lines with a view to new and vital advances to the north and south of Arras. If it seemed more important to them to impress the people at home and to bring a renewal of courage their choice would be between a new advance toward the Channel ports in the north, or a threat against Paris in the south. They seem to have chosen the latter, at least for their main attack, always with the proviso that these early bulletins may be misleading or inadequate, and it is hard to resist the conviction that they have made a colossal blunder, urged thereto by domestic considerations and by the vanities of the Crown Prince, hysterically obsessed with the conviction that he is fated to take Paris and to be crowned with the laurels of final victory. This is in full accord with the suggestions already referred to and garnered from the opinions of observers in neutral countries, and particularly of Switzerland, to the effect that there has been heated disagreement between Hindenburg on the one hand and the Crown Prince and Ludendorff on the other, Hindenburg opposing the offensive on the ground that it endangered German conquests in the east, and the Crown Prince resolved to reap laurels at any and every cost and to establish a military reputation that has so far proved illusive through four years of war and that has been so signally eclipsed by the achievements of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Writing with all the caution demanded by the scantiness of the facts, it may none the less be said that if the present attack shall prove to be a major operation it is likely to be calamitous to the German arms, no matter what initial successes may seem to reward their efforts. The area between Rheims and Soissons is probably the most powerfully fortified of all the sectors in French occupation. It was unaffected by the recent German advance toward Amiens, and it has been hammered hard by incessant German attacks extending over many months of last year. It ought to be nearly impregnable. But there is another factor that may not for a time be visible on the actual battle front, but that is really more vital to the situation than the contending forces themselves. The army of reserves unquestionably lies somewhere between Soissons and Paris. Even though the Germans should be able to break their way through the French and British lines they would find themselves face to face with a new and powerful army barring the way to the French capital and menacing their existence. With a full view of the hazards and uncertainties of war it may be said that their southern line is the one

area that the Germans should have avoided, the one area where their reverses have been continuous and where their prospects of success are the most dim. If this shall prove to be their major attack then we may believe that Germany has made her culminating blunder, hurried thereto by the inexorable advance of America, by the renewed threat of chaos in the east, and by the vanities of the Crown Prince.

None the less we must not expect that the Germans will be held firmly at their point of attack. They are nearly certain to gain ground, and perhaps a good deal of ground. It is already admitted that they have crossed the Aisne at two points and that the Allies have fallen back. They have had the advantage of choosing the place of assault, and although their plans may have been known or at least suspected there would be no large transfer of troops until suspicion had become certainty. The attacking force is known to be much stronger than the defending force, and this disparity must continue until Allied reinforcements can arrive. On the other hand, and as tending toward equalization, although probably not attaining it, the defending force has the advantage of position and of fortification. But there is another element that must not be overlooked, and that certainly figures largely in the plans of the Allied commander-in-chief. It is evidently the intention of General Foch that the Allied line shall be held, not by as strong a force as possible, but by as weak a force as is consistent with actual and imperative needs. He evidently intends that the lines shall actually show their inability to maintain themselves before he consents to strengthen them by reinforcements. He will be very cautious, one might almost say niggardly, in drawing upon his cherished reserves. He will dribble them out with a sparing hand. It was only at the moment of the utmost British extremity that he sent aid during the last battle around Ypres. We may expect that he will show the same wise parsimony during the battle that is being fought. He will not allow his major plans to be deranged for the sake of saving territory that he knows to have no value. And by this time we ought to be steeled against the discouragement induced by bulletins that record retreat or withdrawal. The reserves are amply big enough for effective intervention whenever such intervention becomes essential, and of this we had evidence in the last battle.

At the moment of going to press the reports are so vague that it is impossible to visualize the battle line. We know that the fortifications north of the Aisne were thinly held, that the Germans have crossed the river, and it seems that they have also crossed the Vesle River to the south at a single point. The Allies are slowly withdrawing, much more slowly than after the first impact, and they are meeting large reinforcements coming from the west. We know that the Germans attacked with a force of nearly half a million men, an entirely irresistible force with all of its initial energy behind it. But that energy will not persist. It can not persist. But to oppose to it a barrier sufficiently strong to hold it would be impossible. Foch's tactics are not of that kind. They are of the kind favored by the bull-fighter, who permits his enemy to charge, evades the shock, and wounds him as he passes. The Germans are prodigal of life; the French are sparing of it. It may be that for some days to come the Germans will continue to advance, but their difficulties must grow greater with every yard. If they take Vismes they will seriously embarrass the Allies' rail communications, and this will not be allowed to fall into their hands if it can be avoided. But when the Germans have exhausted their impetus—and it should not be long—they will find themselves with another dangerous salient upon their bands, they will be in territory peculiarly dangerous to them from the vicinity of the French reserves, and they will be exhausted by a long battle of attack. They will be much worse off than they were before. Now all this is on the perilous ground of prediction, and in war it is hardly safe to speak even of probabilities. It is a mere surface interpretation of events of which we can see only a glimpse. The wholly unexpected may supervene. It often does. None the less it may be said with certainty that the Germans have taken an enormous risk, a risk that they would not have taken but for factors and exigencies that must be largely conjectural. It is also a certainty that the Germans are still victoriously advancing, but—*nous verrons*.

It is generally assumed that the army of reserves is entirely French, but it seems more likely that it is a composite force, and that it is made up of contributions from all the Allied armies in the field. This at least was the specific agreement entered into at the Versailles Conference, if we may accept the revelations made by Colonel Reppington and for which he was prosecuted, and the statements of Swiss commentators, who are usually well informed. The fact that an army of manoeuvres or reserves had been created, and that it had been placed under a unified command, was generally recognized as equivalent to the supersession of all the national commanders, since no commander could be said to have independence of action unless he were in a position to control his own reserves. The definite appointment of Foch as generalissimo of all Allied armies came later on, but it was no more than the explicit avowal of an already existing and implied condition. The French forces are numerically very inferior to the British, and therefore it seems hardly likely that they alone are providing an army of reserves that is being held aloof from the battle lines. Moreover, unless we assume that the British have contributed largely to the army of reserves, we can not account for heavy British forces that have certainly been raised and trained, but that do not seem to be anywhere on the actual fighting front. When the facts become known, and that may not be until the war is over, we are likely to discover the



Foch's army of reserves is very much larger than we have supposed, that it is a composite army of French, British, and Americans, that it is now being mainly fed by Americans, whose training becomes more perfect the longer they are kept from battle, and that it has been created by a process of squeezing the fighting forces of every man that they can spare. Perhaps we shall then realize also that this army has been the master of the situation from the beginning of the German offensive, and that its inactivities have been due, not to inability, but to a careful measuring and weighing of relative values. And until then perhaps we shall do well to look with caution at all computations of available forces. Unofficial estimates have very little value, while authoritative statements show such discrepancies that they are evidently intended to conceal more than to reveal.

It was said recently that not one person in a hundred had the capacity to think internationally. It is a capacity that we shall be compelled to acquire before very long, but in the meantime it is just as true of affairs military as of affairs political. We keep our eyes fixed upon battlefields, and without much realization that these are but steps to a goal, and that sometimes even victories may be negative and baffling. No matter what fortunes may await Germany in the west she must still face the fact that she has accomplished nothing of permanence in the east, where alone she can actually accomplish anything, that she has been building on the sand, and that a few scraps of paper are all that she has to show for her prodigal expenditures of life and money in the conquest of Russia. Austria is reported to have declared that the field of war has been reestablished in the east, and if this may be taken at its face meaning it is a confession that the people of Russia and of the Ukraine have repudiated by their actions the treaties entered into in their name by usurping and unrepresentative authorities, and that they intend to resist German aggression with any weapons that come to their hand. Indeed the fact is obvious enough. Poland and Lithuania are smouldering with revolt. There is active fighting in Finland, where Bolshevik troops are resisting the Germans, and the flame of rebellion is spreading fast all over the Ukraine, whose people are refusing to make deliveries of grain that they do not possess, or to provide for new harvests that will instantly be snatched from them by the invaders. Believing that she had made good her highroad to the east—the only prize for which she went to war—Germany is realizing that all her work here must be done over again, and that she is faced with the united uprising of nations, a danger more deadly than any that can come from disciplined armies. Turning her back upon her new eastern empire to meet an unheaten enemy in the west, she finds that that eastern empire is after all a shadow without stability or reality, and that great nationalities are not to be reduced to slavery by the signatures of traitors and marauders whose forceful criminality has raised them for the moment to positions of authority. These are the circumstances under which Germany, maddened by her perplexities, is throwing herself in desperation upon her western enemies in the hope that she may yet be in time to crush them and so to avoid the coming rebellious chaos in the east that must mean the final end to all her hopes, that she may yet be in time to consolidate her gains in the east before the great Slav world shall find its soul, as it unquestionably must. Germany in secure possession of her eastern empire with an open highroad to India and Africa will be the victor in the world war, and there is no other victory possible to her. Even an immediate triumph in the west would leave this greater victory unachieved, and this greater victory is today more distant than it was a month ago. The strangling grip of the blockade would still be upon her. She would still be confronted with the immeasurable power of America, a power that would be unexhausted even by forty years of war. She would still have to face volcanic outbursts from the Slav peoples, who have not yet realized their own disasters, and who certainly will not willingly pass through revolution to a foreign slavery more shameful than any domestic tyranny that they have ever known. These are certainly among the considerations that are weighing upon the official German mind in the final and desperate effort that it has now launched, and we may be certain that these also are the realities that are slowly becoming apparent to the tortured German nation.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The Turcoman, in dress, is, to say the least, gaudy, and his rough, shaggy shako of sheep's wool gives him a formidable aspect. He wears white cotton trousers; his feet are thrust into boots with toes upturned in the Chinese fashion; his shirt of gay colors is worn under a tunic of bright cotton reaching to his knees; while over this is a long garment like an old-fashioned quilted dressing gown of brilliant hues. Except in one province, drink is not allowed, taxation is all but nominal, and, when all has been said and done, the Russian and his railroad through Turkestan and the khanates has been a great and potent unifier and pacificator.

A dwarf elephant is one of several "new" animals reported of late years from the Congo. It was from the same region that Sir Harry Johnston brought the okapi, the most interesting of recent discoveries, in 1900. But no corroboration has yet been found of Carl Hagenbeck's theory of a gigantic unknown animal—"some kind of dinosaur"—in the interior of Rhodesia. The belief was based partly on native legends of such a monster, and partly on drawings on the walls of caves; but neither of these is in the nature of scientific evidence and no trace of the actual creature has been discovered.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the well-known and venerable New York physician, who served two years in a German prison for favoring the cause of liberty in 1848, says he has no difficulty in understanding the world issue. Speaking on his eighty-eighth birthday, the doctor said: "If we had won that revolution there would be no war today, for we were trying to break then the autocratic spirit in Germany which has caused the present world conflagration."

Lord Francis Allston Channing, the American-born British peer, says in his latest book of memoirs that as long ago as 1885 he was protesting against Lord Salisbury's "spirited policy," which had for its motto, "Empire must decay if not expanded." He opposed the Boer war on practical as well as ethical grounds, and also tariff reform; in 1903 the activity of the tariff reformers appeared to him as the sign of a "struggle of organized capitalism to master democracy by every expedient."

Lord Milner, the new British minister of war, who was previously a member of the cabinet without portfolio, is said to have been the jack-of-all-trades of the government and to have acted as referee in deciding almost every non-military problem submitted to the cabinet. His responsibility has been greater than that of any other member of the government in the variety and complexity of the questions reserved for his decision, and Mr. Lloyd-George has depended upon him in every emergency for counsel.

H. H. Maharaja Gaekwar Sir Sayaji Rao III of Baroda G. C. S. I., who figured prominently in the war conference held recently in Delhi, was educated at the Maharaja's School, Baroda, succeeded to the principality of 1875, and was invested with powers by the British government in 1881. The Gaekwar is generally regarded as being one of the most enlightened of the native rulers of India, and ever since the outbreak of the war he has lost no opportunity of showing his loyalty to the British crown. He has given large sums to the British government for aeroplanes, and has promised 12,000 rupees per month from January, 1916, so long as the war lasts. His wife, Chinnabai, the Maharani, is the author of "The Position of Women in Indian Life."

Secretary of the Navy Daniels is described by his present-moment biographers as a democratic man, affable, accessible, and sensible. He is rather of the Southern type. In attire he affects the broad-rimmed soft black hat, low collar, and easy-fitting raiment. He is an industrious man and works early and late at his office. His career before he came into the Navy Department had been that of a newspaper editor and politician. He stands a native of North Carolina, where there is a native American stock very like, in many particulars, to the native American stock in New England, and is fifty-six years old. He has been an officeholder as well as an editor and, contrary to the usual experience with editors who would hold office, has succeeded tolerably at both.

Baron Stephan Burian von Rajecz, who recently succeeded Count Czernin as Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, is described as one of those statesmen to be found in every country whose chief claim on popular gratitude arises from the fact that they are always a "sure port in a storm." He is a kind of political handy man. A long and varied diplomatic career has fitted him for many different offices, and has given him an intimate understanding of the highways and byways of Austro-Hungarian politics, such as renders him peculiarly invaluable to the powers that be. He is, in many ways, a curious mixture. Credited with being a man of strong decisions, one who knows what he wants, and generally succeeds in getting it, nevertheless during a large part of his diplomatic career he has stood before the public as "somebody's man." Whenever he vacated office it was generally recognized that he still continued to carry on, in a peculiarly confidential sense, the "work of the emperor," or of that close personal friend of his, Count Tisza.

A tale which throws light on the character of General Pershing, America's commander-in-chief in Europe, is told by an old friend. The winter previous to his entering West Point, Pershing taught the Prairie Mound district school and learned to apply his first discipline. He made a success of the term and only one event marred his stay there. This was an attack made upon him one day by an irate father whose girl he had reprimanded. Pershing had told the girl to remain in at recess, but she slipped out and ran home. Her father came back on the run with a revolver. Pershing coolly walked out and asked him what he wanted. The man replied he had come to settle with him for rebuking his daughter. The young schoolteacher picked up a poker then laid it down, threw off his coat, and told his assailant to come on and they would settle things with their fists. However, as Pershing turned his back to lay the poker down, the girl screamed to her father: "Shoot him now, dad, while his back's turned!" The man put away his gun and came on, but not to fight, and they settled the matter without bloodshed.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### "He Serves His Country Best!"

He serves his country best  
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;  
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,  
And song but one; and law within the breast  
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:  
There is a better way.

He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths, however others stray;  
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest  
A stainless record which all men may read:  
There is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,  
No dew but has an errand to some flower,  
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray;  
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,  
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:  
There is no better way. —Anon.

### The Betrothed.

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuha stout,  
For things are running cross-ways, and Maggie and I are out.  
We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good cheroot,  
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;  
In the soft blue veil of the vapour, musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass.  
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,  
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown—  
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and old—  
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been, the dark of the Days  
that Are,  
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead  
cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your  
pocket—  
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to  
the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider awhile—  
Here is a mild Manila—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring,  
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,  
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,  
Peace in the hush of the twilight, halm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,  
With only a *Sultee's* passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,  
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,  
When they hear my harem is empty, will send me my brides  
again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths  
withal,  
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with hest vanilla, with tea will I temper their  
hides,  
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the  
tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between  
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick o'  
Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth  
clear,  
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery  
light  
Of stumps that I hurned in Friendship and Pleasure and  
Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must  
prove,  
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of  
Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me hogged  
in a mire?  
Since a puff of tobacco shall cloud it, shall I follow the fitful  
fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—  
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to hear the yoke:  
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,  
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

In connection with the question of Germany's views as to supplying neutrals with munitions, it has been shown that from 1899 to 1902, the period of the Boer war, Great Britain imported from Germany 1,914,800 kilos of explosives, 99,800 kilos of gunpowder, 53,200 gun barrels, 11,100 malleable iron shot, 319,400 nicked shot, and 444,700 cartridges with copper shells. The Boers imported, during the same period, nothing from Germany, because, like Germany in the present instance, they could not.



## THE WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON.

Frank Ward O'Malley Writes Amusingly on the Most Serious of Topics.

That an honest New York merchant and his wife should wish to see Washington in war-time is reasonable enough. Every patriotic heart throughout the country turns toward the national capital with an intense desire to share the heavy burden of its officials and to sustain them with counsel and with sympathy. But perhaps, on second thoughts, it is a mistake to take one's wife. Women are so notoriously lacking in reverence. They not only look at things with a disconcerting directness, but they say out loud just what they think. The author says that it was so in his case. He himself believed that every one running the war was a great statesman. All well-conducted male citizens believe this, but the caustic comments of his wife gave him real distress:

It's impossible to convince the wife that the truly patriotic should sit tight and say nothing when, to take an example, the government insists upon saying, "Is this potential appointee the best Democrat (or Republican, as the case may be, and in former wars often was) to handle this big war job?" instead of simply asking, "Is he the best man to handle this big war job?" Again and again I've told the wife that the appointment of a given Democrat, instead of a given man, will at its worst merely result, say, in the unnecessary deaths, perhaps, of a few thousand young men in army camps or at the front. I try to show her that if nobody tries to right existing wrongs the war may be prolonged, but in the meantime everybody will enjoy the sublime ethical satisfaction of knowing that he and all his compatriots have been intensely patriotic. "Pooh!" says the wife. "The trouble with you and the rest of the patriots of Bromidia is that you confuse criticism of a stuffed shirt in office with the office itself. If the people of New York impeach a governor and kick him out, how can such action be construed as even remotely a reflection upon the great office of governor of New York?"

The author's wife was certainly a difficult person to have around in Washington. He says quite truly that she ought to be ashamed of herself for asserting so audibly that red tape ought to be cut out. No true American would talk in such a way at such a time. Even the headlines in the newspapers had the effect of goading on that irrepressible woman:

"Shucks! Starting out to capture Berliu, and the whole darn country can't dish up enough unity of action in two weeks of effort to carry one quart of coal three-quarters of a mile across the Hudson River to our flat. Oh, hush yourself! I could see the loaded coal cars, I tell you, on the Jersey side of the river from the windows of pa's apartment on the drive. Lookit this newspaper headline here: 'Mrs. Macgillcuddys-Reekes, Sinn Fein Leader, Received at White House.' Sickenin'! This is a fine time for the President to encourage German propaganda by—o-o-o-o-h, I—will—not—hush—up! This Sinn Fein person is violently pro-German; says so in effect from platforms; so are all her little group of co-workers. I'd like to see her and her crowd ring the door-bell down at Oyster Bay, that's all! They have the impudence to stand up in halls paid for out of German funds, admission free, in New York, Milwaukee, Chicago, everywhere, with a lot of Germans filling the front seats, and the whole crowd, even while our boys are fighting Germany in France, cheering wildly every time a speaker tells of German victories. Less than a month ago this same woman who was 'received at the White House' yesterday was the star speaker at a pro-German meeting in Terrace Garden, back home, where a countrywoman of hers had girls pass the hat through the aisles for 'silver bullets,' as she called the collection, to be fired against our most powerful ally. They want our biggest ally crushed, smashed by Germany, which means that our American boys fighting beside the Tommies would have to be smashed, too; leaving us, with England gone, to fight it out with Germany and her allies single-handed, or be crushed and smashed ourselves."

The lady has a discerning eye for stupidities and incapacities, and one can only wonder that she was not interned or otherwise silenced. Unfortunately there is no way by which free and independent citizens can be prevented from thinking, those of them that have the necessary apparatus, but at least they should be warned against speech. Look at this:

"'Shortage in Motor-Trucks for Army.' Lookit that headline! And you know as well as I do what happened in this very town of Washington when our Cousin Ed came down here months ago in the interest of the Mac Motor Truck, or whatever the name of the firm he's with now. Forgotten it? Well, you just listen. Our Ed went to the general, or whatever you go to bere, and said his firm wanted to get the merits of their truck before the army authorities. And what did this general, or whoever the army truck man was, tell him? That the army couldn't even consider Ed's truck. 'And why not?' our Ed asked, knowing that his truck admittedly was one of the best on the market. 'Because your truck isn't listed with us, and the department doesn't permit firms to bid on our truck contracts unless they're on our list.' 'And how does a firm get its truck listed, general?' 'Why,' this general said to our Ed, 'you have to take one of your stock trucks all the way down to the testing-ground in Texas and run it two thousand miles under certain specified conditions. Then if a test shows it's up to the requirements, your truck will be listed.' 'Easy, general,' our Ed says. 'My firm'll have as many stock trucks as the army wants shipped right down to Texas for the try-out. We'll run 'em to Texas under their own power, if you'd prefer.' 'But that wouldn't help any toward getting your truck listed,' says the general to our Ed. 'And why not?' our Ed asked. 'Because,' answers the general, opening the door for our Ed to pass out—and listen to this answer, dearie; it's epic—'Because,' the general said to our Ed, 'the department decided a long time ago not to increase the list.'

Washington was a veritable City of Gossip in the old days before the war, but that was nothing to what it is now. Every hotel lobby is heaped with murdered reputations, so that Belgian atrocities are a mere nothing:

One doesn't have to move beyond earshot of the nearest hotel lounge—the wife and I didn't—to learn on the authority of none other than a stoutish man who was bulging from the line of beauty on a lounge in the lobby that this

here now Food Administrator, Henry Hoover, or whatever his name is, has his own home packed with barrels and shelves of food like he was a whole farmer's exhibit at a county fair. Yep. Right at the crack of the first gun, mub friend, what does this Herb Hoover, or whatever his name is, do but pack his own cellar with a cuppla carloads of wheat, another car of puttatahs, a cuppla barrels of kippered herring, and everything! This comes straight, friend, from a niece of mine that's been a stenographer in the Food Administration ever since it was started. Say, from what I hear that guy Hoover's got his library shelves stacked with more custard pies than Charley Chaplin could throw at Fatty Arbuckle in a whole seven-reel fillum. Yes, indeed. And this Fuel Administrator, Doc Garfield! Listen, friend. That Garfield guy's got a private stock of coal that fills his whole darn cellar, spread over half his kitchen, and spills out of the bathtub and every stationary washtub in his house. Terrible, aint it, when even the White House didn't have enough coal the other day to keep the place warm. Yep, I get it straight that Doc Garfield's home looks like it was a flashlight of the whole anthracite basement floor of Scranton, Pennsylvania. And lemme tell you, friend, about these gents that hollered and hollered for prohibition till they got every saloon in the town closed. That crowd's got enough of the hard stuff hoarded away to float a new Liberty Loan. I'm told by a man who had ought to know that the main squeeze in that bunch aint drew a sober breath since Grant first began to bang around Richmond.

The great occasion was, of course, the visit to Congress, where the great and good of the nation were engaged in winning the war. The author says that his heart pumped excitedly as he neared the sacred precincts where so many able and unselfish men were saving the nation for salaries not so much greater than they might earn back home:

There was little to attract attention when the wife and I arrived on a level with the corridor entrances to the Family Circle tier of seats in the House. Almost nothing was going on except that Billy Sunday was opening the session with prayer, and House stenographers were breaking lead-pencils and finger-nails and fountain-pens trying to keep abreast of Billy's prayer, and women standees were bulging outward into the corridors all the way round the string of Family Circle entrances, and back of these was an overflow of still more women clamoring to get in as madly as if Doug Fairbanks and Charley Chaplin were chatting on the floor of the House with Mary Pickford and Theda Bara, and Speaker Champ Clark was flashing for the first time a new pearl-gray suit decorated at the lapel with a rose of saffron hue in honor of the occasion, and outside House attendants had taken all the beaded knitting-bags away from the women who had arrived early enough in the earliest morning to find seats inside, and the knitting-bags had been heaped in piles waist-high in the corridors, because it's against the law to carry any bundles or packages or bombs into the House during war-times, and Sculptor Gutson Borglum, after wandering accidentally into the Statuary Hall of the Capitol and getting one quick glimpse at the Sculptural Chamber of Horrors, was fleeing with wild screams of terror through the corridors, and even louder than the Borglum yells arose distant thunderings of oratorical impressiveness as various representatives hit the high spots of forensic fervor, and a gavel was banging and banging afar off, and somebody was intoning terrifically about the "b-r-r-r-road-and-ah boeunteous paraires, gentul-men, of thee great-tuh gloriorias State-tuh which I have thee honor to represent-tuh in this-ah dis-ting-wished uh-sem-bludge," and a reporter cub padding along behind us hurriedly was balling a metaphor all up by asking his companion, "Who's the old goat braying on the floor now, Larry?" and some one was banging and hollering, "The Chair reck-ah-nizes thee gnlmn from Mizzoozee," and a large lady whose black hair was undecided was shoving along on tiptoe and panting, "I'm suffickating, Emmy, but I'll go to my grave happy if I can only get just a glimpse of Jeanette Rankin," and the newspaper telegraph instruments, down the corridor toward the Press Gallery, were sending the news to the sistrin in far-away states amid a chorus of clickings like the seven-year plague of crickets, and the gavel was banging again, and some one was shouting dramatically in purest South Bostonese, "This democracy cawnnot exist hawf free awnd hawf female," and a woman fainted in the crush and was laid out across one of the piles of knitting-bags, and somebody arrived with ice-water for the fainting lady just as we had biffed our way close enough to a door to hear a logically intensive bit of debate that ran:

"Does the genclmn from Cuhnetcut object?"  
 "I ruh-zerve the right to objec'."  
 "But does the genclmn from Cuhnetcut object?"  
 "I ruh-peat, I ruh-zerve the right to objec'."  
 "But does the genclmn object or does he not object?"  
 "I ruh-peat again, I ruh-zerve the right."  
 "Will the genclmn answer yes or no, does he object?"  
 "Iruh-zerve the—"  
 "Does the genclmn—"  
 "I ruh-zerve—"  
 "Does the—"  
 "I ruh—"  
 "Does—"  
 "I—" Et ceterah-rah-rah!

The author says that he tingled with it all, and no wonder. Even now he turns to the pages of the *Congressional Record* to remind himself of glorious experiences:

Beat by beat came the heart-throbs of a nation in anguish: "Do I understand that the gentleman's request for unanimous consent goes to the extent of ordering the previous question on the rule, so as to cut out the offering of the amendment to the rule?" "It does." "Then I object." "The gentleman from Florida objects." "I move the previous question on the resolution." "If the gentleman from Illinois controls the time for the rule and the gentleman from Tennessee controls the time against it, this side of the House is without time." "May I ask if the gentleman will yield some of his time to this side of the house?" "Certainly; I had made promises for more time, but I will see that that side gets an equal division of the time." "Will the gentleman yield ten minutes to this side?" "Yes." "Mr. Speaker, I understand that it is settled now that I have twenty minutes under my control. Is that correct?" "I do not understand that the proposition was that the gentleman from Tennessee should have twenty minutes." "I am entitled to that time under the general rule." "For what purpose does the gentleman from Virginia rise?" "To see what has become of my time." "It has gone." "I had three minutes left." "I know the gentleman would have three minutes left if it was not for the clock." "Now, what does the gentleman from Virginia want?" "I just wanted my time." (Prolonged laughter.)

Unfortunately the author and his wife were unable to gain admission to the hall of Congress. It was too

crowded. But they were able to hear snatches of the great debate as the door swung open:

Unsatisfactory as it was to stand there and get only drabs of sentences and paragraphs, a sentence or phrase or paragraph as the door was opened or closed again, the wife and I realized—I'm sure, at least, that I did—from the very fervency of the debate that some mighty issue of a war-stricken land was at stake. Just what they were debating about I could not, of course, tell. Sometimes, so I noted between door-swingings, the question of who had discovered America seemed to be at issue, but again they would swing four hundred years forward and go into learned and lengthy dissertations on the political history of Kentucky, Iowa, or any of several states during the last national campaign. Then there was an instant hush in the bubbub coming from the women standees massed around us as again the door swung open long enough to enable us to realize that still another speaker was dwelling upon the many excellences of the lady from Montana, Miss Rankin. Doubtless the speaker was extolling some fine bit of statesmanship which Miss Rankin had contributed to the all-important, the only important, work of speeding up the war. Unfortunately, the door remained open only long enough to enable us to hear only one sentence of the orator's appreciation of Miss Rankin's efforts to aid her warring America:

"The lady from Montana has introduced a joint resolution in this House recognizing the right of Ireland to home rule." The door was closed before I could readjust my mind from Columbus' discovery to the political situation in Iowa and then over to Ireland.

"God in heaven!" says the irrepressible wife, "we're at war! Don't they know it? At war! Mountebanks! High-school commencement 'oratory! Silly jokes! Village politics! Roaring like fools over doggerel that rises to the heights of rhyming woes and clothes! . . . My own America, everything that's decent in this whole world, calling for help, and still they snarl and squeal and squeak for votes, their own reflections, party power, down there in that hole like a—a—like a pitful of vile rats." No wonder the author would not stand for such talk as that.

Sherman was right, says the author. War is certainly hell. Look at all the gallant youths anxious to "do their bit," who crowd into Washington just about draft time and give themselves to their country for office work with a uniform and a commission:

"Not for me!" secretly says the youngster of canniness. "Gee! I'm only twenty-seven and perfectly healthy, so the draft is going to get me. It's me to see if father or Uncle Jim or somebody doesn't know some one in Washington. Maybe I can get a job down there that won't be so bad. Anyway, truck-drivers and chaps like that carry a gun and do the dirty work better than I can; but there are a lot of other things to be done at Washington which a man like myself can do, and a truck-driver can't." (Which is an argument containing elements of logic.) Whereupon father or uncle or a business associate or close friends grasps an end of a wire and begins to pull it. Then, when the wires have been pulled hard enough, the youngster one day flashes forth in his brand-new khaki brooksbrothers or searsroebucks, now a proud clerk dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant, captain, or, if over thirty, even a major. Thereafter in manner, if not in actual words, he sighs to an admiring world, "Yep, I just chucked everything and came down here to do my bit."

That a thing has never been done before is, of course, fatal at Washington. Precedents must be observed, even though the heavens fall. Take, for example, the case of the hardy individual who suggests steel cots instead of canvas cots for the army:

"Flynn," cried Bureaucracy, triumphantly, "your cot is impossible. We've learned that your cot would take up about twice as much room in the hold of a freighter as the canvas cot. Of course whatever cot we buy will have to be shipped abroad in great quantities. In these days of ship shortage lack of bulk is all important."

And genius having spoken, the office boy held the door open wide for the final exit of Barney Flynn.

"Interesting, but unimportant," said Barney, removing his overcoat and pulling up a chair. "What's the life of a canvas cot?"

"Ninety days."

"What's the life of one of our steel cots?"

"Er—years; indefinite, I take it."

"Well, for once you take it right. Ships carrying the canvas cots to France would have to cross the ocean four times a year to keep the initial shipment replenished. The same fleet of freighters, loaded with steel cots, would make the trip once, and never have to make it again for the same purpose as long as the war lasted. So that ends that argument. Come! come! come! it's your next shot."

"Well—er—as we've told you repeatedly, Flynn, you are suggesting an idea which never has been tried in the whole history of this department." Which left the entire matter back where it had been before God made iron and man made steel. And in the meantime the patter of thousands on thousands of the toddling feet of the new young, grand young Army of the Republic could be heard as it began to approach from afar off, and it had not a crib in which to lay its head.

And finally we have a sort of summary of national prospects, with which perhaps there will now be a general agreement:

"We are not, and we never shall be all right unless real leaders who are not pacifists at heart jump above the 'pee-pul' and make us stop our monkeyshines—that or a pummeling of 'the pee-pul' by the Germans themselves which will make this crowd over here, even the 'leaders,' so mad they'll quit asking when the war is going to end and jump in full speed and end it. But there isn't one red-blooded man in high place today who in his heart believes even in universal military training—not a single civilian in high executive place, I mean; not one. The whole Mutual Admiration Society is made up of dear souls who inwardly, no matter what they say in print, believe even now that 'diplomatic' efforts to demoralize the Teutonic allies are more important than pumping lead and steel into the beasts."

Mr. O'Malley has written a very amusing book and also a very disquieting one, and perhaps it is well that we should be disquieted.

THE WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON. By Frank Ward O'Malley. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

For the week ended Saturday, May 25th, the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports clearings amounting to \$94,849,483.60, as compared with \$85,717,628.14, the total for the corresponding week in 1917. Saturday's clearings were \$12,291,927.30.

Reporting for the week ended May 24th, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco shows total resources of \$206,642,000, as compared with \$202,851,000 in the preceding week.

The total gold reserve stands at \$126,154,000, as against \$123,737,000 in the week ended May 17, 1918. Gold reserves stand in the proportion of 67.32 per cent. to net deposits and note liability, or in about the same proportion as in the preceding week.

Gross deposits increased during the week more than \$2,000,000. They now stand at

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\$92,768,000, of which \$68,234,000 represent members' reserve account.

Increasing bank deposits and increasing bank clearings both testify to the general prosperity of the business world in this, our second year of participation in the world war.

Additional evidence of the fact that the mercantile firms of America are really prosperous was offered last week by the telegraphic statement from New York of the commercial failures of the week reported by Dun's Agency.

During the week just ended commercial failures in the United States amounted to 184 only, as compared with 196 in the preceding week, and 314 in the corresponding week of 1917.

Among the causes cited by *Bradstreet's* for the unprecedentedly large bank clearings in April are "unusual business incident to the war, high prices for commodities, and the fact that the government is now spending over \$41,000,000 a day." The total payments in April aggregated \$26,232,002,486 and were

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the seventh largest total ever reported. They showed an increase of 1.5 per cent. over March and a gain of 5.7 per cent. over April, 1917. The sum given was the largest ever registered for the fourth month of the year. While the grand total was striking enough in itself, it was the showing outside of New York that called, in *Bradstreet's* opinion, for most attention. Payments for the whole country, those at the metropolis excluded, amounted to \$12,138,495,540, which sum, while being next to the largest on record for the country exclusive of the metropolis, also displayed an advance of 1.2 per cent. over March and 19.5 per cent. over April, 1917. Obviously, as the writer says, "the crop-growing regions, the munition centres, the ship-building industries, and the laboring classes must be doing well." The fact that 17,000,000 individuals, or possibly 20,000,000, subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan "not only clearly reveals the existence of patriotism, but it likewise shows that the populace has the ability to invest."

At the same time it was patent that at speculative centres "such movements as the launching of new enterprises, fresh capital issues, operations on the stock market, flotations of municipal bonds—in a word, fiscal affairs other than those having to do with the Liberty Loan—were extraordinarily light." Payments at New York during April aggregated \$14,093,506,946, a gain of 1.8 per cent. over March, but a loss of 3.8 per cent. from April, 1917.

Practically the whole world has participated in the advance in prices which accompanied the war. From the peaceful banana plantations of Central America, the rice fields of the Orient, the sheep ranges of Australia, the silk-worm establishments of Japan, the sugar plantations of Cuba, the tin mines of the Malayan Peninsula, the olive fields of Spain, the swine ranges of China, and the bean plantations of South America and Manchuria, the advance in prices has been general, and in nearly all important articles of commerce. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the prices of the merchandise being exported from all parts of the world have increased in most cases from 50 to 100 per cent. above those prevailing before the war, and are materially higher than those of one year ago.

Take the humble banana as an example, imported from the peaceful countries of Central America, Cuba, Jamaica, British Honduras, Colombia, and the Dominican Republic; the average price in the countries of export was in January, 1918, 46.6 cents per bunch, against 36 cents in January, 1917, and 31.3 cents per bunch in January, 1914, an advance of about 50 per cent. since the January preceding the beginning of the war. The pig-raisers of China have apparently also heard the news of the world advance in prices, since hristles, chiefly imported from China, jumped in price from 86 cents per pound in the country of production in February, 1914, to \$1.96 in February, 1918, an increase of 123 per cent. Horse skins, brought chiefly from Argentina, were exported from that country in February, 1914, at 18.6 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, at 37 cents per pound, an increase of practically 100 per cent. Edible olive oil, chiefly from Spain and Italy, was imported in February, 1914, at an average of \$1.25 per gallon, and in February, 1918, the average import price was \$3.05 per gallon. Rice flour from Siam, Hongkong, Japan, China, and other Oriental countries was imported February, 1914, at an average of 1.7 cents per pound; in February, 1918, at 4 cents per pound. The cotton-growers of Egypt evidently realized the world advance in prices, for the average import price of the cotton entering the United States, coming chiefly from Egypt, was in February, 1914, but 18.3 cents per pound and averaged in January and February, 1918, 35 cents per pound. Raw silk, chiefly from Japan and China, averaged \$3.63 per pound in February, 1915, and \$5.50 in the closing months of 1917. Beans, imported largely from South America, Manchuria, India, Japan, and China, averaged in February, 1914, \$1.66 per bushel, and in February, 1918, \$3.93 per bushel. Flax, imported normally from Russia, Scotland, and Ireland, averaged in February, 1914, in the country from which exported, \$269 per ton, and in February, 1918, \$1188, or more than four times as much in 1918 as in 1914. Sisal, an important fibre, coming from our near neighbor Mexico, was at the place of exportation in 1914 \$116 per ton, and at the same place in January, 1918, \$359 per ton. Even the inoffensive "goosher," from West Africa and the Orient, seems to have awakened to the situation, for the average market price of peanuts coming to the United States, chiefly from West Africa, China, and Japan, is officially quoted at 4 cents per pound in February, 1914, and 6.6 per pound in February, 1918.

In a few articles, very few, there is no advance, and in some an actual decline. Coffee, coming to us from forty different countries and colonies of the world, chiefly from Latin

America and the Orient, showed an average market price in February, 1914, of 11.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, an average price of but 8.1 cents per pound. Cocoa, coming from a score of countries and colonies, averaged in February, 1914, 11.7 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 10.8 cents per pound. Even India rubber, in which the world output has more than kept pace with the greatly increased world demand, shows a slight decline, the average market price having been in February, 1914, 52.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 47.8 cents per pound.

There is one influence at work in the recent upward movement on the Stock Exchange which Wall Street may have overlooked. As financial people here see it, the rapid dispatch of American troops to France is one of the factors that is changing the complexion of the military situation overseas. Without this notable improvement in the war outlook we doubt that the purely economic influences on the present occasion could have caused so extensive an increase of activity in stocks.

Under ordinary circumstances these economic factors would react most decisively on Wall Street. The promise of a great wheat crop, which will furnish a large surplus for export at high prices, the unexpectedly fair treatment of the railways by the government, the phenomenal activity of the leading industries of the country, the successful flotation of the Third Liberty Loan, and the recognized ability of the central money markets to finance not only the loan installments, but also the impending heavy income and excess profits tax payments, are all factors of great importance from Wall Street's point of view. But when there is added to them the other factor above mentioned they must necessarily have played a big part in forcing the market to readjust its attitude.—*New York Evening Post.*

The twelve Federal Land Banks established under the Farm Loan Act have made loans to farmers to the amount of \$91,865,586.20, according to a statement of conditions for April 30, 1918, issued by the Farm Loan Board. This date marks practically the close of the first year's business. The capital stock of the banks has increased from \$9,000,000 to \$13,594,895 and farm loan bonds to the amount of \$83,750,000 have been issued. The banks' excess of expenses and interest charges over earnings amounted to \$411,954.24, which is about 3 per cent. of the capital.

Prescott Scott, resident partner of Bond & Goodwin, was advised recently by the Holt Manufacturing Company of a recent decision of the Federal Reserve Board authorizing Federal Reserve Banks to rediscount notes secured by farm tractors.

In accordance with this decision instructions have been issued by the Federal Reserve Board to the reserve banks authorizing them to rediscount tractor paper presented by any member bank, provided it has maturity not exceeding six months and provided that the tractors are purchased for agricultural purposes. The United States Department of Agriculture explains that this action of the Reserve Board means that notes given for the purchase of farm tractors will be treated in the same manner as other agricultural paper, thus facilitating the purchase of tractors by farmers.

Mr. Scott is of the opinion that this decision will prove to be a distinct aid to the development and expansion of agriculture, particularly in view of the scarcity of labor.

Herbert Gray, who has been associated with the bond investment firm of F. M. Brown & Co. for the last three years, is now with John O. Dresser in the local office of William Salomon & Co. of New York.

Gray has been succeeded in Brown & Co.'s office by A. P. Brymer, formerly with the Hanchett Bond Company of New York.

No direct importers of wagons, buggies, carts, street sweepers, or sprinklers are located in the Port Antonio consular district. Practically all of this trade is centred in Kingston. Occasionally some one in the country districts imports direct from the United States.

American vehicles are more popular than any other in Jamaica. During the three years 1914-1916, inclusive, the imports of carriages, carts, and wagons from the United States constituted, respectively, 92 per cent., 82 per cent., and 84 per cent. of the total imports. The remainder came from the United Kingdom and a small portion from Canada. During the years mentioned the total imports amounted to \$32,343 in 1914, \$19,000 in 1915, and \$41,211 in 1916.

The types of vehicles generally used in Jamaica are the American type of open surrey and the buggy. In some country districts the traffic regulations prescribe that the two-seated surrey shall be drawn by two horses. In Kingston, however, the hackney carriages are drawn by a single horse. The ordinary

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hackney carriage is simply an open surrey with two seats. The front seat is divided, and three persons may thus be carried in addition to the driver. Usually these carriages are not equipped with brakes.

On March 20, 1918, the International Banking Corporation inaugurated a savings department, the first such institution in China under American auspices. Deposits were \$3000 Mexican the first day and for ten subsequent days averaged \$5000, the aggregate deposits at the end of ten days exceeding \$50,000. Much of this money was deposited by Chinese living outside the legation quarter. The International Banking Corporation pays 4 per cent. interest on these savings. Deposits made before the 5th of the month draw a full month's interest. There seems to be every reason to believe that the savings department will be increasingly patronized by natives, who have great confidence in American financial institutions.

An effort is made in the German Imperial Bank's report to paint a rosy picture of business and financial conditions in Germany at the end of 1917. It is stated, contrary to the general tenor of other advices regarding labor conditions in the empire, that there has been improvements in that respect, practically no people being out of work. It is also set forth that the spirit of sacrifice on the part of the German population has provided for the war and at the same time made possible a free distribution of materials and goods. The steel and coal production of the empire is declared to have risen, while the incomes of German railways from freight have increased. The gold reserve of the Imperial Bank, which was \$2,506,000,000 marks at the beginning of 1917, is given as 2,460,000,000 marks at the end of the year. Its gross profits for 1917 were 364,537,300 marks, against 324,609,000 marks in 1916, the net profits for 1917 having been 97,276,241 marks, and the bank's stockholders, it is stated, will receive dividends of 8.72 per cent., against 8.18 per cent. in 1916. The bank's discount rate was unchanged at 5 per cent. throughout the entire year.

Wireless apparatus worth half a million dollars is to be manufactured in San Francisco especially for the British government as the result of a contract which has been awarded the Moorhead Laboratories and which was announced recently by S. F. Harris, president of the concern, through O. B. Moorhead, vice-president.

Mr. Moorhead on his return to this city from the East stated that the erection of a new factory will be started at once. This new plant, he says, will be one of the finest research laboratories in America.

After the greatest activity and largest advances the stock market has experienced this year prices reacted in an irregular fashion. The renewed bull movement which started in the Steel and other industrial stocks also extended to railway shares, the improvement in that section of the list being largely founded on reports from Washington that a 25 per cent. increase in railroad fares was under consideration. The activity of the market was on a large scale, public participation in speculation being again a factor of importance. New high prices for the year were reached in all parts of the list, although in the past few days concessions from the extreme advances have followed, especially in the industrials, this being caused by government taxation.

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### GERMAN SPIES AT THE FRONT.

#### Some Tricks of the Wily Teuton.

Were Bret Harte alive today he undoubtedly would admit that the wily Teuton can go the "Heathen Chinee" about 60-40 in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" (says the *Literary Digest*). Take, for example, the artifice of a "spy offensive corps" which was actively engaged in the front and rear of the Allied lines when the big German drive began on March 21st.

English-speaking German officers, wearing British uniforms taken from prisoners, advanced with the German infantry, mingled with the British, and succeeded for a time in giving false orders, while at the same time German agents behind the lines were spreading alarmist propaganda among the French, blocking the roads with the panic-stricken populace, and impeding the movements of British troops and transports.

During their brief experience on the front the Americans have already encountered the German military spy, and a correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun* who is with the American army in France writes:

"When it is recalled that the enemy has taken upward of fifty American prisoners and that if there are German-Americans with us, so also are there American-Germans with him, it will be seen that it has not been difficult for him to find English-speaking spies and American uniforms to dress them in.

"Take one case, for example. Immediately after the German trench raid of March 1st—in fact, the next morning—an American lieutenant came across a man in American uniform, but without the collar badges that denote a man's regiment. He was walking down a communication trench toward the headquarters of an American regiment. The lieutenant didn't recognize him and stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "Oh, just over here," said the soldier. Something about his accent made the lieutenant suspicious.

"What regiment do you belong to?" he asked.

"The —th," replied the man. Persistent questioning revealed the fact that he did not know the name of the colonel commanding the regiment, any of its majors, captains, or even lieutenants. He could not tell where he had come from or where he was going. A few questions about the history of the regiment since it came to France showed that he could not have been with it. What happened to that man may be guessed. There have been other cases of the same sort."

Spy-hunting goes on constantly behind the lines, and many strange tales are told of the activity of the German agents. Few people now live in the ruined villages immediately back of the lines, and these few stop up every crack and crevice at night in order that no thread of light may serve to direct the enemy shells. And yet strange tales are told of the sudden flashing of lights, of mysterious goings and comings, of people who have lived in the village for a year or more suddenly disappearing, leaving no word nor trace.

And then, no matter how vigilant the watch

may be, it is not impossible for a man of coolness and courage to slip from one side of No Man's Land to the other. It is all a part of the "intelligence" system by which both armies try to "keep tabs" on each other, the more obvious and better-known methods being the interrogation of prisoners, the capture of military documents and maps, and the observation work in the air. Bits of information gained from any of these sources, pieced together, frequently complete a puzzle and lay bare important enemy plans.

Great efforts have been made by German agents and secret service men to gain information concerning the American army, and the *Sun* correspondent writes:

"It is a pity that the whole story can not be told of American experience with German spies, agents, and propaganda over here. At any rate, here are just a few incidents, perhaps a little camouflaged for safety's sake, that may serve to illustrate various phases of the spy's work.

"The first was the case of a man who worked on the grand scale, hitched his wagon to a star. He drove up one day to an American headquarters in a khaki-colored automobile, dressed in a very well-fitting American major's uniform, and asked to see the general officer commanding. He came from General Headquarters, he said, in search of information about certain construction plans.

"Meantime his chauffeur was making friends with some headquarters orderlies and asking questions. He asked a good many questions of a sergeant who had just been transferred from the General Headquarters garage. The sergeant suddenly noticed that the car was of a type, one of which had been stolen from the garage a few days previous.

"Then he noticed a certain discrepancy in the United States number on its sides and the regulations. He started to tell a military policeman that he believed here was a stolen car altered, in the hearing of an officer who is one of the 'spy-hunters.' It is a strange thing, but the underwear under the 'major's' well-fitting uniform actually bore the label of a Munich manufacturer and dealer.

"The second case was a little further down the scale. One night a battalion relief was to be made on the Toul front and the relieving battalion had just left its rest billet in a village a few miles from the front line to go forward, when one of the rear guard noticed a light flashing intermittently from the school-house window.

"He started to investigate, supposing some careless person was moving about the room with a candle without screening the window, when from far up ahead, where he knew Montsec arose in the darkness, came what seemed an answering flash. The battalion was called back and the relief postponed.

"A half-hour later ten German batteries fired for twenty minutes upon a roadfork that the battalion would have reached at just that time. The civilian population of that town was smaller by just one the next day.

"Another spy case of still lesser importance—in fact it might rather be called a 'dirty trick'—was that of a mule-driver attached to a regiment that held trenches on a famous sector of the western front for a time. His mules kept dying, apparently of malnutrition, despite the fact that the forage was ample. One day they found him hurrying something behind the old stone barn that served him as a stable. It was the day's forage; he was simply starving the mules to death. The man was a German, doing his mite for the Kaiser."

And as humor constantly crops out in the most unexpected situation at the front so it does in this story of a priest who thought to mix religion with spy-hunting and thereby lost his pigeon potpie:

"It was reported to the priest that lights had been seen flashing at night from the steeple of a church in the town where he was quartered behind the lines, and it was pointed out to him that though the Germans shelled the town daily no shell had ever hit the church. The padre determined that he would ambush the signaler.

"But just before sallying forth that evening he bethought him that a full stomach makes a happy man.

"Jerry," he said to his striker, 'I see a lot of fat pigeons about. See if you can buy us enough for a potpie tomorrow.'

"Then the padre huddled on his ammunition belt and pistol, climbed the ladder into the church tower, squeezed his liberal proportions into a dark corner, and waited. The clock in the old tower had been long *hors de combat*, but the chaplain's wrist watch showed that it was after 10 o'clock and his limbs told him that he had been waiting some hours when he heard cautious steps on the ladder.

"The padre gripped his pistol as the trapdoor swung open and a dim figure climbed through. For a moment it didn't move, then came a sudden beam of light; undoubtedly he was signaling the Germans. The padre sprang upon him.

"My Gawd," said a familiar voice. It seemed to belong to the figure; and 'Jerry!'

said the padre. Two frightened pigeons flew out of the window.

"I was lookin' for the pigeon potpie," said Jerry."

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### In the Twilight.

Lord, is it daytime or night?

Failure, Lord, or success?

Speak to us, answer us, thou:

Surely the light of thy brow

Gave us, giveth us, light,

Dark be the season or bright,

Strong to support or suppress.

Thou, with eyes to the east,

Beautiful, vigilant eyes;

Father, Comforter, Chief,

Joy be it with us or grief,

Season of funeral or feast,

Careful of thine, of thy least,

Careful who lives and who dies.

Soul and Spirit of all,

Keeping the watch of the world,

All through the night-watches, there

Gazing through turbulent air

Standst; how shall we fall?

What should afflict or appal,

Though the streamers of storm be unfurled?

All the noise of the night,

All the thunder of things,

All the terrors he hurled

Of the blind brute-force of the world,

All the weight of the fight,

All men's violent might,

All the confluence of Kings;

Rouse all earth against us,

Hurl all heaven against thee?

Though it be thus, though it were,

Speak to us, if thou be there,

Save, tho' indeed it be thus

Then that the dolorous

Stream sweeps off to the sea.

Lift up heads that are hidden,

Strengthen hearts that are faint;

Lighten on eyes that are blind

To the poor of thy kind,

Courage their lives over-riden,

Smitten how sorely and chidden

Sharply with reins of restraint.

Peace, it may be he will say,

Somewhat, if yet ye will hear

Some great word of a chief

Ask not of joy, neither grief,

Ask nothing more of the day,

Not whether night be away,

Not whether comfort be near.

Seek not after a token;

Ask not what of the night,

Nor what the end of it brings:

Seek after none of these things.

What though nothing were spoken,

Nothing, though all we were broken,

Shewn as seen of the light?

What if the morning awake

Never of us to be seen?

Yet, if we die, if we live,

That which we have will we give,

That which is with us we take,

Borne in our hands for her sake

Who shall he and is and hath been.

She though we die we shall find

Surely, though far she be fled,

Nay, if we find not at last,

We, though we die and go past,

Yet shall we leave her behind,

Leave to the sons of our kind

Men that come after us dead.

These shall say of us then:

"Freedom they had not as we,

Yet were none of them slaves;

Free they lie in their graves,

Our fathers, the ancient of men,

Souls that awake not again

Free, as we living were free."

Then, if remembrance remain,

Shall we not seeing have said

Out of the place where we lie

Hearing, rejoice, and reply:

Men of a world without stain

Sons of men that in vain

Lie not for love of you dead.

—From "Posthumous Poems," by Charles Algernon Swinburne. Published by the John Lane Company.

#### The Soul of a Nation.

The little things of which we lately chattered—

The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;

Themes we discussed as though they really mat-

tered,

Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing.

How thin it seems today, this vacant prattle,

Drowned by the thunder rolling in the West,

Voice of the great arbitrament of battle

That puts our temper to the final test!

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are

straining.

Where those we love, whose courage laughs at

fear,

Amid the storm of steel around them raining,

Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New-born of this supremest hour of trial,

In quiet confidence shall be our strength,

Fixed on a faith that will not take denial

Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O, England, staunch of nerve and strong of sinew,

Best when you face the odds and stand at bay!

Now show a watching world what stuff is in

you!

Now make your soldiers proud of you today!

—London Punch.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### India and the Future.

William Archer has written a book purporting to tell England how to solve the Indian question. As long as the book confines itself to this subject it is both able and impressive and should have a wide reading. But in so far as it attacks and arraigns the art and religion of India we seem to see something of that unsympathetic attitude that is certainly no aid to comprehension.

The valuable point that Mr. Archer makes out in "India and the Future" is the essential foreignness of Great Britain in its rule of the Hindus. The British officials, from the viceroy down to the smallest member of the civil service, live utterly apart from the masses of the people. For example, in the cities, says Mr. Archer, "almost the whole life of the people of India is relegated to the back streets, not to say the slums—frankly called in Madras the Black Town."

The British officials and residents, pursuing solely their own way, have concentrated in places of more or less gorgeousness of development, wherein "even the shops stand in their own compounds, and you approach your tailor's by a carriage drive that would do credit to a duke's town house." The result is that "India is administered from a network of foreign townships, planted in her midst, in close association with another network of cantonments, or foreign military camps." And "the average British official, though honest, hard-working, and efficient according to his lights, does little to mitigate the crude fact of racial domination. . . . He sincerely believes that the Oriental character understands and appreciates nothing but despotism; and he consistently acts up to that belief."

So long as this externalism prevails, so long as the British fail to bring themselves into a working coöperation with the masses of the Hindu people, Mr. Archer holds that there is no adequate solution for the problem of the growing unrest within the Indian peninsula. "It is not in human nature," he says, "that such peoples as those of India should rest permanently content to lead their lives under the domination of an alien, unsympathetic, uncomprehending and uncomprehended race."

As a remedy Mr. Archer urges that the aim of Great Britain should frankly be the restoration of India to complete autonomy, "that British rule should be openly confessed and authoritatively proclaimed to be a means, not an end."

But the process of bringing India to an autonomous condition is not likely to be a rapid one. We are told that "the superstitions and legends of this land are as colossal as everything else within its frontiers. Hideous savageries of cult and custom prevailed in it till yesterday, and are not even now extinct. Its myths, its deities, its idols are each more monstrous than the last; and the worship of stocks and stones is inextricably commingled with the no less superstitious worship of filmy and air-drawn metaphysical fantasies." Until India can extricate herself from all such things and transform her philosophies, her art, her religion, and all her material practices to a level more nearly that of the Occidental plane, she will not be ready for the independence which Great Britain eventually should grant her.

INDIA AND THE FUTURE. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

##### Short Stories.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien gives us a third volume of his "best short story" series covering the year 1917. He finds twenty short stories worthy of inclusion within his necessarily narrow limits, and it may be said that his selection is obviously a conscientious one and that he has not allowed his judgment to be influenced either by the reputation of author or by the status of magazines. In addition to the reprinted short stories Mr. O'Brien

gives us the Yearbook of the American Short Story for 1917 and various reference tables and indices of value.

Mr. O'Brien denies that the American short story is at a low ebb, but we can hardly accept his present volume as proof of that contention, which is not to be sustained by the discovery of twenty fine pieces of fiction in the course of a year. Indeed we are surprised that so much good work was able to find publishers at all, and we are very much of opinion that capacity, originality, and genius are usually regarded as fatal obstacles to publication, and that artificiality, false sentiment, and unreality are not avoided, but are actually demanded by our magazines in their search for what they are pleased to call fiction.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

##### Foundation Principles of Cookery.

It would take a large kitchen to serve as a library for the mass of cook books that have recently appeared, especially since the beginning of the activities of the Food Administration. But there is always room for one more, if that one be useful and practical and add something new in method or result.

Mrs. Caroline King's volume on the simple art of good cookery does add something new, not in novel dishes or exotic recipes, but in the simplification of the art of cookery by systematizing its foundation principles and coordinating its branches. It does not deal at length with tables of calories and proteins or discourse on balanced menus. It is not a collection of intricate recipes. The method and plan of the book are based on the fact that one bread recipe is the foundation for practically every variety of bread, and similarly that there is a basic recipe for each of the other categories of food preparation. When the elementary recipe has been mastered all manner of variations may be made either by following the hints of cook books or by original experiments on the part of the housewife. It is preëminently what may be termed a "common sense" cook book.

CAROLINE KING'S COOK BOOK. By Caroline B. King. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

##### My Two Kings.

The historical novel is necessarily based so largely upon imagination and fancy that the interest of the reader is somewhat chilled by its obvious unrealities. But here we have a distinct departure in the writing of the historical novel, for Mrs. Evan Nepean, author of "My Two Kings," described as a novel of the Stuart Restoration, tells us boldly that she is writing from memory, that in a previous incarnation she was a participant in the scenes described, and that to some extent she is therefore independent of, indeed superior to, the usual records upon which the less gifted must rely. What strange development of our historical knowledge would result if we could but draw upon the stores of memory for our information of past ages.

But Mrs. Nepean's book must not be judged hastily. Even when read in forgetfulness of her strange claim it must be welcomed as a vivid and energetic story and one that holds the attention to the end.

MY TWO KINGS. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

##### A Rural Experiment.

This is the story of a young minister who, in his own words, "put the fear of God" into a country town stagnating under the apathies, jealousies, and indifference that constitute the chief bar to social progress. Evidently the job can be done, for we are told that the story is a true one. But where shall we find a sufficient supply of the tact, intelligence, and courage to do it. These are not usually among the graces of the country minister, who must all too often be listed among the hindrances rather than among the aids.

FEAR GOD IN YOUR OWN VILLAGE. By Richard Morse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.30.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

The writing of "The End of the War"—Walter E. Weyl's new book—has been based, Dr. Weyl informs us, "upon the assumption that the Allies can hold their own and thus exert a decisive influence upon peace and upon the diplomacy that leads to peace."

The character sketches of great figures connected with the war at the front and behind which Charles H. Grasty has introduced into his new book, "Flashes from the Front," include one of the ever-mysterious Colonel House, as he appeared during his recent momentous visit to Paris. "As is well known," says Mr. Grasty, "Colonel House is slight of stature and very unpretending. Those seeing him for the first time are not very deeply impressed. He is fond of telling stories illustrating his own unimpressiveness. And, by the way, a more frank, genial companion it would be hard to find."

President Wilson contributes a prefatory statement to the new book, "Keeping Our Fighters Fit," by Edward Frank Allen, writ-

ten in coöperation with Raymond B. Fosdick, in which he says: "Every endeavor has been made to surround the man, both here and abroad, with the kind of environment which a democracy owes to those who fight in its behalf. In this work the commissions on training camp activities have represented the government and the government's solicitude that the moral and spiritual resources of the nation should be mobilized behind the troops."

Sergius M. Trufanoff, better known as Ilidor, confidant and accuser of Rasputin, who recently published his life and confessions under the title "The Mad Monk of Russia—Ilidor," sailed for Russia on March 20th. Mr. Trufanoff had been in New York just two years, having come here from Norway early in 1916 to escape the Russian secret service, which, at the instance of Rasputin and the Czarina, had made his life difficult even in Christiania, whither he had escaped after having been captured and sentenced to the famous Peter and Paul Fortress in Petrograd.

Ripley Hitchcock, head of the literary department of Harper & Brothers, died suddenly on Saturday evening, May 4th, at a dinner given by his father-in-law, Charles C. Sargent, at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York, to the "Blue Devils" of the French army. Mr. Hitchcock had been in charge of the arrangements for the dinner, had devoted himself to them with unreserving industry and enthusiasm; he met the guests at the door of the banquet hall, joined in the applause with which they were welcomed, and in that act was seized with pain and faintness, was guided to another room, and died there in a few minutes. The fact of the tragedy so near at hand was kept from both host and guests and the dinner was a brilliant success. Mr. Hitchcock had been in precarious health for some months, had kept bravely at his work, and his sudden death was a shocking surprise to his colleagues at Harpers.

Cincinnati is Mary S. Watts' home town, and Cincinnati is distinctly proud of the fact and boasts loudly of her literary success. And well it may, for Mrs. Watts' books, especially her latest one, "The Boardman Family," are being favorably discussed throughout the country.

##### New Books Received.

OVER HERE STORIES. By Timothy Hay. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; 75 cents. In aid of the Red Cross.

ON LISTENING TO MUSIC. By E. Markham Lee.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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M. A., Mns. Doc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

To aid the reader to become an intelligent listener.

FRENCH IN A NUTSHELL. By Jean Leeman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1. For the use of Americans in France.

WOMEN OF THE WAR. By Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

The story of thirty-one leaders among women.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF STEPHEN GIRARD, MARINER AND MERCHANT. By John Bach McMaster. In two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5.

A biography.

TROPICAL TOWN AND OTHER POEMS. By Salomon de la Selva. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

A volume of verse.

LIEGE ON THE LINE OF MARCH. By Glenna L. Bigelow. New York: John Lane Company; \$1. An American girl's experiences.

## HALL CAINE

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Author Sends Memorial Day Message of Comfort to the Women of the United States Who Have Made the Supreme Sacrifice.

## FINAL BLOW UP TO AMERICA

France and England Stand as Wellington Did at Waterloo, Says Frank H. Simonds, with the United States Rushing Up Troops for the Decisive Stroke.

Features of Next Sunday's

**San Francisco Chronicle**

Leading Newspaper of the Pacific Coast



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## More Russian Nonsense.

There seems to be an impression abroad that given an enterprising novelist, an interpreter, and a few weeks in Russia or any other more or less complex and mysterious country, an authoritative and definitive work on the subject can be turned out to order. Certainly such a combination produces remarkable results. There is no hesitation in stating broad generalizations or any lack of assurance in analyzing national characteristics.

Ernest Poole is one of the novelist type that has essayed to cover the subject of Russia and her revolution in this illuminating way. Of course it does not matter that he saw everything through the eyes of his interpreter and had no means of verifying what he was told. The very title of his book, "The Dark People," is a catch phrase applied sometimes to the illiterate peasants, but in a sense that the English words do not convey. No better illustration can be cited as showing the superficiality of his method and his dependence on an inefficient interpreter than the fact that he names among the political parties in Russia the Bolsheviks and the Maximalists, indicating that he does not know that they are one and the same and that Bolshevik is simply the Russian translation of the word Maximalists. He makes the same error in referring to the Mensheviks and the Minimalists, not once, but many times.

In spite of his limitations, his ludicrous mistakes, and his cocksure generalizations, extending sometimes into the field of prophecy, there is much that is interesting in the book, both of personal observation and impression, and also of suggestion as to the methods to be pursued in meeting the situation that has arisen. On the other hand it is profoundly disquieting to learn that an important department of the work of the Bureau of Public Information, that of dealing with the subject of Russia, should be placed in the hands of a man so imperfectly equipped for the task as the author of a book like "The Dark People."

"THE DARK PEOPLE." By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## Craniums and Culture.

Henry Fairfield Osborn's "Men of the Stone Age" and Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race" made a deep impression on Dr. W. S. Sadler and he has elaborated from them some interesting theories of race development and civilization. The field in which he is speculating is that in which the Germans for some years past have gone to extremes and developed formulas to bolster up the doctrine of Teutonic superiority and the German right to inherit the earth.

Dr. Sadler draws somewhat different conclusions, but it must be confessed that there is a decided lacuna between what he sets out to prove and the result he finally ends up with. He begins by summarizing the investigations concerning the races of primitive man and his varying degrees of civilization. He notes the superiority of the long heads over the broad heads, following the theory of cranial measurement. Finally he arrives at the conclusion that the present war was made possible—nay inevitable—by the fact that a handful of Nordics, represented by the Junkers, dominated a mass of Alpines, or broad heads, who made good cannon fodder and were used as such.

Although he proceeds to develop from this premise some chapters of anti-German propaganda and also indicates the danger to this country from the gradual disappearance of the Nordic type as represented by the old colonial stock, one can not help feeling that inadvertently he has paid a tribute to Junkerdom instead, and by calling anthropology to his assistance has proved more than he intended when undertaking a study of the race psychology of the war.

J. L.  
LONG HEADS AND ROUND HEADS. By Dr. W. S. Sadler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

## Briefer Reviews.

Thornton W. Burgess has written and Little, Brown & Co. have published another book for little children. It is entitled "The Adventures of Bobby Coon," and it appears with illustrations in the Bed-Time Story Books. Price, 50 cents.

"The Son Decides," by Arthur S. Pier (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35), is a story of an American boy, the son of German parents, who experiences the usual conflict between the forces of heredity and decency. The story is well told and doubtless finds its justification in a thousand American homes of today.

Nellie L. McClung is well qualified to present a composite picture of life in Canada under war conditions. This she has done in a series of sketches under the title of "The Next of Kin," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company (\$1.25). They are all here—mothers, fathers, sisters, slackers, and pro-Germans. The heroism of Canada does not suffer at the hands of this skilled writer,

who has done much to draw closer the bonds of sympathy between the Dominion and America.

Alice Gitchell Kirk in "Practical Food Economy" gives us a volume of sensible advice on the care and preservation of food with a view alike to health and to economy. Food values are explained and the best methods to combine them. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

"Tricks of the Trade," by J. C. Squire (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25), is a series of essays intended as parodies of the great writers of today—Belloc, Masefield, Chesterton, Wells, and Shaw. The author is not always equally felicitous, but he succeeds in giving us a few hours of real amusement, no small feat nowadays.

A late addition to the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics is "The Chicago Produce Market," by Edwin G. Nourse (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.25). The author analyzes the profits of the producer and middle man, the ultimate cost to the consumer, etc., in a way that illuminates the whole problem of food distribution.

Alfred A. Knopf has published a volume of light, very light, verse by John McClure. It is called "Airs and Ballads" and much of it has already appeared in current magazine form. The author has a happy gift of musical expression and some of his lines even threaten to haunt. Probably he could do much better if he would invoke some real thoughts. The price is \$1.

A recent valuable addition to Everyman's Library is an excellent translation from the Russian of Gogol's "Taras Bulba." In the same volume are included some other famous short stories by Gogol—"The Cloak," "How the Two Ivans Quarreled," and "The Mysterious Portrait." "Taras Bulba" is an epic of Cossack life in the sixteenth century in which the whole Sienkevich trilogy seems compressed into one short story. It is especially interesting just at the present moment, for it is located in the Ukraine.

The posthumous correspondence of soldiers is so numerous that it is hard to give to them more than a few minutes of respectful and sympathetic attention. Among the most recent is a little volume entitled "A Soldier Unafraid," composed of letters from the trenches on the Alsatian front by Captain André Cornet-Auguier, edited and translated with an introduction by Theodore Stanton, M. A. Captain Cornet-Auguier was a remarkable man and his letters are classics. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1).

There are only forty-two horses left at the fire stations all over London. But for the war the service would be entirely motor propelled.



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## Birds Do "Their Bit."

Birds have done much and will do more to help win the war. The flight of birds suggested the only sure means of winning it. It was by studying how birds fly that American mechanics first invented the airplane, and it is the airplane chiefly that will win the war.

The hearing of birds is so much better than human hearing (says Ornithologist Edward Howe Forbush in the *Springfield Republican*) that when the Germans first began to raid England pheasants and other birds were disturbed by the noise of the German airships long before it could be heard by human ears, and by their cries the birds gave warning to the watchers to prepare to defend London. Birds are useful, if not indispensable, to the soldiers in the trenches. Canaries are kept in the trenches to give warning of the first approach of the poisoned gas used by the enemy. During a battle the carrier pigeon is the surest means of sending messages from the front trenches to the batteries at the rear. All other communication may be destroyed by shellfire, or hidden by dust and smoke, but 95 per cent. of the notes fastened to pigeons are carried safely. Often the lives of many men depend on these pigeons.

Many a submarine, which otherwise might have escaped notice, has been seen and destroyed by planes or destroyers because of a flock of sea-gulls which kept it company. The gulls which follow steamers for the garbage thrown overboard learned to follow submarines for the same purpose. From their position high in air they can look down through the water and see the submarine moving along

as a man in a balloon can see the bottom of a lake and the big fish in it as he goes over it, and so they flock after the submarine and guide the airmen and sailors to the pirate craft. A steamer from France was headed westward on her course across the Atlantic when the lookout saw three gulls roosting on something dead ahead. They were sitting on the arms of a mine floating just beneath the surface, the watcher saw them just in time to warn the helmsman, change the course, and save the vessel from an explosion that might have sunk it at sea.

The expert who calculates that the long-range shells which are falling on Paris "reach a height of twenty miles, the extreme limit of our atmosphere" (says the *London Observer*), will probably find himself in disagreement with the astronomers and meteorologists, who infer from observations of meteors and the aurora borealis and australis that there is a recognizable atmosphere at least eighty miles above the earth, and probably a hundred. *Ballons sondes* sent up for meteorological investigations have attained a height of twenty-two miles and brought back with them automatic records of the temperature and atmospheric pressure at that height, where there are never any clouds and the temperature is almost constant at about 90 degrees Fahrenheit of frost.

A new arctic meteorological station equipped with a wireless outfit has been established at the mouth of the Yenesei, and is sending out daily reports to stations to the south of it.

# Back of the Firing Line

Modern war conditions demand that our armies must have behind them national solidarity, the co-ordination of all the vast activities and an industrial army many times greater than the Nation's fighting forces.

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## THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY







### "THE WANDERER."

There is an agreeable surprise in "The Wanderer" for such theatre-goers as would be in accord with me in their indifference to the spectacular. In the first place Maurice Samuel's writing of the piece is well done. Too frequently the text in a play of this class is apt to be verbose, ponderous, and homesome. But, on the contrary, in "The Wanderer" it has simple dignity, and the beautiful old story is made living and impressive. In the second place, instead of altogether relying on the biblical subject—which usually attracts church people—and spectacle for a drawing power, the producers, Elliot, Comstock, and Gest, assembled a very good company.

The first act is really beautiful in its general effect. It is set as the home of Jesse, father of Gaal and Jether; the latter being the prodigal son. David Belasco has staged the piece, and done it with his usual thoroughness and meticulous attention to detail. But he did not overdo in the first act as he did in the second. The pastoral atmosphere of the vale of Hebron was very beautifully conveyed. The costumes were simple, but impressively in keeping with our recollection of old, memory-sanctified Bible pictures. The hills encircling the vale of Hebron rose in a great green and gold rampart, and adown the nearest paths came a company of pastoral workers, shepherders, harvesters, idle Jether, given over to restless dreams, and Gaal, the elder brother, returning from the toil and sweat of the fields, and looking with disapproval upon the dreaming boy.

A flock of dust-browed sheep wound picturesquely down the slope, and with well-trained unanimity headed straight for a certain exit, beyond which they were doubtless rewarded for their good conduct by a mouthful of sheep hons-hons. There were goats and donkeys, and a huge sun-hronzed shepherd carried in his arms an innocent little muzzling lamb, upon which every eye was firmly riveted while the lamb played successful rival to the text.

Then came Jesse the patriarch, and Huldah, his wife. And James O'Neill, one-time handsome matinee idol, and later of Monte Cristo fame, no doubt said to himself sadly, "This newer generation of theatre-goers have probably never heard of me." For his welcome was from just a few of the old guard.

Then, from the curtained doorway, in response to Jether's call of "Mother! Mother!" came a tall, beautiful figure; Huldah, the wife of Jesse, and queen, so far as a wife in patriarchal days could be so, of this little realm.

Nance O'Neill was wonderfully impressive as Huldah; a thing of beauty, indeed. I speak not of her face alone, which has changed somewhat, seeming noticeably thinner, but of herself collectively; her entire tall, graceful, imposing person. She was beautifully draped from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet in long, full garments, heavenly blues and browns, which assumed the most delightfully satisfying folds as her body moved and postured in response to the emotions she expressed. And how beautifully she postured; she showed a positive genius for it. And the familiar pose of her head, and her upward, tragic gaze we saw again, beautifully appropriate in its new, novel setting, for Huldah's mother heart is wrung at the prospect of losing her restless second horn, and the best loved of her two sons. This act, which closes with the joyous departure of Jether for Jerusalem, is fairly drenched with beauty, and is at once dignified, poetic, picturesque, dramatic, and reposeful. It all took place a thousand years before Christ, and its biblical simplicity made us forget for a time the ugliness and brutality of war, and the vicious things in human nature.

Then came the second act. I pause here to surmise that the church people are turning out in force to see "The Wanderer," and to remark that whenever the church people are attracted to the theatre by something warranted to be historical, or early-Christian, or biblical, they are always sure to give them one scene with the voluptuousness laid on as thick as Flanders mud. So the second act transpires in a palace of infamy belonging to Judah of Jerusalem. When the curtain

raises the scene suggests the aftermath of an all-night orgy in a Babylonian palace. Beautiful, richly draped—or undraped—women lie about on gorgeous cushions, asleep in the large hall of revelry. A gorgeously em-hroidered youth stretched out on pillows slumbers profoundly; this is Jether. There is light and color and glow everywhere, for Belasco's hand is in evidence. There is, however, too much of everything except people—plenty of them, of course—and so many cushions about that one almost thinks of a pillow factory, and you can't walk without stepping on something.

Of course, logically, there is a reason for all this, for satiation is the keynote of the act. Florence Reed as Tisha, the promising young courtesan, is a Salomé-ish young woman who sells her kisses high. And how many kisses there were! And such high-tension affairs! They lasted so long that the illusion didn't hold out, and then one felt sorry for the poor players that had to fly at each other like the two opposites of an electric current and tackle. Phew, but the act was exhausting! There was no suggestion in it, but that brutal, hit-you-in-the-eye realism that denies to the ordinary theatre-goer the possession of imagination.

Of course I realize that it was very powerful and thrilling to some people, and of its kind well done. But it is a wrong standard, this over-profusion of action, of realism, of noise, of movement, this long, lingering insistence on voluptuousness, this redundancy of detail, because it wears the sensibilities, satiates the demand for emotions, and stifles the imagination. It was so exhausting that I found myself longing for the pastoral simplicity of Jesse's home, which is the locale of the last act. Here we saw the prodigal stripped of his friends and his patrimony, and returned ragged, sick and sore, and almost dying.

People wept freely in this act over the sufferings of Huldah, and indeed in outward seeming Miss O'Neill did extremely well. Nevertheless, in spite of her tragic power, one felt at times that she was too declamatory, deliberate, and measured in her delivery of the lines.

Something which can not be said of James O'Neill, who makes of Jesse a patriarchal figure that is simple, impressive, sincere. Charles Dalton presented a fine figure as Gaal; a sort of draped statue in bronze. His calves were really awe-inspiring; no stuffing there; the real thing, because his legs are bare. So were the shapely extremities of Frederick Lewis, who has a figure of athletic grace and beauty. Mr. Lewis is quite an ideal prodigal son. He depicts him as a youth of the refined Hebraic type, and the actor, besides possessing physical qualifications, is gifted with imagination and charm. He rejoices, also, in the possession of a musical voice, and his lines were delivered with intelligence and with poetic and dramatic feeling.

Florence Reed's conception of Tisha is one founded on realism; almost too much so, but the actress is undoubtedly clever, and wonderfully effective in appearance for the rôle. As a contrast, there is the simple, tender, loving personality of Naomi, a true biblical maid, prettily and sympathetically portrayed by Olga Newton. And there were other players who did their small parts well, but the list is too long to particularize.

### THE ORPHEUM.

The star of the week is Wilton Lackaye in "The Ferret," a highly effective melodrama-in-brief. It is crook melodrama, something we all enjoy. Even the greatest can forget their cares in plays or playlets of this type. "The Ferret" is a woman, but the cleverness of the plot lies in—huh really, should one tell it? No, emphatically no. Let the vaudeville enjoyer have his thrill and his surprise. What Mr. Lackaye does is to develop with his usual histrionic thoroughness the leading motive of the piece, which is peril and suspense. Keen, cool, and restrained, Mr. Lackaye also introduces those able touches of Lackaye humor which the public remembers and appreciates, and which, judging from occasional anecdotes that circulate through the press, afford high entertainment to this actor's many friends. In Mr. Charles Riegel and Miss Cordelia Macdonald Mr. Lackaye had sufficiently strong support to assist in making "The Ferret" an unqualified success.

The rest of the bill is varied, but unremarkable. "The Naughty Princess" is the usual tahlloid musical comedy that they cook up for vaudeville, brightened, to the fond eyes of appreciators of this sort of delicate humor, by a bed and bedroom scene; the latest juicy titbit in farce. The piece is put on well, and the performers are handsomely costumed. The music? Purely ephemeral; made to order. So is the whole thing, in fact. Nothing spontaneous about it.

Although it was away up on the programme one of the best turns was the aerial thriller

of "Three Daring Sisters." Just trapeze stuff, but thoroughly well done.

Grace De Mar in "The Eternal Feminine" was rather disappointing. She does impersonations; type impersonations, not imitations—and that species of vaudeville entertainment is, in first-class hands, generally very enjoyable. Grace De Mar does not seem to be sufficiently equipped with humor, or at any rate histrionic humor, and her material is only fair.

"Yeggs" and Toney and Norman in "You Know What I Mean" are typical vaudeville numbers; two feeders in "Yeggs" helping to keep a brisk young comedian on the go, while Tony and Norman, older and more expert at the game, keep up a steady flow of nuttish and laughter-inducing irrelevancies sacred to their craft.

The dancing couple give a good number if only Pearl would take a vow of perpetual silence. For you really ought to be told, Pearl child, that you can not, no, you *can* not sing. Unqualified hawling, dear infant, is not singing. Pearl, however, is a very good dancer, and rather a cute-looking girl. She dances as if she were double-jointed. In Sheehan she has a light and slim partner. Pearl's clothes, although not particularly fresh, are selected by some one with a good eye for color; same individual showing ditto in the stage-setting.

And Claire Rochester, she of the baby face and manly voice, is back again. Claire is naturally a deep-voiced contralto with a tremendous vocal volume, which she can separate into a soprano, a contralto, and a baritone. I am glad to be able to chronicle that womanly quality is occasionally apparent in the baritone. The young freak singer draws pretty heavily on her vocal reserves; so heavily that one wonders how long they will

stand it. Claire made a hit, and then made a speech; a nice, honest, artless, girly-girly affair. Yes, we rather like Claire.

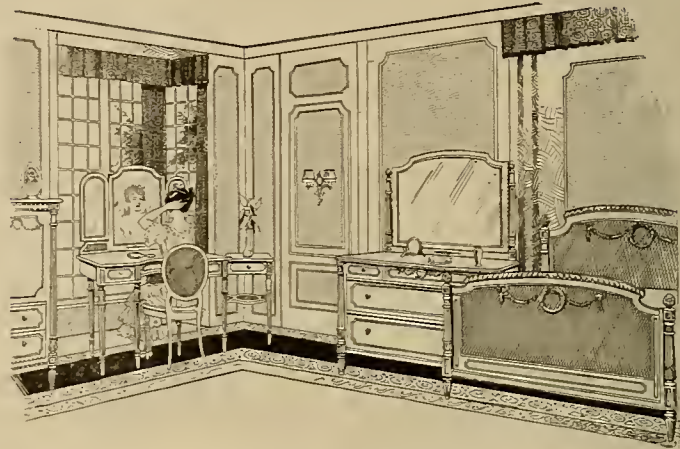
### THE VAN DYKE LECTURE.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, United States Minister to Holland during the first three years of the war, drew a large audience last week with his lecture on "Our Country's Conscience in This War"; an audience which it was very evident held the speaker in high regard, partly on personal, partly on literary grounds.

The audience found that the lecturer is, as has been stated, also a very moving orator. In fact he is more of an orator than a lecturer, for, being evidently a man of pronounced sensibility, his emotions of just indignation, horror at the cruelty practiced on them, and bottomless compassion for the martyrdom of the Belgians have been so strong that he is assisting with enthusiasm in the urgent task of stirring the country up to a keener realization of the magnitude of the work confronting them.

And indeed it is so with all our fine American men whose sensibilities have been outraged by witnessing the frightful results of the Teutonic invasion. They all feel an urge to shake up pacifists, slackers, and those easy ones who fail to realize the truth. Dr. Van Dyke, however, does not allow himself wholly to forfeit his American love of a joke. He relieves the tension by the introduction of characteristically American hits of humor, but these are interpellations in a discourse that stamped deeply into our consciousness a perception of the frightfulness of the military demon that has been let loose in Germany.

The doctor feels a profound faith in the



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American conscience, and a certainty of ultimate victory. But like all of those who have been "over there" and seen the horrors, he yearns to have all the resources of the country pitted against the foe in order to shorten the terrible conflict. The ex-minister does not mince his words. His experience as a diplomatist did not prevent him from saying, "The father of lies is Beelzebub, but I am sure his family name is Hohenzollern."

"Belgium," he said, "by her heroic work saved the light of civilization for the world. And what did Germany do? She did everything that a heast could do." And in a sudden transition the doctor, with uplifted hands, awed his audience by a fervent prayer that Christ, the crucified one, should never forget the wrongs of the innocent. In fact this cheerful, sunny optimist has come back from Europe with a stern feeling that the German nation should be forced to give up an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, when the full military powers of an aroused world are launched against Teutonic frightfulness.

#### LADIES, IS IT UP TO US?

"Have you noticed the increase in the number of men among the civilians who uncover when the colors pass by?" I remarked during the parade on Belgian Day. "Yes," said one of our group with, a militant flash in her eye, "and those who don't ought to have their hats knocked off for them." I have heard that rather hellicose sentiment repeated several times. Indeed, one belligerent young lady of my acquaintance boasts of having actually done the deed.

I must confess, however, that I am not in sympathy with this stand, made by my more militant sisters. It is too much like making a rebellious pro-German kiss the flag; an enforced form of salute which seems to me to be more of a profanation of the flag than an act of reverence.

And anyway, what sticks in my crop is that we women scarcely have the right to demand salutes to the flag when we make none ourselves. Safely entrenched in our millinery and our hats we feel absolved from any such obligation.

But should we? "Of course we should!" cries Miss Mars impatiently. "We can't stop to drag out our hats when the colors pass by." And, no doubt, although she has the grace to remain silent on the subject, our fiery young friend is casting a heedful thought to our carefully prepared chevelure; to our frizzes and rats and puffs and hraids, and all suchlike hair camouflage as we may indulge in.

But all the same, with the nation aroused and the streets full of young soldiers getting ready for the sacrifice, with the various drives on, with the splendid propaganda that has finally been launched, with the meetings and lectures and appeals, with the different parades and the various occasions for them, with stories coming in of the sufferings on the front, with all the patriotic upheavals and the parades that celebrate them, our patriotism is at fever heat and our emotions in a white-hot flow. We can, to be sure, work and pay, and pay and work. But there are

times when emotion needs some vent, and we women, it seems to me, ought to agree, during war-time at least, on some method of saluting the flag.

Some of the marchers found that out during the Red Cross parade. Word had been passed along the line that as we passed the reviewing stand we should all turn our faces toward the reviewers. Heedful of this direction, we were all preparing to comply at the fateful moment, when, from within our ranks, came a thrilling whisper, "Salute the flag!" Some whispered desperately, "How shall we do it?" "Put your hand over your red cross," said one. "No!" said another voice in an energetic murmur, "over your heart"; while a third directed, "Give the military salute." While we were agitatedly endeavoring to comply with these various directions our ranks must have looked, for the moment, rather wiggly-wiggly. But the incident goes to show that we women need to agree on a form of salute. Some have already discussed it. Placing the hand on the heart was suggested, but it doesn't suit. It seems too dramatic, or at least too sentimental. The removal of our hats is impracticable. Even our sternest masculine critics would admit that. For the male heart is inwardly ever tender to womanly vanities, no matter how much outwardly it may condemn them.

It really looks as if we ought to use the military salute as the simplest, most tried and tested, most recognizable and most traditional method of saluting those national colors which will soon, so England and France tell us, head the great movement for the world's emancipation. Ladies, is it up to us?

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The San Francisco Opera Company

The San Francisco Opera Company this coming week will again present a programme calculated to enhance the popularity already gained. Tonight Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" will once more be played by the same artists who have made this opera so enticing to the opera-lover. Rosina will again be sung by Lina Reggiani, while Dadone will again impersonate Figaro. Magano, D'Agaroff, Marie Galazzi, and Neri will also appear. Tomorrow (Sunday) there will be a second performance of "La Gioconda," with the same cast, the only change being the substitution of Señor Malpica in the rôle of Barnaba, that was first sung by Dadone. There will be no performance on Tuesday night, but on Thursday night the delayed première of "The Daughter of the Regiment" will be given. The cast that will appear in this charming opera will be headed by Lina Reggiani, who will be heard as Marie. Magano will be the Tonio, Blanche Hamilton Fox the Marquise, D'Agaroff the grouchy old sergeant Sulpice, and Neri in the comedy rôle of Hortensius. Friday night "Il Trovatore" will be sung for the last time this present season and Saturday night "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be the offering.

Each of the 30,000,000 workers in the country loses approximately nine days each year due to sickness. This is a wage loss of more than \$500,000,000.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth."

Lou Tellegen will come to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night. The play is called "Blind Youth," and was written by Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen. It is in three acts and the scenes are laid in Paris and New York.

"Blind Youth" tells the story of a young artist. His mother, an American, left him in Paris. His father, a Frenchman, died shortly after. The mother in New York marries again. Left to his own devices the young man gets into the power of an adventuress. Revelation of her unworthiness kills his love and drives him to wine. He is retrieved by the story of a fellow-artist. Going to New York he seeks out his mother and lives with her. He falls in love with a young American girl and finds complete regeneration through her. The brother meets and decides he will marry the adventuress. The artist in order to stop him makes an appointment with his former mistress and the brother informs the fiancée.

Mr. Tellegen is bringing with him a company including players who have appeared with him through the New York engagement. The cast includes Jennie Eustace, Mark Smith, Marie Chambers, P. Paul Porcasi, Gilda Leary, Howard Lange, Marguerite Farrel, Sidney Riggs, and Marion Manly.

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

##### Second Week of "The Wanderer."

When the shepherds lead their sheep down the sun-hatted hills of Hebron in "The Wanderer," the biblical spectacle which is now running at the Cort Theatre, the effect on all persons who are familiar with the Bible must be as if the entire scene had been viewed often before. Everything is just as everybody must have visualized it when he read the story of the Prodigal Son for the first time.

There are the sheep and the goats and the asses and the dogs. There are the shepherds and the women grinding corn, and the water-carriers and the wine-press. There is the patriarchal home, with the vine and fig tree and flowers surrounding it.

Then in the second act there is the widest contrast imaginable. There is the splendor and gorgeousness of old Jerusalem, with its temples of marble and gold and its homes of luxury.

"The Wanderer" is a huge mosaic, the effect so gratifying to the eye that the producers might be excused had they been content to create merely a masterpiece of stage spectacles. But it is in the acting itself that "The Wanderer" excels.

The second and last week of the engagement starts Sunday, June 2d.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum list of attractions for next week has a most inviting appearance.

Sallie Fisher, the famous musical-comedy star, will appear in "The Choir Rehearsal," a story of New England's conscience and prudence. It is written in that sparkling manner which characterizes all Miss Kummer's efforts. Miss Fisher will have the support of an excellent company.

Kathleen Clifford is widely known, especially in vaudeville. She has a series of individual numbers all her own and is especially clever in making up as a smart hoy in evening dress.

When Secretary of War Baker was in France he visited the front line trenches and referred to that barren stretch between the Allies and the enemy trenches, commonly known as "No Man's Land," as "The Frontier of Freedom." Captain L. E. Ransom, Q. M., U. S. R., and Sergeant-Major Jack Anderson, M. C., of the Princess Pat Regiment, have conceived and executed the idea of bringing "The Frontier of Freedom" to vaudeville. A playlet dealing with life in the first line trenches would be interesting under any circumstances, but presented and played by two men who have only just come from the trenches it is many times more so. Sergeant-Major Jack Anderson is one of the few original members of the Princess Pat Regiment alive to tell of their exploits, and his physical condition is such that at present he can not hear arms with his fellows overseas. Captain Ransom returned from France on March 21st this year. "The Frontier of Freedom" shows an exact replica of a hit of trench and dramatically it is an appeal to patriotism and for recruits.

Julie Ring will appear in an undomesticated comedy by Blair Treynor and Harry Jenkins, entitled "Divorced."

Harry Van Fossen, the famous blackface comedian, will return for one week only.

The remaining acts on this splendid bill will be Claire Rochester, the phenomenal soprano-haritone, in new numbers; Jim Toney and Ann Norman in their amusing skit, "You Know What I Mean," and that perfect American actor, Wilton Lackaye, in Hall McAllister's successful play, "The Ferret."



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#### "The Very Idea" Coming to the Columbia.

"The Very Idea" comes to the Columbia Theatre two weeks hence, with Richard Bennett in the rôle of the talkative exponent of the eugenic theory. William Le Baron is the author of the farce, and it is claimed that he has treated a delicate subject in such a human and humorous way and does it so well and so wittily, that no one need be offended at the freshly-handled notion of a frank-tongued playwright.

Mr. Bennett will appear in the rôle which he created at the initial presentation at the Astor Theatre, and will be supported by a company of unquestioned merit.

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## VANITY FAIR.

War, says Lady Reading, has abolished the distinctions of caste. It has abolished idleness, and therefore it has abolished also the nerve specialist. Ladies, she says, work side by side with scrupulousness—and if we had been Lady Reading and talking upon this particular topic we should have avoided that subtle distinction between the lady and the woman—and no such thing as a class difference can obtrude itself into that awful daily tabulation of "killed, wounded, and missing." Here, at least, we have democracy, if nowhere else. Here, at least, we have equality, and so there must be a sort of reflected equality among those at home who read the casualty lists. War is a leveler and a radical, since it reduces us all to first principles. The bullet is no respecter of persons, and the lord and the lackey, side by side in the trenches, are reminded of these bodily equalities that are not disturbed by rank nor titles. The impartial bullet gets them all.

The society women of England, says Lady Reading, have to work, and she seems to mean that they really work, and not merely flit around in silly uniforms and make nuisances of themselves. They work with their hands, and when 5 o'clock comes they are so dead tired that they want nothing so much as a light meal and bed. Lady Reading does not mention it, but somewhere we have read of the society girls of England who put in eight hours a day in the charging sheds of the munition works, where they are not only likely to be blown to pieces—and are actually blown to pieces sometimes—but where their hair and skin are dyed a bright and a permanent yellow—canary birds, they call them. One wonders whether, amid the destruction of the old castes, a new caste is not being created, a sort of aristocracy of national servitors with the canary bird girls as an exclusive inner circle.

Lady Reading makes a practical suggestion that she says has been carried to a triumphant success in London. They have a shop as big as a department store furnished with contributions from wealthy people, who are invited to send all the objects of value that they want, but do not need, and you will notice that there is a delicate distinction between these words. Something of the kind has been attempted in America, but the chief result has been a mass of junk that neither the donors nor any other human beings can possibly either want or need, home-and-hand-painted china, ancient numbers of the *New Republic*, domestic eye-sores that one does not exactly like to destroy, you know, and that would be the very thing for those poor dear Belgians. But the London store was quickly stocked with real valuables, things that the donors must have wanted so desperately, but decided that they did not need—jewelry, furs, gold and silver utensils. One woman gave furniture worth \$25,000. A man took off his watch chain and handed it over. What's the use of a watch chain anyway?

Perhaps it is too soon to expect that our society people will go and do likewise. The Hun is not at the gate—yet. The casualty lists have not yet become a pall and a light. War work is "no end of fun," and is played with so long as it continues to be "no end of fun."

Washington, it seems, is not yet so dry as to cause a visible parching of the social strata. It is politically dry, but there are still ways in which the soil of hospitality may be irrigated. There has been a large influx of young men from all parts of the country intent upon saving the country by secretarial methods and who have brought their appetites with them in full force. For a time the customary hospitalities were on the wane with the discontinuance of the great state dinners, but they picked up again quite briskly as soon as it was realized that the cup that cheers and also inebriates might be found on the festive board. Willy hostesses who had deplored the lack of willing guests were quick to discover that a change of bait would bring the fish as heretofore, and that subtle hints of a wine list were invincible in the bringing of quick and grateful acceptances. Mr. O'Malley in his "War-Whirl at Washington" says: "And so it still happens that a host or hostess will stand right up and say, 'Let's give a party!' whereupon a new Washington that came into being on that first black November day begins to whisper delicately, 'Do they serve the hard stuff in that house?' And if the answer is, 'You betcha they do,' that particular host is certain of a big mail filled with positive replies to his R. S. V. P.'s, and on the night of the great day the line forms in Connecticut Avenue, right resting on Massachusetts, and extends far off into the dry night air."

Of course a dry Washington is good for Baltimore, which is not dry. That's the way the game goes nowadays. If the uplifter can be persuaded to pur and to sheath his claws by the declaration of dryness in one city, what matter so long as there is the needed humidity within a trolley ride? Pretty soon

we'll change over and get the shoe on the other foot. Fair play is a jewel. The trolley car that runs from Washington to Baltimore runs also from Baltimore to Washington, and the shareholders profit so largely that they are able to buy a ride on their own rolling stock and also a real drink at the end of it. Traffic between the torrid and the intemperate zones goes booming, and presently there will be diplomatic negotiations between the two cities, the balance of humidity will be reversed, Baltimore will put on the robe of penitence and Washington will don the lighter garb of festivity.

These days mark the putting into the discard of all things superfluous. They are revealing values. They are testing ability, or so we are told by a writer in the *Philadelphia Record*. The felt manufacturers in their convention, recently held at Atlantic City, decided that the wide brim of the felt hat must go, to save felt for the making of hats for the soldiers.

Surely this is as much a gain for utility and economy as it is loss in picturesqueness. The Wild West scout, cowboy, or Indian fighter, with long hair, crowned by sombrero, was once the delight of boyhood. That joy can not return. Even the rare survival, peddler of patent medicines, will be unable to renew his sombrero when worn out, though he may grow his hair as long as he chooses, unless interfered with by the hoard of health.

But to the masculine mind, untaught in the ways of millinery, this would seem to be a blow to the women. In the effort to avert or soften it, it may not be amiss to suggest that the military fashion in hats may go a long way to divert the attention and prevent undue brooding upon the misfortune the new edict has brought upon the fair sex. One other consideration might be urged to comfort and assuage—namely, that the annoyance of the floppiness of the broad-brimmed hat is a thing of the past, and that sportive winds will not in the future play such havoc with feminine headgear.

Edward Alsworth Ross, writing in the *June Century*, says the Russian wife is a good manager and knows what is going on about the place. The wife of the landed proprietor regularly accompanies her husband in his tour of inspection about the estate, but domestic she is not. German women have developed housekeeping into a fine art, so that a woman not wholly unambitious finds something satisfying in being a good hausfrau; but in Russia it is otherwise. Possibly on account of cheap servants, the Russian wife is not so good a cook and housekeeper as the American wife in similar circumstances, and housekeeping has little attraction for the rising generation. One cause of the daughters' passion for education is their yearning to escape from the gray domestic round. The paying job outside the home promises to them release from kitchen bondage. As more of them gain a higher education, they will realize there are not enough careers to go around, and will look on the home with kindlier eyes. As yet there has been no attempt to dignify the domestic arts by giving them a place in the curriculum of study for girls, nor has "home making" been idealized, as it has been successfully idealized among us in the course of the last twenty years.

The master ideal of the women of the Russian *intelligentsia* has been freedom and independence, and Americans of both sexes long resident in Petrograd believe they have realized it more fully than any women in the world. Their leaders admit they have now no unjust discrimination to complain of in either law or social custom. Conventions press but lightly upon them. In these days of dear matches a young lady may stop you in the street and ask for the loan of your cigarette in order to light her own. The one foolish convention I noticed is that a woman must never be seen outside the house with the head uncovered. In one form or another the kerchief rules all classes, the result being that Russian women do not rejoice in very luxuriant hair, nor do their tresses show the glint and sheen that comes from going about bareheaded."

The town of Franklin, in New Jersey, lays claim to being one of the first to provide "teacherages" for those conducting the local schools. At an expense of about \$10,000 four houses have been erected to accommodate four families and eight single teachers as boarders, all within a short distance of the school building. The houses are story-and-a-half hungalows, steam-heated, and electric-lighted, of eight rooms each; and they are rented by the school authorities at the low rate of \$17 a month.

In Japan there are 5000 cooperative societies, 2000 of which are credit unions. These societies have a membership of over half a million. This represents a really remarkable movement, inasmuch as in 1900 there were but seventeen cooperative societies.

## HOW A POLICEWOMAN WORKS.

Never Makes an Arrest But Accomplishes Plenty of Results.

Miss Mary MacMahon, a policewoman of Holyoke, Massachusetts, has attracted considerable public attention recently by the fruitful results of her official work. Speaking through the *Springfield Republican* she says:

"I haven't made an arrest in the whole time I've been in office and I hope I never shall. I always try to avoid having a woman arrested whenever it is possible, for it takes away whatever self-respect they have and makes them harder to work with. I try to prevent arrests, not to make them, and for that reason my work might be called social service, although I have regular police powers. It is seldom that I even have to show my badge, though," added Miss McMahon, "for they usually do what I tell them without it."

"Yes, my work is full of variety," she said in answer a question. "I hunt up lost girls, who have run away from home and who are reported to the police here. I visit the homes of neglected children whose cases have been reported to me by school-teachers and social workers, and try to impress upon the parents that they are criminals when they neglect their children just as much as if they had abused them. Women come in here and complain that their husbands don't support them and expect me to make their husbands over to suit them. When I talk to the men I go at them in a friendly fashion and generally they are willing to listen to reason."

"Drunken women I usually take to a place where we have arranged for them to be safe until they get over the effects of liquor. I try to keep track of these women and reason with them, for you can do more good if you make friends with them than by using any amount of threats. They get so they know me and speak to me on the street. If they begin to mishave and I hear about it, I just tell them that they know I know what their record is and that if they don't behave I'll have them arrested. That brings them up sharply, for none of them want to be arrested."

"Then there are the girls, and they are the worst problem of all. Stubbiness is usually the common complaint against them or at least it is the first complaint. Mothers complain that the girls won't obey them or that they stay out late in had company and the parents don't seem to have control over their daughters. If I can get the girl alone it's all right. She will listen to what I say and promise to be good. But if the parents are present you can't say much, for the girl puts on a defiant attitude and won't listen. Many girls leave home and go and board somewhere in the city, thinking they will then be free to do as they please. But freedom often means license."

"If the girls are under sixteen, that is if they are minors, the two complaints lodged against them are chiefly stubbiness and neglect. If they are older we can get them on vagrancy or stuhhornness. And speaking of vagrancy reminds me that I have almost an employment bureau of my own right here in this office. If I have a girl or woman who is out of a job, I can call up many mill superintendents and tell them I have some one who needs a job. They are usually glad to give the girl a place, or if they haven't an opening to tell me of some one who has. Work is a great preventative of crime and it is the solution for most ills."

"I don't patrol as the regular policemen do, but I go out on cases that are brought in by mothers, regular patrolmen, social workers, and teachers, and make daily reports on these to the city marshal. I also hold office hours here in the morning and afternoon. Often I get a line on a girl through some other girl who will tell on her, saying, 'But, Miss McMahon, I'm not as bad as so and so. Why she'—and the whole tale will follow."

"I follow up certain cases and get them to report to me at intervals just as they would to the probation officer if they had been arrested. Since I began work last summer I think I can count up about thirty-three cases that have been 'cured.' There is a great need for the services of a policewoman here and there is certainly a lot of satisfaction in the work."

## Russia's Diplomatic Capital.

Vologda, the city to which American Ambassador Francis and the others of the diplomatic corps withdrew from Petrograd, was founded in 1147 as a colony of Novgorod and by 1273 it had attained sufficient wealth and importance to make it worth the while of the Prince of Tver to plunder it, aided by Tartars, with whom he was in alliance.

Moscow took notice of Vologda a little later and claimed it. A struggle ensued, lasting for several decades, the Muscovites intriguing with the poorer population of Vologda against the wealthy Novgorodian merchant class, and four times the trouble broke out in open warfare. Moscow won and in 1447 formally annexed the city. In 1613 the Poles plundered

the place, and in 1648 plague took heavy toll of its population.

Peter the Great lived there at one time, and his house (reputed) still is pointed out to the occasional tourist. It was Peter, incidentally, who ruined the place.

There was a time when Vologda was on the highroad from Siberia to Moscow and was the principal depot along the weary route. A colony of foreign merchants sprung up on the left bank of the river, most of them English. Then Peter built St. Petersburg, as we used to call it, and trade sought a different channel.

Now flax, linseed, oats, hemp, butter, and eggs are gathered from the province and forwarded from Vologda. Lace-making and linen-weaving are carried on in the peasant homes. There are two hotels and a railway eating-house.

"It is a mean-looking place," says John Murray, who with Baedeker seems to be the only person who has written of it. "There is nothing to say, even of its churches."

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church, "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

A British housewife, who did not relish leaving her work to answer knocks at the door, heard the usual tradesman's rattle. "Who's there?" she exclaimed. "The butcher, please'm," came the reply; "I've brought the joint." "All right. Slip it under the door."

The customer in the barber shop suffered in silence a long while, but there are limits to patience even in such places. He asked: "What made you take to hair-cutting?" The war-time barber blandly replied: "Good money, sir. Pays a sight better than hedge-trimming, which was my last job."

At the wedding reception a young wife remarked: "Wasn't it annoying the way that Nelson baby cried during the whole ceremony?" "It was simply dreadful," replied the prim little maid of honor, "and when I get married I'm going to have engraved right in the corner of the invitation, 'No babies expected.'"

There were two keepers out shooting on a Perthshire moor, one of whom was a very large, bulky man, the other being comparatively small and puny. The big man got badly shot, whereupon all his companion in arms was heard to say by way of sympathy was, "Rin, man, rin, an' keep rinn'n", so that we mayna hae to carry ye sae far."

A naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer enjoyed the dip. While drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, suh," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark."

Henry Miller, when recently giving an example of "the rebuke courteous," naturally drew upon his knowledge of things theatrical. He told how a nervous man at the theatre sat behind a pair of those persons who persist in explaining the plot. His endurance being about exhausted, he leaned forward and said: "Excuse me. Will you please speak a little louder? Sometimes the actors playing on the stage prevent my hearing what you say."

During one of the college vacations, Daniel Webster and his brother returned to their father's at Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands, and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, resting his scythe, wiped the perspiration from his brow. His father said, "What's the

matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe, and then it was again tinkered; but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree.

When the conversation turned to the subject of romantic marriage this little anecdote was volunteered by H. M. Asker, a North Dakota politician: "So you were married ten years ago. Took place in the church, I suppose, with bridesmaids, flowers, cake, and the brass band?" "No; it was an elopement." "An elopement, eh? Did the girl's father follow you?" "Yes, and he has been with us ever since."

An officer in khaki, just back from France, walked into a London restaurant. After glancing over the bill of fare he looked around the room for a waiter. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, sidling over in response to his call, with a glass of water and a napkin. "Tell me, waiter," said the officer, "have you got frogs' legs?" "No, sir," was the rather unexpected answer, "it is rheumatism that makes me walk like this."

Councillor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of a timid and nervous disposition, usually prefacing his pleadings with an apology to that effect; and on one occasion, when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he happened to remark that "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes."

Senator Smith of Georgia said at an Atlanta luncheon: "German militarism set out to overrun the world. Before the disasters that have befallen it, however, German militarism must now be feeling a good deal like Cal Clay. Calhoun Clay of Paint Rock was fishing for tarpon in Florida, and he hooked such a big one that it pulled him overboard. As Cal went over the side of the boat and tore through the water in the tarpon's wake, he said: 'Wot Ah wants ter know is dis—is dis niggah a-fishin', or is dis fish a-niggerin'?"

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in front of his sector of the trench. He sent in the number as 2001. H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure. "Well," he replied, "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate 'em than to walk about in No Man's Land and count 'em."

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather of "Old Bill" fame tells an amusing story of a soldier who thought he would take advantage of his chum's being on sentry duty at the barrack gate to slip out after tattoo in order to visit his best girl. "That's all right," said his chum, "but I may be relieved before you return, so I had better give you the password to enable you to get back into barracks in any case." "Right-o!" said Tommy. "What's the word?" "Idiosyncrasy." "What?" "Idiosyncrasy." "I guess I'll stay in barracks for this evening," said Tommy.

Some years ago a French lawyer aspired to represent his department in the Corps Legislatif. He was firmly persuaded that the empire, already rather tottering, stood in need of his natural eloquence. He therefore set himself to scour the surrounding country, stopping even in the smallest hamlets to make speeches and "treat" the electors. It happened to be harvest time, and in one of his peregrinations he saw in the neighborhood of a large village some peasants working in a field. "Good-day, my fine fellows!" cried he, when the peasants left off work for a moment and raised their hats to him. "It's very hot," continued he, "will you have something to drink?" "Don't mind if we do, sir," was the ready reply. There happening to be a little inn close by, they made their way in and were soon emptying a barrel of beer. While the peasants were drinking our candidate got up on a chair, from which he addressed them upon the ensuing elections. His audience listened attentively, and he elicited from them repeated marks of approbation. "Ah," he said to himself, "the money for that beer is well spent." And as he was paying for it he said by way of farewell, "Well, my good fellows, I think you will vote for me?" The peasants eyed each other with astonishment, and one cried, "Vote, but we can't vote for you. We are all Belgians." They were day laborers who had come to the neighboring village for the harvest.

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## THE MERRY MUSE.

Kaiserwocky.

'Twas Marnen, and the tommy ats  
Did wyem seate in their trench;  
All helgiuemed were the tinney-hats,  
And blank-blank potsdam french.

"Beware the Camouflage, my son!  
The Cootie's bite, the Barhwire's scratch,  
The Ausgespiel's place in the sun;  
Verhote the redcrost patch!"

He took his kruppy in his hands;  
Long time a lightly foe he sought,  
Some scrappy papperd Soixante-quinze,  
All poilued in its thought.

And as he kultured his moustache,  
The Camouflage rheims through the wood,  
And francaised o'er with rougenoir,  
Alsaced him where he stood.

Einzwel! Einzwel! And high and dry  
He kield that camouflagic gun;  
Then prussly monoeled his eye  
And tauhed to Pop when done.

"And hast thou kield the Camouflage?  
Come to my lefty arm, my boy!  
Dertag is won—'tis au verdun!"  
He vonklucked in his joy.

'Twas persching, and the tommy ats  
Were nomans landing from their trench;  
All sammied were the tinney-hats,  
The Kamrads deutschly blench.  
—W. C. D., in New York Evening Post.

## The humble Accountant.

We can all do our share toward winning this war—every one of us, from the president of the largest shipbuilding company, clear down—to the humblest accountant—Commissioner Colby, addressing the Liberty Loan Rally, April 20, 1918.

The accountant, he is humble—he admits it;  
Not hoasting, but in an humble way;  
For, if anything goes wrong, he always "gits it,"  
So, of course, he hasn't very much to say.  
There is ink upon his fingers and his cychrows,  
So he doesn't grade so very high on looks;  
He is not among the doers or the highhrows—  
He is just the bloke that keeps the blooming hooks.

The accountant, he is humble—he concedes it;  
Being humble comes quite natural to him.  
If there's sympathy to spare, he surely needs it,  
Though his chance of getting anywhere is slim.  
He is zero multiplied by minus zero—  
He's the fabricator of the strawless bricks;  
If he ever should aspire to be a hero,  
It is certain that the Fates would answer, "Nix!"

The accountant, he is HUMBLE—yes, he's H-U-M-B-L-E!  
And compared with him the office hoy's a gent,  
While the janitor would curse and swear and grumble,  
If he had to balance ledgers to a cent.  
Oh, he makes a punk impression on the ladies—  
People wonder what they have accountants for!  
But today he's all puffed up and proud as Hades,  
For they tell him he can help to win the war.  
—Dr. Surplus, in Emergency Fleet News.

Bill—I'm making money selling mice. Jill—Whom do you sell them to? Bill—The professor of music in the next street. Jill—What on earth does he want mice for? Bill—Why, he uses them for trying the voices of young ladies.—Farm and Home.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in compliment to Mr. John Miller of Pasadena. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. William Crocker, and Mr. Douglas Alexander.

Mr. John Hooper entertained at dinner Sunday evening at his home in Woodside. The guests included Dr. George Somers and Mrs. Somers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper, and Mrs. Jessie Hooper Beatty.

Mrs. Marshall Williams entertained a group of friends Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, the guests including Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, Mrs. Noble Hamilton, Miss Marcia Fee, and Miss Marian Huntington.

Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained at tea last week at her home in Santa Barbara in compliment to Lieutenant Charles Keeney and Mrs. Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in San Mateo in compliment to Miss Phyllis de Young and Mr. Nion Tucker.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a luncheon last Tuesday at her home on Washington Street in honor of Mrs. George McNear, Jr. The guests in-

cluded Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Margaret Hyland, Miss Cecily Casserly, and Miss Dorothea Coon.

Mrs. James Otis entertained at tea recently at the Town and Country Club, complimenting Mme. Marguerite Chenu. The guests included Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. John Brice, Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mrs. Joseph Redding, Mrs. Horace Wilson, and Miss Frances Taylor.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Thursday at the Clift Hotel in compliment to Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Mrs. Jay Robinson-Duff.

Mrs. W. P. Treat gave a luncheon last Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Treat and Miss Katherine Treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home in Piedmont, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rickard, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Hammon, and Major Scott Hendricks.

A "country fair" will be given on the afternoon of June 8th at Boyd Park in San Rafael for the benefit of the Red Cross. Among those in charge of the affair are Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Starr Keeler, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. George Hind, Mrs. Forest Carey, Mrs. William Horn, and Mrs. Alexander Lilley.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson-Duff and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Dr. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

### WANTED

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Their guests included Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Lieutenant E. D. Capelhart, Mr. W. R. Powley, and Mr. Clark Crocker.

Miss Katherine Chace entertained a group of friends at tea Friday afternoon at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and the Misses Katharine, Christine, Mary, and Barbara Donohoe gave a luncheon Monday at their home in Menlo Park complimenting the Paulist Choristers. Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Elena Eyre assisted in receiving the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. John Willhoit chaperoned a group of young people at a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the St. Francis. Included in the number were Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Marion Baker, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Lieutenant Alfred Merrill, and Mr. Montgomery Boyd.

A card party and dance were given Thursday evening at the home of Captain Harry George in Mare Island for the benefit of the Navy Relief.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on California Street, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson-Duff, and Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot.

Mr. Frank Carolan gave a dinner Thursday evening in Burlingame, his guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Miss Anne Peters, and Lieutenant-Commander William Van Antwerp.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained at luncheon Friday at her home in Menlo, her guests including Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Eugene Taylor, Mrs. Laurance Scott, and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson-Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt, Dr. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Allen, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Wyatt Allen gave a theatre party Friday afternoon in compliment to a number of school friends of her daughter, Miss Alyce Allen.

Lieutenant Edward Clark, Jr., and Mrs. Clark are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

#### The Loring Club.

The programme announced for the third concert of the forty-first season of the Loring Club, on Tuesday evening, June 4th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, includes a number of important and attractive compositions for men's voices.

The sentiment of our times will be expressed in Coleridge Taylor's "The Forge of the Viking," for chorus of men's voices with strings and piano, and Dorothy Fyfe's "For the Dear Land," for solo tenor and chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano, in which the soloist will be Charles F. Bulotti, who will also sing the solo part in Kremer's "Night Greeting" for similar combination, and will further be heard in two solo groups, one of songs by Scarlati, Pessard, and Massenet, and the other of songs of the three American composers—Edward MacDowell, Henry Hadley, and Edwin Schneider.

A Spanish serenade by Bizet for chorus of men's voices with string and piano, and folk songs a capella are the numbers new to the Loring Club programme, and Wallace A. Sahin's "The Long Road," which had so effective a first performance at the last concert, is now repeated by request.

These, with several other strong compositions, make a notable programme, in the accompaniments to which the club will have the assistance of strings with Lion Goldwasser, the Russian violinist, as principal violin, together with Frederick Maurer, pianist.

The concert will be directed by Wallace A. Sabin.

The San Francisco Opera Company has been engaged to go on a three days' trip and will appear Monday at San Jose in "Otello," Tuesday in Stockton, where they will present "Rigoletto," and Wednesday night at Sacramento, where "Otello" will again be sung. The company will resume their performances at the Washington Theatre on Thursday night.

The five leading wheat states in 1917, winter and spring wheat combined, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, were: Minnesota, 57,965,000 bushels; North Dakota, 56,000,000 bushels; South Dakota, 52,024,000 bushels; Kansas, 48,934,000 bushels; Ohio, 41,140,000 bushels.

The total amount of timber cut on the national forests in the fiscal year 1917 was 840,612,000 board feet, as against 714,505,000 board feet in 1916.

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#### "Loyalty" Not Just the Word.

It seems incredible that Herr von Kuhlmann should have dared recently to pay a tribute to "the loyalty of Alsace-Lorraine to the German fatherland" in face of the following facts which deal with the year of our Lord 1917 (says Herbert A. Gihbons in the *Century Magazine*).

1. There are two Alsatian officers of pure blood in the German army, while France has Gens Maud'huy, D'Urbal, Micheler, Duhaill, Mangin, Hirschauer, Lardemelle, Sihille, Levi, Lehlis, Hayman, Blondin, Andlauer, Schwartz, Metz, and Poudragum, 145 other superior officers, and thousands of captains and lieutenants.

2. Army orders show that the authorities dare not employ the regiments from Alsace-Lorraine in the German army against France and that they hold them under strict surveillance everywhere.

3. Tens of thousands of deserters are posted, and measures taken for the confiscation of their property in the German empire.

4. The courts-martial and the civil tribunals of the Reichsland, although they work under pressure, are at this writing—January, 1918—several months behind in trying the cases of civilians accused of high treason and showing open sympathy with the enemy.

Settlers of the Santa Fé Southwest, especially those of northeastern New Mexico, shipped great quantities of beargrass, or soapweed, this spring. It yields a good fibre, much like sisal, and is shipped to St. Louis to be manufactured into twine. It is shipped both cured and green; \$8.50 per ton for the former, and \$4 for the latter.

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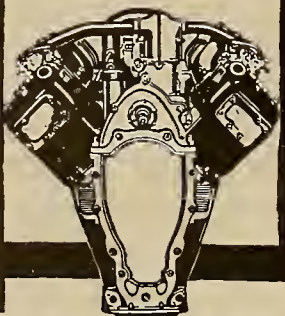
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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. Benjamin Brodie and Mrs. Brodie have arrived from their home in Santa Barbara and are occupying the apartment of Mrs. Brodie's son, Mr. Austin Tuhhs, on Lyon Street.

Mrs. Clara Darling returned Sunday to San Francisco, after having passed several days at her home in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, who have been visiting their son, Mr. Kenneth Moore, at Kelly Field, Texas, are at present in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will be the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, at their Chicago home before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felton have been passing a few days at the Fairmont Hotel from their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois returned Tuesday to San Francisco, after a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore left Friday for San Rafael, where they have taken the home of Mr. Roger Boqueraz for the summer.

Mr. James Armshy has returned to his home in San Anselmo from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Alfred Ford is spending several weeks in Ross Valley as the guest of Mrs. Robert Davis.

Mrs. Vernon Tenney of Honolulu is spending a few weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble are spending the weekend in Santa Cruz.

Mr. John Miller of Pasadena spent the weekend in Burlingame as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote returned Thursday to their home in Grass Valley, after a visit of several days in San Francisco.

Mr. Walter Hush spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Charles Bentley, at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Hush has recently been ordered to Mare Island, after having spent several months in San Pedro.

Mrs. Harold Plummer has arrived from Los Angeles and is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, at her home on Baker Street.

Miss Elizabeth Hay is spending the summer with her uncle and aunt, Colonel William Jones and Mrs. Jones, in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Dario Crena is spending a few weeks in San Francisco from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parramore are visiting in San Francisco from their home in Santa Barbara, having come north to meet their sons, Mr. James Parramore and Mr. Edward Parramore, who have been in Russia for the past year.

Mrs. Joseph Grant and Mrs. Philip Lansdale have returned to San Francisco from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. William Irwin and her mother, Mrs. Richard Ivers, will return next week to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson Winslow are in San Pedro, where they are visiting Mrs. Winslow's daughter, Mrs. Algernon Gibson.

Mrs. Alfred Whittell has arrived from Texas and is visiting Lieutenant Whittell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, at their home on California Street. Lieutenant Whittell has just been ordered to a New Jersey camp.

Captain Purcell Jones, who was a recent visitor in San Francisco, has gone to Santa Barbara, where he will spend the summer.

Mrs. George Boyd and her daughter, Miss Jean Boyd, spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe.

Mr. Felton Elkins has arrived from France and is staying at the Fairmont Hotel with his mother, Mrs. William Nielson.

Mrs. Irving Wright has returned to her home on Van Ness Avenue from a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Charles Keeney has returned to her home in Oakland from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan are spending several weeks in Honolulu.

Mrs. James K. Wilson will leave in a few days for the East, where she will remain a month or longer.

Mr. Wyatt Eustis is spending a few days in Seattle.

Mrs. William Moore has returned to her home on Jackson Street, after a visit of several weeks in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Wolf have closed their home on Broadway and have taken a house in San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kahn are leaving today for San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Dr. George Willcutt and Mrs. Willcutt have gone to Aetna Springs, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ackerman are spending several weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. William Pringle will spend the summer in Montecito, where she has taken a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their children,

the Misses Marie and Florence Welch, will pass the greater part of the summer at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mrs. Ross Curran has returned to her home in Burlingame from New York. Mr. Curran, who accompanied Mrs. Curran east, has left for France, to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Pennoyer have returned to their home on Scott Street, after a visit of several months in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson-Duff and Mrs. Daniel Jackling left Thursday for Salt Lake City to join Mr. Jackling, who left for that city Monday.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her children left Sunday for their ranch in Sonoma County, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher left last Friday for San Antonio, Texas, where she will join Captain Sypher. Mrs. Edmunds Lyman will occupy her mother's San Mateo home during the latter's absence in the south.

Comte André de Limur and Comtesse de Limur, who visited here a few weeks ago on their wedding trip, have arrived in France.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding, with Miss Louise Reding and Miss Lillian Whitney, have gone to Washington, where they will reside for the period of the war.

Mrs. Chauncey Boardman and her daughter, Miss Mary Boardman, will spend the month of June in Ross at the home of Mrs. George Boardman, Sr.

Miss Mary Louise Black is spending several days in Del Monte, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville.

Mrs. Willard Sperry is spending several weeks in Sausalito as the guest of Mrs. James Sperry, Sr.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Dr. George J. O'Connor, Cleveland, Ohio; Lieutenant W. S. Barrett, Newport News, Virginia; Dr. L. E. Wood, Springfield, Massachusetts; Dr. Follis P. Grey, Boston; Mr. Mortimer R. Tipton, Hongkong; Mr. J. B. Athers, Amsterdam, Holland; Mr. J. J. Woods, Honolulu; Mr. Charles L. McCarthy, Charleston, South Carolina.

### "HUCKLEBERRY" FINN AT 92.

An Oregon Fisherman on the McKenzie River and Remembers "Charley" Clemens Well.

Up in the mountains of Oregon, happy and carefree as when he played the chief rôle in perhaps the best stories of Boyville ever written, lives the hero of every boy's imagination. And as he looks back over a remarkable life he admits a thrill of pleasure in the knowledge that the escapades of his youthful days, although not unlike the adventures of every red-blooded American boy, will live forever.

He is the real "Huckleberry" Finn of Mark Twain's stories, who as a boy, in offensive and defensive alliance with Tom Sawyer, dominated the group of which Samuel L. Clemens was one, and whose amusing pranks are familiar records to every one.

"Huckleberry" Finn is really B. F. Finn, hunter, fisherman, and adventurer in the famous McKenzie River region of the Cascade Mountains. His boyhood love of fishing and of life in the open has never left him. Although ninety-two years old and bent by extreme age, he is at heart the "Huck" Finn of old—and he can still cast a line and land a trout with the best of them.

"Do you remember Clemens well?" he was asked.

"Of course I remember Charley," was the reply. "You can hardly forget a man you paled with every day for years can you?" "Charley," he explains, is the name by which Clemens was known to his boyhood chums.

It's all rather matter of fact to "Huck" Finn. He can hardly understand why Mark Twain's stories about himself and Tom Sawyer caused such universal interest. He even blamed "Charley" for exaggerating.

"Were all those stories true? Well, of

course, we did things like that. All boys do. But we didn't do everything Charley said. He made it up a good deal out of his own head, I guess. Just wanted something to write about."

Finn also explains that Mark Twain took certain liberties in reference to him as "Huckleberry" in the stories of boyhood.

"I wasn't called 'Huck' when I was a boy," he said. "That came later when Charley Clemens, Tom Sawyer, and I were working on the Mississippi River boats. I was the mate of the *Gray Eagle*. There were lots of fights on the boats in those days and the mate was supposed to settle them. If trouble started I was expected to jump right in. I was the 'huckleberry.' That's what we called a man who went in and knocked the fighters apart. I've lost several fingers and the rest are crooked from sparring on the boat"—and he held up two badly damaged hands. "If a man's going to hold a job as mate on the Mississippi he's got to know how to spar—at least he did in my day."

The old man recalls vividly the great boat race, with Samuel L. Clemens as pilot, and can talk for hours of his experiences steamboating on the Mississippi. Before sailing on the *Gray Eagle*, he was mate of the steamer *Shotwell*, at that time considered the fastest boat on the river.

"Captain Hall was in command and the time up the river was four days and seven hours from New Orleans to St. Louis," he said. "We could go up the river faster than down, because if we got on bottom going up we could back off, while if we got stuck going down, as often happened, it meant all kinds of trouble."

"Clemens was one of the *Shotwell's* pilots. We got in with Tom Sawyer and we bought the *Gray Eagle*. She was then on the docks building at Carondelette, six miles below St. Louis. We fitted her up and ran between St. Louis and St. Paul. She could beat anything on the river. We scraped her bottom and sanded, and got all the speed we could out of her."

"Two years later we bet Captain Hall \$5000 that we could beat him to St. Louis. We won by a big margin, because Charley Clemens knew the way. We took all the cut-offs, and came in two hours ahead."

"We stayed on the river until 1860. We were coming up from New Orleans, but things were getting pretty rough. We got up as far as Cairo when the government confiscated her. The boat cost us \$9000 and they gave us \$12,000 for her."

"Charley Clemens went to Denver and stopped there to write books. He didn't do much of anything else after that, I guess. Tom went up to St. Paul and lived there until he died. That must have been fourteen years ago."

"In the war I served on the *Carondelette* gunboat. It was disabled at the battle of Memphis and I was transferred to the *Great Western* and there assigned as quartermaster until I was discharged. After that I went to join my family in Kalamazoo, Michigan. I stayed there four years and then traded my place for a plantation in Missouri. One of my children died and we decided to move again. I sold for what I could get—the last part went for two mules, two horses, and \$1700."

"This was in 1870 and we got ready for the trip to Oregon. My wife and I, with our six children, arrived in that state with just \$4.10 besides a team of horses. But I had my old needle gun and was the first settler on the McKenzie River."

This part of Oregon is a sportsmen's para-

dise even at the present time. Finn hunted there the first winter and saved \$350 by selling hides in Eugene, the nearest town of any size. For forty-seven years he has been a character on the McKenzie, known to hundreds of fishermen attracted to the river by the famous Dolly Vardon trout, the largest and gamest of the trout family. His home has been a sort of boarding-house for fishermen. He has also manufactured turpentine and resin in a small way, and so made a living.

But "Huckleberry" Finn in his declining days has no longing for the old life on the Mississippi.

"That was hard work," he says. "I'd much rather be a trout fisherman on the Mackenzie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Perhaps the prohibition of horse racing would be more deeply resented in Mongolia than in any other country of the world (says the *Manchester Guardian*). There it ranks as the favorite pastime of all classes, including the Buddhist clergy, who number fully one-third of the total population. The races are never under ten miles, and the Mongolian "derby" is a contest over thirty miles of rough steppe. When C. W. Campbell of the Chinese consul service traveled through Mongolia in 1902 he witnessed a race meeting which was presided over by the local avatar, most of the competing ponies being owned by lamas. The great races which take place yearly at Urga are held under the direct patronage of the lama pope of Mongolia, who becomes the owner of all the winners. A horse race with a bishop in the judge's box, a public chiefly clerical, no bookmakers or betting and nominal prizes is a phenomenon unlikely to be seen in this country.

Coal reserves in the South are supposed to amount to 530,000,000,000 tons. West Virginia is said to have a greater coal area than Great Britain and Germany combined, and it is thought that Kentucky has coal enough to supply the whole world for several generations.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*She*—What did papa say when you told him you wanted to marry me? *He*—He asked me if I had any insanity in my family.—*Baltimore American*.

*Mrs. Hiram (seeking a cook)*—My home is in the country. I hope that is no objection. *Cook*—No, mum; I enjoy a day in the country now and then.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Hokus*—Harduppe says it isn't good form to wear jewelry with a dress suit. *Pokus*—Well, Harduppe never has his jewelry and his dress suit at the same time.—*Judge*.

*Little Mildred*—What does "B. A." stand for, mama? *Mama*—"Bachelor of Arts," my dear. *Little Mildred*—And what is a "Bachelor of Arts," mama? *Mama*—Any bachelor

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who is trying to stay in the bachelor class, darling.—*Indianapolis Star*.

"What is this man charged with?" demanded the magistrate. "Bigotry, judge," replied the officer; "he's got three wives."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*She*—Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but I was composing. *He*—I had a suspicion that you were making up.—*Yale Record*.

*She*—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once? *Young Soldier*—Yes, twenty at once, if they were all like you.—*Judge*.

*Recruiting Officer*—But what would a boy like you do in the army? *Lad*—Don't you need a caddy to carry your swords and things?—*Dundee Herald*.

*Rankin*—Isn't Wobblesby the limit? *Phyle*—Yes. I call him the human prune. *Rankin*—Why? *Phyle*—Because the more he's soaked the more he swells up.—*Toledo Blade*.

*Young Lady (with hopes)*—What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride? *Male Shopwalker*—Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"There is one thing in a lawyer's profession which is different from any other." "What is that?" "The longer he is at it the more he has of a brief career."—*Baltimore American*.

*Redd*—Didn't I see you out in your new car today? *Greene*—Yes; I was out for a trial. *Redd*—Was the trial satisfactory? *Greene*—No; the judge fined me \$10.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Now that we're married we won't have to write any more letters," said the young man. "Yes," replied the young woman. "Think of what a lot we saved by finishing our correspondence before a letter required a three-cent stamp."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Look here, waiter!" said Mr. Joyce, scowling deeply over his plate. "I ordered turtle soup. There is not even a morsel of turtle flavor in this." "Of course not," said the waiter. "What do you expect? If you ordered cottage pudding, would you expect a cottage in it?"—*Form and Home*.

"Where does that little boy live, Tommie?" "The one I met at school?" "Yes, Tommie, that one." "Oh, he lives on some disagreeable street, I believe." "Why, how do you know it is a disagreeable street, Tommie?"

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"Cause he said it was one of the cross streets."—*Houston Chronicle*.

"No one understands me." "That is not to be wondered at, girlie. Your mother was a telephone girl before she married, and your father was a train announcer."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What's the dispute about?" demanded the proprietor. "Remember, in this store the customer is always right." "He says you're an old shark," explained the clerk briefly.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What did you read while you were convalescing?" "The German Invasion of Belgium." "Did you think that an appropriate

book for a person in your condition?" "Sure. The madder I got the stronger I felt."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I miss the well-rounded periods you used to employ in your orations." "I may be shy on well-rounded periods," replied Senator Sorghum, "but you will notice that I come to a full stop quicker."—*Washington Star*.

*Mother*—I don't like the looks of that little boy you were playing with on the street today. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know. *Son*—Oh, but he isn't a bad little boy, mamma. He's a good little boy. He's been to the reformatory school twice and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior.—*New York Globe*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Trick of the Trade.

In the journalist's bag of tricks there is none that serves him oftener or better than that exploited in a famous old writer's advice to a beginner. "*You will, my young friend,*" he said, "*be involved in many controversies and be driven into many a hole, but never, never, and again never, permit yourself to be put on the defensive. If your antagonist gets the better of you—and that will happen very often—don't come back with denials or explanations. Just move on to new ground. Of course logic calls for direct answers, but the public is not logical. Its memory is short. If the other fellow proves you a liar, charge him with arson—in extreme and desperate cases make it rape. Just keep a-going—one leap ahead.*" No contemporary journalist has more definitely assimilated or more skillfully practices the sinister art of keeping a-going and well ahead than Mr. William Randolph Hearst. He is not lacking in nerve, and he knows his public. No man better comprehends the universality and reliability of its powers of forgetfulness. His letter of last week addressed to Colonel Roosevelt illustrates the principle—if that be

the right word for it. Put into a hole, and a painfully narrow one, by Mr. Roosevelt's excerpts from the *Examiner* and the *American*, he retorts, not relevantly or logically, but in bland ignorance of the issue. He moves over to new ground and challenges Mr. Roosevelt to public discussion, not indeed of delinquencies involved in his quoted utterances, but of something else. In brief he attempts very skillfully—though impertinently—to distract public attention from the real issue, where he has not a leg to stand on, to new ground, where he may hope for conditions better suited to his genius for subterfuge and evasion. He seeks to dodge the real issue and to raise a new one, and incidentally to advertise his publications, by lifting himself into the character of a personal antagonist of a more famous man. Mr. Hearst overlooks the fact that Mr. Roosevelt employed the utterances of the *Examiner* and the *American* merely to illustrate by its contrast with other utterances the partiality of the administration at Washington in its use of the authorities and powers of the government over the public press. Mr. Roosevelt's contention is with the Administration, not with Mr. Hearst. And if he is discreet he will leave that gentleman unnoticed and unanswered to stew in his own juice.

### The Submarine Raid—and Mexico.

It hardly needs to be said that the presence of a formidable fleet of German submarines off our Atlantic coast implies a base of retreat and of supply somewhere on the American continent. As to where that somewhere is there need be small doubt. It can be nowhere else than in Mexico. A base in the territory of the United States is a patent impossibility. Our Atlantic coast is too open to observation from the sea for secret operations, and the danger from the rear would be so great as to make such an enterprise untenable. Only in Mexico could there be found conditions favorable or possible.

If our guess is a sound one—if it be true that the Germans have in Mexico a base for their submarine fleet—we need not go far for the explanation. It is a direct and logical outcome of conditions as we by our policy—or lack of policy—have brought them about. After arousing the hatred of the Mexicans, we next by timid and whimsical courses established ourselves in their contempt. Then instead of supporting our men of business who held in charge and interest the better share of the business of Mexico we ordered them to abandon the country. In express terms the then Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, told Americans in Mexico that they would not be protected either in their interests or their lives. They were officially called home. They came, not cheerfully, but they came—at prodigious sacrifice, not only of private but of national interests. And in abandoning Mexico they left vacant an important station in the world of commerce and trade. Germany promptly stepped in. She took up what we had cast aside because our government for reasons (which history will find it difficult to explain) had willed it so. What followed is common knowledge. German merchants and political agents swarmed in the land. They have become the dominant influence. They are the masters, not only of Mexico's commerce, but of her internal business. Under advice and support from Berlin they supply money to the tottering presidency of Carranza—Carranza whom we boosted into authority. Thus they are masters of the government, as witness the cordiality of the Carranza authorities toward all things German. Carranza himself came out in the open several months ago, when on the occasion of the Kaiser's birthday he sent him an effusive message of personal and official congratulation.

There you have it. On our southern border a country

made both unfriendly and contemptuous by a course of stupid coddling. Our agents and merchants withdrawn, leaving a void open to any comer. Germany steps into the vacant place and makes herself, through her accredited and supplied agents, the dominating force in the business and political life of the country. Nominally neutral, the Mexican now for more than two years has been in effect subject to Germany. Only in and about Tampico has German authority been held in check. And by what means? By maintenance on the part of the oil companies heavily interested in that region of private armies under command of suborned bandit leaders.

And now what? Are we, having established a presidency in Mexico, to allow it to be made a permanent servant of our enemy? Are we to sit quiet, consenting that German influence shall proceed from domination to definite possession? If the situation shall be left alone it will soon come to just that. In other words are we to abandon the Monroe Doctrine, consent to the practice of a barren fraud on the part of the sham Mexican government, and observe without protest and rebuke the establishment of a German dependency on our southern border? The thing is unthinkable. It flies in the face of every American interest and every American sensibility.

If it shall be demonstrated, as we believe it soon will be, that Mexico is being used as a base for its submarine fleet by the German admiralty then our immediate duty is plain. We must march upon Mexico either by land or sea or both, and, assuming possession of its ports and administrative centres, correct the great wrong that has been done. And in any event we must see to it that the German influence which now controls Mexico is kicked out of the land. We can not in honor or safety permit Germany in any sense to possess Mexico.

### Notes on the War.

Concurrently with evidence that Germany's submarine campaign in European waters is being strangled comes a new development—the destruction of some half-score or more ships on our Atlantic coast. A sudden raid in waters hitherto exempt has given to the adventurers what must be to them an exhilarating success. But it is not thinkable that a campaign may be sustained here through an extended period. Fully warned, we shall soon find ways and means of protection. The purpose of the submarine assault upon our Atlantic coast is obviously strategic. The calculation is that this raid will so alarm the American people that they will demand that American fleets now in service in European waters and in convoy service shall be called home to protect our own coasts. The ruse will not work. We shall safeguard our own waters, but not at sacrifice of the very good work now being done by our naval forces in Europe and in the convoy of troop and supply ships across the Atlantic. We shall not be diverted from the main purpose by such a scare or succession of scares as a few submarines may create in our home waters.

The work of the American navy in European waters is being carried on with little noise, but it has been mightily effective nevertheless. It is not too much to say that the fleet under Admiral Sims has been a decisive factor in the strangling process by which the submarine campaign off the British, Irish, and French coasts has been checked and all but beaten. It was Admiral Sims who conceived and defined the strategy which has proved effective. His theory was that control of the surface of infested waters would measurably put the under-water boats out of business. Surface control achieved in coöperation with the British fleet of destroyers has worked out as was expected, and today England and America are supplying tonnage



in nearly double the volume of submarine destruction. Our fleet of destroyers is both large and active and the "kills" to its credit are many. Furthermore, it makes the presence of submarines, which must come frequently to the surface, untenable in large areas.

While the manifest poise of General Foch continues to inspire confidence, even in the face of the German advance to the Marne River, it is an open and confessed fact that the German success of the week is due to superior generalship. In his statement to the Senate Military Committee on Saturday, General March explained that "the territory taken within the last few days has been regarded as easily defended, and a comparatively small force had been left to hold it." In this confession there is a disquieting revelation of weakness. Miscalculation as declared in General March's statement is nothing more or less than bad generalship. The strategy of the Crown Prince or General Hindenburg or whoever is directing the German movement was better than that of General Foch. There is no disguising the matter, unpleasant as it is. Let us hope that the effect of the incident will be to expand General Foch's bump of caution. The margin is now too close to permit of any more fumbling.

Since the Germans are again at the Marne—within forty-five miles of Paris—the capture of that city must be regarded as a possibility. That it would be a serious blow to the Allied cause goes without saying. It would mightily stiffen the German spirit; and by the same token it would weaken the spirit of the French and of the Allied army in general. But it would not, as some have assumed, end the war. Conceivably it might have the effect of drawing upon new reserves of force, since it would be a notification to the Allies of the necessity for supreme efforts. Assuredly it would have that effect in this country, which is only just at the beginning of effective participation in the conflict. France probably is at the maximum of her power or a little beyond it; but there are forces in England held in exercises of preparation or for home protection that may be drawn speedily into the heart of the conflict.

Beyond a doubt the decisive factor yet to be drawn upon is the force of our own country. We must supply the men and the means that in conjunction with the forces now in the field are needed to win the war. Our men are going forward in great numbers; and assurance of their ultimate effectiveness is supplied by our troops already in the trenches. True they are not, as the hysterical headlines of some of our newspapers would suggest, doing the bulk of the fighting or taking a very notable part in it. But wherever they have struck—in the air or before the trenches—they have addressed themselves to their work with fine courage. What our pioneers in the field have done and are doing will be matched by those now going forward and to come later. They are bringing to the work the same splendid energy that has been exhibited in every field in which American armies have appeared from the day of Bunker Hill up to this time. There need be no fear but that when the American boys once get on the job they will make themselves felt in it, in full measure with the expectation with which their coming is so eagerly awaited by our associates in the war.

Evidences multiply to the effect that Germany and Austria are under the stress of grievous and demoralized domestic conditions. The people are suffering unspeakable hardships in deficiencies of the common requirements and comforts of civilized life. They go dressed in old clothes, their food is deficient in quantity and of the poorest quality, their houses are cold and dark. Yet they are held by combination of loyalty to country, terror under military rule, and hope for ultimate success to the hard business of keeping their armies supplied with men, munitions, and food. Ultimately collapse will come, but it will be slow in coming. The human spirit and the human power of endurance are qualities of amazing flexibility and power, as history abundantly demonstrates. Probably there will be no effective revolt on the part of the distressed peoples of Germany and Austria until hope is lost. A signal military reverse would tend to such a development. But until that shall come we must expect that the Germans and Austrians will struggle on and somehow find means of sustaining their armies. The war has

become a trial of endurance. We may never be able to beat the enemy in the field. But we shall beat him ultimately by the power of our larger resource.

### The "Berkeley Movement."

There has recently been inaugurated at Berkeley a movement styled "A League for the Protection of American Prisoners in Germany." It is a woman's movement and it looks to the organization of a nationwide boycott against merchandise of German manufacture in the event that Americans held as prisoners in Germany shall be treated inhumanely. Membership in the league is effected by signing the following pledge and forwarding it to Miss Margaret Cooley, assistant secretary, 2437 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley:

#### PLEDGE OF

The League for the Protection of American Prisoners in GERMANY

I do hereby pledge myself to refrain from buying German-made articles after the war IF American prisoners of war receive other than humane treatment at the hands of Germany.

Let history record how the women of America kept their word.

There are no fees or dues of any kind, but hope is expressed that signers of the pledge will contribute 10 cents each for the purpose of such slight charges as may be necessary in extending the organization throughout the country. It is the belief of the founders of this league that an organization on the part of the women of America under the above pledge will be effective in preventing barbarities which have been inflicted upon men of other countries held prisoners in Germany during the past three years.

Mrs. John Snook is president of the league and Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley vice-president, and the executive board includes some twenty more women representative of every element in the Berkeley community. The advisory board includes Mayor Irving of Berkeley, Professor Gayley, dean of the faculties of the University of California; General Woodruff, U. S. A., and other well-known citizens. Although the organization is less than a month old it has been widely endorsed. Pretty much the whole feminine population of Berkeley has signed the pledge and inquiries from other cities and states indicate a general enthusiasm to participate in the movement, under the universal feeling that some radical measure must be taken to protect American soldiers falling into German hands from the terrible fate which has befallen thousands of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and others captured during warfare and held prisoners in Germany.

### A Promoter of Slackers.

There is at Washington in a relatively minor but none the less important employment a "gent" who ought to be called down—and kicked out. He is Dr. Philander P. Claxton and his office is that of Commissioner of Education. Some two months ago we called attention to an utterance on the part of this pestiferous commissioner to the effect that while "the United States is at war with the imperial government of Germany" it has no case "against the German language or literature"—with more to similar effect. Further he suggested that after the war our relations with Germany "will no doubt be more important as the years go on." Further, he said, we may look upon Germany as probably "among the leading nations for the preservation of the peace of the world." This with much else in the same spirit.

More recently we find in the official outgivings of this same Dr. Philander P. Claxton, printed and circulated at the public charge, a letter of advice to young men artfully calculated to discourage enlistment in the sense of entrance into the active business of fighting our battles. Under the heading "Enlist—and Go to College" Dr. Claxton says:

Many a 1918 high school graduate is debating with himself this year: Shall I go to college? or shall I enlist at once for military service?

The War Department has just made it possible to do both. It says, in effect, to the ambitious young American: "You serve your country by going to college. To make sure that you do not lose thereby the opportunity of serving your country in a direct military capacity, you will be asked to join the special United States Army college training units that are to be formed. You will be liable for service at a moment's notice, but because you are worth more to the na-

tion with your college training than without it you will be expected to stay in college until called by the government."

The War Department's announcement provides that beginning with September, 1918, military instruction, under officers and non-commissioned officers of the army, will be provided in every institution of college grade enrolling for the instruction one hundred or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will be provided by the government. There will be created a military training unit in each institution. Enlistment will be purely voluntary, but all students over the age of eighteen will be encouraged to enlist. The enlistment will constitute the student a member of the army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the President. It will, however, be the policy of the government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen, and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provision will be made for coordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions, with this broader plan.

"This new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object," the War Department announces, "first, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

No nation has made such generous provision for combined military and college education as has the United States in this new plan. The youth who avail themselves of the privilege will be serving their country's immediate as well as future needs.

The citation is long, but it is worth the space required. It is worth it because it will exhibit to all who read it—and it should exhibit to the Administration—that we have in the government at Washington a man both persistent and cunning in disloyalty. At a time when we are straining every nerve to augment our armies and otherwise speed up our war programme Dr. Philander P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, is adroitly endeavoring to discourage entrance on the part of the youth of the country into active military service. His appeal to "Enlist—and Go to College" is in its purpose and effect an instruction as to a means by which actual and effective enlistment may be evaded. This fine gentleman, we repeat, needs to be called down—and kicked out as an official who is using the powers of his office, not to stimulate and inspire the youth of the country in patriotic ardor, but to advise and assist dodgers and slackers in evading patriotic service.

### Editorial Notes.

The death of Robert F. Morrow, at the age of eighty-six, definitely closes the era of the pioneer in the active life of California. Until within a month ago Mr. Morrow maintained an interested and effective participation in general affairs. While not the last of the pioneers, he was the last among them to keep a vital hold upon current life. A truly picturesque figure Mr. Morrow has been in these later years. Properly imbued with the spirit and the ways of thinking and doing of "the days of old, the days of gold," he never yielded the slightest concession to newer methods of thought and action. Busy and effective man as he was, he remained through all changes of times and conditions a man of the pioneer type. Mr. Morrow was a strong man—strong in mind, hardy in body, fixed in his determinations, faithful in his friendships and in his undertakings. His death was not untimely, since it was in the order of nature. But there is sadness in the thought that we ne'er shall see his like again.

Within the week a traveling vaudeville show, styling itself "The Chautauqua Circle," has been pitching its nightly tent in the country roundabout. It has cheered Los Gatos, Sebastopol, and Milpitas. Prominently placed in the programme is the name of William J. Bryan, who does an edifying stunt in the line of weary oratory between the club-swinging act and the trained seals. If not more useful than his service in the State Department, Mr. Bryan's activities are less harmful than formerly to the interest and dignity of the American Republic.

Announcement is made of the candidacy for reelection of Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court William G. Lorigan of San Jose. After a service of two terms upon the superior bench of Santa Clara County, and shortly after his election for a third term, Judge Lorigan was appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Gage. His service in the succeed-



ing years has been notable. In recent months Judge Lorigan has suffered from severe illness and it has been common gossip that he would not seek reelection. But with his health restored he has now taken up vigorously the duties of the bench and will, at the solicitation of many elements, stand for a new term of office. Friends of Judge Lorigan who have associated themselves in an organization to promote his candidacy feel that service rendered has entitled him to favorable consideration of the voters of the state.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### A Protest.

NEW YORK CITY, May 30, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The Harvard Roll of Honor, as printed in the Boston Transcript, contains the names of two German soldiers who are to be honored on Memorial Day.

I have telegraphed President Lowell to take my boy's name off the list. The seriousness of the situation lies in this: that the hand of German propaganda can be seen in the memorial. It is an attempt to give Germany national respectability; and unless this be resisted now we shall have at a later date a Harvard Arch or Harvard Chapel in which the two Germans will be assigned a niche.

Harvard was the original home of German propaganda; but it is almost incredible that this influence should be strong enough at the present time to lead the Harvard Corporation to insult the American volunteers who gave their lives in the fight for the world's freedom by coupling them on a roll of honor with German soldiers.

I ask the aid of all who care for Harvard's reputation to expunge either the Germans or the Americans from Harvard's Roll of Honor.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

### A Friendly Suggestion.

HONOLULU, May 24, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: For more than thirty years I have been a reader of the Argonaut. I regard it as a most valuable index of conservative opinion, forceful logic, and outspoken courage to say what it believes rather than what the crowd want to hear. One night a week is Argonaut night with me, and it is usually an evening of both pleasure and profit.

I have, however, one criticism to make of the Argonaut. Are the traditions of Pixley, Hart, et al. so enduring that you must needs always wear the dress of the period of your illustrious predecessors? I am not advocating the short skirt for the Argonaut, as its staid habits are of its virtues, but for the sake of that vital human sense, eyesight, can you not get away from the agonizing type with which you print the "Theatre of War" and other departments of the paper.

Comparisons are odious, but I could wish that you might get a loan of some type from Colonel Harvey's very excellent Blue Review, or even risk your reputation to some extent by emulating, in dress only, the form of the New Republic, notwithstanding its kaleidoscopic utterances varying from Bolshevik to some other extreme psychology that I am unable to identify.

Very truly yours, E. F. BISHOP.

Russian Turkestan proper consists of a number of amalgamated territories, with a population of over 6,000,000, and of the separate protectorates of Khiva, Bokhara, and Transcaspia, which are governed as khanates. There is a Chinese and a Russian Turkestan, but China has only an interest here as the region in which the "terrible Turk" made his first bow to the world. In those remote days he was Mongol pure and simple, but the Wanderlust seized him and, leaving his native mountains, he moved westward to the deserts and plains of which the Turkestan cities of Tashkend, Bokhara, and Samarkand, of rug and carpet fame, are the heart. Among the primitive racial stocks on this "roof of the world," which was the ancient Bactria, familiar to childhood through the hairy Bactrian camel of the zoos, then the Greek Scythia, and lastly the Roman Tartary, the migrating Turk found himself in the company of Chinese-Mongols and Tartars, who, like himself, stayed for a few centuries, and departed for further western wanderings. All left their cultural or savage impress, as the case might be. The Turk was the last master of the land, and thus gave to it the name which survives today. But he managed to slough off much of his Mongolianism, so that, by the time he had reached his second home in Anatolia, he was ready for that dilution with the finer Circassian strain which was to give the world the European Turkish type of the Bosphorus.

Lying between Russian Caucasia and Turkestan, on the direct water and rail route to the Far East, the Caspian, which the ancients knew as the Sikim or Jurjan, spreads itself amid immense flat expanses of territory and vast, untouched material resources. Russia has never more than scratched the surface of them, and the Caspian teaches the true object lesson of Russia in the Near East, that she is still the foremost undeveloped country on the face of the globe. But if Russia comprises merely a thin coating of half-educated humanity spread over an illimitable surface, the Caspian has long given promise of a new Russia, with all its incalculable potentialities, which is in process of development. But only a promise. On its shores one seems to be forever wobbling between the Russia of yesterday and that of tomorrow.

"For two years," announces one of those eccentric persons who make a business of collecting strange and startling facts, "Thackeray did all his writing with one pen, which also served him for writing two novels. Oliver Wendell Holmes used a gold pen for more than thirty years, during which he wrote more than twelve million words."

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

We may have to wait, and perhaps to wait for a long time, before knowing to what extent the French were taken by surprise along the Chemin des Dames. The German emperor, telegraphing to the empress at Berlin, said that the surprise was complete, but then some allowances must be made for domestic exuberances and for the insatiable gullibilities of the German public. It is practically impossible to maintain entire secrecy on the modern battlefield, and against the observation of aeroplanes. Much may be done under cover of night and fog, but it is hardly likely that so vast a concentration as that effected by the Germans can have been carried out unobserved. Possibly the extent of the attacking force may have been in doubt. Probably it was in doubt. The French may have been suspicious of a duplication of the attack elsewhere, but it is not possible that the blow was wholly unexpected. Indeed there are substantial reasons to believe that it was foreseen.

There is, for example, the significant fact that there were British troops at Bery-au-Bac, near Rheims. We do not know their number nor the length of their lines, but at least they were numerous enough to figure largely and steadily in the official bulletins. It is in such facts as these that we may find the greatest significances. For what were these troops doing so far from their own proper area? It is hardly likely that they had been drawn from those parts of the line usually associated with the British armies, and in order to reinforce an area that was not supposed to be in danger, if we are to accept the surprise theory. A few weeks ago we find the French moving to the support of the British in the north, avowedly too weak to maintain their positions. Immediately before that the British were retreating upon Amiens, once more unable to hold their lines, and falling back before the German attack. Certainly it is not probable that the British lines anywhere had been still further weakened in order to strengthen the French positions on the south, and this with the likelihood of a new assault at any moment upon Ypres, or Arras, or Amiens. Obviously these British forces had not been sent to Bery-au-Bac direct from the British armies. It would have been a waste of time and transport to do so. They must have been detached from some other force in the immediate neighborhood, that is to say from the composite army of reserves that lies, or that did lie, to the north of Paris, and we may suppose further that they were sent to Bery-au-Bac in readiness for an expected attack—the attack that has now been brought. The French may not have expected so strong an attack, but certainly they were not taken by surprise. At the same time they may have found it hard to believe that the Germans would neglect their great salients to the west and north, that they would ignore the obvious propriety of an attack upon Arras in order to straighten their lines, and that they would embark upon so desperate an enterprise as that in which they are now involved. And that they have done so is due to the importunities of the Crown Prince, to the desperate plight of the German people, and to the frantic hope that the war might be ended by the capture of Paris.

Why is it that these German attacks are always resisted by forces that are numerically inferior, and usually very greatly inferior? We may well be cautious in accepting the estimates of battle strengths, since only half the facts can be positively known to either of the commanders, but a large disparity is none the less evident. In the battle for Ypres the Germans are said to have been four to one. They were certainly far stronger than the Allies in the battle for Amiens, and in the present attack upon the Chemin des Dames we are even asked to believe that the Germans were ten to one. That is doubtless an exaggeration, but that they were in far greater strength than their enemies is unquestionable. After we have made all allowances for the danger of moving reinforcing troops until the attack has actually developed we may still discern a method in these constant disparities between the offensive and the defensive forces. Either we must suppose that the Allies are always taken by surprise, or that to oppose a weak force to a strong force is a matter of policy. We may dismiss the idea that the Allies have been taken by surprise, at least in the full sense of that term. Indeed we know that the attack toward Amiens had been accurately foreseen and forecast. We may therefore suppose that the driving back of the Allied lines and the consequent loss of territory, if not a matter of indifference to the Allied command, is at least tolerated as being subservient to some greater end, and here undoubtedly we have the solution of the problem. If Foch was at all aware of the impending assault upon the Chemin des Dames, and he must have been, it would have been just as easy to send reinforcements in time to hold the lines as to send them up a few days later in time to retard the German advance and to exact the proper price for territory lost. But in each of the three battles that have marked the course of the present German offensive we find the lines weakly held at the beginning, and subsequently strengthened in time to prevent the attainment of the German objective, but not until the German forces had taken up vulnerable or salient positions. That is to say in each case—Ypres and Amiens—the Germans have failed to reach their objectives, and they have been left at the end of the battle in a far more unfavorable formation than when they began, as well as being depleted by the heaviest losses. This is obviously a matter of Allied strategy, and not of necessity, and we may suspect that the same tactics are being pursued in the battle that is now being fought. That the Allied armies are not inferior in numbers to the Germans is certain, and they are probably much superior, even when we place German withdrawals from the east at their highest figure. Once more we are forced to the conclusion that Foch has intentionally

weakened all the Allied armies for the purpose of amassing as large an army of reserves as possible, and that he is quite willing to see the Germans create for themselves dangerous salients at an enormous loss of life, so long as they can be checked before actually winning points of great strategical advantage such as the Channel ports. To look upon the battle lines as card tables upon which all the cards have been laid is therefore a peculiarly misleading fallacy. The trump cards, so far as the Allies are concerned, are not upon the table at all, and they are not likely to be on the table until there shall be some reasonable probability that they can take the trick. Once more we must avoid the mistake of looking upon a retreat as a defeat. No army is defeated that has maintained its front unbroken. The winning of territory does not constitute a victory. The only real victory is in the rout of the opposing forces.

This view is sustained by the bulletin of the Havas Agency, which represents the French government. The bulletin in question was sent to Paris from the front on May 31st, and it says: "The momentary advance of an army and capture of a town may mean nothing. The problem is more vast. For its own reasons our command did not find it advisable to give battle either on the Somme or in Flanders after the March offensive. It confined itself to stopping the enemy. Shall we accept battle this time as we formerly accepted it on the Marne? That is the secret of our command. The Germans have no illusions as to the value of the success they have gained. They know we have several million picked troops forming in manœuvring masses which they will have to encounter—somewhere. If the enemy had the choice of ground for the offensive, we have the much more important choice of the field of battle on which Germany's destinies will be decided." Now it would of course be foolishly sanguine to place an excessive value upon a news bulletin, even though it may have an official character, but it is interesting to note the striking nature of a claim to the possession of several million men in the army of reserves, and a claim offered to the public of Paris which is in a good position to estimate its value. Unless we may assume that the reserve army is very large we shall find it hard to account for the disparity between the numbers of men that are actually in the field somewhere and the numbers upon the battle fronts that so regularly fall back before the German attacks.

There is no need to consider at any great length the feature of the present battle between Rheims and Soissons. They are likely to be substantially changed from hour to hour. Once more we see the familiar wedge or triangle driven deep into the Allied lines, a triangle of which the point now rests upon the north bank of the River Marne and the extremities of its base upon Soissons and Rheims. The Germans are once more faced by the difficulties that they found insurmountable at Ypres and Amiens. The apex of the triangle can not be driven beyond a certain point unless the base line can be similarly extended, approximately far enough to make the triangle an equilateral one. Large forces can not be safely sent toward the apex of the triangle unless the side lines have been sufficiently separated to permit of manœuvring, and to lessen the danger of an attack upon those side lines that shall cut off the nose of the triangle and isolate its defenders. We are told that small bodies of Germans have appeared on the north banks of the Marne, but that they were easily dispersed, and we may be sure that these marauders would have been in much greater force but for the danger of sending large bodies of men into a narrow angle. The angle must be enlarged before any serious attempt can be made to cross the Marne, and for this reason we find that strong attacks are being brought in the vicinity of Soissons, which marks the western extremity of the German base line, and also toward Château Thierry in the effort to widen the apex or nose of the triangle. At the moment of writing these efforts are being frustrated, and the Germans are making none but insignificant advances. But it would be wrong to suppose that the full power of the French armies has been needed to administer this check. Foch seems to have paid out his reserves, as usual, with a very sparing hand, and with a careful attention to the actual and imperative exigencies of the situation. His cards are not yet upon the table, nor are they likely to be placed on the table so long as the Germans are willing to throw great masses of men against fortified positions, and to pay the proper prices for their advantages. If the Germans should presently cease their assaults and "dig in," as they did at Amiens and Ypres, he might then bring a counter offensive, but it is by no means certain. Assuredly he will not do so while he can exact three lives for one, and with a clear view of the goal to which that process must inevitably lead. If the Germans should fail to take Paris—as they assuredly will fail—they will have lost the battle, no matter how much territory they may gain, just as they lost the battle for Amiens and the battle for the Channel ports. Nothing short of the taking of Paris can compensate them for their losses, nor for the perils of the position in which they will find themselves. I can see no reason to change the opinion expressed last week that the choice of the present battle ground is an indication of German desperation, and in no way the result of prudent military considerations.

We are periodically told that an attack upon the Italian lines is imminent, but so far there has been nothing even like a preliminary. None the less Austria, now reduced to a state of serfdom, must do whatever she is ordered to do by her lords and masters in Berlin, and it is quite likely that they will wish to stem the tide of Italian soldiers now passing northward into France, as well as to provide a new complication to the military situation as a whole. But Austria is in



a sorry state for the renewal of her war. The flame of rebellion is spreading fast throughout her territories, and it will unquestionably be communicated to her armies. If Austria had cause to look doubtfully upon her Slav soldiers a year ago the doubt has now been translated into something like a certainty of their unreliability. Their disloyalty when confronted with Russian Slavs has been demonstrated upon a dozen battlefields, but until recently they have had a sort of half-hearted disposition to fight against Italians. Italy was herself a claimant to Slav territory, and therefore in principle she was infringing upon Slav hopes of a southern confederation. She was a rival of Austria for the ownership of Slav peoples who are resolved that they will henceforth be owned by no one but themselves. But Italy has now renounced her claims, at least a large part of them, for the dominance of Slav territory. She will not stand in the way of Slav autonomy. As a result she becomes a Slavic ally instead of a Slav enemy, and the Slavs of the Austrian army will look upon her with a friendliness that certainly will not stimulate their fighting ardors on the Piave or in the Trentino. It is said that the virus of disaffection has already spread so far among the Austrian forces as to render an Austrian offensive in the highest degree unsafe. Without a stiffening of German troops it would probably be hopeless, and there are no German troops to spare for such a purpose as that. But of course Germany cares little or nothing for an Austrian defeat. Austria is now a liability and not an asset. She will have done enough if she can sufficiently threaten the Italian front to stop the sending of Italian troops into France, even though she incur defeat in the process. We need not therefore be very anxious about the Italian front, nor very certain that its quiescence is about to be disturbed, unless indeed the Italians shall bring an offensive of their own, which is by no means an impossibility.

Speculations on the end of the war involve so many factors that are necessarily hidden that they must be nearly valueless. But the court of final appeal is not the armies in the field, but the state of public opinion at home, and this is quite as true of Germany as of her democratic enemies. To represent the German people as a mere mass of subservience and docility, incoherent and inarticulate, is obviously a misleading picture. If it were a true one we should not find the German leaders so prompt in their issue of flagrantly false bulletins nor so resolute in their domination of the press. These things would not matter. The people have of course been drilled and hectoring into credulities that other and freer nations find it hard to understand, but the government is obviously afraid, and very much afraid, of what might happen if those credulities should presently be swept away. Public loans and the voluntary surrender of private property are among the vertebrae of the German financial and industrial backbone, and if these are to be sustained it is necessary that the people shall believe in victory and that defeat shall be carefully concealed from them. All the combatant governments have a natural disposition to hide or to minimize their reverses, but it is only the German government that flatly lies, as, for example, in its bulletins denying that any damage had been done at Zeebrugge and Ostend, in its bulletins of the battle of Jutland, which definitely denied the loss of a ship that was known to be at the bottom of the sea, and in its suppression of all bulletins descriptive of the end of the battle for Ypres. These things are not done by governments unless they fear their own people.

The German government is fundamentally different from that of other peoples, and therefore there can be no useful comparison between the war weariness of Germany and that of her enemies. The radical characteristic of the German is cowardice, not physical, but moral cowardice. This is shown by his unshakable conviction that his enemies also are cowards and that they can be terrified into peace. This is why the German tortures his prisoners. He himself would be unnerved if he believed that his own relatives were being tortured. This is why the Germans fire into Paris with long-range guns. It is not mere malice, but a reasoned conviction that the Parisians are as cowardly as he is himself. He himself would be terrified into abject paralysis by such a procedure. As a matter of fact we see already a movement in the Reichstag for some agreement tending to an abandonment of the bombardment of cities, and we are told that the demoralization of bombarded German cities is very great. Of course no such agreement could be made, as the German would be incapable of keeping it, but the essential cowardice of the German character is evident enough. Moreover, it is a matter of common knowledge to all who have lived in Germany. Now the German public will sustain the war so long as it believes that the war is being won, or may be won, but the whole German edifice is likely to fall like a house of cards as soon as a defeat shall come that can not be concealed. The Anglo-Saxon and the Latin derive a certain amount of inspiration from reverse. The German cringes and fawns, nationally and individually. And this fact, usually overlooked, will have a powerful bearing on the duration of the war. It may easily be a deciding factor.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5, 1918.

There being no stoneworkers in South Borneo, all buildings are made of wood. Carpenters are therefore plentiful and their handicraft is one of the few that the Malay man will take kindly to. They are not very skillful, but are always "sawing wood" and using up tools. Good tools do not last long with them because of their methods of grinding and sharpening—operations which are frequently necessary owing to the fact that they work upon hardwoods.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, re-elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs for the ensuing year, has long been prominent in the leadership of women on the Pacific Coast, her residence being in Los Angeles, California. Indiana is her native state, and her education she got at Earlham College, Indiana, an institution established and controlled by Quakers.

Lucien Muratore, the French tenor who is the new sensation of the American grand opera field, is five years younger than Caruso, being born in 1878 in Marseilles. He was at first an actor, and as such was associated with Mme. Réjane. Subsequently he studied at the Paris Conservatory, and, before coming to America, sang both at the Opéra Comique and the Grand Opera in Paris.

Major Francis H. Lincoln, U. S. A., of the coast artillery, who is to have charge of operations in France under General Pershing, formerly taught in the department of artillery and land defense in the coast artillery school at Fort Monroe. He graduated from Iowa College in 1897. His military career opened when, during the war with Spain, he served in the Fifty-First Iowa Volunteer Infantry. Major Lincoln is of a military family, his father having won the rank of brigadier-general in the war with Spain. He also has two brothers now high in the service.

M. Bergson, the French philosopher, was recently admitted to the French Academy, lives in a quiet corner of Paris in a little house of silent and discreet appearance. The neighbors know him well, by sight at least (says Paris *L'Opinion*), but they do not know what kind of work this grave, thoughtful, and rather reserved man is doing. They were then not a little surprised, a few weeks ago, to see him come out in a beautiful green uniform with embroidered collar, cocked hat, and a sword dangling at his side. "Hullo," said a concierge, "the little old 'un from opposite has been called up; and about time."

John D. Ryan, who has been made head of the American aircraft production, is the son of a mine captain and is himself a mine captain, but on a larger scale. It is said of him by an old associate that just when things were at their worst he was made Butte manager of the Amalgamated. Henry H. Rogers was the president. When Mr. Rogers died Ryan became president. He has put that great property in a position where it ranks as a standard investment security. Even the name Amalgamated is gone. Now it is the Anaconda. It is never used for speculative purposes. It is, in the public estimation, quite a different property from the old Amalgamated.

M. Paul Cambon, who celebrates this year the twentieth anniversary of his arrival at the court of St. James as ambassador of the French Republic, enjoys great popularity, not only in his own diplomatic sphere, but in literary and artistic circles as well. He is a keen connoisseur of art, as the treasures which the embassy contains are said to testify. The library at Albert Gate House is rich in old books, as well as in the works of modern French and English writers, many of them autographed in token of the author's appreciation. Before going to London M. Cambon was successively ambassador at the courts of Madrid and Constantinople. He is one of the veterans of the European diplomatic corps.

Rear-Admiral Albert T. Niblack, U. S. N., who is one of the four principal subordinates acting under Vice-Admiral Sims in the waters of the European war zone, graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1880. He has had important assignments during the intervening years, such as inspector of the naval militia, lecturer on signaling and naval tactics at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island; naval attaché in Berlin, Rome, and Vienna, prior to the Spanish-American war and at Buenos Aires and Berlin since that short struggle. He had his full share of important service in connection with the establishment of American authority in the Philippines; and shared in the concerted action of the powers following the "Boxer" outbreak in China. During the American occupation of Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1914, he held a responsible post with the American naval forces.

John M. Baer of Beach, North Dakota, aged thirty-one, the youngest member in the House of Representatives, tried to enlist in the navy when war broke out, but was rejected on account of a technical defect in his eyes. He went back to his two jobs, as postmaster of Beach and as cartoonist for the *Nonpartisan Leader*, champion of the farmers and their Nonpartisan League. His cartoons had made him a widely known figure because they presented the farmers' situation, with its economic disadvantages. Wherever the *Nonpartisan Leader* went Baer was known and liked. Moreover, at the meetings of the league he made himself a favorite by appearing in character as Hi'am A. Rube, a farmer in overalls, with chin whiskers and an old straw hat. Hi'am A. Rube made drawings on the stage, with running comments. Naturally the feature was preferred to the conventional talk of the politicians, and from this came about his nomination and election to Congress.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Outlaw.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily:  
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwelt by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As lithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall's banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you, by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall's banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a hold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum."  
"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the hee-lee sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die;  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood hough,—  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now."

### CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen."

—Sir Walter Scott.

### The Braes of Yarrow.

Tby braes were honny, Yarrow stream,  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes bow dreary, Yarrow stream,  
When now thy waves his body cover!  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed  
To hear me to his father's bowers;  
He promised me a little page  
To squire me to his father's towers;  
He promised me a wedding-ring,—  
The wedding-day was fixed tomorrow;—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him;  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The green-wood path to meet her brother;  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall he my marrow—  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.  
—The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.  
—John Logan.

Russia's great caviar trade centres in the Caspian Sea. Here are caught the countless sturgeons which go to make up an industry which is rivaled only by the petroleum output of the immense oil fields about the Caspian port of Baku.



## WINGED WARFARE.

Major W. A. Bishop Describes Some of the More Startling Incidents of His Aerial Career.

Any man who has destroyed forty-seven German aeroplanes is entitled to write a book. This is the actual score of Major William A. Bishop, V. C., D. S. O., M. C., and it may be said that by way of excess profit Major Bishop has also attacked and burned two observation balloons. In a hundred other fights he has sent his aviating enemies, wounded and disabled, into the safety of their own lines, but of course these do not count.

Major Bishop's story is rapid and sustained, like his flights. He tells us of his first engagement, when he could hardly believe that the beautiful aeroplanes in the distance were actually enemies intent upon his life. Then one of them dived and opened fire from behind:

I had a quick impulse and followed it. I flew straight at the attacking machine from a position where he could not see me and opened fire. My "tracer" bullets—bullets that show a spark and a thin little trail of smoke as they speed through the air—began at once to hit the enemy machine. A moment later the Hun turned over on his back and seemed to fall out of control. This was just at the time that the Germans were doing some of their famous falling stunts. Their machines seemed to be built to stand extraordinary strains in that respect. They would go spinning down from great heights and just when you thought they were sure to crash they would suddenly come under control, flatten out into correct flying position, and streak for the rear of their lines with every ounce of horsepower imprisoned in their engines.

When my man fell from his upside down position into a spinning nose dive, I dived after him. Down he went for a full thousand feet and then regained control. I had forgotten caution and everything else in my wild and overwhelming desire to destroy this thing that for the time being represented all of Germany to me. I could not have been more than forty yards behind the Hun when he flattened out and again I opened fire. It made my heart leap to see my smoking bullets hitting the machine just where the closely hooded pilot was sitting. Again the Hun went into a dive and shot away from me vertically toward the earth.

Suspecting another ruse, and still unmindful of what might be happening to my companions in their set-to with the other Huns, I went into a wild dive after my particular opponent with my engine full on. With a machine capable of doing 110 to 120 miles an hour on the level, I must have attained 180 to 200 miles in that wrathful plunge. Meteor-like as was my descent, however, the Hun seemed to be falling faster still and got farther and farther away from me. When I was still about 1500 feet up, he crashed into the ground below me. For a long time I heard pilots speaking of "crashing" enemy machines, but I never fully appreciated the full significance of "crashed" until now. There is no other word for it.

There are times when the aviator believes that his career is ended. One such occasion came early to Major Bishop. He was attacking an enemy balloon and had descended close to his intended victim and in the midst of a hot gunfire, when his engine suddenly failed:

I was within fifteen feet of the ground, absolutely sick at heart with the uselessness of it all, my thoughts having turned to home and the worry they would all feel when I was reported in the list of the missing, when without warning one of my nine cylinders gave a kick. Then a second one miraculously came to life, and in another moment the old engine—the best old engine in all the world—had picked up with a roar on all the nine cylinders. Once again the whole world changed for me. In less time than it takes to tell it I was tearing away for home at a hundred miles an hour. My greatest safety from attack now lay in keeping close to the ground, and this I did. The "Archies" can not fire when you are so close to earth, and few pilots would have risked a dive at me at the altitude which I maintained. The machine guns on the ground rattled rather spitefully several times, but worried me not at all. I had had my narrow squeak for this day and nothing could stop me now.

I even had time to glance back over my shoulder, and there, to my great joy, I saw a cloud of smoke and flames rising from my erstwhile *bête noir*—the sausage. We afterward learned it was completely destroyed.

It was a strange thing to be skimming along just above the ground in enemy territory. From time to time I would come on groups of Huns who would attempt to fire on me with rifles and pistols, but I would dart at them and they would immediately scatter and run for cover. I flew so low that when I would come to a clump of trees I would have to pull my nose straight up toward the sky and "zoom" over them. Most of the Germans were so startled to see me right in their midst, as it were, they either forgot to fire or fired so badly as to insure my absolute safety. Crossing the three lines of German trenches was not so comfortable, but by zigzagging and quick dodging I negotiated them safely and climbed away to our aerodrome. There I found that no bullets had passed very close to me, although my wingtips were fairly perforated.

The author was in the air during the battle of Arras, and he describes the extraordinary effect of artillery fire when viewed from a height. The flames from the guns gave the impression of a long ribbon of incandescent light and the air seemed literally filled with shells. But the spectacle of the advancing infantry was the most remarkable:

The waves of attacking infantry as they came out of their trenches and trudged forward behind the curtain of shells laid down by the artillery, were an amazing sight. The men seemed to wander across No Man's Land, and into the enemy trenches, as if the battle was a great bore to them. From the air it looked as though they did not realize that they were at war and were taking it all entirely too quietly. That is the way with clock-work warfare. These troops had been drilled to move forward at a given pace. They had been timed over and over again in marching a certain distance, and from this timing the "creeping," or rolling barrage which moved in front of them had been mathematically worked out. And the battle, so calmly entered into, was one of the tensest, hithermost of the entire world war.

On the fourth day of the battle there had been a snowstorm and the ground in the early morning was untrodden and white:

Suddenly over the top of our parapets a thin line of in-

fantry crawled up and commenced to stroll casually toward the enemy. To me it seemed that they must soon wake up and run; that they were altogether too slow; that they could not realize the great danger they were in. Here and there a shell would hurt as the line advanced or halted for a moment. Three or four men near the hurst would topple over like so many tin soldiers. Two or three other men would then come running up to the spot from the rear with a stretcher, pick up the wounded and the dying, and slowly walk back with them. I could not get the idea out of my head that it was just a game they were playing at; it all seemed so unreal. Nor could I believe that the little brown figures moving about below me were really men—men going to the glory of victory or the glory of death. I could not make myself realize the full truth or meaning of it all. It seemed that I was in an entirely different world, looking down from another sphere on this strange, uncanny puppet-show.

Suddenly I heard the deathly rattle of a nest of machine guns under me, and saw that the line of our troops at one place was growing very thin, with many figures sprawling on the ground. For three or four minutes I could not make out the concealed position of the German gunners. Our men had halted, and were lying on the ground, evidently as much puzzled as I was. Then in a corner of a German trench I saw a group of about five men operating two machine guns. They were slightly to the flank of our line and evidently had been doing a great amount of damage. The sight of these men thoroughly woke me up to the reality of the whole scene beneath me. I dived vertically at them with a hurst of rapid fire. The smoking bullets from my gun flashed into the ground and it was an easy matter to get an accurate aim on the German automatics, one of which turned its muzzle toward me.

But in a fraction of a second I had reached a height of only thirty feet above the Huns, so low I could make out every detail of their frightened faces. With hate in my heart I fired every bullet I could into the group as I swept over it, then turned my machine away. A few minutes later I had the satisfaction of seeing our line again advancing, and before the time had come for me to return from my patrol, our men had occupied all the German positions they had set out to take. It was a wonderful sight and a wonderful experience. Although it had been so difficult to realize that men were dying and being maimed for life beneath me, I felt that at last I had seen something of that dogged determination that has carried British arms so far.

The author destroyed his second balloon in the neighborhood of Arras, and without the critical difficulties that attended his earlier exploit:

A few days later I was away from the heatities in life and after the grossly hideous balloons again. Success rewarded one of my earnest efforts. It happened one morning when we had been patrolling the air just above the trenches. It was a very dull morning, the clouds being under 3000 feet. Well across the lines I could make out the portly form of a German balloon sitting just under them. The sight of the "sausage" filled me with one of those hot hursts of rage I had so often in these days against everything German in the world. After the finish of the patrol I had my machine filled up with petrol, and with a good supply of special ammunition started out on a voluntary expedition to bring down that fat and self-satisfied balloon. Upon nearing the lines I flew up into the clouds, having taken a careful compass bearing in the exact direction of my intended victim. Flying slowly at a rate of sixty miles an hour, I crept steadily forward, taking reckonings now and then from the compass and my other flying instruments. I figured the balloon was six miles over the lines and as I had climbed into the clouds about one mile behind our own lines, I figured that seven minutes should let me down just where I wanted to be. I popped out of the clouds with every nerve tense, expecting to find the sausage just beneath me. Instead, I found nothing, not even a familiar landmark. I felt pretty sick at heart when I realized I had lost myself. My compass must have been slightly out of bearing, or I had flown very badly. At that moment I had no idea where I was. I flew in a small circle, and then spied another balloon quite near me. The balloon had seen me first, the "S. O. S." had gone out, and it was being hauled down with miraculous swiftness. I dived for the descending German as hard as I could go and managed to get within fifty yards while it was still 800 feet up. Opening fire I skimmed just over the top of the balloon, then turned to attack again when to my great joy I saw the bag was smoking. I had seen no one leap from the observer's basket hanging underneath, so I fired a short hurst into it just to liven up anybody who happened to be sitting there. The sausage was then smoking heavily, so I flew south in the hope of finding some landmark that would tell me the way home.

There is necessarily a certain similarity in the descriptions of aeroplane flights, although we may suppose that no sense of monotony is experienced by the aviator himself. The most exciting incidents are dismissed with a few sentences unless they lead to some decisive result, and indeed we may suppose that nearly every flight is something of the nature of an epic. Describing in a few sentences an inconclusive fight with five enemy planes, the author continues:

Next day we had rather a dramatic touch. After the morning's work we were sitting at luncheon, and the second course had just been served when a telephone message came through that two enemy machines were at work on the lines. They were directing artillery fire of several hostile batteries on some of our important points. The request came through from the front line to send somebody out at once and drive the undesirable away. Talk about Wellington at the battle of Waterloo! This had that beaten in every way. We felt like a lot of firemen, and in a very few minutes after we got the message, another pilot and I were out over the trenches. Five minutes later we were engaged in deadly combat with the two enemy machines. They had seen us as we approached. We were hungry, and were anxious to get back to our muttons. So there was no shilly-shallying about the fight—it was a case of going in and finishing it in the shortest possible order. So the two of us waded in side by side, opening fire on the rear enemy. With our first hurst of fire it dived on its nose, did a couple of turns as it fell, and finally crashed into a field beside the river. We then turned our attention to Hun No. 2, but he was a mile away by this time and winging it for home as fast as he could. We were willing to waste ten minutes more away from the festive board to have a go at him, but he showed no sign of returning, and we streaked home to our interrupted meal. It had all been very short and sweet, and most successful.

Major Bishop's fortieth aeroplane was eaught with comparative ease and after some successful manœuvring for position. He was several miles within the German lines, but he destroyed his enemy with ease

and after a first shot. But the return trip was not quite so simple:

Then I had one of the nastiest times of my life; the return trip home. At 6000 feet I started. Every anti-aircraft gun in the neighborhood opened fire at me, and they did some wonderful shooting that day. Everywhere I turned there seemed to be huge shells hursting. Several times I heard the little "plank" as they hit my machine in some place, and once quite a large piece struck a plane. I decided that I would lose still more height, in order to come home at a tremendous pace, but in my excitement had forgotten which way the wind was blowing, and have later decided that was why I was such an easy mark. I was going straight into the teeth of a forty-mile gale, and consequently my speed was much slower than I thought it was. The "Archie" people seemed to have gone mad or anxious to use up all the ammunition they had in France; anyway, the air was black with hursting shells, and after I had finally reached the lines I looked back, and for five miles could see a path of black smoke from the shells which had been fired at me. They must have fired five hundred in all, but luckily I was still intact.

The author won his last fight on the day before he left for England on leave. He says he had a vague feeling that he would not return and that his forthcoming decoration by the king would mark the end of his fighting career. In a few days his apprehensions were confirmed:

About this time word came through that I was not going back to France. I was very disappointed. I reported for duty, but was given a few weeks more leave in which to rest up. During this time I went to the investiture by the king. I had, on the previous day, received a telegram of instructions, telling me to report at Buckingham Palace at 10:30 in the morning dressed in service uniform. At 10:10 I was there, not wishing to be behind time on such an occasion, and realizing I had better find out before it happened just what was expected of me. Walking into the palace I came to a hat-stand, where everybody was checking things. I handed in my hat, gloves, and stick, whereupon I was told to hang on to the gloves, wearing one on my left hand and carrying the other. Then, following a number of other officers, also there to be decorated, I came to a room in which a general was standing. I asked him where I was to go, and he asked me what I was getting. I began the long rigmarole of V. C., D. S. O., and M. C., but before I had finished he told me to go in with the D. S. O.'s, as I was the only V. C. So I slipped away into a room where there were about one hundred and fifty other officers. After waiting there for over half an hour, another general came in, and gave us explicit instructions as to what to do in the king's presence. It was a terrible moment for all of us.

Finally the doors opened and we were headed toward the room in which the king was standing with his staff. Following some generals and colonels, who were being admitted to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, it came my turn to march in. I knew my instructions well. Ten yards across to the middle of the room, and then a turn to the left and how. Imagine my consternation, when, at the first of those ten paces, one of my hoots began to squeak. Somehow or other I managed to get to the proper place, where I was facing his majesty. Here I had to listen to an account of my own deeds, read by one of the staff, while I myself stood stiffly at attention. Then, approaching the king, he hooked three medals on my breast. These he had been handed on a cushion. He congratulated me upon winning them, and told me it was the first time he had been able to give all three to any one person.

After a short, one-sided conversation, in which my only attempt to speak failed utterly, although all I was trying to say was "Yes, sir," he shook hands with me, and I bowed and hacked away, turning and walking thirty squeaky paces to a door in the corner of the room. The moment I reached the outside of this door, I thought I had been thrown into the arms of a highway robber. A man suddenly stepped from one side and before I could stop him had snatched the three glittering medals off my chest, and was fifteen yards ahead of me on the way down the hall, before I realized what had happened. I took after him, not knowing what to do, but he picked up three boxes from a table, put the medals in, and handed them back to me. Then he returned to meet the next man coming out, who incidentally was a great friend of mine, and also in the Flying Corps. The next thing to be faced was the crowd at the palace gates, and the photographers. Luckily I had a car waiting in the enclosure, and by getting into this managed to evade everybody.

A week later the author was promoted to the rank of major and was awarded a bar to his Distinguished Service Order ribbon. He was also given permission to go home to Canada on a visit, and he sailed within two days. Certainly there is no one in the whole history of the war who has more successfully "done his bit."

WINGED WARFARE. By Major William A. Bishop, V. C., D. S. O., M. C. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

Scientists have for years been perplexed over the wonderful frozen well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1882 it was announced that the ground was frozen to an abnormal depth at the place referred to. In the summer of 1829 a Russian merchant set a gang of men to the task of ascertaining the depth of the frozen stratum. They gave up the job after digging some thirty feet in solidly frozen ground. The Russian Academy of Sciences took the matter in hand and between 1838 and 1844 dug to a depth of 382 feet and then abandoned the shaft because the earth was still frozen as hard as a rock.

Negroes are now reinforced by a state law in New York in their right to patronize any place of public accommodation, entertainment, or education, and may be lawfully excluded only from places of a private nature, such as clubs and institutions run for a particular restricted purpose. This legislation for the colored race is the broadest interpretation of civil rights on the statutes of any state. The bill specifically cites a long list of places of accommodation, entertainment, or education, which would fall in such classes; for instance, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, theatres, schools, colleges, and many more.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ending Saturday the San Francisco Clearing House Association reports a total of \$91,233,757.34, as compared with \$77,592,811.04 in the corresponding week of 1917. Both were weeks of five business days only. Saturday's clearings were \$18,844,217.39.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports total resources of \$213,432,000, as against \$206,642,000 in the week before, and gold reserves of \$128,255,000, as against \$126,461,000. Total gross deposits now stand at \$97,738,000, as against \$92,768,000.

Sutro & Co. were advised by wire recently that the Du Pont Powder Company had declared a quarterly dividend of 4 1/4 per cent. on its common stock, payable June 15th, on stock of record May 31st. Also the customary quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. on its preferred stock, payable July 25th, on stock of record July 10th.

San Francisco bank clearings for May, as reported by Clearing House officials at the close of business Friday, May 31st, showed an increase of \$64,519,133.36 over the total exchanges for the same month in 1917. Last month's clearings were \$455,393,221.36, as compared with \$390,874,088 for May, 1917.

In connection with a new plan of financing the China Mail Steamship Company has re-incorporated. Articles of incorporation filed in the superior court stated the capital stock at \$10,000,000. The company is organized to do a general shipping business between the United States and foreign ports and to manufacture steamship machinery. The incorporators are John Barneson, H. U. Brandenstein, Charles R. Blyth, Look Tin Eli, and M. Q. Tong.

The Farm Loan Board at Washington has just made public the first consolidated statement of the condition of the twelve Federal Land Banks as of April 30, 1918. This statement shows loans to farmers amounting to \$91,865,586.20, of which \$68,675,561 were at 5 per cent. and \$23,190,025 were at 5 1/2 per cent. The capital stock of the banks had increased from \$9,000,000 to \$13,594,895. They have issued Farm Loan Bonds to the amount of \$83,760,000. Their excess of expenses and interest charges over earnings is \$411,954.24, which is almost exactly 3 per cent. of their capital. It is officially stated that the excess of expenses and charges over earnings represented at one time about 7 per cent. of the capital stock and has been rapidly reduced during the last four months as the volume of business on the banks' books increased.

Not so very long ago alarms were sounded

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over the extravagance of state and city governments in this country. Striking figures were produced to show how widespread it had become. It appears now, however, that from our war needs the necessary increases in our taxation, and in the raising of huge sums of money for the government through the Liberty Bonds, a real halt has been called in municipal expenditures. Nothing, in fact, shows the effect of the Liberty Loan campaigns on the investment business more clearly than a comparison of the output of new municipal bonds issues in April and earlier months of this year with those for other years back to 1904, as made for the *Daily Bond Buyer*. It appears that in April the total amount of municipal bonds sold throughout the country was about \$12,000,000, a reduction of over 50 per cent. from the March total, and that it was the smallest monthly total recorded since August, 1914, the first month of the war. In the first four months of 1918 municipalities arranged bond issues aggregating little more than the sum they borrowed in the month of April alone last year. The following tabulation, compiled from official reports, shows the sales of permanent state and municipal bonds in April and the four months ending April 30th for the last five years:

	April	Four Months
1918.....	\$12,003,443	\$ 70,300,515
1917.....	62,454,686	162,112,754
1916.....	82,784,283	205,285,781
1915.....	27,096,703	206,214,201
1914.....	93,712,104	248,553,428

States and cities as well as individuals have thus come to realize the superior importance of saving in war-times. A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* remarks that "we are getting past the point where we look upon the urgency of saving as a mere matter of individual finance or of moral responsibility, and recognize it for what it is—a financial obligation of the first importance." He goes on to say that in order to carry out the process of funding short-term obligations of the government into long-term bonds taken by the public "the people must accustom themselves to accumulating bank balances during the intervals between Liberty Loans, with the express intention of using these balances in subscribing for bonds." In other words, the people of this country must make saving a systematic and regular habit and practice it devotedly during periods between loans, for "by no other method can they obtain the free funds with which to carry their share of the debt." He insists that they "must not wait for the stress of enthusiasm or the urgent admonitions of orators to place their subscriptions, but must steadily look forward to providing their own share of the cost of the war as a matter of course." Unless people settle into this fixed habit there will arise "a constant tendency to rely upon the banks in order to assist enthusiastic but improvident bond-buyers in carrying through their subscriptions." Real success will become possible only when there has been developed "an intelligent public-spirited body of persistent bond purchasers."

For the fourth time since the government undertook the insurance of American ships the War-Risk Insurance Bureau of the Treasury has reduced the rate charged for the insurance.

The last reduction, made last week, reduces the rate on hulls and cargoes through the war zone from American ports to ports of Great Britain and the Atlantic coast of France from 3 to 2 per cent. The original rate was 6 1/2 per cent.

This is substantial testimony to the curbing of the German U-boat, a process that has been going on steadily since the American fleet first went on the job.

It is now in the power of the government to rectify the injustice which it permitted railroad security holders to suffer so long, by the refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant increases of rates required to meet the increased cost of labor and material.

The government has learned by practical experience, during the first three months of its control of the railroads, what it should have learned years ago. During these three months the loss on the operation of railroads, under governmental control, has reached the formidable figure of \$100,000,000. 'On top of this comes a proposed wage increase of \$300,000,000, \$150,000,000 more for coal and \$300,000,000 for replacements, improvements, and extensions. Under such conditions there was only one thing to do and that was to increase the charges for freight and passengers, which has been, and was most certainly justified.

Yet think how the Interstate Commerce Commission hesitated to grant as small an increase as 10 per cent., when the railroads sought it under conditions quite as distressing as they are today. Had a reasonable increase been granted at that time the railroads would have been in prime condition to handle the business of the country and of the government and all the heatless days and the suffering of last winter would have been avoided. That was a bitter lesson taught the American people in the school of experience.

If the administration at Washington would lend constructive aid to the situation it might impress upon the Federal Trade Commission also the need of changing its tactics.

Subject to normal setbacks here and there, which may be very sharp at times after favored stocks have been advanced radically, the stock market continues to maintain its bullish character, with new high records being made in some sections of the list almost every day.

The share market is merely trying to reflect proved and prospective earnings. There are so many stocks whose surplus assets represent more than they are selling for and whose profits per year are the equivalent of one-third to one-half of their selling prices that any proper market appreciation of this condition would inevitably lead to a big rise in these stocks, which would perforce help the whole list.

Any one who thought United States Steel at 136 1/2, the highest price ever recorded for it, and still holds it, need not want for confidence that this year will see his losses made up and more besides. Steel will sell at 150 and higher still, but too many people, at times, want to carry the stock for the rise on thin margins, and this brings recurring opportunities to the hear professionals, who are quite as anxious to make money as the hulls.

The list of steel stocks from one end to the other is a story of bargain values. Bethlehem Steel is one of the biggest bargains. The point about these stocks, and Bethlehem and United States Steel in particular, is that their companies have extended their operations in a sensational manner during the past two years, and so have added materially to the source of profit.

The so-called pig-iron stocks, of which Virginia Coal, Sloss Sheffield, and Empire Steel are conspicuous representatives, for they seem to make more iron per share of capital outstanding than others Wall Street is familiar with, may be bought and put away for fancy prices in the long run. Of these Empire Steel has the most sensational possibilities, for the common stock capital is exceedingly small. The preferred outstanding is only twice as large, the debts are insignificant, and the company has earned twice over the amount of back preferred dividends still due. It is \$32 pig iron that is causing these concerns to fairly "reek with prosperity."

Recent extra dividend announcements by the American Sugar and other companies emphasize many other possibilities in the market. The hears in the industrial stocks make a great mistake when they measure their market by the yardsticks of former years, for each year has seen piled up and undistributed earnings that mean a great deal for the patient holders of the "war-essential" stocks in these troublous times.

Holders of the rails feel confident of their position. The government is back of them and must see to it that the transportation system of the country is kept efficient.

While stocks and bonds have not suffered to any great extent thus far—or at all in some instances—from the portentous happenings abroad, the entire country has been soothered by the reverse to the Allied arms. The setback has brought the realities of war home to the community as nothing else could have done and forced a realization of the tremendous significance of the battle now in progress in France. Mingled with the appreciation of the fact that the contest is between civilization on the one hand and barbarism upon the other has been a feeling of bitterness that this country is able to take but a small part, relatively, in what may be the decisive battle of the war. True, our forces, brigaded with the English and the French, are fighting gallantly under the supreme command of General Foch, but the situation is critical, the needs are urgent, and we could be doing so much but for our original unpreparedness.

Let those who have money to invest and who wish to invest it safely, and those who have funds with which they would like to speculate with fair prospects of making a gain, follow the example of successful investors and speculators.

Successful investors, whose fortunes we hear about from time to time, deal in listed securities as a rule, or in others of such high grade that there can be no question as to their genuineness. Every man with \$100 or more can buy the same kind of stocks that Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Carnegie, or any other millionaire owns. Standard Oil securities, Bethlehem Steel, United States Steel, can all be bought by the public, and the latter will receive exactly the same rate of dividends that the big owners receive.

It is better to hold one share of a dividend-paying stock, with a good record and costing \$100, than to own 100 shares at \$1 a share of a newly-promoted scheme against the success of which the chances are 1000 to 1. In these days of high wages and general prosperity an army of small investors is swelling to enormous proportions and many who

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are "feeling their way" are being tempted by promoters of schemes that deserve investigation by the Postoffice Department as well as by the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission. The latter two departments are very anxious to strike at big business. It would not be difficult for them to strike at the big fakers who promote fraudulent enterprises and thus to be helpful to, rather than disturbers of, the general prosperity.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

The National City Bank of New York in a recent consideration of economic conditions sums up the war situation as follows: "There will be no peace, no matter what occurs on the continent of Europe until the purposes for which the United States entered the war are realized. They will be realized not alone because the people of the United States will stand immovably for them, but because the whole world outside of Germany and her three allies will stand. They call for the vindication of certain principles of public right which were violated by the ultimatum to Serbia, by the attack upon Belgium, and by the violation of neutral rights upon the high seas. The world outside of the offending nations is one in its judgment upon these acts and the German military power will never dictate the terms of peace though her armies should sweep Europe to the shores of every sea."

The increasing demand for petroleum and its products, both in the United States and the world at large, lends interest to a compilation by the National City Bank of New York showing world production of petroleum and the share thereof by the United States from the earliest date of that industry down to 1917. This compilation shows that the United States in 1917 produced 342,000,000 barrels of crude oil, against 300,000,000 in 1916, 210,000,000 in 1910, and 64,000,000 in 1900, and that this country now produces two-thirds of the oil of the world. Of the world's output of crude petroleum the United States supplied 66 per cent. in 1916, against 64 per cent. in 1910, 43 per cent. in 1900, 60 per cent. in 1890, and 88 per cent. in 1880. The world production of petroleum in 1917 is stated at 461,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each, against 427,000,000 barrels in 1916, 328,000,000 in 1910, 149,000,000 in 1900, 77,000,000 in 1890, 30,000,000 in 1880, 6,000,000 in 1870, and about a half-million barrels in 1860. The world production of 1917 is estimated at about 500,000,000 barrels.

Our total production of petroleum in 1917 was larger than in any earlier year, exceeding that of 1916 by 42,000,000 barrels. The world production in 1916 was larger than in any earlier year, exceeding that of 1916 by 34,000,000 barrels. For 1917 there are no complete figures of world production owing to the absence of data on production in Russia and Roumania in that year. While presumably there was a large fall-off in production in Russia in 1917, the fact that the United States output increased about 40,000,000 barrels and that of Mexico increased 16,000,000 we may make the total world production of 1917 about 500,000,000 barrels.

The United States, despite the fact that she is by far the world's largest producer of petroleum, is becoming of late a considerable importer, the quantity of crude petroleum imported in the fiscal year 1915 being 652,000,000 gallons; in 1916, 871,000,000, and in 1917, 1,079,000,000, a very large proportion of this coming from Mexico and seeking a market in the United States because of her superior facilities for refining the crude product.

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**HELD BY CHINESE BANDITS.**

Experiences of the American Engineers Who Were Captured in Honan.

E. J. Purcell, one of the American railway construction engineers who, along with George A. Kyle and others, was captured by Honan handits in the interior, arrived in Shanghai from Peking and related the experiences of the captured party.

The party left Yencheng, Honan, on the morning of March 2d, composed of G. A. Kyle, chief engineer; E. J. Purcell, assistant engineer; P. S. Wu, assistant engineer; Theodore C. Hu, chief of the technical department of the Chou Hsiang Railway; Dr. Ngao and Teng Cho-hu, assistant. With the equipment that was loaded on fourteen carts were seven boxes of silver dollars, amounting to \$12,500, for the use of the party and for the two surveying parties of J. A. Collins and G. B. Watson. The party was escorted by ten soldiers furnished by the Yencheng magistrate, and four soldiers brought from the railway office in Peking.

When the party reached the village of Chan-Pa-chuang, west of Wu-yanghsien, at about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, it was attacked by bandits, who appeared on the mountains on both sides of the road.

As soon as the attack began the cart drivers whipped their teams up and made for what appeared to be a village ahead of them. But the move seemed like a preconceived plan, as the road led into a large enclosure surrounded by mud walls. After all the carts had entered the compound, the members of the party started to put up a defense. But in the meantime the guard had all disappeared with the exception of two of the Peking soldiers and one of the local soldiers.

The handits then proceeded to enter the compound and take away the arms and ammunition of the three soldiers and the Americans. They broke open the seven boxes of money and the other belongings to satisfy themselves as to the contents of the boxes and bags. They took the watches from the persons of the engineers, such articles in the equipment as compasses, barometers, etc., that appealed to their fancy, and all the money, but did not trouble themselves about hedding, clothing, and other heavy things. Natives were commanded to take away the money to the mountains. Before making away, the handits paid the cart drivers some money, which gave the engineers the impression that the attack was premeditated and that the cart drivers were accomplices.

The handits took Kyle, Purcell, and Wu with them, saying at the time that they were to accompany the handits for a few li until they got beyond the fire of soldiers that might be following in pursuit.

It was a fortunate fact that the engineers were sufficiently clad, for they were not allowed to take any more clothes than they had on their backs, nor could they take any hedding. The handits would not be encumbered by additional loads. Later on in the day Kyle's personal servant caught up with the party with a bag full of canned provisions for the Americans, but was driven away by the

handits at the point of the bayonet. When the party reached the mountains the money carriers were paid off and told to make their get-away, which they did in double-quick time.

During the period of their captivity the life of the engineers was about the same every day. They slept during the day and moved during the night, traveling as much as fifty to eighty li during the night and changing stations as often as three times a night. The party had to maintain comparative silence during most of the time for fear of soldiers. The engineers were kept together, but they did not often see the other Chinese captives that the handits had with them. They understood, however, that there were sixteen or twenty of them, some as young as three or four-year-old boys. They were well treated, according to the standards of the handits. They were always given the best places to sleep; if there were beds they would have them and the bandits themselves would sleep on the floor.

As Chinese food did not suit the party, the handits allowed foreign canned provisions to be brought in and would even commandeer a native to carry the food for the engineers. Water was always scarce and a wash was a luxury not to be indulged in daily. The handits would show a curiosity over the canned goods that the engineers would get and would invariably taste everything, though most of the things did not agree with bandit palates. There was always a guard of about four handits over them and an attempt to escape would have been fatal.

Although they were well treated in the matter of food, the captives were subjected to all sorts of indignities at the hands of the handits. They would be constantly searched; the bandits would feel their bodies and make insulting remarks. They would be taken to villages and made to sit down for an exhibition to the villagers. The handits would explain to the villagers that those were captives and would have their heads cut off if their purchase were not effected soon, and the bandits would go through the motions of cutting off heads. They would also at times threaten the engineers by loading their rifles and pointing them at the Americans.

This practice was apparently indulged in by the lesser handits, for they would desist upon the appearance of what seemed to be leaders. These latter were dressed mostly in long silk gowns and armed with Mauser automatic pistols. This constance subjection to indignities and threats was a heavy strain on the nerves and made life miserable for the engineers.

In the course of time negotiations relating to ransom were opened, and the handit chief received a communication stating the terms which the Yehsien magistrate was willing to agree to for the release of the engineers. This communication was brought to Wu, who was allowed to keep the letter. The chief intimated that he would not agree to the terms, as he had no confidence in the officials. The following were the terms given in the communication:

1. The enlistment of the handits in the regular army, immunity from punishment for previous crimes, and safety of lives, guaranteed by the American legation, copies of guarantees being in both English and Chinese.
2. Guarantee by the Honan military governor that official ranks will be bestowed and lives protected after enlistment.
3. The issue of a presidential mandate guaranteeing immunity from punishment, both by civil and military officers, for previous crimes.

A few days after this communication was received the handits got word that soldiers were beginning to surround them and they became uneasy and restless, changing their hiding places more frequently than before. They got the engineers to write frequently to the people at Yehsien not to send soldiers to attack them, threatening the safety of the lives of the Americans. The prisoners themselves were much concerned about the reports of the movements of soldiers and were often threatened by the handits, who made motions indicating decapitation and shooting. Among the handits the engineers had from the very beginning noticed some who felt better inclined towards them than others. In particular there was one who more often than the others kept watch over them, and this individual the prisoners nicknamed "gentleman handit."

The soldiers eventually appeared as anticipated. A battle ensued. In the confusion the captive engineers became separated, and through the aid of this "gentleman handit" Purcell and Wu finally escaped.

A new large porcelain factory has been established in Canton, China, which will not only engage in the manufacture of various chinaware, but will encourage the improvement of types now produced. The new factory covers ten acres of ground, and it is expected that a second factory will shortly be built to be operated in connection with it. The factory is run entirely by Chinese and is under the management of experts who are thoroughly familiar with the manufacture of chinaware.

### CURRENT VERSE.

**Prayer Before an Attack.**

It aint as I 'opes 'E'll keep me safe  
While the other blokes goes down,  
It aint as I wants to leave this world  
And wear an 'ero's crown.  
It aint for that as I says my prayers  
When I goes to the attack,  
But I pray that whatever comes' my way  
I may never turn me back.  
I leaves the matter o' life and death  
To the Father who knows what's best,  
And I prays that I still may play the man  
Whether I turns east or west.

—From "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," by Woodbine Willie, M. C. Published by the George H. Doran Company.

**Old Meg.**

There's never the taste of a cherry for me,  
They're out of my reach on the bough,  
And it's bard to be seeing them bang on the tree—  
And no man to hand me them now.

It's bard to be traveling since Billy Boy died,  
With the devil's own crick in my back,  
With the gout in my knees and a stitch in my side—  
And no man to carry my pack.

It's bard to be traveling the roads all alone,  
When the cherries bang bandy and ripe—  
And no man to find me a soft mossy stone,  
And no man to kindle my pipe.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

**The Dark Star.**

As prophesied by the late Professor Lowell.

I am the star, the great dark star,  
That is said to be coming your way.  
I travel through space at a terrible pace  
And the Earth is my ultimate prey;  
I know not the meaning of what you call rest  
I cease not by night or by day,  
And when I have come and my mission is done  
Triumphant I'll journey away.

No human eye has perceived my dark form  
As onward I rapidly soar,  
But the seer divined with the eye of the mind,  
And has known of my coming before;  
And because you have not the all-seeing eye  
His prophecy will you ignore,  
But your planet I'll crush in my mad headlong rush,  
And the living shall know you no more.

For once on a time I was young, like your Sun,  
I quivered with beat and with light,  
But now I am old, my body is cold,  
I live in the shade of my night;  
For cons I've traveled the universe o'er  
And wondrously swift is my flight,  
I am the star and I've come from afar,  
To shatter your all with my might.

—Marie D'Autremont Gerry, in Modern Astronomy.

**Mother's Grave.**

Here sweetly sleeps my first and only friend  
Whose charity was greater than my sin;  
Whose love endured, unselfish, to the end;  
Whose faith allowed no doubt to enter in.

Here sleep the leaden lids of watchful eyes,  
That kept their vigil through the tearful night  
Of fearsome infant ills and fitful cries,  
Nor won to slumber with the morning light.

Here sleep the blessed lips that kissed away  
All hurt and pain; all childish fear and grief;  
The lips that taught my lisping lips to pray,  
In holy confidence of fond belief.

Here sleep the gentle hands whose touch was balm,  
To soothe the soul and cool the fevered brow,  
With fingers deft, and treasure-laden palm;  
Nor with such gifts can wealth of worlds endow.

Here sleep, at last, the worn and weary feet  
That faltered not upon the crucial way,  
Nor stayed their tireless step to seek retreat  
From crag and thorn, where paths of duty lay.

Here calmly sleeps at rest, eternal rest,  
The heart that beat with impulse strong and true,  
While griefs and anxious fears raged in the breast,  
And fiercely drove their piercing arrows through.

Here passed the oversoul of motherhood,  
That brooded fondly o'er my tender years.  
O, Love! O, Mother Love! 'Tis meet I should  
Baptize this mound with penitential tears.

—Guy Hamilton Crook.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### Nocturne.

Mr. Swinnerton prefaces his book with a eulogy from Mr. Wells, who tells us that he himself usually writes about alterations and amendments to life, whereas Mr. Swinnerton contents himself with telling us about life as it is. We commend Mr. Swinnerton's methods to Mr. Wells, whose advocated improvements to life are not always judicious nor admirable.

Mr. Swinnerton tells us the story of a single evening in the life of a cockney household. There is the doddering old father with his pension and his two daughters, Jenny and Emmy. Jenny works in a store and Emmy makes bread and butter puddings and similar economical horrors at home in the tireless effort to persuade one penny to do the work of two. And then there is the stolid Alf, who is in love with Jenny and who comes around with tickets for the theatre, only to find that Emmy is palmed off on him by the adroit Jenny, who takes pity on the colorless life of her sister, and who, moreover, has another lover at sea. Curiously enough, the other lover sends a message after Emmy and Alf have departed, and so Jenny steals away and spends a hectic evening on Keith's ship, returning conscience-stricken to find that the neglected father has fallen down and hurt himself and that an evening's propinquity has done its fell work with Emmy and Alf, who at last have "found each other."

We should like to know what became of Jenny and Keith. We fear Keith is of the kind that loves and runs away. Sailors so often are. But we are not told. It is enough that we are allowed a glimpse of this London household, mutually saturated to the point of repulsion and yet hysterically loving each other, with no possible break save by marriage in the hideous cloud of a hopeless monotony. Perhaps Mr. Wells could have found a way out by means of high explosives applied to the moral code, but Mr. Swinnerton does not destroy the social system to build it again in three days. He seems content to draw aside a corner of the curtain and invite us to see things as they are.

NOCTURNE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40.

##### Deutschland ueber Allah!

Latterly we have heard little of Turkey and her relation to the war. Since the withdrawal of the ill-fated Dardanelles expedition our attention has been turned eastward only to note the operations in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and these have not served to make us realize the vital part that the disposition of the Ottoman Empire plays in final outcome and settlement of the war. Furthermore a solicitude regard for the interests and feelings of certain missionary enterprises has thus far kept us from the normal and righteous step of declaring war on the iniquitous tyranny of the Turk. It is time that we had the facts brought home to us and that we awakened to a situation fraught with the gravest peril both to success in the war and peace afterward.

It is to meet this need that Mr. E. F. Benson has written a most valuable and illuminating book. "Crescent and Iron Cross" gives a most vivid account of the hideous oppression under which the subject peoples of the Ottoman Empire have suffered, and at the same time lays bare the network of intrigue and "peaceful penetration" by which the Prussian octopus has placed its deadly tentacles about every activity in Turkey. It is an astounding mass of information that Mr. Benson has collected and set forth and it brings home in startling fashion the nature of the danger that threatens in Asia Minor. If our Congress could but read and ponder the clear exposition of this situation it would for the sake of civilization and our own honor at once join our allies in putting an end to the anomalous situation in which we now find

ourselves. We have been cajoled long enough with sickly tales of the Turk, who only needs to be let alone and not irritated in order that he may throw off the hated Teuton yoke.

"Crescent and Iron Cross" is written in sprightly fashion. It sparkles with irony and epigram. Sometimes it even offends by a seeming levity in matters of dreadful seriousness. But it is based on a far-reaching and painstaking study of official documents and gleaming of reliable information and deserves to rank as a great exposition of the inner history of Turkey and her relation to Prussia and to the war. As such it is commended to every one who would add to his library of war literature a valuable treatise on one side of the question that has received hitherto far too little attention.

J. L.  
CRESCENT AND IRON CROSS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

##### An Autobiography.

Those who believe in the moral and intellectual supremacy of the present day should read the story of the ordinary life of a New England girl in the middle of the last century. Such a story is told by Caroline A. Stickney Creevey in the autobiography that she entitles "A Daughter of the Puritans." It is only by such landmarks as this that we can measure our progress—forward or backward.

There is, of course, much to make us smile in such a story as we have here. There are pictures of bigotry, narrowness of vision, and fanaticism. Life seems cramped and strangled by formulas and creeds that must have gone far to extinguish joy and to take the sunshine from the mind of a child. And yet how immeasurably superior was this girl to the girls of a corresponding status in the system of today, how rigid her sense of duty, how inflexible her conscience, how keen her recognition of right and wrong. It would seem that in throwing away the dirty bath water we have thrown away the baby, too. In abolishing theological superstitions and restraints we have also abolished self-control and duty and self-discipline. With the loosening of a too-rigid code we have encouraged a rapidity of mind and morals, a concentration upon pleasure and profit, a worship of self that are becoming increasingly and deplorably evident.

The author tells us that when she was six years of age she was nearly drowned as a result of disobeying her mother. Her uncle impressed on her the enormity of her sin and told her that she was still unregenerate. "Where would you be now," he asked her, "if you had died in your disobedience?" He must have been somewhat surprised at the disconcerting rejoinder, "Without, with dogs and whoremongers."

The book has all the fascination of a novel. It is a picture of an era and drawn with the kindest and most skilled of hands.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PURITANS. By Caroline A. Stickney Creevey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

##### Democracy in Education.

We are acquiring a certain wariness toward new systems of education. We are even inclined to look with an added affection upon the old as having produced a larger crop of great men than their successors. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that perverse nature, needing heroes, has usually gone to the backwoods, and not to the universities, in search of them. Also we have a certain sympathy for the child, too often regarded by the assembled pedagogues as a piece of modeling clay to be shaped and molded into whatever form may seem at the moment to be desirable.

But Dr. Hart is largely free from the programme heresy, at least in its narrower aspects. Education, he says, should give to the child a sense of participation in a world-old evolutionary movement that has been slowly polarized toward democracy. Education should be an incentive to step into the ranks, not to imitate, but to continue. It should give a recognition of duty and of obligation, of identity with the past. The student of history should not be the curious observer. He should be in the procession, consciously and from choice.

To this end Dr. Hart gives us a history of education, or rather a summary of the great educational ideas that have successively held the field. It is done with much skill and with a broad and enlightened recognition of human needs as well as a perception that democracy means so much more than votes and that duties are so much more important than rights.

DEMOCRACY IN EDUCATION. By Joseph Kinmont Hart, Ph. D. New York: The Century Company.

##### Briefer Reviews.

Among Truhner's Language Manuals may now be found "A Rumanian Manual," by Fred G. Akerley, B. A. It is described as a concise grammar with exercises, reading extracts, and a select vocabulary, and it is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$1.25).

The George H. Doran Company has published "The German Pirate," by Ajax, a general survey of submarine activities and an account of the more flagrant breaches of in-

ternational law. It will be a useful hook for reference. The price is 50 cents.

Among recent stories for little children is "The Little Lame Prince," by Miss Mulock, attractively illustrated in colors, and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, 50 cents net.

"The Miracles of Jesus," by the Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D. D., D. C. L., Archbishop of York (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60), consists of reflections on the miracles from what may be called the theologically conventional point of view. It is a little disappointing.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews writes good short stories and she never displayed her talent to better purpose than in "Her Country," a story of the Liberty Loan. It can be read in an hour, but it will not soon be forgotten. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 50 cents.

"French in a Nutshell," by Jean Leeman (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1), is intended for the use of Americans joining the services. It is "worked out on a connected plan based on the grammatical foundation of the language, instead of being a mere collection of useful phrases heaped anyhow together." It is endorsed by the Alliance Française.

"Lighted Windows," by Dr. Frank Crane (John Lane Company; \$1.25), is a new volume of the short essays that seem to be so popular. Dr. Crane seems to deal rather extensively in that kind of optimistic philosophy that is usually falsified by experience. For example, he says, "The world is hungry for men who can and do make good." On the contrary the world is hungry for men who have the greatest power of self-acclaim and self-assertion.

The Macmillan Company has published "Wake Up, America," by Mark Sullivan, a reissue of articles that appeared first in *Collier's*. Mr. Sullivan addresses himself mainly to the submarine peril, which he thinks has been minimized by the authorities. With much that Mr. Sullivan says there must be general agreement, but there is evidence that he himself has fallen into the sin of the special pleader and that in many cases he has misinterpreted the facts. The price is 60 cents.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Just as the news came to this country that Captain James Norman Hall is not dead, but badly wounded and a prisoner in a German hospital, the completing chapters of his book, "High Adventure," a narrative of the air fighting in France, were received by his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, making it possible for the book to appear.

Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie, author of "How to Live at the Front" and "Over Here" (J. B. Lippincott Company), and one of the heroic Britons who held back the German horde at Ypres, has been ordered by the doctors to abandon his lecture tour under the auspices of the United States Committee on Public Information and to go to Auckland, New Zealand, to regain his health. He had expected to resume active service with his command, the British Royal Field Artillery, at the close of his tour.

"My deeds must be my life. When I am dead my actions must speak for me," said Stephen Girard, the first real biography of whom ("The Life and Times of Stephen Girard," by John Bach McMaster) has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Over nine thousand orphan boys have graduated from Girard College, among whom are many notable names; boys who have become successful bankers, lawyers, shipbuilders, manufacturers in every line, architects, scientists, doctors, writers—some of them in the first rank of their professions.

Footnotes to "Alice in Wonderland": is there no escaping the pedant? (asks the *Nation*). Must even our dreams be annotated? The middle-aged reader who came into the world as Alice was coming through the looking-glass hither resents any liberties with what he naturally regards as his own property. But the children of today are more tolerant with their inheritance and inclined to give the intruder a hearing. A small boy of seven, who reads his Alice once a week and may therefore be ranked an authority, when asked to "review" this new edition, said seriously: "Mr. Long's notes add interest because they are funny; and though Oliver Herford's illustrations aren't nearly so good as Tenniel's, still they are palatable."

The first story of the "tanks" to be written by a tank commander who has been into action with them in some of the fiercest fighting of the war, is "Life in a Tank," by Captain Richard Haigh, commander of the tank "Britannia," now touring this country. Captain Haigh, whose story begins with the training of a tank corps and carries on through its experiences in battle, entered Sandhurst in

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1914, having already chosen the army as his profession. Early in 1915 he went to the front with an infantry regiment, the Royal Berkshires. He fought with them until he was wounded at Loos. After his recovery he rejoined his regiment and was again wounded at the Somme, where he was recommended for, and later received, the Military Cross. After his second convalescence he joined the tank corps, fighting with them until he was sent to this country with the "Britannia."

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that Mr. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago has placed a dozen or more copies of the book, "Booker T. Washington, Builder of a Civilization," by Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe, in the libraries of all the cantonments throughout the United States where negro soldiers are stationed.

Hugues Le Roux, who is in this country as the representative of the French government, is a former editor of *Le Matin* and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He has lost his three sons in the war and nearly all his male relatives, and his recently published book, "On the Field of Honor" (Houghton Mifflin Company), is the story of the short military career and death of his son Robert, a young Lieutenant who was mortally wounded in his first engagement.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gold and Iron.

There can not be much doubt that "Tubal Cain" is the best of these three long short-stories. It is told with a grace and a sureness that mark it as art. It is careless, casual, and convincing. And yet, somehow, it is not the most interesting.

The most interesting, perhaps because it is a story of the sea, is "Wild Oranges." Its heroine is a beautiful woman who is held almost enslaved in her isolated home on the southern seas by a homicidal maniac who wants to marry her. She is rescued by the opportune arrival of the hero on his pleasure yacht, and there is a final desperate fight in which the maniac is killed and the lady carried off in triumph. It is a little melodramatic, and perhaps Mr. Hergesheimer had Conrad somewhat in mind as a model. But what of that?

The third story is "The Dark Fleece," which concerns the fate of the California forty-niner who returns to his Puritanical home in the East after he has acquired some of the more robust peculiarities associated with the days of gold in the West. Of course he loses the sweetheart of his youth, who does not wish to be kissed, but he wins another who does, and who thinks more of virility than of piety. Mr. Hergesheimer is among the most captivating of story-writers, whether we look at his powers of narrative or of characterization.

GOLD AND IRON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

Municipal Administration.

Professor William Bennett Munro devotes this substantial volume to a history of municipal government in America and to a survey of the methods in which it may most properly be extended and reformed. He deals with the planning of cities, streets, water, sewerage, lighting, police, fire, schools, and finance, showing how these many departments of municipal life have come into being and some of the essentials of their successful conduct and development. Perhaps what may be called the personal equation of the problem is somewhat overlooked by the author, as it usually is. Cities are governed by elected officials, and the electorate is usually indifferent to considerations either of efficiency or of personal conduct. Look, for example, at New York, consider the inferences that may be drawn from the election in San Francisco of Eugene Schmitz.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION. By William Bennett Munro. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE WORLD WAR. By John Leyland. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.  
With illustrations.

LIGHTED WINDOWS. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.  
Short essays.

THE MERCHANT SEAMAN IN WAR. By L. Cope Cornford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
With a foreword by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

THE PRETTY LADY. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
A novel.

WINGED WARFARE. By Major W. A. Bishop, V. C., D. S. O., M. C. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
The story of an airman.

JAPAN OR GERMANY. By Frederic Coeiman. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.  
The inside story of the struggle in Siberia.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PRESENT CRISIS. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.  
An analysis of the value of force.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS AS MARKS ON THE WAY OF LIFE. By the Rt. Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D. D., D. C. L. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.  
New American edition.

THE PARABLES OF JESUS. By the Rt. Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D. D., D. C. L. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.  
New American edition.

A RUSSIAN MANUAL. By J. H. Freese, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.  
An introduction to the study of Russian.

A RUMANIAN MANUAL. By Fred G. Ackerley, B. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.  
Self-instruction in Rumanian.

THE SHERIFF'S SON. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.  
A novel.

HOPE TRUEBLOOD. By Patience Worth. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.  
A novel by a "Pre-Victorian Writer."

WHAT IS NATIONAL HONOR? By Leo Pesla. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.  
The challenge of The Reconstruction.

OFFENSIVE FIGHTING. By Major Donald M. McRae, M. C. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.  
Authorized by the Secretary of War.

POLICE RESERVE AND HOME DEFENSE GUARD MANUAL. By Major William A. Dawkins and

Inspector Cornelius F. Cahalane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.  
A text-book.

FOE-FARRELL. By Quiller-Couch. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.  
A novel.

WAKE UP, AMERICA. By Mark Sullivan. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents.  
An appeal.

SANTO DOMINGO. By Otto Schoenrich. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.  
A country with a future.

THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT. By P. T. Forsyth, M. A., D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.  
The effect on this life of faith in another.

TENTING TONIGHT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.  
A story of a holiday.

CASTE THREE. By Gertrude M. Shields. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40.  
A novel.

WHERE THE SOULS OF MEN ARE CALLING. By Credo Harris. New York: Britton Publishing Company; \$1.35.  
A story from the French battle front.

HER COUNTRY. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents.  
A story of the Liberty Loan.

ALBERT, FOURTH EARL GREY. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.  
A memoir.

THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.  
A companion volume to "The War and the Bagdad Railway."

UNDER THE GERMAN SHELLS. By Emmanuel Bourcier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.  
The life of the poilu.

THE RETINUE AND OTHER POEMS. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.  
A volume of verse.



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TRUCKING TO THE TRENCHES. By John Iden Kautz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.  
The adventures of a truck driver.

A SURGEON IN ARMS. By Robert J. Manion. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.  
Some war experiences.

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS. By Georges Duhamel. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.  
Stories of the nameless heroes of the French front.

THE WAY OUT. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.  
A novel.

THE FIGHTING ENGINEERS. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30.  
An account of the work of the engineers.

THE MASTER. By Herman Bahr. Adapted for the American stage by Benjamin F. Glazer. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.  
A play.

THE ROSE-BUSH OF A THOUSAND YEARS. By Mahel Wagnalls. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents.  
A story.

KEEPING OUR FIGHTERS FIT. By Edward Frank Allen. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25.  
A hook of information and reassurance.

THE MAN FROM BAR 20. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.40.  
A story of the frontier.

THE GERMAN PIRATE. By Ajax. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents.  
His method and record.

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### "BLIND YOUTH."

The play at the Columbia is a work resulting from the collaboration of Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen. Mr. Tellegen is evidently a versatile young man, for besides being an actor and a playwright, he has blossomed out as a stage manager; the present enterprise being conducted under his own management. Ever since his first appearance acting in French with Bernhardt he seems to have caught on with the American public. There is something in his appearance and personality which seems to impress itself upon them agreeably. Although he has been playing in English for only a few years, an interest in him and his career seems to be widely disseminated throughout the play-going public.

Monday night Mr. Tellegen apparently delighted the large audience assembled at the Columbia Theatre. They applauded him most warmly, and gave him curtain call after curtain call. I remember enjoying Mr. Tellegen's romantic impersonation of a young French officer when he was supporting Bernhardt some years ago. Yet, to be perfectly frank, Mr. Tellegen's work as an actor is very vulnerable to criticism. It is full of faults and extravagances. He does not display consistency in his characterization. Pronounced theatrical in his instincts, his dramatic sense is lacking in judiciousness and balance. He has gifts, undoubtedly. For one thing he has good looks and physical presence; for another an agreeable carrying voice. With this latter endowment, however, he must have greatly afflicted those in the remotest circles of the auditorium, for he has a habit, or a mannerism, of pitching his voice so low that it can be nothing less than teasing and aggravating for those remotest ones who have cut out the movies and gone to the legitimate theatre with some idea of enjoying the pleasures of hearing. Players make a great mistake in not taking due heed about making themselves audible to their audience. Such a deficiency induces a sense of injury to the would-be listeners, who always have the much cheaper movies to turn to. And make no mistake, ladies and gentlemen of the stage, the well-to-do are just about as fond of the movies as the economical or the poor, and find almost equal entertainment there.

Mr. Tellegen's worst fault, however, is a tendency to be sensational in his acting. Without sufficiently strong melodramatic motive he puts on high-power melodramatic style. He is supposed to be a nice young man, full of sensibility, good feeling, and good intentions. I speak of him as he is in the second act. But he is actually tigerish in his outbursts and has a bad habit of letting out explosive yelps, which are not duly motivated and are therefore meaningless. Yet, with all these faults, it can not be denied that Mr. Tellegen has presence, personality, and the ability to hold firmly the concentrated attention of the house when he has the stage centre.

Supporting him is a company of nine or ten players of adequate ability. The leading lady, Marie Chambers, has, like Mr. Tellegen, a strong theatrical instinct. She made two good entrances in keeping with the line of vampire woman that she was depicting. She was showy and effective both in street and evening dress, and her physiognomy adapted itself to the rôle of Mme. Chandoce. Gilda Leary was too saccharine as Maurice's legitimate sweetheart, and Marguerite Forrest was sprightly, pretty, and cute, but too self-conscious, as Boho. Mark Smith made a very good start as Tuhhy, but he plays too much with his voice, and the rôle didn't hold out well anyway. Mr. Porcasi gave the trite American view of an explosive Latin, and Mr. Riggs conscientiously made Harry as disagreeable as possible. Of the two or three other rôles that of the mother stands out. In fact it is one of the most important ones in the play. Jennie Eustace was a good selection for the part, as she is able to suggest reserves of feeling and motive in the not very comprehensible character of Mrs. Wilton. This actress, in fact, had a very ticklish job.

There is, however, a lack of clarity of motive throughout the play. I am not familiar enough with Willard Mack's work to make a comparison between "Blind Youth" and other plays from his pen, but I will venture the surmise that after collaborating with Mr. Tellegen a larger element of sentimentality

than Mr. Mack habitually deals with has been precipitated into the play. For Mr. Tellegen impresses me as a sentimentalist.

The play is fairly crammed with faults. It does not possess naturalness. When in the first act Maurice enters those two merry spirits, Tuhhy and Louis, stand round respectfully and with uncharacteristic reverence allow their half-tipsy comrade, who really needs a good kicking more than anything else, to unpack himself of a very long monologue. No motive is evident to account for the character of Boho, and very little for that of Henri. In the second act there is a reasonless disagreeableness about the jarring family relations. It seems as if the authors had created the mother's indifference toward her elder son merely to cast a mushy, sentimental halo of pathos around his head. There is a good deal of feminine inconsistency in Maurice's demeanor toward his mother. The little contest in words between them, in which he reproaches her for her lack of affection, and then, quite like a woman, denies that he is bitter, is another instance of a scene without sufficient motivation. I was penetrated all through with the perception that the authors were not holding the threads of motive and action with sufficient firmness. The construction is faulty. For instance, Frances' belief in the falsity of her lover only lasted a few moments, whereas it should have endured over nearly the whole of the last act. Instead of being an essential part of the play it was a mere incident. The final embrace between Maurice and his mother was really rather squashy. In fact I am obliged to confess, in another burst of confidence, that I really consider "Blind Youth" rather a rubbishy play, but, judging from the demeanor of the first-night audience, it is the kind of rubbish that the public takes to kindly. As for Mr. Tellegen, I am of the opinion that his forte is high-class melodrama. Only I advise him to abstain from any share in the authorship of the melodrama, for he inclines too much toward a romanticism that is really sentimentality.

### THE ORPHEUM.

"The Frontier of Freedom" is probably the principal drawing attraction of the week at the Orpheum, although there is the usual variety of popular attractions. They call it "a homeshell of excitement from the western front," and, as it keeps one pretty considerably stirred up, the descriptive phrase is not undeserved. The piece begins auspiciously, or rather is preceded by, the introduction of two heroes from the western front to the audience. Sergeant-Major Jack Anderson, one of the few survivors of the original Princess Pat Regiment, is a Scot with the thickest kind of a Scotch hurr on his tongue. One of his legs has been shot away, but not his martial spirit. Captain Ransom, U. S. R., who, preceding our entrance into the war, joined the French army, has apparently retained his natural cheerfulness unimpaired. He made jokes and told funny stories in his speech, but the more serious-minded Scotman reminded us of our responsibilities, and made a plea for us to hack with our best efforts the struggle of the boys in the trenches; a plea which can not be made too often.

The best thing about the piece itself is the setting and the noise of shot and shell. The spectacle of men in the trenches, even if it is only stage play, with the noise of explosives and the fury of flame about them, puts the audience in a very emotional state. They know only too well the gory reality that underlies this stage representation.

There is plenty of dialogue and action in the piece, but the dialogue is too long-winded and declamatory. Even when our emotions are reached and we feel excited and weepy, we know that soldiers on the firing line never unroll such yards of words. Nevertheless the piece serves its purpose. The audience responds ardently to every appeal to its emotions, and the act in its entirety is a very good piece of propaganda.

A company of half a dozen men play the requisite rôles with all their heart. Captain Ransom played the leading rôle, showing a practiced acquaintance with stage work. Somehow the whole act, which is full of youthful feeling and war-time fervor, made us think of our fighting men on the front playing with stage-acting, exercising their dramatic talents and trying to forget the horrors that loom in No Man's Land. This is one way that it appeals to us, and the other and never-failing appeal is the reminder of the mighty struggle over there into which our boys are embarking with characteristic cheerfulness, invincible courage, and unswerving resolution.

### OUR LOCAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Apparently the San Francisco Grand Opera Company has come to stay, having established itself as a very popular local institution. A week ago they sang "The Barber of Seville," and it struck me that night that it was very much like seeing Italian opera on its native

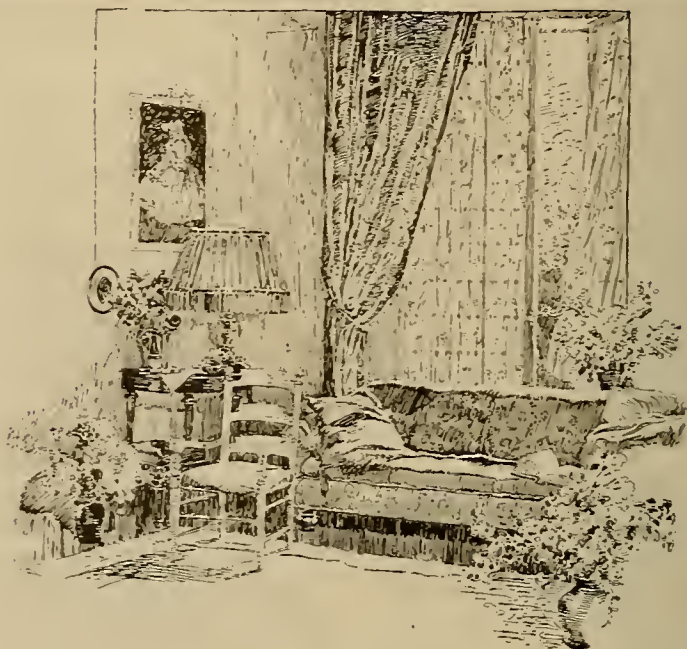
heath. Many a time have I seen sophisticated audiences gaze steadily, unwinkingly, and mirthlessly into the eyes of Italian huffo singers. But it was different at the Washington Theatre. In the first place the performers were heartened up to the comedy pitch by feeling that the Italians in the audience would appreciate the humor of the performance. When they relapsed into recitative, or an occasional word or so of dialogue there were little gurgles and ripples of laughter running over the house. In fact I don't believe I ever saw an entire company in "The Barber of Seville" so thoroughly animated by the appropriate spirit.

Not that I am saying that the performance musically was exceptionally fine; there were flaws, both vocal and instrumental. The instrumental music at times was too loud; the seven instruments probably trying to make up for the lack of orchestral size. Sometimes the voices were too assertive, and failed to blend. But the performance as a whole was characterized by the gaiety that its composer intended it should have, and the performers collectively were well up to the operatic demands. Lina Reggiani was the Rosina; and a very desirable acquisition to the company she is. Oddly enough, however, she was the least in the huffo spirit of the piece. But she knows her business as a singer, and did her ornamental vocalism in highly creditable style, for the competent little soprano is quite a mistress of floriture. The experienced Dadone made a good Barber, and Messrs. Magagno, Neri, and D'Agaroff rounded out a performance which must have recalled to

the elder Italians of the audience pleasures they had experienced in their native Italy.

Enthusiasm is a mighty valuable asset. With enthusiasm plus other qualities the management has got its organization into good working order, and attracted the attention of all the confirmed lovers of opera in town. The Washington Theatre bids fair to become a confirmed centre of local musical enthusiasm. Tuesday night I went there and heard a different set of people—that I wrongly supposed to be members of the regular company—in "The Bohemian Girl." To my surprise I heard the dialogue delivered in good, polished stage English. The voices were fresh and pretty, the acting quite spirited, the performance enjoyable. Afterwards I learned that it was the same company, partly amateurs, partly professionals, that had sung "The Bohemian Girl" in Oakland two years ago. Alexander Bevani, who was Devilshoof, has headed one or two operatic companies that have sung here. He was one of the tallest, blithest, and nimblest Devilshoofs I have ever seen. Joseph Frederick, the tenor, is an Englishman who has been up to his ears in serious war work, and who, they say, worked up this production for a change of thought. He sang the rôle of Thaddeus like a practiced veteran, as indeed he is, having, with his former wife, Rose Shay, headed his own operatic company in the East.

He certainly showed judgment in the singers he assembled, for the voices of the chorus were sweet and sure. Edith Benjamin, as Arline, displayed a pure, fresh, and sympathetic soprano, not sufficiently under



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control to be always sure in pitch, while coloratura at present is a thing for her to abstain from. But the voice is there ready for the finishing touches. Mme. Louise Noe handled her lovely mezzo with firmness and musical discretion, while Marion Veeki was well placed in the romantic rôle of the Count of Arnhem; and Mario Siegler, who was obliged at short notice to supplant Mr. William Rainey in the rôle of Florenstein, acquitted himself with credit.

It all goes to show how enthusiasm kindles more enthusiasm. These people had attracted a large audience to the Washington Theatre, which seems to prove that as Americans are largely patronizing the Italian performances there, it might be a safe proposition occasionally to give opera in English at this theatre. I hear, by the way, that "Carmen," cut down to an hour and a half in length, and sung in English, has been going the rounds of the big soldier camps and meeting with enormous success.

#### PAULIST CHORISTERS.

It takes thousands to make an audience of appreciable size in the Exposition Auditorium, so the really good-sized audience that assembled at the first of the Paulist Choristers' concerts was to the eye inconsiderable. Actually it would have overflowed the Cort Theatre. The second concert was much more slimly attended; rather surprising, in view of the fact that the Roman Catholic church has a very large representation in this city.

People, however, while not attending these concerts, have felt curious about them. As a matter of fact boy chorals belong in churches. Their pure, soaring voices easily lend themselves to the suggestion of the choiring of the young-eyed cherubim. And, indeed, they give us a thrill of pleasure when, invisible as they are, we first hear those angelic strains which the imagination spiritualizes. Seen on the stage, however, in rather faded gray uniforms and without the idea of sanctity conferred by the white gown of boy choristers, we immediately lost this idea; more particularly as they graded up to big boys, and even to a few mature and gray-headed men. These singers, of course, supplied the heavier voices for the choral; while ten or a dozen of the younger boys supplied the angel voices.

Father Finn has his carefully trained choral under good control, and by a code of signals conveys his commands to the body of singers. But one observes in the faces of the youthful singers a sort of routine look; the look of boys who are traveling along in the grooves more appropriate to grown people. Their musical talent has made them lose some of the rapture of care-free boyhood, and not yet have the younger ones attained to that knowledge of life which enables them to put much feeling into their songs. Still there is always a certain proportion of people who love the sound of these sweet, pure, passionless boy voices, and to such the singing of these numerous sacred selections rendered in Latin no doubt gave keenest pleasure; and also their rendering of the group of old American folk songs, above all "Old Black Joe," sung with melodious simplicity by a little soloist. Some of the boy sopranos sang very ambitious selections, one of their number doing some quite remarkable execution in coloratura.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Figured out according to mathematics, if every shipyard in America building steel ships could launch a vessel in each shipyard as speedily as the New York Shipbuilding Corporation launched the *Tuckahoe* (twenty-seven days) America would turn out 4365 ships a year. That is figured on the basis of 404 ways for steel ships and 300 working days a year. If each ship were the same size as the *Tuckahoe* (approximately 5550 tons) the total tonnage would be 25,107,500.

At present there are about seventy sawmills of all sizes and descriptions operating in the Philippine Islands, about twelve of which can be compared to the average modern sawmills in the United States. The largest sawmills are located on timber concessions, while the others are operated under short-term licenses. The total cut of the mills of the Philippine Islands is about 65,000,000 to 70,000,000 board feet per year.

Down in the little village of Verbena, Alabama, sixty miles south of Birmingham, the church bell rings every evening at 6 o'clock, and every villager, man, woman, and child, with head uncovered and reverently bowed, repeats the prayer: "God bless our President, our soldiers and the nation, and guide them on to victory." They call it the "prayer of the bell."

On May 1st Great Britain had 140 concrete barges of 1400 tons each and twenty-four concrete tugboats in advanced stages of production, and France had 700 barges of the same size and fifty tugboats, all made of concrete.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### "Intolerance" at the Cort.

D. W. Griffith's colossal screen spectacle, "Intolerance," will hold forth at the Cort Theatre for a single week, beginning Sunday, June 9th, immediately preceding the engagement of Oliver Morosco's new fun show, "Lombardi, Ltd."

There are three love stories, each with its own set of characters. The principal players of the largest and most distinguished cast ever assembled for the screen include such celebrities as Lilian Gish, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Constance Talmadge, Bessie Love, Seena Owen, Margey Wilson, Robert Herron, Alfred Paget, Elmer Clifton, Tully Marshall, and Walter Long. The special orchestration will be a feature.

During the week's engagement of "Intolerance" at the Cort a daily matinee will be given.

##### Final Week of "Blind Youth."

Lou Tellegen will begin the last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre Monday night. The play is "Blind Youth," a dramatic comedy in three acts. In it Mr. Tellegen appeared here for the first time as an English-speaking player and it is only due praise to say that in him there has been added to the stage of this country an actor well worth while.

In "Blind Youth" there is an exceptional example of how a play should be cast. The company one and all enter into the spirit of the drama and the star himself is foremost in the give and take of position in the scenes. It is not often that our stage sees such an exceptional ensemble performance. All in all, taking Mr. Tellegen, his company, and the play, we have here one of the most attractive offerings of the season. The usual matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be remarkable for its novelty and variety.

Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will be the new headline attraction. Their work has always been distinctive because of its dignity and aplomb, proving that comedy, song and dance are greatly improved by refinement. Mr. De Haven and Miss Parker has just completed a series of comedy films. These films increased their popularity and whetted the public's desire to see these two popular players again. Mr. De Haven writes the songs and jests he and Miss Parker use.

"The Honeymoon," Aaron Hoffman's newest comedy, in which Glen Anders and company will appear, is the story of a young man who marries a girl who is a bit of a shrew in order that he may tame her.

Dixie Norton and Coral Melnotte will appear in a delightful act which introduces singing, dancing, and a male impersonation by Miss Norton. It is described as "Songs, Styles, and Steps."

The Taylor Trio, one man and two girls, will be seen in a sensational wire offering which calls for great skill and daring and is entirely different to anything of the kind previously presented.

The patriotic sketch, "The Frontier of Freedom," with Captain L. E. Ransom, Q. M., U. S. R., Sergeant-Major Jack Anderson, M. C., Princess Pat Regiment, which is creating a furor; Julie Ring and company in "Divorced"; Kathleen Clifford, "the Smartest Chap in Town," and Sallie Fisher and company in Clare Kummer's New England play, "The Choir Rehearsal," will be the other attractions.

##### New Morosco Show Coming.

Coming here direct from the Morosco Theatre, New York, where it has held the boards for an entire year, Oliver Morosco's newest "fun show," "Lombardi, Ltd." will Leo Carillo as the featured player, will make itself known at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday, June 17th. The authors are Frederic and Fanny Hatton, who also wrote "Upstairs and Down," which will be here shortly. Grace Valentine, Warner Baxter, Hallam Bosworth, Harold Russell, and the entire original New York cast will be brought here intact.

"We've missed you for several mornings," remarked the blonde typewriter to the thin boarder as he glided into the meatless-wheatless breakfast-table. "Well, see if you can miss this one, Cutie," replied the conundrum-thriller. "Why is the English general, Sir Julian Byng, the hero of Cambrai, like Annette Kellermann, the swimmer?" "One has made good in fights and the other in tights," suggested the hank clerk with the red necktie. "Won't do," answered the man who started the trouble. "Listen. Here's the answer: Because they were both made famous by the tanks."

Japan has built at Tokyo an astronomical observatory that for size and completeness will equal anything in the United States or Europe.

#### German Lessons.

(The following extract from Horne's "Pennsylvania German Manual, for Pronouncing, Speaking and Writing English," is furnished by a correspondent to the New York Nation. The edition of 1896 gives a letter both in Pennsylvania German and in English, ostensibly written to Queen Victoria by the Emperor William and accompanied by wood cuts of both monarchs. The English version follows.)

BERLIN, GERMANY, January 10, 1896.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER: You must make your people behave themselves better, else it could indeed cause war between the English and the Germans. You have anyhow no business to oppress the poor Boers so hard. They have fought for their land and have earned their liberty. If you English must necessarily steal to pass your time, then steal from larger countries, not from such a poor, weak people that can hardly help themselves. It may be that it is not your own fault; perhaps it is the old, stuhhorn, thick-headed, red-faced Salishury who makes you, my dear grandmother, so much trouble.

What do you think that Uncle Prince of Wales thinks about it? Has he nothing to say? I think he is too hussy playing cards, drinking wine, and riding in his carriage. Does he play that game yet that they call Packerack? If he does, he should surely quit it immediately. How is it? Is it true that the English want to throw me out of the clubs that I joined when I was in London? What the devil, do you think, I care whether they throw me out or not? Just tell Uncle Wales that he should get the account of what I owe the club for dues and the like and I will pay them right away. But tell him he must send me a receipt, or else they would cheat me yet besides. Such chaps you mustn't trust too far.

And now, grandmother, one thing more and I am done. Kruger must be supported, and no matter what you say, you may send down as many of your ships as you like. Germany has ships, too, and better torpedo boats than England.

You would better not fight so much with words, but keep cool, else there will be war and we will whip you as the Americans have done at times. You must not think that I will not fight because I am married and have a large family to support; especially in winter since it is so cold. Oh no, grandmother, you are off your hase if you think so. This reminds me that I must bring my letter to a close. I must go out to drill my soldiers and get my people ready for a thundering big slaughter, so that when it is necessary we are prepared.

Respectfully,

WILHELM.

Mrs. Minnie Leoniff and Mrs. Gussie Felner became mothers of girls the same day in a New York hospital several months ago. Mrs. Leoniff wasn't in condition at first to nurse her child, so it was given to Mrs. Felner, who nursed both children temporarily. A day or two later one of the babies was returned to Mrs. Leoniff, and later both women left the hospital each with a baby. But no sooner did Mrs. Felner reach home than her sister declared the child Mrs. Felner was caring for wasn't her baby. After a time the mother herself grew suspicious. In the Leoniff household doubts also began to arise. The little Blanche was so unlike her rosy-cheeked dark brothers and sisters. She was blonde, had light blue eyes, and instead of being hoisterous and robust, was slight and pale. A few weeks ago there was an accidental meeting of the mothers and babies on the street. Instantly Mrs. Felner decided that Mrs. Leoniff's Blanche was really her child. But nobody at the hospital would even own that such a mistake could happen. The mothers finally went before a magistrate, before whom the hospital physician admitted that an exchange might have occurred. The magistrate finally awarded the Leoniff baby to Mrs. Felner and the Felner child to Mrs. Leoniff because there was a striking resemblance between the child and a twelve-year-old boy of the Leoniff family and between the other baby and its mother.

More than 3000 boys between sixteen and twenty years old are being used as apprentices and helpers in the shipyards of Seattle. The foremen declare that in many of the essential duties the boys are fully as efficient as the best of their seniors—quicker in action and more ambitious to excel.

Investigation by New York City committees of building trades has revealed that more than \$5,000,000 will flow into projects through the United States in the rebuilding of Europe during the five years after the end of the war.

The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet calls.

The Salt River Valley in Arizona annually produces thirty-five carloads of honey for shipment.



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#### Seventy-Year-Old Messenger Boy.

Auburn, one of New York's interior cities, has a seventy-two-year-old messenger boy. Although retired from active work, he decided he could do some war service by taking some young man's place with the telegraph company.

Every morning he is at the office at 8 o'clock. He takes an hour for rest at noon and then he is back on the job until 6 o'clock. He gets all kinds of calls from all kinds of places, just as any messenger boy does, but of course he meets with and extends courtesies which do not always go with a messenger's work.

"I have had some amusing experiences," he remarked recently. "I answered one call and the man said: 'Are you from the Western Union?' I replied that I was. 'Well,' he said, 'I wanted a boy, not the president of the company.'"

"There was another call to the St. Cloud and I went. The man said: 'Are you a boy?' But before I could answer another man remarked facetiously, 'He was when you called.'"

Electricity sufficient to supply all the industries of Petrograd and to light and give power for the needs of the entire northern district is to be generated from the falls of the Neva, Volkov, Svir, Narova, and other rivers, according to plans being worked out by the Russian National Economic Council. For Petrograd alone a special station will be built on the Volkov, with a capacity of 60,000 volts.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The great Red Cross pearl necklace now being contributed by the society women of England contained 1300 pearls according to the latest advices. The largest round pearl weighs 32.20 grains and it is expected that every collection in England will soon be represented. The best-known jewelers in the country are engaged in the work of valuation and classification, and they are now arranging for a public exhibit of the gifts. Many of the pearls come from men. Jewelry, they say quite truly, ought not to be worn at all under present conditions. Probably it ought not to be worn during the next twenty-five years or so. Why hide it away in drawers and boxes? Many of these pearls come from women who have lost their men folk. A mother writes: "It is not a perfect pearl, but it is the only one I have. I send it in memory of a pearl beyond all price already given—my only son; and I feel that perhaps one pearl in that great historic necklace, from me, may hang side by side with those of greater beauty, even as the mothers of only sons stand side by side with those who, richer, could give more."

Americans have participated in the London Red Cross campaign. A wealthy Englishman offered to give \$40,000 in return for a portrait of his wife painted by Mr. John S. Sargent, and Mr. Sargent promptly cabled from New York that the portrait should be forthcoming. Mr. Henry Duveen cabled \$40,000 from New York, and Mr. Lyle Samuel of New York made a generous donation in order to bring up the total to round figures.

Miss Rebecca West, writing in the London *Clarion*, says that the world's worst failure is woman. Mr. Robert Blatchford, the editor of the *Clarion*, makes a running leap into the lists armed cap-a-pie, whatever that may mean, and champions the cause of woman against its feminine assailant. Woman, says Mr. Blatchford from his unimpassioned age of sixty-five years, is not a failure. He has been observing her from dawn to twilight, so to speak. Woman is a success. She has passed her final examination. She has graduated with honors. She shall be perpetuated and immortalized.

It must be admitted that the indictment brought by Miss West is of the flimsiest description. She reaches her conclusions by a process of self-analysis and from the purely personal standpoint, as all women do. In point of fact she had spilled some ink upon her best frock, and for a moment we are tempted to applaud such a disposition of a much ill-used fluid. But Miss West is plunged into the depths of despair. Artfully she tells us that the frock was made of petunia satin. She says that the folds of that ruined gown were "irrelevant," and then, for the sake of the male reader, she adds that they were costly. You see she gets it all in. Instantly an horizon hitherto bright was overcast with clouds. She had lost that sense of spiritual well-being which which, so we are told by an eminent writer, is conferred by clothes so much more effectively than by piety. She was consumed, she says, by silent rage. But only for a moment. The conviction of sin came close upon the heels of the rage, "for what could make me drape myself in irrelevant and costly folds of petunia satin, and what could make me forfeit my mental serenity at their defacement, if it were not for some deep and overlaid but sturdy instinct for elegance?" Evidently the woman's creed is that the woman must please. She must seek her happiness in pleasing men. Therefore woman is the world's worst failure.

The indictment is hereby dismissed, or quashed, or whatever it is that one does to indictments, Mr. Blatchford concurring. Why should the woman who tries to please be pronounced a failure? On the contrary. It is the woman that does not try to please that is the failure. Presumably Miss West would be quite satisfied with herself if she were able to find contentment in a faded khaki suit while addressing herself wholeheartedly to the society for teaching eugenics to the Esquimaux. Or as a stenographer in a public office, working like a convict and proclaiming her independence. Or pretending to be a soldier. Or doing anything else whatsoever that is untainted by the characteristics that are distinctively womanly. Woman becomes a failure only when she is feminine. To succeed she must cease to be a woman. Truly it is a strange gospel.

We do not know Miss West. She lives far across the hriny ocean. And yet in a sense we feel that we do know her. We can imagine ourselves as living with her, watching her pathetic efforts not to be a woman, and hating her more and more every day. And then at last comes the great occasion that she portrays for us. We find her sitting in the petunia satin frock, writing her little essays. We don't care a whoop in Hades about the little essays. We have done them ourselves, driven thereto by the keen edge of pury. But we like that frock. It is some frick. It is a revelation of a furtive femi-

ninity. It suggests unsuspected fountains, and shrines, and great rocks in thirsty lands. We feel at once and in some mysterious way that our animosity toward Miss West is abating. You can't really hate a woman, but sometimes you have to excavate deeply to find the woman. But Miss West in that petunia satin is obviously feminine. She has put away her horrid disguise. She has emerged. And then comes the calamity, the inkstain. It spreads among those "irrelevant and costly folds" and Miss West observes its progress in "silent rage." That, at least, is what she says, but being a witness, so to speak, we can certify to the fact that the rage was not quite silent, and that there was something more than a suggestion of tears. We can not expect Miss West to confess these things, lahoring as she does under the conviction that she really must try and not be a woman, but they are so. The rage was neither silent nor tearless, and so in a moment we are on our knees to Miss West. We had suspected her of being a failure. She nearly was a failure. She did her best to fail. But in spite of it all she has succeeded. Her triumph began when she put on that petunia satin dress. It was that glorious and redeeming inkstain that did the rest. Was ever ink shed in a more glorious cause?

In describing the coolness with which the Paris populace receive aerial bombardments a London correspondent says: "It was my good luck on this occasion to notice once more the rapidity with which the sentiments of a crowd change and to see how little is needed to restore its coolness and even its gayety. One of the last bombs dropped by the German avions fell into the Seine, harming nothing except a hateau-lavoir, where, fortunately, there was nobody—and the fish. The latter, 'shell-shocked,' as if by a charge of dynamite, floated on the surface of the water by hundreds. Of course the first to notice the happy accident was one of those street boys of Paris who fear nothing, who had stayed on the quay to enjoy the sight.' He spread the good news eagerly, and soon you could see the owners of the other hateau-lavours and those harges that fetch coal and barrels of wine to the great city, putting out in little boats to gather the material for a dish of 'whitehait.' The aerial bombardment had not yet stopped. Nevertheless a great number of people left the cellars where they had taken refuge, and grouped themselves—most imprudently—on the bridges, to watch this miraculous catch."

Speaking of the vanity and overhearing manners of the German soldier during the period when the Teuton military system was being organized, Samuel Adler tells this: "Ten years ago two women relatives of mine spent some time in Berlin. Being true American women, they failed to become passively accustomed to the rude manner of the Soldaten, especially the ogling in which they indulged on street-cars and elsewhere. Finally they communicated their annoyance to their good-natured and, it proved, well-informed German landlady. Her advice to them was to meet the next fixed stare of a soldier by ignoring the stare, but, in turn, gazing intently at the military feet. Immediate opportunity occurred on a street-car, when two officers sat in front of them and favored them with their usual impudent impingement of the eye. The ladies ignored the gaze, but steadfastly regarded the officers' feet as though something worth more than passing notice. The officers first quit stroking their bristling moustaches, then squirmed in their seats, and finally and abruptly left the car. They were hornproof against usual feminine weapons, but retired when their vanity was assailed. They were ashamed of their big feet."

Belgium was the first country in the world to systematically adopt the health inspection of school children. Perhaps the remarkable fortitude of the Belgians during these past few years is due in no small measure to the good physical condition of the people, brought about by the correction of defects in early life, and discovered through the national system of health inspection. Even today Belgian children, victims of the rigors of war, are sent to Holland for periods of a few weeks, in order that they may recuperate, obtain milk and other nourishing foods unobtainable in war-stricken Belgium, and return to the little kingdom better fitted for withstanding the hardships inflicted by the German destroyers.

Canada's new budget embraces many new business taxes, among them a tax of 10 per cent. on the selling value of autos, talking machines, records, and piano and organ players. The business tax of 25 per cent. of the profits over 10 per cent. is made to apply to capital as low as \$25,000, instead of \$50,000, as formerly. Taxable incomes now begin at \$1000 instead of \$1500 for single persons, and \$2000 instead of \$3000 for married persons. Supertaxes are increased, and a war surtax has been added. The corporation tax has been raised from 4 to 6 per cent.

## Price-Fixing in Europe.

England is endeavoring to standardize clothing materials, with an eye to more economical manufacture and greater available supplies for the army.

At the thirteenth meeting of the board of control of wool textile production the director, Sir Charles Sykes, said that the manufacture of 1,650,000 yards of cheviot cloth for men's and youths' suits had been arranged at 6s. 9d. (\$1.64) per yard, fifty-six inches wide, and that the suits would be retailed at an all-round figure of 57s. 6d. (\$13.99) for men's suits; youths' suits of the same material, size 9, 50s. (\$12.17) each, with a rise or fall of 1s. (\$0.243) per suit for each size. He added that sufficient material had also been ordered for about 150,000 boys' suits, and that it was hoped to increase this quantity shortly. The price fixed for a suit, size No. 7, is 40s. (\$9.73), with a rise or fall of 1s. per size.

Some months ago material was set apart for making a double-purpose cloth (i. e., suitable for finishing either as khaki or as cloth for civilian wear); but in view of the present satisfactory state of reserves of khaki it has been decided to devote this stock to making a standard worsted cloth, black and blue. The price of the suits to be so provided is to be £4 4s. (\$20.44).

The cloth for standard overcoats is considered to be of good quality and appearance, and the price for the overcoats will be about £3 3s. (\$15.33) each. As ready-made overcoats are more popular than ready-made suits, standard overcoats should be popular next autumn and winter. Standard blankets, hosiery, and other necessities are to be introduced.

The economic department of the Swiss federal government has by decree fixed the maximum price at which farmers may sell cattle for slaughter as well as the prices at which various qualities of hutchers' meat may be retailed. Farmers may demand no more than 23 cents per pound for first-class fat beef cattle.

With the exception of sirloin and filet cuts, retailers may ask no more than 40 cents per pound for beef. The weight of hone must not exceed 25 per cent. of the total weight sold.

## Infanticide Rife in China.

Eighty per cent. of China's little ones die in early childhood and more than 50 per cent. of the babies die at birth.

Except in cities where missionaries have been living for two or three generations no native man doctor ever attends a birth. This is cared for by illiterate midwives who know nothing of cleanliness and anesthetics. Their carelessness and ignorant methods are responsible for the infection of from 80 to 85 per cent. of the mothers. Among their barbarous customs may be mentioned that of compelling every Chinese mother to sit up and keep awake for forty-eight hours after her child is born. Most of them faint from exhaustion and many of them die.

An instance is on record (says Belle Barnett in *World Outlook*) where a mother called in a witch doctor because her child had a pain in his stomach. To cure such a pain a doctor drove three needles into a child's intestines to make holes through which the devils might escape. The treatment produced peritonitis, and the boy, a sturdy lad of eight or nine, died.

The practice of infanticide continues in the interior, where Christian civilization has not touched the people. In other places it is being somewhat reduced. But poverty abounds in China and infanticide is largely an economic question. Numbers of babies born in Christian hospitals have been sent out with their mothers well and strong. If, however, they were not wanted by father or the mother-in-law they were given no nourishment after the mother reached home, but were allowed to starve to death. Others are drowned or poisoned. Baby towers are maintained throughout China to dispose of the bodies of unwanted children.

In connection with the celebration of the centennial of the admission of Illinois a number of Illinois counties recently marked many places of historical interest. Thus De Kalb placed a stone at the spot where Lincoln and Jefferson Davis met during the Black Hawk War. La Salle marked the spot where Lincoln took command of his company in that war, Macon where Lincoln's family stopped en route from Indiana to the Sangamon hot-toms, and Platt where Lincoln and Douglas met to arrange for their debates. Edwards County marked the site of the Flower Mansion, for many years the finest house in the new State of Illinois. Morgan marked the home of Turner, the initiator of the movement for land-grant universities in this country, and the spot where rails were laid for the first Illinois railway.

The planting of community forests by villages and towns in New York is urged by the state conservation department.

## Industrial Karafuto.

Saghalien, which the Japanese have rechristened Karafuto, under their activities (according to a Tokyo paper), is being proved to be far from the bleak, barren waste that most people had considered it. The fishing in Karafuto, principally herring, trout, and cod, annually amounts to upwards of 6,000,000 yen. The industry of the island is represented by crabs and pulp manufacturing. Crabs were canned to the amount of 100,000 boxes, valued at 3,800,000 yen in 1917, while pulp, manufactured by various companies, amounts annually to 36,000 tons represented by 8,600,000 yen. The pulp industry of Karafuto is a very promising one, giving employment to the islanders especially in winter, when they are idle.

"I know just about everybody in this town," remarked the prominent citizen. "Lucky man!" replied Miss Cayenne. "No matter what wrong number the telephone operator gives you, you can always find some one to talk to."—*Washington Star*.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

In the harbor a "drifter" was having her name repainted, and near to her was a British war vessel, from the decks of which a number of interested tars watched intently while the letters, P-s-y-c-h-e, were put on. When the name was completed, one of the tars called out disdainfully, "Ho, there! That's not the way to spell 'fish' in the navy!"

"Why did she break off the engagement?" "It was this way. When he was leaving for France she said, 'If you are wounded, Henry, promise me that you won't fall in love with your nurse.'" "And of course he swore he would resist the most beautiful maiden who ever graced a hospital?" "No. He merely said he would do his best."

The teacher told his class that in writing compositions they should not attempt any flights of fancy, but only write what was in them. As a result of this advice, a tenderfoot wrote the following composition: "We shall not attempt any flites of fancy, but wright just what is in you. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes, and my dinner."

The profession of lecturing is becoming so common in these war days, when everybody has some kind of an idea to put over, that when a California farmer's wife made a remark about the new hired hand seeming to know a lot about agriculture, the farmer replied: "Yes, he talks so entertainin' about it I'm kind-o' scared for fear he's more of a lecturer than he is a farmer."

"Smith is a great golf bug, isn't he?" said Brown. "Yes," replied Jones. "He kept his hand in all winter and had practice every day." "But how could he practice in winter when the links are closed?" asked Brown. "We walked downtown every morning, and every two hundred yards he would swing at an imaginary ball with his cane," replied Jones. "Then he would cuss a blue streak and when he got down town he would drink a Scotch highball."

The day was drawing to a close; judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant. "Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length. For some time Paddy stood thinking, then, "About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer. "You mean 'as the flow cries,'" corrected the man of law. The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked suavely, "he means 'as the fly crows.'" And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong.

Lieutenant Harvey Douglas of the Canadian contingent in France is responsible for the following: "One of our officers had just entered his palatial residence one day and stretched himself out for a short siesta on a downy couch consisting of a few empty sandbags laid on the hard earth fire step, which was about one and a half feet wide, when Fritz decided to throw over a few 'heer kegs' (Minnenwerfers). We got forty of them in about twenty minutes. The last one landed plumb in the centre of the trench just beside the officers' dugout. It made a hole about

twenty feet across, twelve feet deep, and hurried three of our men alive. We eventually managed to dig them out, however, unwounded, but shell-shocked. It was at this moment that the officer, who had gone blissfully to sleep, emerged from the so-called dugout, rubbed his eyes and muttered, 'Say, boys, what's going on? I thought I heard something.'"

Two Tuskegee graduates represented, respectively, plaintiff and defendant in a municipal court recently. The question at issue being close, the judge asked for some authorities. The attorney for the plaintiff handed up a hook. His honor was so impressed with the citation that he observed, "This case seems to be in point." When the judge had finished, opposing counsel, much perturbed, demanded, "Misto Attorney, le' me see that hook." "No, sah!" was the retort. "Look up yo' own law."

Captain Anderson Dana, who has just got married at Plattsburg, is a grandson of the journalist, Charles A. Dana, and in an interview he said: "My grandfather believed in marriage. He thought it steadied a man. I remember a story he used to tell. It's a story about a chap who asked a man: 'Have you ever heard anything about a machine for telling when a man is lying?' 'Sure,' said the man. 'Have you ever seen one?' said the chap. 'Seen one?' said the man. 'By gosh, I married one!'"

When a certain motion-picture actor noted for his diminutive stature came to work recently he displayed a severe laceration upon the forehead. It seemed to be his own personal business and trouble, but some one didn't think so. "What happened to you?" inquired the inquisitive one. "Been unsuoh or something?" "No," replied the actor; "I hit myself." "Bit yourself?" scoffed the questioner. "How could you hite yourself on the forehead?" "Oh, I stood on a chair, of course," drawled the actor.

When Mike Flaherty abandoned South Boston for Lynn and hired a cottage with a hit of hack yard, the first thing he did was to hurry back to the Huh of the Universe and purchase a monkey. "Divil a wurrd" of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies in Boston. But afterward he let out: "'Twas like this: I chained the monk to a shtick in me yair-rrd, and the coal thrains do he passin' all day foreninst, and on iv'ry cairr do he a brakeman. In one waik, hegorra, I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monk never wanst hit."

The subject of the rifle shooting often crops up at one of the training camps. "I'll bet any one a box of cigars," said Lieutenant A, "that I can fire ten shots at 200 yards, and tell without waiting for the marker the result of each one correctly." "Done!" cried Major B. And the whole mess turned out early the next morning to witness the experiment. The lieutenant fired. "Miss!" he said. Another shot. "Miss!" he repeated. A third shot. "Miss!" "Here, hold on!" put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You're not firing for the target." "Of course not!" was the response. "I'm firing for those cigars!"

In Newark, New Jersey, the municipal bureau of employment recently received the following letter: "An answer to your advertisement regarding that you can give of any kind position; I am glad to say that I am looking for any kind position that you please me. I am a Filipino, twenty-eight years of age, since I came in Newark six years ago I work in the ——— Company, Inc. of my present position, my joh power-press operator and setting the dies; on account of broken my heart for the girl work in the same factory, I must transfer to other place to make me very quiet, if you please me to get a position I will give notice to my boss to leave in the shop. With my best personal wishes and success, I am, very cordially yours."

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, recently told some Washington friends that when he visited the theatre in London where he was to deliver his travelogue he decided that the entrance to the theatre was rather dingy and that there should be more display of his attraction. Accordingly, he suggested to the manager of the house that the front he brightened up at night by electrical signs. The manager told him it was too much of an innovation for him to authorize and referred him to the owner of the theatre. Mr. Holmes traveled several hours into the country to consult with the owner, who referred him to his agent in the city. The agent in turn sent Mr. Holmes to the janitor of the theatre. "I talked with the janitor and explained my plan to him for about an hour," Mr. Holmes said. "Finally, after we had gone into every detail of the cost and everything else, the janitor told me that the theatre was a very

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exclusive and high-class theatre, and that he could not put up the sign. I asked him why." "Because it would attract too much attention to the theatre," the janitor replied.

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And pinch the first who dares to broach  
An adverse thought concerning Foch.

Come! Voice your feelings toward the Boche!  
A trio of huzzas for Foch!

—Chicago Evening Post.

### Tired.

I am tired of life-long habits—those disguises—  
I'm tired of learning to be good;  
I would go and find discretion far for ever  
In the heart of a great wild wood.

I would like to live my days like a wild, wild bird  
Where the primroses lie dew-pearled,  
And to leave far behind my little, stiff good works  
For the wicked enchanting world.

Hark! There is the church bell! My relations  
downstairs in a row,  
Boots nicely polished, are waiting—Let them  
wait! . . .  
And yet I know

I'll take my prayer-hook and demurely sit as I  
always do  
None knowing how wicked I am—so quiet in the  
high-backed pew. . . .

—Marjorie Wilson.

### Peace Offers.

"Now, here's something neat," Von Hindenburg said,  
To the Socialists over the Rhine.  
"A durable peace by August," he said,  
"And costing, say, four hundred thousand of  
dead,  
But really an excellent line.

"If you care to go higher," Von Hindenburg said,  
To the Socialists over the Rhine,  
"If the flesh and blood cost is no object," he  
said,  
"Here is something in June I might give you in-  
stead—  
Price? Eight hundred thousand, or nine.

"And I've cheaper peace, also," Von Hindenburg  
said,  
To the Socialists over the Rhine;  
"One hundred thousand and up," he said;  
"Autumn delivery, under that head—  
But nothing especially fine.

"The best is the cheapest," Von Hindenburg said,  
To the Socialists over the Rhine;  
"The matter of lives is a trifle," he said,  
"For what are a couple of million of dead,  
If peace be of German design?"

—F., in New York Evening Post.

### Governess.

Dorothy, won't you give your  
little brother part of your apple? Little Dor-  
othy—No. Eve did that, and has been criti-  
cized ever since.—Judge.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Henry Ahpel has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Ahpel, and Mr. Irving Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs is the son of Mrs. Max Charles of this city. No date has been set for the wedding of Miss Ahpel and Mr. Jacobs.

The marriage of Miss Margaret House and Mr. George Thomas Judd was solemnized Saturday at the Episcopal Church in Mill Valley, Rev. H. H. Howitt officiating. Mrs. Paul Eliel, a sister of the bridegroom, was the matron of honor and Miss Eleanor Sell was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Margaret Barker, Miss Helen Geary, Miss Janet Bostwick, and Miss Eleanor Burnham. Mr. Leon Eliel was the best man and the ushers were Lieutenant Gordon Stephens, Lieutenant Frank Hays, Mr. Allan Sproul, Mr. William Hubbard, and Mr. Arthur Folger. Mrs. Judd is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur House. Mr. Judd is the son of Mrs. Ernest Hoag of Pasadena. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Judd will reside in Berkeley, where the former is in training for the aviation corps of the United States Army.

The marriage of Miss Olive Edgell and Mr. John Russell was solemnized Saturday evening at Christ Church in Sausalito, Rev. St. George Burdrom officiating at the services. Mrs. Sherwood Coffin and Miss Phyllis Edgell were the bride's only attendants. Mr. Thomas Menzies was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Cunningham Menzies, Mr. Harold Holden, Mr. R. G. McGosh, and Mr. Sherwood Coffin. Mrs. Russell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Edgell of Suisun. Mr. Russell is the son of Mr. Frederick Russell of Sausalito, and the brother of Mrs. Thomas Menzies, Mrs. Sherwood Coffin, and of Mr. Frederick Russell, Jr. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Russell will leave for New York, where they will reside during the period of the war.

Mr. Redmond Stephens entertained a group of friends at a dinner-dance Monday evening at the Palace Hotel, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, and Mrs. Ross Curran.

Mrs. Christian de Guigné gave a dinner last Thursday evening at Del Monte, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Relda Stott, Miss Ysabel Chase, Lieutenant Lawrence McCreery, Captain R. A. Banon, Captain R. J. Pinto, and Captain de la Morandière.

Mr. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner and theatre party recently, his guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Knott, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Marion Lord, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Major Philip Wales and Mrs. Wales entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. McCreery were hosts at luncheon Friday at Del Monte, their guests having included Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Frank Judge, Miss Edith Chesbrough, Lieutenant Lawrence McCreery, Mr. G. A. Hoppe, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon recently at her home in Menlo Park, complimenting Mrs. Carl Scheller. Those asked to meet the young matron included Mrs. Whitley Ward, Miss Maria Rossi, Miss Cara Coleman, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Gertrude Utke-Phillip.

Dr. James Smith gave a dinner Monday evening at his home on Broadway in honor of Dr. Philip King Brown.

Mrs. Henry Ahpel gave a reception Sunday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Ahpel, and her fiancé, Mr. Irving Jacobs.

Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Friday in Del Monte, their guests having been Mrs.

Jack Neville, Miss Mary Louise Black, Mr. Walter Hobart, and Mr. J. V. Rittenhouse.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor of Boston gave a luncheon Friday at the Fairmont Hotel in compliment to Mrs. Charles Hopkins, who is visiting here from Santa Barbara.

Captain R. J. Pinto entertained at luncheon Sunday in Monterey, his guests having included Lieutenant Arthur Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Robin Hayne, Captain R. A. Banon, Lieutenant Harry Hastings, and Lieutenant Lawrence McCreery.

Mrs. Mary Turner was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at her home at Mare Island in honor of Lieutenant Robert Coman and Mrs. Coman. The guests included Dr. H. B. Turner and Mrs. Turner, Lieutenant W. H. Toaz and Mrs. Toaz, Dr. E. Eltyngne and Mrs. Eltyngne, Miss Elizabeth Reiner, Miss Elizabeth George, Naval Constructor G. L. Hatch, Naval Constructor Harold Saunders, Lieutenant Frank O'Brien, Paymaster H. Morgan, Lieutenant Eric Johnson, Ensign H. Davenport, and Ensign Edward Malloy.

Mr. Marcus Koshland gave a barbecue last Thursday at his country home in Sonoma County. Mr. and Mrs. Ward Mailliard entertained at luncheon last Thursday at the Belvedere Golf and Country Club.

Miss Cara Coleman entertained a number of the girls of the Motor Corps at a picnic Thursday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner recently at their home in Burlingame in honor of Colonel Fauntleroy of the British army.

Miss Constance Hart gave a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Jackson Street for Miss Phyllis de Young and Mr. Nion Tucker. The guests included Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Mary Louise Black, Lieutenant Hale Sattley, Lieutenant A. S. Merrill, Lieutenant Frank O'Brien, and Lieutenant Ross Padgett.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Helen Garritt gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Mary Louise Black, her guests including Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Jack Neville, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Phyllis de Young, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Anne Peters, and Miss Constance Hart.

Lieutenant Harold Chase and Mrs. Chase are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in San Mateo.

Captain Loring Pickering and Mrs. Pickering are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Corbet are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

#### Art Sale.

A sale of objects of art for the benefit of French and Belgian artists, previously announced and postponed, has been fixed for the period beginning June 17th and ending June 26th. The place is the St. Francis Hotel.

The Labor party of Queensland has been returned to power, after a campaign that attracted the attention of the entire commonwealth. At the beginning of the war the Labor party controlled all of the Australian states except Victoria. Since then every state has been lost except Queensland.

A part of the island owned by the State of Kansas, and in the Missouri River, opposite the state penitentiary at Lansing, is to be planted to hemp this year by the state. The fibre obtained from seventy acres of hemp is to be used to make binder twine in the prison twine factory.

Cowboys who tackled shipbuilding at Orange, Texas, when cattle-punching became unremunerative in the dry season last year have found their new work so pleasing that they have induced scores of men who formerly rode the range to join them.

By experimenting with bananas a Mexican government bureau has produced flour, starch, vinegar, alcohol, textile fibres, paper, and cardboard.

#### Death of Mrs. Schmiedell.

The death of Mrs. Henry Schmiedell is the climax of a career notable in the domestic and social life of San Francisco. Mrs. Schmiedell was a daughter of the Warrin family, which from the earliest days held a position of high esteem. Her marriage to Mr. Schmiedell was the beginning of a more individual relationship to the community which has been sustained for more than fifty years. The circle has widened with the advancing years. Children and children's children stand today among the well known and highly considered of the community. Mrs. Schmiedell was a woman of great kindness. Her sympathies were wide and her generosity unfeigned. In many a home long brightened by her friendship and her charity there is grief for the death of Mrs. Schmiedell.

#### The Devout Highlander.

Listen, Laddies: Gin ye go into the hattle, be devout;  
Dinna trust to thews an' sinews or yer sin will find ye out;  
Dinna think yersel' omnipotent—gie Providence His due  
An' then fight for a' yer worth because the Lord expects ye to.

And ye maun pray, pray,  
Lord defend the right;

Pray, pray,  
Before ye start to fight;

Dinna waver at a trifle  
(Use the butt-end o' yer rifle).

Ask the Lord to gie ye strength wherewith to smite, smite, smite,  
AN' PIT YER BACK INTO IT, LADDIE, GIN YE SMITE!

When the Germans came upon us, said me mither —“Donald, Boy,  
Ye'll no look upon this fightin' as a pastime or a joy.”

Sez I—“Mither, I'm for prayin' an' for fightin' I am loath,”  
But the Lord Almighty wills it that I'll do a hit o' both!”

But ye maun pray, pray—etc.

I remember out at Wipers I observed a German lad  
Takkin' pot shots at our snipers—but his aim was awfu' bad—  
So I prayed the Lord to help me, found the range and drew a bead,  
An' the Lord was verra kind because the German laddie's de'd.

So ye maun pray, pray—etc.

There was muckle lusty fightin' round the Yser River hanks,  
An' the German dum-dum bullets caused confusion i' the ranks;

It was then, through force o' circumstance (as feyther used to say)  
I felt justified i' feeling I had rayther fight than pray!

But ye maun pray, pray—etc.

At La Bassey I was singled—while we wallowed i' the mud—  
By a German unbeliever who was thbirstin' for me blood,  
So I turned before retreatin' frae the trench, an' made a stand  
An' I pierced him thro' the stomach as the Lord baid fully planned.

So ye maun pray, pray—etc.

This is no a lecture, laddies; ye can only do yer best—  
Draw a bead an' pull the trigger, an' the Lord wull do the rest.

Ye maun simply try to follow out the teachin' o' the church,  
An' since the Lord is on yer side ye mauna leave Him i' the lurch.

But ye maun pray, pray,  
Lord defend the right;

Pray, pray,  
Before ye start to fight;

Dinna waver at a trifle  
(Use the butt-end o' yer rifle).

Ask the Lord to gie ye strength wherewith to smite, smite, smite,  
AN, PIT YER BACK INTO IT, LADDIE, GIN YE SMITE!

—Cyril Marion Horne, in “Songs of the Shrapnel Shell.” Harper & Brothers.

So ye maun pray, pray—etc.

Twelve thousand square miles—7,680,000 acres—constitute the rice land of Japan, which feeds a nation of about 50,000,000 people on an average of a pound a day for each person. It takes 135 days to grow a crop of rice, and in Japan the laborious work of cultivation is done almost entirely by hand.

“I see where seven Frenchmen on trial in Paris for espionage claim they are ‘journalists,’ but show no ability to write.”

“Ahem!” said the practical newspaper man. “That seems to describe a journalist pretty well.”—Birmingham Age-Herald.

SPOT CASH PAID FOR DIAMONDS  
Convert your old jewelry, silver and precious stones which lie in your vaults into cash.

FULL VALUE PAID  
Privacy Assured : Phone Franklin 8373  
ART JEWELRY SHOP : 414 Geary St.  
Opposite Columbia Theatre

## Hotel Oakland OAKLAND, CAL.

Among the finest Hotels in the State, Where Welcome and Service Await All.

American and European Plan

W. C. JURGENS, Gen'l Manager

#### Life in Palestine.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Tel Aviv, the residential quarter of Jaffa, under date of March 10th:

“Ever since communications with Egypt have been reestablished we have been receiving gifts from Alexandria. Not only friends, but people who are barely known to us are sending us cakes and sweetmeats. It is now three and one-half years since we last saw those sort of things. We have just received a number of Russian newspapers of last December. It will hardly be possible for you to realize what this means to us; people are coming from the colonies for no reason except to read them. In the evenings we gather round our ancient lamp, which is filled partly with petrol and partly with benzine, and we read aloud of the extraordinary events which are taking place in Russia. Our days are very full; reunions are continually taking place, and we feel that we have to make up for all that the Turks have taken from us. There are only very few of us. At Purim we celebrated the evening in our traditional way, and we received with full honors our ‘great hosts.’ A few days later the English general gave a reception and invited all the inhabitants of Tel Aviv. The relations are of the most cordial. Great difficulties still attend the economic life, although matters are gradually improving. It is almost impossible to get eggs; a friend of ours brought us four eggs a few days ago. The ‘shilling’ is already being used as the current money.”

Black—I hear you took a disastrous plunge in Wall Street. White—Yes; I was sort of standing on the edge, and some one gave me a tip.—Life.

## Hotel Holly Oaks SAUSALITO, CAL.

Located in one of the most picturesque spots around the Bay. Thirty minutes' ride by boat from San Francisco. Well sheltered. Splendid marine view. Best of service and excellent cuisine.

## DEL MONTE

The Largest Resort Hotel Plant in the World where “Thinking People”

Can find Recreation in Hotel del Monte's Comfort, Service and Outdoor Life. “Here every Sportsman can find his Chosen Recreation.”

TWO CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES.

CARL S. STANLEY, Manager

DEL MONTE : CALIFORNIA



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An absolutely fire-proof hotel of distinctively high standards.

Logical headquarters for San Franciscans.

VERNON GOODWIN  
Vice-Pres. and Managing Director

## HOTEL WHITCOMB

At the Civic Center, San Francisco

Hotel Whitcomb is the newest and most modern hotel in the city.

Absolutely fire-proof, containing 400 outside rooms and baths.

FREE GARAGE for all guests.

TEA SERVICE and music in SUN ROOM every afternoon.

DANCING every Saturday evening.

Cuisine and Service of the best.

Moderate Prices.

American and European Plans. Rates \$1.50 up.

J. H. VAN HORNE, Manager

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—gives easy starting, quick and smooth acceleration, power and mileage, in Red Crown gasoline.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)



## The Gasoline of Quality



## FOR RENT

Large modern house, completely furnished; garage; beautiful grounds, in hill section, Claremont, Berkeley. Address Box H, Argonaut office, 207 Powell Street,

### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad will leave next week for Santa Barbara, where they will be guests of Mr. Conrad's mother, Mrs. George Kendall.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin and their little son, who have been staying at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo, left Monday for Long Beach, where they have taken a cottage for the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brandenstein have been spending several days at Del Monte from their home in San Francisco.

Judge James Cooper and Mrs. Cooper left Wednesday for the McCloud River Country Club, where they will spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman have given up their apartments at the Clift Hotel and have taken a house on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Helen Jones has gone to American Lake, where she is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Captain Paul Jones and Mrs. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart and Miss Constance Hart have been spending several days at Del Monte. Miss Anne Peters has been a guest of Miss Constance Hart for several days.

Mrs. Chester Woolsey, Mrs. John Budde, and Miss Ruth Woolsey left Wednesday for a trip to Yosemite. Mrs. Woolsey and Mrs. Budde, with Mrs. Edgar Hafer, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Ruth Woolsey passed the week-end at Glen Ellen, where they were house guests of Mrs. Jack London.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., have reopened their home in San Leandro for the summer months.

Mrs. D. N. Walter, who has spent the winter at the St. Francis, has gone to Del Monte for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Browell have taken a cottage at Inverness, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime returned a few days ago from their wedding trip and have been guests at the Fairmont Hotel for a few days before proceeding to Santa Barbara, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have been passing several days in town from their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker are enjoying a visit of several days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and their daughter, Miss Flora Miller, who have passed the winter at Stanford Court, have reopened their home in Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas returned last week to Monterey from a visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear.

Lieutenant Wilder Bowers arrived a few days ago from Florida and has joined Mrs. Bowers at the Meiere home on Washington Street.

Lieutenant Irving Mayfield and Mrs. Mayfield have taken a house at Mare Island, where they will be stationed during the summer.

Mr. Edwin Pomeroy left this week for Philadelphia, where he will reside in future.

Mrs. James Brown of New York arrived recently in Montecito, where she has joined her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bryce.

Major William Devereaux and Mrs. Devereaux, who have been stationed at Camp Kearny for several months, have been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick Clappett and Miss Cornelia Clappett have gone to San Diego, where Dr. Clappett is stationed with the Grizzlies.

Mrs. W. C. Watt of Philadelphia has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters at Del Monte for the past week.

Captain Loring Pickering arrived last week from San Antonio, Texas, joining Mrs. Pickering at the home of his mother, Mrs. Loring Pickering, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Grant have taken a cottage at Los Gatos for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for a few weeks.

Mrs. Ross Curran has returned to her home in Burlingame from a sojourn in the East.

Mrs. Ozro Childs, who has been living in New York for some time, is planning to leave in the near future for France to join her daughter, Miss Emmelen Childs.

Miss Mary Louise Black left Wednesday for Washington and New York, after a visit of several weeks in California. Miss Black came here for the wedding of Miss Genevieve Bothin and Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman.

Lieutenant Corbett Moody and Mrs. Moody arrived Tuesday from Texas. Lieutenant Moody has been assigned to special duty at Riverside.

Mr. Redmond Stephens, who spent the past week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer at their home in Burlingame, has returned to his home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskett Derby have returned to their home on Gough Street from a visit of several weeks in Ross.

Mrs. Jack Neville came up Monday from Del

Monte and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue, at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Willard Sperry, who has been visiting in Sausalito with Major Sperry's mother, Mrs. James Sperry, has joined Major Sperry in San Diego, where he has been ordered for duty.

Lieutenant Arthur Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy returned Sunday to Santa Barbara from a brief visit at Del Monte. Captain Ronald Pinto and Captain R. A. Banon returned south with Lieutenant Ogilvy and Mrs. Ogilvy.

Mrs. Alla Chickering has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will pass the greater part of the summer with her mother, Mrs. William Henshaw.

Lieutenant-Commander William Van Antwerp left Tuesday for Washington, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Lieutenant Leonard Hammond, who is with the French section of the aviation corps, is on furlough in the southern part of France.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Lily O'Connor are passing several days in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Francis Carolan has returned to California, after a visit of several months in the East.

Lieutenant William Benét has been ordered to Washington for several months and has been joined by Mrs. Benét, who passed the winter with Colonel James Benét and Mrs. Benét in Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall have taken a house at Chevy Chase, Washington, where they will remain indefinitely. Mrs. Cornwall left for the East Saturday, Mr. Cornwall having preceded her some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pommer have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Captain Norris Davis, who has been stationed in San Diego for some months, has left for France. Mrs. Davis and their daughters will pass the summer in Montecito.

Major William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick will arrive in a few days from Bakersfield to spend the summer at Stanford Court.

Miss Jennie Blair has gone to Bartlett Springs for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. John Morrison has left for the East, where she will remain throughout the summer.

Mrs. Edgar Bruce, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lauren Van Horne, in Merced, has arrived for a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Steinhart have taken a house in Menlo Park for the summer season.

Major James Dorst and Mrs. Dorst have returned from their wedding trip and have taken a house in Palo Alto.

Mrs. William Crocker returned last week to her home in Burlingame from New York.

Mrs. Anson Hotaling has gone to Seattle for a visit of several weeks.

Dr. Philip King Brown has been called to France, where he will fill the position of personal aide to Dr. Alexander Lambert, head of the Red Cross medical work in Paris. He left June 7th. Mrs. Brown has been invited to assist in the work, but has not yet decided on the date of her departure.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Whitecomb are Captain G. Botye, Holland; Mr. B. H. Winks, Chicago; Mr. G. H. Stickel, Los Angeles; Mr. W. O. Cochran, Tacoma; Mr. S. H. Johnson, Portland, Oregon; Mr. E. R. Thorpe, Mr. S. S. Doyle, Australia; Mr. C. L. Alameda, Honolulu.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte are Mr. Lewis T. Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. W. C. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rheem, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Green, Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Miss Y. Chase, Mrs. C. de Guigné, Jr., Mr. A. Edward Santos and family, Captain de la Moraudiere, Mr. and Mrs. Lee S. Scott, Mr. C. H. Lamberton, Dr. Louis C. Deane, Captain R. T. Pinto, Captain R. Banon, Lieutenant Harry Hastings, Lieutenant Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Browne, Miss Cheshrough, Mrs. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest D. Mendenhall, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Frank West, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mr. V. E. Breeden, Mr. George A. Pope, Mrs. W. S. Martin, Mr. C. Irving Wright, Mr. W. P. Scott, Mrs. John Barneson, Miss Barneson, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Queen.

"Is she able to keep a cook?" "Pecuniarily, yes. Diplomatically, no."—*Kansas City Star*.

### DOWN IN HUNLAND.

Boyd Cahle's new book, "Front Lines" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), contains a collection of twenty-one graphic and tense tales of what happens at the front, on the ground, in the air, and under the earth's surface, when the battle rages. The stories cover all phases of the fighting and so represent all the "lines" of the "front." One of them, "Down in Hunland," tells the tale of what happened to "Reddie" and "Walk" Jones when they drove an aeroplane on a night bombing raid behind the enemy's lines. Redmond, or "Reddie," was the pilot and "Walk" the observer of the machine that was the last to reach the objective, drop her bombs, and turn for home. "And because she was the last," says the author, "she came in for the fully awakened defense's warmest welcome, and wheeled with searchlights hunting for her, with Archie shells coughing round, with machine guns spitting fire and their bullets sizz-izz-ipping up past her, with 'flaming onions' curving up in streaks of angry red fire and falling blazing to earth again." They came through all this without serious damage, but presently plunged into a blinding storm, first of rain, then of snow, and all of it intensely cold. Mr. Cahle goes on: "One minute they were flying, in darkness it is true, but still in a clear air; the next they were simply harghing blindly through a storm of rain which probably poured straight down to earth, but which to them, flying at some scores of miles per hour, was driving level with the force of whip cuts full in their faces. Both pilot and observer were blinded. The water cataracting on their goggles cut all possibility of sight, and Reddie could not even see the compass in front of him or the gleam of light that illuminated it." They passed through the rain and then: "Reddie mopped the wet off his compass and peered at it a moment, and then with an angry exclamation pushed rudder and joystick over and swung round to a direction fairly opposite to the one in which they had been traveling. Apparently he had turned completely round in the minutes through the rain—once round at least and Heaven only knew how many more times." Then they encountered a dense, cold mist and lost all knowledge of direction again. They flew clear of the mist and presently the snow shut down on them, and the author goes on with the tale: "If they had been blinded before, they were doubly blinded now. It was not only that the whirling flakes of snow shut out any sight in front or around them; it drove clinging against their faces, their goggles, their bodies, and was packed hard by the wind of their speed in as they flew and frozen by the cold. And it was cold, bone-and-marrow-piercing cold. Reddie lost all sense of direction again, all sense of whether he was flying upward, or up or down, right side or wrong side up." At last, feeling sure they have passed over their lines, they land. They do not know where they are, but, stiff with cold and in utter darkness, they decide to "give a yell" in the hope of getting a response and some indication of where to find a camp or a French cottage, or anything that would furnish a hot drink. Their yells do rouse answering shouts, but in German and they realize that they have come down in Hunland. They decide to make a dash with their plane and try to get away, but the party is coming toward them and they have only a few seconds. They have difficulty in starting the engine, Walk winding the propeller backward to start the petrol and Reddie whirling the starter. Again and again they try and fail, with the shouts of the Germans coming

nearer and nearer and electric torches searching for them. At last the engine leaps to life, Reddie suddenly remembers the only two German words he knows and yells "Ja wohl!" repeatedly at the top of his lungs, thus stopping the Germans for a moment. Walk jumps to the wing-tip, bringing the machine lumbering round and facing back so that they are sure of a short clear distance from which to rise.

"Reddie heard another order screamed in German and next instant the hang of a rifle not more apparently than a couple of yards away. . . . He felt the machine lurch and sway, and the kicking scramble his observer made to hoard her, heard next instant his yell of 'Right-oh!' and opened the throttle full as another couple of rifles barked: The rifles had little terror for them, for both knew there were bigger and deadlier risks to run in the next few seconds. . . . Reddie opened the throttle wide, felt the machine gather speed, humping and jolting horribly over the rough field, tried to peer down at the ground, could see nothing, utterly black nothing, almost panicked for one heart-stilling instant as he looked ahead again and thought he saw the black shadow of something solid in front of him, clenched his teeth and held straight on until he felt by the rush of wind on his face he had way enough, and pulled the joy-stick in to him. With a sigh of relief he felt the change to a smooth swift rush, held his breath, and with a pull on the stick zoomed her up, leveled her out again (should clear anything but a tall tree now), zoomed her up again. He felt a hand thumping on his shoulder, heard Walk's exultant yell—'Ra-a-y!' and, still lifting her steadily, swung his machine's nose for the jumping lights that marked the trenches."

When presently they landed in their own 'drome the night officer whose duty it was to look out for the returning planes walked over to them as they came to rest. "Hullo, you two," he said. "Where the hazes you been till this time? We'd just about put you down as missing."

Reddie and Walk were standing up in their cockpits and without a word were solemnly shaking hands. "You may believe it, Johnny, or you may not," Reddie replied, "but we've been down into Hunland."

"Down into hell!" said Johnny. "Quit jokin'. What kept you so late?"

"You've said it, Johnny," said Reddie soberly. "Down into hell—and out again." They shook hands again, solemnly.

On the 17th of March the people of Redlands, California, wear the pansy as well as the shamrock; the pansy in memory of the twin brothers Smiley, who did so much for the city. This year 5000 pansies, grown in the city parks, were worn by the citizens, in memory of Alfred and Albert K. Smiley, born March 17th, long, long years ago. For the pansy was their favorite flower, and the pansy-heds which they planted on Smiley Heights are celebrated the world over.

The American Game Protective Association declares that game birds in this country are dangerously near the point of extinction, and that the government ought to strengthen statutory means of preserving them. The speakers at a recent conference of the association said that woodcock have become so scarce as to be nearly all gone, and grouse and quail fast going.

The streets of more than 250 towns in France and Algeria are lighted exclusively with acetylene.

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## Builders

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you fond of fiction?" "Dote on it—pass most of my time reading war news."—*Life*.

"What were the chief features of that meeting?" "I think they were the ayes and noes."—*Baltimore American*.

"I am unworthy of you," he murmured. "Stick to that idea," said the girl, "and we'll get along fine."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*The Detective*—How tall is this missing cashier of yours? *The Firm*—Heavens, man! He isn't tall—he's £7000 short.—*London Sketch*.

"Your daughter has a great deal of *savoir faire*, Mrs. Comeup." "Yes, we imported it for her all the way from Paris."—*Baltimore American*.

*Army Conductor*—Paper shoes are nothing new—we've been makin' 'em for months. *Inventor*—Ah, yes—but this is a substitute for paper.—*Life*.

*First Eskimo*—What do you think of this daylight-saving plan? *Second Eskimo*—We might try it and go to bed a couple of months earlier this year.—*Life*.

*June*—Then you think he hasn't the nerve to propose? *Jane*—Yes; asking pa's income and ma's disposition and my age seems as far as he dares to go.—*Boston Globe*.

"Mrs. Griddles promised a tramp a good breakfast if he would cut a little wood." "Well?" "So the fellow consumed eight or ten biscuits, ham and eggs, some potatoes, and two cups of coffee." "And then he cut a little wood?" "Yes. He whittled himself a

toothpick, and said, 'Good-morning.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Lady Visitor*—Were you pinched by poverty, my poor man? *Prisoner*—No, ma'am; I was pinched by a cop.—*Baltimore American*.

*Mrs. Youngbride*—Did your former mistress assist you with the cooking? *Bridget*—Yes, mum; by kaping out of the kitchen.—*New York Globe*.

The professor regarded with an eye of suspicion the small, yellow cube the waiter had brought him. "I take thee," he murmured, "for butter—or worse."—*Boston Transcript*.

"My daughter is taking a course in domestic science." "How is she making out?" "All right, I infer. She writes that she just made the scrub team."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Judge*—The complaint against you is that you deserted your wife. *Prisoner*—I aint a deserter, judge; I'm a refugee. Look at these welts on my head and this black eye.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Maxie," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?" "You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," answered Maxie.—*Chicago News*.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," said the poetry quoter. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but sometimes she gets up so late that an important train of thought has gone on without her."—*Washington Star*.

*Hicks*—Do you believe in second-sight? *Wicks*—No, hut my wife does. Whenever I go shopping with her she says to the clerk, "I'll come in and look at these again."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pop, what's a synonym?" "It's one of them places where you get a big salary and no work to do. Always come to your father, my boy, when you want to know anything."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is constructive criticism?" "Constructive criticism, my son, is your own line of talk which if offered by some one else would be called ordinary fault-finding."—*Washington Star*.

"The fortune-teller told Bighedde's wife that she'd have two hushands and that the second would be a very fine man." "Doesn't Bighedde take that as rather a reflection on him?" "Oh, no. He merely thinks his wife

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must have been married before and never told him."—*Dallas News*.

"Jibbleton always has plenty of money to spend, yet I never see him doing anything to earn it." "His wife is rich." "Ah! In that case he earns it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Dentist*—You say this tooth has never been worked on before. That's queer, for I find small flakes of gold on my instrument. *Victim*—You have struck my back collar button, I guess.—*Topeka Capital*.

"How do you like Chicago?" "The street-cars are too crowded to suit me. They pack 'em like sardines in a box." "Your comparison is poor. When a box of sardines is full

it is full. They don't constantly keep opening the box to pack in a few more."—*Chicago Herald*.

"Just to think," said the Sweet Young Thing on the piano stool, "all these pretty keys once belonged to an elephant." "And now," replied the gallant man, "they belong to a dear."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Wot's Tommy swearin' so 'orrid about?" "E's orf of the bloomin' boches an' bloody well mad, too." "Wot's 'is kick?" "W'y, 'e was just smokin' up on a cigar wot 'e got from 'ome w'en one of the blighters shoots it right out of 'is month. H't 'ud make anybody mad, I say."—*Sundial*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Mooney Case.

The case of Thomas Mooney, whose true name (said to be a continental combination of snort and sneeze) is less appealing to American sympathies, has become so complicated as to call for a clarifying exposition. It is in reality very simple: Mooney is a notorious anarchist and "direct action" man. He has been involved in more than one project similar to that upon which his conviction was based. In brief, he is a "bad one" whose record and character have long been matters of common knowledge.

Like all of his ilk, Mooney has long been violently resentful of anything and everything tending to strength in government. His sympathies and affiliations are and have long been with that element which hopes to find advantage in a loose or chaotic state of society. Naturally when San Francisco organized a demonstration in behalf of preparation for war Mooney's resentment was aroused; and in conjunction with others who served as his assistants and agents he conceived a plan to nullify the effect of the demonstration by an exercise of terror. The bomb-outrage by which some ten persons were killed and some forty more were wounded was the outcome of this conspiracy. It was a hideously criminal act, conceived and

carried out in reckless disregard of any principle of humanity.

There has never been in any honest mind a question as to Mooney's guilt. True the evidence was circumstantial, but the circumstances were so definite and so confirmed in various ways as to silence doubt. Under our system the crime was technically against the peace and order of the State of California, and under state authority Mooney was tried and convicted. So carefully was the procedure conducted that the supervising legal officer of the state, who had had no part in it, was impelled to pronounce it fair and adequate.

The anarchistic organization to which Mooney has long been attached and of whose criminal activities he has been a leader is rather closely associated with organized labor and with the anarchistic "internationalism" with which organized labor in turn is more or less affiliated. Mooney's pals conceived the idea of breaking down the verdict of conviction by a conspiracy of agitation and perjury. The special object of assault was one Oxman, a respectable citizen of Oregon, whose evidence, though not essential to the conviction of Mooney, tended by its confirmations of other testimony to that result. Invention and perjury hand in hand ran riot in an agitation against Oxman's testimony and in favor of Mooney. Organized labor at home and internationalism abroad were fired with respect to a matter concerning which they had and could have no definite information. Through their hold upon the machinery of internationalism the anarchistic outlaws of America brought the matter to the attention of their sympathetic friends, the Bolsheviks of Russia—it being represented to the latter (probably with truth) that Mooney is no Irishman, as his name would imply, but a Russian. Thus the case was made subject of an international movement founded solely in prejudice having no relation at all to the facts of the case.

Mooney, feeling the halter draw, and realizing the force of organized prejudice, made bold appeal from the authority of the law under which he had been convicted to the political and social power of organized labor, which as we have already said had artfully been enlisted in his behalf. He is no mealy-mouth; he came out definitely with declarations of contempt for organized authority and announced his dependence upon the political and social power of organized labor. He found further support in the taxing authority over their followers of certain anarchistic labor leaders who had been associated with him in former crimes and who trembled in fear of disclosures he might make. With the aid of these accessories and friends a great fund was collected for the purpose of helping Mooney to escape from the penalties he so richly deserved. Famous but unscrupulous lawyers were employed; agitations domestic and foreign were stimulated. Even the respectable leaders of labor were through the powers of organization brought to support of the cause of the condemned man.

No unprejudiced man in California has or has had any doubts as to the justice of Mooney's conviction. It is in all intelligent minds a clear case. Yet in the face of this situation the President of the United States has been led into association with the movement to save Mooney. It is not a situation in which he has any real authority. Legally the matter is wholly in the hands of the California authorities. But the President has gone so far as to interpose the moral and other powers of his office in the form of a request to the governor of California to pardon Mooney. By what means he has been brought to this extraordinary course we can only surmise. But his insistence, manifested in repeated communications, has led to inferences which involve on the one hand the Bolshevik powers of

Russia and the pressure of organized labor in our own country.

As the matter now stands, a criminal concerning whose guilt there is no moral or legal doubt, fairly convicted under the law, has appealed from the law to forces outside the law. He rests his case, not upon a plea of innocence nor upon any other consideration worthy of respect, but upon prejudice and interest stimulated by an artificial agitation working through internationalism and organized labor. The question now is, Shall the machinery of justice in California finally adjudicate this case, or shall foreign and domestic influence be the decisive agency? In other words, is the law to rule, or is a force outside the law to rule? There should be but one answer. The governor of California should give it. He should say to the President that the crime of which Mooney stands convicted was one of unspeakable atrocity; that Mooney was fairly tried and justly convicted. He should in terms courteous but firm stand for the law and its enforcement. Any other course will imply that law is not master in California—that there stands above the law a force which may impose its will even in matters of most serious concern. Under all the circumstances, the determination is of special seriousness, a matter of the gravest import. But the line is clear. To surrender the authority of law in California is to make a confession fatal alike to the dignity and integrity of the state.

The theory upon which pardon for Mooney is asked by the President is that it would be followed, not by his liberation, but by a new trial. There is the look of speciousness in the argument. But whatever the theory, the result would mean Mooney's escape. For who can doubt that the unscrupulous energies which have confused the case and thus far balked the execution of justice would find means to accomplish the ends for which they have been brought into action? Who can doubt for a single moment that in another trial perjured evidence would be piled upon perjured evidence in Mooney's behalf? The least scrupulous and the most reckless and criminal elements of society stand enlisted in his cause, backed by unlimited money and determined to secure acquittal not more in respect of their sympathies than of their fears. Under the circumstances pardon and another trial would as definitely discredit the cause of justice and law in California as would an executive order for his release given under duress and at the dictation of that element which seeks through intimidation and other devices of anarchy to make the law a thing of contempt and nullity.

### A Hideous Forecast.

On another page we reprint from the New York Times a most significant article. It forecasts, and with an irresistible logic, probable effects as related to the future political and social organization of the world of the German government upon Russia if it shall be permitted to go forward.

Nothing is plainer than that, under arrangement with the Bolsheviks, Germany is overrunning and absorbing Russia, with her vast areas and teeming millions. This movement, regarded in its potentialities, dwarfs and subordinates the contest in the west. If Germany shall be permitted to work her will in the east she can afford to yield the west, postponing until the "next war" whatever purposes she may cherish toward the western regions. Germany in possession of Russia could easily make herself master of the whole world. With millions of Russian soldiers she could overwhelm Japan, China, and India in turn; and thus augmented in her military powers she could at her own pleasure swallow up the rest of the world, America included. It is not a pleasant picture, yet it is plainly in prospect unless one



thing shall be done to thwart the game as it is being played in the Far East.

The assumption on the part of the Allies—more particularly on the part of the Washington government—appears to be that the Bolsheviks represent Russia and that their wishes must be heeded. This in face of the fact that the Bolsheviks, while for the moment the dominant faction, are merely a faction; and despite the further fact that they are obviously cooperating with Berlin to the end of handing over the country to the Germans. So tender are we of the feelings of the Bolsheviks that we must do nothing that may tend to their displeasure. Germany is being permitted by the aid of these outlaws and cutthroats to occupy Russia while the Allies are concentrating their attention on Picardy and Flanders upon the theory that the whole motive and purpose of the war relates to the western front.

In any broad view of the situation the need for protection of Russia against the cormorant which seeks to devour her is as great as that of protecting France. Both must be saved or ultimately, no matter if the war be temporarily won in the west, both must fall. We say eventually, for if Germany shall be allowed to augment her food power and her man power by absorption of Russia she will in her own time move upon the west with overwhelming force. Thus the logic of the situation supports the wish of Japan to employ her power in resistance to the German movement, in Siberia or even in Russia proper. The London government is willing that she should do it, but Washington withholds consent. Under some inscrutable influence its feeling for the Bolsheviks is such that it will not act or consent that Japan shall act. The motive is not declared, but the universal belief—especially strong in Japan—is that it rests upon fixed distrust of the Japanese. Washington is unwilling, say the gossips, that Japan shall enter upon an enterprise which may so augment her powers as ultimately to make her a dangerous neighbor. This suggestion places us in the position not only of preferring the aggrandizement of Germany to the growth of the Japanese power, but of playing into the hand of an enemy as against an ally and a friend.

The one practical means of thrusting back Germany in her designs upon Russia is a movement against her from the Pacific. Japan stands at the door with a veteran army and with a very considerable domestic organization for supplying munitions and other material. She does not propose to march into Siberia on her own account solely. She is both eager and ready to supply the larger measure of force, but she is willing that the movement shall, through the recognition and cooperation of allied powers, bear the character of an international enterprise. Washington ought to say the word; it ought to see the danger in Russia and further it ought, instead of distrusting and holding Japan back, to thank God for the fortune which has placed a formidable military force at a point where it may serve to save Russia and, in saving her, sustain the cause of democracy and liberty against a power whose assured purpose is to destroy it. It is stupid to palter with a situation so pregnant with ruinous possibilities.

#### Open Doors for Public Business.

Senator Borah has made himself the champion of a movement for "unlocking the doors" upon discussions in the Senate of foreign treaties. He is dead set against what he styles "secret diplomacy." The motive of Mr. Borah's agitation of the matter appears to be a fear that when the war settlements shall finally be made some personal friend of the President may usurp the powers which belong rightfully to the Senate. On the floor of the Senate the other day, with reference to matters in Europe, he declared that in the council of the Allied nations "matters are being constantly passed upon, no one representing us as I understand excepting a Mr. Crosby, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing officially or otherwise. We were all acquainted with the name of Colonel House, who apparently attended the international council at one time, but we are informed that he is now in the United States. We know nothing of the report which he has made. Our foreign affairs are not being carried on through the officials named in the Constitution and in the laws of the United States, but apparently all our foreign relations are in the hands of men unknown to the law and unknown to the Constitution."

Mr. Borah proceeded to quote from President Wil-

son's message of the 8th of January, wherein he declared:

The programme of the world's peace, therefore, is our programme; and that programme, the only possible programme, as we see it, is this:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

"Open covenants of peace," in the judgment of Mr. Borah, should imply open consideration of foreign affairs. At a time when the trend is toward open, candid, and democratic government he protests against secret council tables and against barter and trade, not only in the lives of individuals, but of peoples and nations.

#### A Pestiferous Statesman.

The rule of seniority, which has a fixed habit of putting square pegs in round holes, is just now making embarrassment for the national administration. Probably of all the 435 members of the House of Representatives the man least fitted for the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means is the Hon. Claude Kitchin of Scotland Neck, South Carolina. Kitchin is a narrow-brained product of village life in the most provincial and least progressive state in the Union. His habitual outlook upon matters and things approximates the effects produced by an inverted telescope. Yet under the rule of seniority this precious compound of ignorance, prejudice and stubbornness is chairman of the most important committee of the American Congress. True he is in harmony with the Administration in the sense that he is a Democrat—and a Southerner. But this does not serve to enlarge his views or to assure his ready cooperation. As guardian of the national harl, he is pertinaciously watchful at the spigot while the bung hole, unnoticed and unrestrained, flows at full tide. In brief, Mr. Kitchin is one of those pestiferous little fellows who confuse every situation with which they are connected and keep everybody in association with them in a continual state of irritation.

Furthermore, Mr. Kitchin is so little attentive that he doesn't know what is going on under his very nose, and he is at the same time so injudiciously outspoken as to be a constant embarrassment to the powers he is compelled to serve even as an automaton. When the bill out of which the present tariff law grew was reported to the House from Mr. Kitchin's committee he admitted in his remarks of presentation that he did not know what was in it, adding that it didn't much matter, since it must be passed by the House and licked into shape by the Senate. More recently he said in a formal speech in the House that he did not know that there was to be any revenue legislation this session until he read the fact in the newspapers. These amazing confessions, which expose the farcical character of financial legislation under present practice at Washington, have extremely annoyed the executive authorities. Obedience is demanded—blind, unquestioning, unreasoning obedience—but there should in common decency go with it a certain discretion of reserve. It is extremely awkward that the cat should be let out of the bag. And since Mr. Kitchin besides being a born damphool is a persistent meddler and blunderer, the Administration in the phrase of its own beloved South would be mightily pleased to "get shut" of him. But how? There is a nut which nobody has as yet dared to crack.

In other days this trick was turned with neatness and dispatch. But it took a kind of courage—a species of nerve—in which the powers that now be, despite their widespread ambitions, are notably lacking. When Tom Reed was Speaker of the House and a revision of the tariff was deemed desirable he found at the head of the Ways and Means Committee under the hard-and-fast-rule of seniority the late Sereno E. Payne, who, though possessed of many fine qualities, including a talent for rip-roaring oratory, did not fill the measure of his requirements. So the Speaker without making any fuss about it deposed Mr. Payne and put into the chairmanship one Nelson Dingley of Maine, a colleague in whom he, the Speaker, had entire confidence. Of course there were dire predictions as to the effect of this drastic departure from rule and precedent. But nothing at all happened. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Dingley the tariff was duly revised, and then, by way of soothing wounded vanities, Mr. Payne was put

back in his old job. Everybody connected with this historic episode is now dead, and we trust in heaven. All that is left of the incident is an interesting precedent which might well serve the immediate purpose of the Administration.

True the Speaker of the House today is not the authority he once was. Seeing that as a force in the government the Speakership was growing beyond bounds, an adroit Administration made a neat coup. It gave to the Speaker of the hour the pay of a member of the cabinet, an official automobile (use of which is not too scrupulously noted), an extra clerk or two, and a few other emoluments in exchange for his authority in the matter of committee assignments. A special committee—the Committee on Committees—now holds the powers so long in the hands of the Speaker before he got his extra pay and his automobile. This committee might if it had the nerve, as it has the wish, reassign Mr. Kitchin and put at the head of the Committee on Ways and Means, where he is an embarrassment, a man at once more capable and more biddable. There is just one way to do it, a method defined by the late Secretary Sherman in the famous remark that "the way to resume is to resume."

#### Nullification of the Civil Service Rules.

One who takes current information of governmental affairs at its face value would get the impression that consistent and definite progress is being made in extension of the civil service rules to larger and larger zones of public service. But law is one thing and its execution is quite another. Concurrently with the putting of postmasters, presidential as well as other classes, under the civil service rule, the Postoffice Department has practically made these rules a nullity by disregarding them. The case of Clarence Tynan, postmaster at Salinas, California, is significant. During the presidential campaign of 1916 Tynan frankly and openly "induced" subordinates in his own office, and fellow-postmasters in his vicinity, to subscribe to the Democratic campaign funds. There was in the matter, it appears, a distinct exercise of pressure in the sense that the subscribers were made to feel that their job depended upon their compliance with the demand. Tynan was indicted by the United States Grand Jury for violating the provisions of the code prohibiting this sort of thing. The prosecution was "easy." He pleaded guilty, was convicted and fined in a small sum. But in the face of this fact the Civil Service Commission has been unable to secure his dismissal, though it has repeatedly made efforts to this end.

There are several other cases similar in kind. The Civil Service Commission has again and again urged enforcement of the penalties prescribed, but ineffectively. It is this failure—failure to get cooperation at the hands of the Postoffice Department—that has drawn from the commission the following very pointed expression:

A number of complaints of violations of the provisions of the criminal code relating to the political assessment of Federal officers and employees were investigated during the year, and as a result an indictment has been secured in one case and three other cases have been referred to the Department of Justice with request that criminal proceedings be instituted. One investigation disclosed what appeared to be a serious violation of the law, the evidence showing that an officer of the government collected political assessments from a number of subordinate employees by threatening that if they failed to contribute the matter would be reported and they would lose their positions. The evidence was presented to the grand jury, but an indictment was not returned. Recommendation was made for the removal of this official, on which action is still pending. In the case where an indictment was secured, mentioned above, the evidence showed that an official of the United States had solicited and received political contributions from other officers and employees. Recommendation was made for his removal from the service, but no action has yet been taken.

Several complaints of political discrimination in appointments were investigated by the commission. In many cases it was found that the charges were unfounded, but in a few cases it appeared that, although unknown to the department, political considerations had affected the action taken. The commission recommended the removal of the persons so appointed, but was not successful in having its recommendations carried into effect.

In normal times 85 per cent. of the competitive classified civil service of the country is employed in the Postoffice Department. It was chiefly in respect of abuses practiced by this department that the original agitation for civil service reform was waged. If the rules are not enforced in the postal service the door is



left open to a multitude of evils. It is perhaps not unnatural that a politician of the Burleson type should seek to evade the restraints of a system which puts limits upon his political activities. But surely President Wilson can not wish that a department of the government under his general authority should disregard and practically nullify a law which has proved effective in at least checking the abuses of the spoils system. He would do well to look into the many evasions which have marked the executive record of the Postoffice Department during the last five years and in virtue of the plain facts give his Postmaster-General a wholesome jacking-up.

#### Editorial Notes.

In the Senate last week Mr. Fall of New Mexico raised an old issue, that of the caucus, and in a few phrases set forth a logic which has long controlled the judgment of thoughtful men. If the caucus meant, he said, that the entire fifty-two Democrats composing the majority of the Senate, as it now exists, should agree that they were to put through a particular measure that would mean government by the majority. But, he went on, "the fact remains that with fifty-two members upon the majority side, in a caucus, twenty-seven senators can bind the whole number. Thus today twenty-seven members in a caucus of fifty-two Democrats may control legislation to be enacted by ninety-six senators. Therefore as against the weapon of a party caucus debate carried to the extent of a filibuster is perfectly legitimate, and, in my judgment, is in the interest of the people whom we are supposed to represent here, not as Democrats or Republicans, but as senators of the United States Senate."

The latest explanation of General Wood's retention in this country in denial of his expressed wish for European service is to the effect that he is being "saved up for Mexico." This is intended to soothe the public mind, it having been found that the snubbing of Wood has gone a bit too far. The Administration is finding itself pretty severely criticised in respect of its treatment of Wood. The *New York World*, the *New York Times*, the habitually amiable *Springfield Republican*, and even the Hon. William Howard Taft have had a shy at it to its embarrassment. In consequence something exceptionally good will have to be found for him. Very probably it will be Mexico, since matters in that interesting country are near the point of "biling over." But it is curiously remembered that Wood's superior fitness for dealing with Mexico was not recognized in our former military operations in and near that country.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### An Open Letter—The Harvard Roll of Honor.

NEW YORK, June 5, 1918.

PRESIDENT LOWELL—Dear Sir: It appears that Harvard's German soldiers were not included on the Roll of Honor after all. The Harvard Memorial Society is perfectly innocent. But the "Harvard Bulletin" in printing the roll made use of the list of names prepared last year for the Harvard Monument. It was an accident, but one of those divine errors which show the hand of fate. The German names on the list gave rise to alarm. Why was this? The explanation is as follows:

In the summer of 1916 certain Harvard graduates began to talk quietly about a Harvard Monument to commemorate all the graduates, including Germans, who had fallen in the great war. In the autumn of that year the Harvard Corporation passed by a unanimous vote a resolution that such a monument be raised, and appointed a committee to collect money. A small amount was subscribed. The "Harvard Bulletin" at that time approved the scheme on the absurd ground that such a monument would show on which side of the war American sympathies lay—for the Germans commemorated would be few, the Americans in the Allied armies many. The corporation and the "Bulletin" could not see that such a monument would place the cause of Germany on an even footing with that of the Allies, and that the names of the two German soldiers would go down forever in history as balancing the thousands of American youths who died to protect the world against the German horror.

Many Americans, however, and especially the parents of the volunteers who had died fighting Germany, did see it. There followed a little tempest of protesting letters, newspaper articles, etc. The Harvard Corporation, nevertheless, stood pat. Its members expressed surprise that their plan should be denounced. They deprecated the criticism of the graduates, but they gave no assurance that they would drop their plan.

This is the reason why any suggestion made in a Harvard organ as to the placing of German names upon a soldiers' monument gives just cause for concern. Even the words of Mr. William C. Lane, president of the Harvard Memorial Society, spoken as he presented the roll—"This is not a permanent memorial of them; that will take some other shape"—arouse disquieting memories. So long as the resolution of the corporation authorizing a monument to Germans has not been openly rescinded there will be danger of such excitements. Indeed they are necessary. The American boys who are to be commemorated are dead. Their companions are aghast. Nothing but the vigilance of their parents and of other friends of Harvard will certainly prevent German names from being placed sooner or later upon the walls of Harvard.

I write to ask you, has the monument scheme been def-

initely and formally abandoned, and if so will you kindly announce the fact? Has the money raised, however small, been returned to the subscribers? I remain,  
Very respectfully,  
JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

General Foch in his lecture to the Ecole Militaire long before the outbreak of the war was in the habit of impressing upon the minds of his auditors certain fundamental precepts that should be their guide in the great struggle that he certainly foresaw and that he probably hoped for. It was not enough, he said, that the officers of an army should obey the orders that they received; they must try to understand why those orders had been given, and they must participate to the fullest possible extent in the plans of the mind that conceived them. Discipline must be something far more than obedience so far as the higher ranks were concerned; it must be the establishment of a sort of mental identity that should take the place of explanations. A blind and unreflecting obedience was for the private soldier, but the officer must cultivate a kind of clairvoyance that should bring him into actual relationship with the mind of the commander-in-chief, in some thing of the same way that the fingers of the hand might he said to participate in the intention of the mind that directs them. This is, of course, in no sense a literal quotation from the lectures referred to, but it expresses accurately enough an idea that often found a place in the exhortations of the present commander-in-chief and it may he said to indicate a certain imaginative idealism without which there can be no military genius.

But Foch exacted more than this from the officers whom he was trying to train. They must learn to divine, he said, not only the unuttered projects of their own commander, but also the plans of the enemy. They must learn to put themselves in the place of the general opposed to them, to look at the situation from his standpoint and thus to foresee his movements in the light of what their own movements would be if their respective positions were reversed. They must so visualize the situation as to enter into the hopes and fears of their opponent and thus to estimate that situation by his standard of values as well as from their own. These aphorisms are recalled in this place not only because they throw a certain light upon the present situation, but because they are as useful to the civilian as to the soldier if we are to penetrate a little closer to the heart of the war than a mere survey of the bulletins will permit.

The German attack along the Rheims-Soissons line has now come to an end, at least temporarily, although we may note with interest that the American attack upon Torcy found the German lines unfortified as though it were intended either at once to advance them or to withdraw them. The nearly straight battle front that previously existed between the two cities has been so hulled that it resembles a deep bag with the pointed bottom of the bag resting on Dormans and Verneuil on the Marne. Leaving Dormans and Verneuil, the Marne, with German forces on its northern bank, runs northwest as far as Château Thierry. Here the opposing lines part company with the Marne—which turns nearly due west—and they proceed, still in a northwesterly direction, as far as Veuilly-la-Poterie, some ten miles further on. Veuilly-la-Poterie is the most westerly point of the bag, and in its immediate vicinity is Torcy, which has just been taken by American forces. From Veuilly-la-Poterie and Torcy the lines turn back northeastward to Soissons. It will be observed that the mouth, or rather the neck, of the bag, from a little to the west of Soissons as far as Rheims, is still firmly held by the Allies, and it is because the Germans have so far been unable to widen it that their advance southward and westward has been stemmed. There is necessarily a limit to the forces that can be poured into a bag such as this without a corresponding widening of the neck of the bag in order to lessen the danger that the strings of its neck may suddenly be drawn tight. Both Château Thierry and Veuilly-la-Poterie have therefore a distinctive importance of their own. Château Thierry is the most westerly point of contact of the Germans and the River Marne, and it is therefore the point for the insertion of a wedge intended to pry the Germans away from the river. Veuilly-la-Poterie marks the western extremity of the bag, or the point of its greatest bulge toward the west, and it is therefore a small salient within the great salient of the German advance. The French and American attacks upon Château Thierry and Veuilly-la-Poterie, and especially upon the former, are therefore intended to lessen the German hold upon the Marne, which now has a length of about ten miles, and consequently to narrow the width of the bottom of the bag. So far these attacks do not seem to have been carried out in very great force, although they have been gratifyingly successful. Château Thierry is now shared by the rival armies, but Torcy has actually been taken by the Americans, as well as the two villages of Belleau and Buresches that lie between Torcy and Château Thierry. The Germans have not actually been pried away from the Marne to any appreciable extent, but the pushing in of their line between Château Thierry and Torcy has measurably narrowed the lower end of the bag. It is to be noted also that if the Allies should make a determined attempt to obliterate the new German Soissons-Rheims salient it is just here at Château Thierry and Torcy that the assault would probably be launched. If such an assault were successful on a large scale it would mean the instant evacuation by the Germans of the whole of the lower half of the bag. Whether such an assault will presently be delivered remains to be seen, but the Franco-American operations of the last few days are certainly of a preparatory nature, although the time may not yet be ripe for a determined effort of that kind. At the same time

we may notice that this is the vulnerable point in the new German positions, and nothing that happens here is without its significance.

We may now make an effort to estimate the valuation placed by the Germans upon their own achievements, and fortunately they help us to do this by a certain candor to which we have been unused. Thus we find a distinct note of moderation in the more important German newspapers. The German people are definitely warned not to expect too much from the present offensive, and they are invited to consider that a battle is necessarily a slow and tedious affair with long pauses between its various developments. But more significant than all else is the admission that appears in more than one inspired communication that the Allies have very large reserves, and that their intervention must always be looked for whenever a major attack is brought. Nowhere do we find any claim that strategic values have been secured, or that any large objectives have been brought within reach. Still less are there any promises that decisive results may be looked for or that the end of the war is within sight. When we contrast these utterances with the almost insane bombast that marked the beginnings of the offensive, with the confidence of the assurances that were given, we can not help being struck with the clear evidences of depression, and this effect is heightened by the realization that all these newspaper summaries are virtually dictated, that they mark the opinion, not of newspaper editors, but of the government. None the less we find a frequent insistence upon the moral effect upon the Allies of the German advance, and of so striking a proof of German invincibility. In years to come, when German historians shall attempt to assess the causes of German ruin, they should give a large place to this obsession of the German mind by the conviction that enemies may be overcome by shoutings, threats, insults, and cruelties. It is a part of the placid assumption of the Germans that their foes are necessarily as pusillanimous as they are themselves.

Indeed there is no reason why the German commanders should exult over their successes, and that they are so obviously refraining from doing so may probably be taken as a preliminary to peace proposals of a more radical kind than anything that we have yet seen, and that are likely to shock the German mind into some realization of the actual position. If it may be conceded that Germany has won three victories, in Picardy, in Flanders, and in the Champagne, it must equally be conceded that three more such victories would leave her without any army at all, and that the bulk of the Allied reserves would remain as masters of the field. We may disregard the estimates of German losses that proceed from enthusiastic guesswork and we may still assume that they are two to one, as must almost inevitably be the case where attacks in massed formation are brought against fortified positions. For the first time since the war began there are evidences that the German commanders are shrinking from the holocaust to which hitherto they have been indifferent, and that they are anxiously seeking out narrow areas of attack where their losses may be minimized. But apart altogether from their losses, there is nothing in the actual battle positions that can carry any comfort to the German strategic mind. Three great battles have been fought, and in no one of them have the German objectives been attained. The French and British lines have not been sundered; Amiens has not been taken; the Channel ports are practically as safe as ever they were; and Paris is still out of sight. The Allied armies are just as favorably placed as before the German offensive, while the German lines are actually far more dangerously situated than they were three months ago. The German commanders do not fall into the mistake only too commonly entertained by a more or less despondent public opinion in America. They know well enough that they are not fighting for the possession of territory, but for the defeat of an army, and that they have done nothing of consequence until that army has been defeated—that is to say shattered or enveloped. They know that the Allied armies have not even been shaken, that their morale is unaffected, and that their losses are more than counterbalanced by a flood of American arrivals that can easily be made constantly broader and deeper for years to come. The German commanders know also that their "victories" have forced them into formations of the most dangerous kind, and that at this moment they lie open to attack that they would be fortunate indeed if they could withstand. These are patent and obvious facts that can not be evaded, and we may be sure that they are occupying the German military mind to the exclusion of any sense of triumph over the conquest of a few miles of territory that has very little value from the strategic point of view. If the German commanders have any real military hope at all—and it must be of a shadowy kind—it is that the fourth battle that is now in its early stages shall do for them what their earlier efforts have wholly failed to do and that by one more prodigal expenditure of life they may succeed in inflicting a death wound upon France. The object of their latest assault is clear enough. It is intended to straighten their line from Montdidier to Château Thierry and to remove the danger to which their salients are now exposed. At the moment of writing the battle is in the balance, but inclining in favor of the Allies, and it may be said that if the stories of German losses shall be confirmed it will not be within the power of Germany to fight more than one more great battle with mobile forces, for her mobile forces will either be destroyed or anchored to their fortifications.

We need not be in doubt at all as to the nature of the German proposals when they shall come, but unfortunately there is a good deal of doubt as to the way in which they will be received by the democracies now at war, as to the extent to



which their real nature will be recognized. Germany is likely to offer, immediately or ultimately, everything that has been asked of her on the single condition that she be allowed a free hand in the east, and the east will mean Russia and Roumania, and perhaps Russia alone. Certainly she needs no more than the control of Russia to fulfill her wildest ambitions, and it is to be feared that she is already in control of Russia. If she should be allowed to consolidate her present gains in the east, then she will have won the war, and won it more overwhelmingly than she ever dared to dream before it began, when she thought of no more than a highway through Serbia into Asia Minor and to India. She has already created a belt of German kingdoms—for that is what they are to all intents and purposes—between Russia and Europe, and she has pushed Russia back into Asia. She is rapidly overrunning the Ukraine, and northern Russia is now so far under her influence that it has become almost a German province. Russia, in point of fact, has been swallowed, and is now being digested. Whatever hopes we have of a revival of patriotic Russia must soon disappear as Germany extends her influence farther east and north with an unobstructed view of the Pacific Ocean. There is only one thing that prevents a complete and immediate overwhelming of the country. Germany at the moment has not the necessary forces to do this. They have been withdrawn to the western front, but we need not have the slightest doubt that she intends to do this. Apart from the almost unimaginable power that this would give to her we may be quite sure that she can not tolerate a democratic or a republican Russia. She could not live with a democracy on her east as well as upon her west. But it is the gorgeous imperialism of the scheme that at the moment is attracting her the most powerfully. Germany in control of Russia would be the mightiest empire that the world has ever known. She would be the master of China, and India and Africa would fall into her lap like overripe fruit. She would become a Pacific power, and therefore a neighbor of the United States. She would be invincible. She would be the master of the human race. The protection of Russia is therefore something vastly more than a disinterested beneficence, as the short-sighted ones among us are apt to consider it. Russia in the hands of Germany means that the whole world is in the hands of Germany, and that democracy becomes a myth. And we may reasonably ask ourselves if Russia is not already in the hands of Germany, and in what way she may be compelled to relax her grip.

The position of Germany is strong whether such a proposal were accepted or rejected. Suppose it were rejected, as of course it would be if the Allied statesmen were allowed a free hand. Suppose that Germany were then to withdraw her armies to the Rhine, fortify herself there, and ask in so many words, "What do you propose to do about it?" To march over the Rhine to Berlin is of course a favorite prospective promenade with the street-corner orator, but we may greatly doubt if it could be done without a loss of lives that are not available after four years of war. Germany could maintain herself in that position almost forever, and in the meantime she could go on with the conquest of Russia, and even sustain herself economically from the same source. And she would be practically safe from Allied attack. It would be impossible to send armies across the Pacific in order to assail her through Siberia, and it would be hardly possible to reach her in any other way. A display of energy at Vladivostok months ago might have enheartened the Russians to resist the German invasion. It might do so still, although Russia seems now so abject as to lessen such a hope. The idea that Russia would resent the appearance of an Allied force at Vladivostok and she would then throw herself incontinently into the arms of Germany seems a little visionary in view of the fact that a German invasion of Russia is received with apparent equanimity. If Russia will tolerate the Germans while refusing to tolerate the Allies then she has so far shown her pro-Germanism that perhaps her feelings need not be very seriously considered. That, however, is a point for statesmen to determine. From the military point of view it is perhaps enough to recognize that Germany can not be dislodged from Russia after she has once made good her foothold, and that Germany, fortified on the banks of the Rhine, can develop her eastern empire at her leisure. And it need hardly be repeated that we are then face to face with a German empire that stretches half way round the world, and that can easily extend itself to the equator. The occupation of Vladivostok is not a matter of the preservation of military stores, important as that is. It is not a matter of preventing the liberation of German prisoners who are now finding their freedom—and their way back to the western lines—at the rate of about 2000 a day. It is a matter of doing what little it is now possible to do to prevent the absorption of Russia, and the winning of the war by Germany wholly irrespective of what may happen on the battlefields of the west.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1918.

SIDNEY CORYN.

With a view to ultimately making Japan self-supporting in regard to supplies of wool, the Japanese government has set aside in the budget of the next financial year a fund of \$150,000 for encouraging sheep breeding. According to an explanation made in the Diet the sheep at present in Japan are not of good stock, being bred from those imported into Japan many years ago. Moreover, they number less than 4000 and the annual output of wool is very small.

Green uniforms recently replaced white ones among British hospital surgeons, and British hospitals are also being fitted in green instead of white, because this color is easier on the eyes of patients.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Peyton C. March, the new American chief of staff, is interested in many things decidedly foreign to his profession. He enjoys a dance as much as a fight. He has a keen sense of humor and tells a good story exceedingly well. He likes the theatre and knows the stage history of a great many players. He is interested in sports and is a discriminating reader of fiction.

General Frederick B. Maurice's receptions to correspondents while he was at the head of the military affairs division in England are described as having not been interviews, but lectures. The correspondents filed into the sanctuary at the War Office at the appointed minute. Any man who was late found the door barred against him. Military usage demanded promptness, and General Maurice would not forgive or excuse a lack of it.

Edward N. Hurley, head of the United States Shipping Board, began life on a farm and at fifteen earned \$15 a month and his board. Then he became a locomotive fireman, then an engineer. This made him familiar with the valves of steam engines. While running engines he invented a new valve, then invented a process for cleaning boilers. Still later he made the great invention which achieved his fortune—the pneumatic steel riveter. Mr. Hurley sold his share in this patent for \$1,250,000.

Major-General George W. Goethals, who is acting United States quartermaster-general and director of storage and traffic, is fifty-nine years of age. At eleven years of age he was an errand boy in Brooklyn, earning his own living, then bookkeeper for a produce dealer, attending night school, finally graduating from City College while earning his own living and winning an appointment to West Point by a competitive examination. He graduated third in his class. He has been called the Kitchener of America.

Henry P. Davison, in charge of the finances of the American Red Cross, is another of the great war chiefs who started as a penniless boy. He had to leave school at fifteen to earn his living. He was born at Troy, Pennsylvania, fifty-one years ago, became an errand boy, then a runner for a bank, finally the teller of the bank at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Finally he secured, by his great persistence, a similar position in a New York City bank, the Astor Place; boarded in One Hundred and Fourth Street, rode his bicycle back and forth from Astor Place to One Hundred and Fourth Street, and saved money—and invested it.

Dean Frederick Paul Keppel of Columbia University, who has been made an Assistant Secretary of War to care for non-military matters, has been commended by a biographer in the following terms: "His consideration of individuals, a trait acquired by constant contact with young men whose problems, while relatively small, were nevertheless real; his loyalty and enthusiastic devotion to any worth-while project, a characteristic, if not inborn, certainly developed in a wholesome academic community; and an unusually pleasant personality, have all combined to make him a prominent figure in the university life of this generation."

Prince Sixte of Bourbon, to whom the Emperor Karl sent the letter which admitted France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine and several other things that were not pleasing to his illustrious ally, is one of the family of nineteen from which the Austrian emperor took his bride, the Princess Zita. He is one year older than his brother-in-law, and the "Almanach de Gotha" for 1914 gives his address as Paris. They are in their way a cosmopolitan family, the members of which seem to have been born, on no particular principle, in Austria, France, or Italy, and to have been distributed (before the war) pretty impartially throughout Europe, including England.

Howard Coonley of Boston, who has been appointed vice-president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation to take over the legal, financial, auditing, contract, statistical, and executive and administrative divisions, has not only been successful in a business way, but is said to wield a great personal influence through his faculty for leadership and his quiet manner of meeting and overcoming problems. This may be best illustrated by the tribute paid to him by one of his closest friends, Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Crews, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., who said: "Wherever Mr. Coonley goes he leaves a trail of organization and affection on the part of the men with whom he comes in contact."

United States Senator Thomas James Walsh, who was one of the leaders in the effort to induce Congress to pass laws dealing drastically with organizations which advocate social and political changes by use of force, has intimate relations with and considerable investments in companies in Montana which own and sell land and raise live stock. He grew up in Wisconsin, and has his Bachelor of Laws degree from the university of that state. His professional career opened in South Dakota, but Helena since 1890 has been his home and base of operations. In the Democratic national conventions of 1908 and 1912 he figured prominently and his service as an organizer in the 1912 campaign after the nomination of President Wilson was notable.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Strangers Yet.

Strangers yet!

After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wedded hands,—  
Why thus join'd? Why ever met,  
If they must be strangers yet?

Strangers yet!

After childhood's winning ways,  
After care and blame and praise,  
Counsel ask'd and wisdom given,  
After mutual prayers to Heaven,  
Child and parent scarce regret  
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

After strife for common ends—  
After title of "old friends,"  
After passions fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may heat and eyes be met,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

Oh! the bitter thought to scan  
All the loneliness of man:—  
Nature, by magnetic laws,  
Circle unto circle draws,  
But they only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.—Lord Houghton

### The Song of the Sea Wind.

How it sings, sings, sings,  
Blowing sharply from the sea line,  
With an edge of salt that stings;  
How it laughs aloud and passes,  
As it cuts the close cliff grasses;  
How it stings again, and whistles  
As it shakes the stout sea thistles—  
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks  
In the crannies of the headland,  
In the grasses of the creeks;  
How it shrieks once more and catches  
Up the yellow foam in patches;  
How it whirls it out and over  
To the corn field and the clover—  
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,  
In the iron under-caverns,  
In the hollows of the shores;  
How it roars anew and thunders,  
As the strong hull splits and sunders;  
And the spent ship, tempest-driven,  
On the reef lies rent and riven—  
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,  
In the tangle of the wreckage,  
In the flapping of the sails;  
How it sobs away, subsiding,  
Like a tired child after chiding;  
And across the ground swell rolling  
You can hear the hell huoy tolling—  
How it wails! —Austin Dobson.

### Good-By.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home:  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long though thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine.  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
To those who go, and those who come;  
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose grooves the frolic faeries planned;  
Whose arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay.  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the hush with God may meet?  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### "Fratr Ave Atque Vale."

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!  
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmione!"  
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,  
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,  
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,  
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,  
"Fratr Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro  
Gazing at the Lydian-laughter of the Garda Lake below  
Sweet Catullus's all-hut-island, olive-silvery Sirmione!  
—Lord Tennyson.

What are termed the reef waters along the north and northeast coasts of Honduras form one of the rich fishing grounds of the world. This region begins about 100 miles east of Ceiba and extends around some distance south of Cape Gracias Adios. This is all more or less shallow water, forming one great coral reef with a number of small keys extending up above the surface of the water and forming small islands. It is thus an ideal fish and turtle ground.



## REAL RUSSIANS.

Mrs. Sonia E. Howe Describes Her Visit to Russia Immediately Before the Revolution.

As Russia looms ever larger in the affairs of a war-torn world there should be an increasing welcome for personal experiences of Russian conditions. Mrs. Sonia Howe, herself a Russian, has lately returned from the East after the successful completion of her mission to alleviate the lot of political exiles and to befriend Russian prisoners of war who had escaped from German captivity. Her book is an unpretentious one—almost like a diary—but it has the inestimable grace of sincerity. Mrs. Howe found strong official support for her efforts, and as a result she was able to see and to hear much that would otherwise have been hidden. She was invited to visit the barracks assigned to men who had escaped from German prisons and she gives us a picture that is not without its bearing upon the revolutionary forces. The rooms were bare, dirty, horrible:

"Never before had I witnessed such a tragedy. My protégés had passed through a psychological crisis, and instead of the happy heroes of yesterday I found myself surrounded by a crowd of bitter, disappointed and angry men. I felt quite nervous on their account as they enumerated their grievances with loud and fearless voices. One and all were clamoring for me to get them away from 'this hell.'"

"See where they have put us!" they cried. "We were not treated like this even in the German lagers—there they gave us mattresses, blankets, and pillows—and here, at home, look what they expect us to rest on!"

There was yet another factor which accentuated the unhappiness of the newcomers. My particular friends, proud of their good Dutch and English clothing, had realized with horror that if they, too, were compelled to spend weeks in these surroundings, their clothes would get as dirty and shabby as those of the men who had been there two months. "You see, Baryini," a thoughtful-looking man said to me, "we have all been in other countries; some of us have seen Paris, others Rotterdam and London, and we know now how things are managed there. We have been received as honored guests in London, we have met with great kindness from the Dutch and Belgian, but here in Russia—in our own country—no one seems to take any notice of us whatever."

It is curious, and significant of much, that Russia should treat her own men with such cynical neglect and that she should lavish her kindness upon the Austrian and German prisoners within her own country:

We walked across the high, open space in front of the house, when one of the fourteen Austrian prisoners of war employed there as farm laborers came up and said in German to my sister-in-law:

"Gracious lady, please let me go and work on the field." "Emil," she said in the same language, "I thought your legs were too bad to work in the fields, but I presume that you are really tired of cutting up clover for the cattle."

"No, gracious lady, really I am ever so much better, and my legs ache less, but I think it would be a shame for me to have been in the country and not to have learned how to harvest."

"Emil, Emil," said the lady, smiling and shaking her head, "you're just tired of looking after the cattle, and you want to stand in the field and boss the women as they work."

"Emil is terribly lazy," she remarked to me as we walked on.

"Gracious lady, you will not forget my request," the man called after us.

I turned round and said to him, "Emil, you are well cared for here, are you not?"

"Ja—leider! (Yes, unfortunately)."

I turned to my sister-in-law, who is looking after the estate while my brother is in captivity in Germany, and said, "I wonder why he said 'Unfortunately?'"

"Emil," she called out, "why did you say 'Leider?'"

The man looked a little confused, and then replied, "Oh, in my part of Germany 'unfortunately' and 'Thank God' are used in the same sense."

We laughed at this ingenious reply. Indeed, he ought to have said "Thank God," for if it had not been for the fact of being far away from home, and captives of war, these men might have been absolutely happy. No one interfered with the prisoners, and these fourteen men were treated just as ordinary laborers. No one even locked them up at night, as is the case with Russian prisoners of war in Germany under the same conditions, as I had been told by some of our men who had escaped from there.

These Austrians, Galicians, and Ruthenians were well-fed, clothed, and housed, and even received some wages.

Mrs. Howe had an interview with M. Khvostoff, minister of justice, but she found him uncompromising. Relating her experiences to her host, he advised her to see M. Stuermer, foreign minister, and the empress. This she was willing enough to do. Indeed she would see any one except Rasputin. There she drew the line:

"You must see Stuermer," he said in his impetuous way, "and you should also see the empress."

"I am willing to see any and everybody—with the exception of Rasputin," I replied.

"But, my dear lady," he exclaimed excitedly, "why not him? He is so influential; but please do not think that he makes or unmakes ministers. All he does is to make hall porters for a consideration of 25 roubles."

"No, thank you," I said, "no Rasputin for me! I wish to use clean means only."

He laughed: "If you were drowning and a plank were thrown to you, you would not inquire whether it were clean or not, and just now you are trying to save those who are drowning."

My persistent refusal to see Rasputin highly amused my host.

"Surely you will not leave Petrograd without seeing him—it is like going to Rome and not seeing the Pope! Still, if you do persist in your conscientious scruples, at least go and see him when your business is done."

I shook my head.

Stuermer was sympathetic, or seemed so, and displayed much interest when the author courageously warned him that a revolution was imminent and that

a timely removal of the causes would be the best of policies:

I now related to the premier that our "non-political" committee consisted of members holding widely different views on most questions, and that even strong Conservatives had joined because they had such sympathy with the exiles and were so opposed to the system. It was at this point that I told Mr. Stuermer that I myself was not a revolutionary, but decidedly a Liberal. "It is since I left Russia that I have learned to think politically," I said, "for in England I came to realize what other people consider necessary for civic life. Only during the last ten years have I come into contact with Radical Russians. In fact, I know personally very few revolutionaries, but," I added, "I do know and love Prince Peter Kropotkin. I consider him one of the best men and the greatest idealist I have ever met."

Having made my point of view quite clear and having no apprehensions of being misunderstood, I spoke up:

"People who, in other countries, would be considered law-abiding and useful citizens, you not only banish, but let starve into the bargain, and I gave him instances."

"I do know that their allowances are insufficient," the premier replied, "and, in fact, I have only just now been asked by the governor-general of Siberia to increase them."

"Would it not be better to set them all free?" I said. "It would be so much simpler and cheaper."

"It is not a question of expense," he said in an off-handed way.

Then I told him what Mr. Khvostoff had said about the absence of leaders, and added: "Nevertheless, you will have a revolution, not stirred up by regular revolutionists, but by the people themselves. The storm is brewing."

"What makes you think so?" he asked with evident interest.

I gave him my reasons: the growing discontent owing to the rise of prices, the hatred against speculators, etc., and also the threats which, to my surprise, were now openly uttered. Never before, I warned him, had I heard such plain speaking wherever I went.

The premier looked thoughtful and admitted the possibility of an outbreak. "We shall have to prepare for it," were his words.

"Would it not be better to remove the causes of the discontent?" I asked.

Escaped prisoners of war described to Mrs. Howe the hell they had endured in Germany. Some of the camps were worse than others. So much depended on the commandant:

Perhaps the greatest hardship the prisoners of war have to endure is the perpetual torment of being asked to go to work in munition factories or elsewhere in order to help their enemy; and for refusing to do so they are persecuted and punished. Many give in from sheer despair, especially as they are huddled and threatened without respite, and, in some cases, even tortured. As an example of huddling, my friends related that they were informed that if they refused to work, as desired, it would be noted down on their papers that they had worked in ammunition factories. "Then, when peace is declared," they said to us, "and you return home, you will be shot for having done so. If, on the other hand, you do go to work for us, it will not be noted down and so you will escape punishment."

It requires tremendous moral courage to hold out under such circumstances. All the more honor to the men who do so. I was told by some soldiers that in one instance three hundred men thus persisted in their refusal and, infuriated by their firmness, the German officer shouted at them: "Let him who has the courage to die for his conviction step forward." Forty men did so.

They were led away and their comrades considered them as good as dead. As it happened these particular men were not shot, but many such brave soldiers have paid with their lives for their refusal to help Germany.

Incidentally the author gives us a side light on prohibition. She was told that the nation as a whole had gained, although some great evils had taken the place of alcohol:

One evening I was dining at one of the smartest restaurants of Petrograd. All the small tables in the garden were occupied by well-dressed ladies and men in uniform. Very few were in civilian clothing. My host ordered a choice dinner—caviare and other luxuries were served—but no wines. Everybody drank kvass, a delicious non-alcoholic national beverage. We drank this frothy "sucharny" kvass out of fine large glasses, and I am sure all these smart people thoroughly enjoyed the cooling draught. For me this was a new experience—a Russian teetotal dinner party—but my friends had evidently become so accustomed to it that no comment even was made as to the absence of wine.

"You can not buy Eau de Cologne without a doctor's prescription," my friend said to me one day when I had expressed my intention of doing so.

"But why not?" was my astonished retort.

"For the simple reason that people have taken to drinking Eau de Cologne, and when they can not get that many drink methylated spirits."

We had been talking about the abolition of alcohol and of the various tricks people were having recourse to in order to satisfy their craving for it, and a doctor friend then told me of the following incident:

One night he was sent for to go to a home for Polish refugees. He found it furnished with a minimum of necessities. The patient was seriously ill.

"Have you a hot bottle you can give her?" he asked the matron.

"No, we do not go in for such luxuries."

"Then, please, get me some flannel and we will make her a hot fomentation."

"I am sorry, but we have no flannel."

"Then at least give her at once a drop of brandy."

"Brandy!" exclaimed the matron, her eyes brightening with sudden hope, "we have none, but please, doctor, prescribe plenty of brandy and wine and then we will be able to get it."

Needless to say the doctor did nothing of the kind: but what he did was to provide that home with the necessities required for invalids.

We have some examples of Russian profiteering. A contractor receiving an allowance for the support of a thousand head of cattle starved them to death, and this while there was a meat shortage. We are given occasional illuminating glimpses into the mind of the Russian:

We discussed all sorts of subjects—the man proved to be well read and one who had thought out things for himself.

"I do not believe priests are any good," he said in the course of conversation, "for if they were they would not want money for everything. 'Pay so many roubles they say, or I will not bury your child.' Or, take another point," he said,

looking at me with a very serious expression, "why do our priests keep silent about all the things which are being done?—let them speak out."

Later in the day, as I was reading in my unique hotel, I was startled by a knock at the door. I jumped up at once to open it. There stood the assistant commandant of the station and beside him a gentleman who, with a polite bow, handed me a letter.

"From his majesty," he said simply. "Are you satisfied?" he then asked me smiling, and if I looked as happy as I felt I must indeed have looked very satisfied.

I glanced at the address.

"Yes," I replied, "for this letter contains an answer to my letter," and so it proved. "I will help," were the emperor's own words.

The author gives us a small chapter entitled "Only a Cossack," containing a silhouette of Austrian methods:

He was a tall Cossack, with a gentle face and almost child-like eyes. As he replied to my question as to what his experiences in captivity had been his lower jaw trembled. It seemed as if he had to strain every nerve in order to prevent his facial muscles from twitching.

"We had fought desperately," he said, "but were at last cut off from the rest, and twenty-five of us and one officer were taken prisoners. The Austrians said they would shoot us all. You see, we were Cossacks," he said in explanation. "One of the Austrian officers, however, pleaded for us, and the general seemed to get very cross with him, but he persisted, and said that after all we were soldiers like the others, and should be treated as prisoners of war. They think we are wild beasts," the young Cossack added quietly.

"Well, at last the general agreed to spare us, but one of the party he said he would shoot." The tall Cossack gulped a lump down his throat. "We were all put in a row, and the general walked up and down looking at us, choosing whom he would have shot. Then he caught hold of one of us by the coat, and dragged our comrade as a dog would. They blindfolded him and shot him before our eyes. They treated us very badly," he added, shaking his head mournfully, "and yet we were just soldiers!"

"You look as if you could not wring a chicken's neck," I remarked, struck by his mild and gentle expression.

"I've cut many a German's head off," he replied, in the same even and gentle tone.

Once more the author reverts to public opinion in Russia as displayed in private conversations:

It would have been exceedingly interesting could I have had a gramophone to catch all the remarks made to me. That record would have been very valuable for future days.

Those were anxious days for the Allied diplomats. Sazonoff, the foreign minister, had been forced to resign, owing to intrigues.

"He was bought by England," some one said to me.

"It is through the influence of Rasputin and the young empress that Sazonoff has had to go. They want peace and he is in the way," said another.

A certain section of Russian society which, without being pro-German was anti-war, seemed very pleased with the appointment of his successor, Stuermer. One of these people told me with genuine pleasure and satisfaction: "Stuermer has been chosen because he knows nothing whatever of diplomacy, and when it comes to peace proposals he will be quite unhampered by diplomatic finesse, and with sound common sense will go straight ahead."

"Oh, I see," I replied; "he is to be an illustration of the British proverb: 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!'"

Stuermer is so ignorant of foreign politics that when asked questions in council his replies have to be handed to him surreptitiously on slips of paper," said some one else less enchanted by the choice of foreign minister.

Yet another informed me that "all Monsieur Stuermer had ever done was to arrange precedence at court functions in his capacity of chamberlain."

"What do you think about the war?" I asked a workman.

"Well, what should I think about it?" he growled out surlily. "What good will it do us peasants? It will not procure us any more land—no more than we got after the Japanese war. . . . And we had been so sure more land would be given us then! What kind of government is it we have! It is not enough that our men are sent against the enemy with insufficient weapons, but while they are being killed off, the government is introducing yellow people as workmen, who work for less wages than we Russians do. Don't speak to me of the war," he said with annoyance and finality in his voice, turning away and shoving wood under a boiler in which water was being boiled in readiness for the troops who were due at that station.

Mrs. Howe has in no sense written a great book. She had no such intention. But she has written a valuable book, a book that helps us to understand Russia.

REAL RUSSIANS. By Sonia E. Howe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The German General Staff is not the creation of the Kaiser. It is the creation of the army, and in Germany the army is the nation. In the old days, when the principality of Brandenburg was becoming the State of Prussia, it was the Elector who governed with unchecked, autocratic authority. Even when Brandenburg had become Prussia the kings of Prussia dominated and owned the country as completely as the head of the house dominated the family, or the manufacturer owned his business. The cabinet of the Great Elector, the Tobacco Parliament of Frederick William, the Potsdam Library of Frederick the Great, these have merged into the offices of the General Staff, in which is consecrated the surrender of the state to the army, and of the army to the army chiefs.

During the dry season in Argentina a certain species of spiders' webs collects on the telephone and telegraph wires in enormous quantities. As soon as the sun sets they become soaked with dew and cause short circuits between the wires. Eleven pounds weight have been swept from four wires over a distance of six miles.

One of the most important coal fields of the Far East is the Fushun colliery near Mukden. The coal field covers an area of more than forty square miles and is now worked in only three places.



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**BUSINESS NOTES.**

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reports the local clearings for the week ended Saturday, June 8th, at \$100,659,182.31. This total compares with \$76,803,076.41 in the corresponding week of 1917; but the latter was a week of five business days only. Saturday's clearings amounted to \$14,033,224.10.

Reporting as of June 7, 1918, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco exhibits total resources of \$218,820,000, as compared with a total of \$213,432,000 in the preceding week.

Total reserves now stand at \$137,462,000, as against \$128,554,000 in the preceding week, and gold reserves against net reserves and note liability now stands in the proportion of 69.59 per cent., as compared with a showing last week of 67.13 per cent.—thus indicating a gain of gold in a week of more than \$5,000,000.

Total gross deposits stand at \$99,350,000, as against \$97,738,000. Collection items have advanced to \$11,407,000 from \$9,555,000. The bank's position is of great and growing strength.

McDonnell & Co. are offering to investors a list of attractive California municipal bonds of varying maturities at prices to yield from 4.65 to 6 per cent. The list includes State of California 4s, City of San Francisco 5s, and various improvement and irrigation district issues.

The proposed new tax legislation, which has been brought forcibly to the attention of the country recently through the speeches of President Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, is already beginning to have its effect on the market for tax-exempt bonds of the sort included in the list of offerings prepared by McDonnell & Co. The supply of tax-exempt municipals on the Pacific Coast market is generally conceded to be light, which fact, together with the curtailment of new borrowing operations, is helping to bring about a marked improvement in this branch of the investment situation.

The market for municipal bonds has recently shown a marked tendency toward higher levels. This trend of prices was undoubtedly accentuated by the new proposed tax legislation, aimed as it is particularly at unearned incomes.

Liberty Loan 3½ per cent. bonds, which are the highest type of tax-exempt bonds, are selling at about par; Federal Land Bank Bonds, to yield about 4.75 per cent.; City of New York Municipals, to yield about 4.20 per cent.; City of Boston Municipals, to yield about 4.60 per cent.; City of Canton, Ohio, 5½s, to yield about 4.80 per cent. City of San Francisco 5 per cent. bonds were retailing freely some months ago on a 5 per cent.

basis; at this time they are bid a 5 per cent. basis, both here and in New York. Five hundred thousand dollars, City of Santa Barbara 5 per cent. bonds were recently sold at public sale at a substantial premium. The great value of the tax-exempt feature is appreciated when we see United States government 4½ per cent. bonds, which are taxable, selling at a price to yield 4.80 per cent., as against United States government 3½s, which are tax exempt, selling to yield 3.50 per cent.

While the demand for municipal issues in California is very small, the supply is negligible. The issuance of municipal bonds is being so restricted by the Capital Issues Committee that it is fair to assume that until the war is over more municipal bonds will mature than will be issued. The demand for municipal bonds, on account of the tax-exempt feature, will probably not be large in California, inasmuch as the chief buyers of municipal bonds in this state have been banks and institutions, which are now financing war industries. Individuals, as a general rule, do not buy low yield municipals, as the tax-exempt feature appeals particularly to the very wealthy investor, and the following figures will show that the number of people in California paying income taxes on large incomes is comparatively small. Last year in California income taxes were paid by 105 persons on an income of \$50,000, 46 on \$75,000, 27 on \$100,000, 11 on \$200,000, 18 on \$250,000 and over. Thus we see a big demand for low yield, tax-exempt bonds from private investors should not be expected. However, as above stated, the very small supply should tend to keep prices at their present level or to slightly advance them.—*Leo V. Belden, manager bond department McDonnell & Co.*

L. M. Battson, formerly with Wilson, Crammer & Co. of Chicago and later with J. M. Byrne & Co. as bond department manager, has joined the staff of Bond & Goodwin. Although only identified with the local bond investment business for a short time, Battson is well posted on conditions here and he is already a familiar figure in the financial district.

The general business situation calls for little comment. In ordinary times such a fine crop prospect would be very stimulating, but business in the war lines is already stimulated to the highest degree, and in other lines is under such restraint that it can not respond to new opportunities. Certainly the farming community, with big crops and big prices, has a highly prosperous season in sight, and now that wages have been generally adjusted to the existing prices of foodstuffs the laboring population can stand them and take comfort in the promise of enough to eat and the probability that prices will not go higher in the year ahead. Such an outlook gives assurance of stability.

All of the industries have fully recovered from the adverse winter conditions. The railroads are handling traffic more expeditiously than for a long time, and the iron and steel works are making new records. At the present time government orders are more completely dominant than heretofore in steel and textiles. General trade is all that it can be with goods in short supply. Higher prices are predicted in clothing and dress goods when the fall season opens. Building operations, except in connection with war industries and the handling of troops and supplies, is at a low ebb. The call for labor is insistent from all quarters. In short the whole situation throughout industry and trade is one of intense activity and pressure.—*The National City Bank of New York.*

The outlook for the crops in this country is surpassingly fine, weather conditions having been almost ideal to this time. Reports from the winter wheat states say that there is almost moisture enough in the ground to mature the crop. The situation as to spring wheat is equally favorable, and at this time a total wheat yield of 900,000,000 is indicated. Oats are now so far along and look so well that a big crop appears to be assured. A year ago, owing to a backward spring, much of the corn acreage had not been planted, but now the planting is completed under uniformly good conditions. The great drought in Texas seems to have been effectually broken, at least over much of the territory. The cotton crop is much more promising than at this time last year.

Not only in this country, but in Canada, Australia, India, Argentina, and in France and England the crop prospects at this time are exceptionally good.

The loans of the Clearing House banks of New York City are just about the same as at the completion of the Second Liberty Loan, but the loans of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York are about \$200,000,000 greater than then. Reserves, however, are down from \$563,567,000 on November 3d to \$518,229,000 on May 25th, with demand deposits \$3,627,

356,000 on the former date and \$3,708,439,000 on the latter. These figures do not include government deposits, which were \$592,784,000 on November 3d and \$364,015,000 on May 25th.

Bankers who have been looking forward with some concern to the tax payments in June are feeling better about them. The large payments have been generally provided for by the purchase of treasury certificates, and while the payments about the 15th will aggregate an important amount they will be handled without difficulty. The treasury will take a book transfer of the funds and will not draw on them immediately.

On May 17th the loans, other than to the government or on government obligations, of 688 of the leading member banks aggregated \$10,051,628,000, against \$10,026,818,000 in 679 banks on February 15th, and \$9,977,122,000 in 682 banks on March 29th, and \$9,907,521,000 in 681 banks April 26th. There is hope that there may be some reduction of loans after June 15th.

The Government Railway Administration has authorized capital expenditures by the companies aggregating \$938,000,000, to be financed so far as practicable by the individual companies, but with the help of the government where necessary. Of these outlays only \$18,000,000 are for extensions, the main object being to increase the working capacity of the lines.—*National City Bank of New York.*

The Morris Plan Company of San Francisco has issued a most satisfactory statement of conditions at the close of business May 31, 1918. The company has been in business now a little over two years in San Francisco, having opened its doors for business May 15, 1916. It is capitalized at \$500,000, and like other units of the organization has enjoyed from the first an enviable success. At the close of business May 31, 1918, it had loans outstanding of \$258,243.62. The Morris Plan Company is to the man of small means what the commercial bank is to the man of large affairs—it opens the way for him to obtain a loan when he needs it. Character is the basis of credit, and it is on character, plus earning capacity, that the Morris Plan makes loans.

Arthur Legallet, formerly president of the French-American Bank of Savings, was elected by the directors recently to the position of chairman of the board. Former Vice-President Leon Bocqueraz was elected to the presidency to succeed Legallet.

The directors of the Associated Oil Company have declared the regular quarterly dividends of \$1.25 per share, payable July 15th to stock of record June 29th.

It may have been that the necessities of war require government control of the railroads, but one fact is clearly understood by the people of the United States, the lack of any necessity for getting the affairs of the railroads into a position which will make it impossible to disentangle them after government control ceases. The law under which control has been conferred contemplates government activity for a period of eighteen months after the war is ended, and it may be presumed that it is the spirit of the law that the railroads shall be turned back in a physical and financial condition which will make it easy to restore the *status quo ante*.

The idea has been advertised that greater progress has not been made by the railroads because of the antagonism of certain officers, and that was given as an excuse for the removal of all operating presidents. The situation is rapidly becoming a serious one, involving as it does the suspicion of ulterior motives, and the unfortunate suggestion of a revival of financial feuds operating now in connection with the railroad situation.

The failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission to give proper rates was the real reason for the taking over of the railroads, and today the investors are confronted with a situation which makes them have grave doubts as to the ultimate developments of the situation. The railroads are being gradually scrambled and there will later be the difficulty of unscrambling them.

Experts are in demand by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, to investigate South American markets for textiles, paints and varnishes, dyestuffs and chemicals, Far Eastern markets for industrial machinery and construction materials. These investigations are aimed to promote American trade when the war is over, and, owing to the extreme importance of this preparation for after-war trade, only fully qualified experts will be given consideration in the examinations, which will be held in the principal cities on June 27th.

Applicants will be asked practical questions to test their knowledge of the subject which they wish to investigate, and especial importance will be attached to their experience and

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education. Spanish will be required for the South American investigations and extra credit will be given for Portuguese. No foreign language is needed for the Far Eastern examinations. Those who are most successful in passing the written test will be given an oral examination at Washington.

Advices received from New York Tuesday said that the Farm Loan Board, having withdrawn all further offerings of Federal Land Bank bonds for the time being, has instructed the investment group handling the offering and the Federal Land Banks not to confirm any further sales. There was a very active demand on the part of investors for the bonds, notwithstanding that the sale followed immediately that of the Third Liberty Loan. Over \$56,000,000 of the bonds were sold within a period of fifteen days by the investment group and the Federal Land Banks. The Farm Loan Board considers this amount ample to cover all estimated requirements for loans to farmers up to October 1st.

The best reason in the world for enacting taxation legislation at this session is the fact that business men must be advised as to what their tax commitments are likely to be next year. If a drastic bill has to be enacted it is better this fact should be known so that preparations may be made to meet the necessary taxes. Furthermore, the taxation question should be settled before the next Liberty Loan and, again, more attention can be given to the problem of taxation at this session than there could be at the short session beginning in December because Congress automatically ends on March 4th next.

There is little reason to doubt that the income tax will be increased materially, but there is a question as to how the taxes on so-called excess profits are to be figured. The profits for the year 1918 are not likely to approximate the profits of 1917.

An interesting sidelight on the taxation problem is furnished by the position of a corporation which will pay in for taxation before June 15th the sum of about \$5,000,000. Taking its earnings of this year, pro-rating them for the whole year on the basis of the first four months, and then applying the present taxation bill, the government will get next year \$3,000,000 less in taxes from this concern. Naturally the identity of this concern need not be discussed, but these are substantially the facts, due to an obvious decrease in profits and, to some extent, curtailment of business. If this be true of one corporation, it is practically certain to be true of a very large number. Therefore the government is coming into its own in the matter of first prohibiting high profits and secondly imposing taxes on so-called high or excessive profits.

The War Trade Board has issued "Rules and Regulations No. 2," superseding "Rules and Regulations No. 1," issued November 1, 1917. The publication constitutes a manual for shippers. The issue of November 1st was devoted to exports. The new edition concerns itself with the official statements and rulings of all of the ten bureaus of the board. Only such rulings appear, however, as are in effect at the date of publication, May 1st, covering the control of exports, imports, and trading with the enemy. The new edition was considered necessary because much of the material in the first edition has been superseded by subsequent regulations of the War Trade Board, which were published from time to time in the War Trade Board Journal.

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### "TOO LATE!"

German Domination of Russia.

How long are the Allies to sit by and watch Germany win the war? For win the war she will if she establishes her domination of Russia, and the Allies are sitting by and watching her do it. How long are the Allies to go on delivering the next generation, the future of the world, bound hand and foot into Germany's prison-house? For if Germany controls Russia, then the future is hers. How long are the Allies to watch Germany making herself irresistible in that next war which she is already arranging? For irresistible she will be if the German Empire extends from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean.

"The war will be won in the west." But

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if it is won only in the west it will be lost. If it is won only in the west we shall have done nothing except to check temporarily, at a terrible price, Germany's movement against France and Belgium, and we shall have handed over to her, with incredible generosity, the means to make certainly successful her next movement against France and Belgium—and England, and Canada, and Brazil, and the United States.

Two years and a half ago Mr. Lloyd-George made that memorable complaint that in everything the Allies had done they had always been "too late." Are they to be too late again, and now fatally too late? Are they to be too late where tardiness is crucial and pivotal? Are they to wait while Germany swiftly molds the pliable mass of Russia into the new German Empire? Why, if they

let her do that, Germany could actually afford to admit defeat on the western front, to let the Allies have nearly everything they wanted, Alsace-Lorraine included—even the Trentino; for in the next war she could take Alsace-Lorraine and the Trentino back again with hardly an effort. Next war? There would not be a next war; it would be, not a war, but a promenade of the one great world empire over the hodies of the democratic nations.

What does the rapidly progressing annexation of Russia mean to us? Is it merely one more country swallowed in the German maw, merely a larger Roumania or Belgium? No, it is something of vastly greater meaning. Russia within the German Empire, Russia even dominated from the outside by the German Empire, means the mightiest military empire the world has ever seen, an empire beside which the present German Empire will seem small and not very powerful by comparison. To what ends will the strength of that vaster empire be directed? To the same ends as those for which the strength of the present and lesser German empire has been directed, and we have learned what they are in a terrible school. From Hamburg to Vladivostok the Hohenzollern mind will direct energies and powers fifty-fold what it has been able to direct in this war, direct them toward the conquest of the whole world from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, from Norway to the Cape of Good Hope, from Manchuria to Australia.

The power of such an empire would be—will be, if we do not prevent it—beyond anything which has ever been conceived in human history. We shall no longer be able then to talk of any nation being invincible, unconquerable. We shall see the nations of the world disappear, one after another Japan is as much threatened as is the United States, perhaps more directly threatened, since the swift rush of the increasing German Empire is now being aimed straight across the territory of Japan's neighbor, and since the interests of the new German Empire might bring her into collision with Japan first and before she had occasion to turn and strike at the American continent.

And what are we doing while this terrific prodigy is being created under our eyes? Why, we are debating whether Japan might or might not get some profit out of it if she stopped the thing before it was too late. We are telling each other that we must not hurt Bolshevik feelings. We are concentrating our eyes on Flanders and Picardy and saying that "the war will be won in the west." And what should we be doing? We should be realizing with all our might that we are looking upon one of the vastest and most malevolent hithers in history, the birth of an empire beyond anything which the mind of man has ever conceived, and whose whole existence will be devoted to our destruction and the destruction of everything that is like us. And we should force our politicians to be statesmen and to think of what this means. We can still help Russia, and we should; not the Bolsheviks, who have delivered themselves to Germany and are furthering with all their might the progress of the German aim, but Russia; and we should not hesitate and palter over the question whether the Bolsheviks, who are our most malignant enemies, will misinterpret our help or not. When have they ever done anything else, and what could we do that they would not misinterpret?

We must help Russia—not the Bolsheviks—because if we do not help Russia we, or at any rate our children, will be lost. And to help her we must cease to suspect each other, cease to get in each other's way, cease to say that we are the only one of the Allies whose motives are pure, when in fact we know nothing of the kind. This great emergency of the world, on which the future of everything we hold dear depends, is one to be dealt with by the tools at hand, whether American, British, French, Chinese, or Japanese, or all together.—*New York Times*, May 26th.

The outstanding evangelical institution in the Argentine Republic is the plant known as Argentine Philanthropic Schools, organized and conducted for many years by Rev. William C. Morris of the Anglican Church. These schools were formerly known as the Evangelical Schools, but adopted the new name on receiving a charter from the government for the object of perpetuity. The atmosphere of classroom and playground is distinctly Christian. More than 6000 children, in the seventeen departments, are being educated gratuitously, many of them taken from the street, and not a few receive clothing, medicines, hooks, and board entirely free. Useful trades are taught.

Some of the purchases made by the British army in 1917 were 84,000,000 pounds of tea, 177,000,000 pounds of sugar, 8,500,000 pounds of pipe and chewing tobacco, 11,000,000 pounds of cigarettes, and 145,000,000 tins of milk.

### CURRENT VERSE.

Dawn.

"We will attack at 4 a. m."

The hour of dawn is the hour of death—I know by the gag on the morning's breath; I know by the cannon's racking scream, By the rifle's click, by the bayonet's gleam; I know by our crouching, hushed platoon That the word is near, that the hour is soon When we'll leap to the top of the shibboleth—"The hour of dawn is the hour of death!"

*The hour of dawn is the hour of life!*  
A new world springs from the womb of strife!  
A world uncursed by autocracy's brood;  
A world of beauty and brotherhood;  
A world made true to a holy plan—  
The reign of love, the rule of Man!  
It is hate and lust and war we knife—  
*The hour of dawn is the hour of life!*  
—Daniel M. Henderson.

### The Motor Launch.

Sing me a song of the frail M. L.,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Rolling about in an oily swell,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Out on a high explosive spree,  
Petrol, lyddite and T. N. T.,  
Looking for U-boat 3-3-3,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a bold young "Lieut.,"  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Two gold bands on an owed-for suit,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Ship and cable and full ahead,  
Hard a starboard and heave the lead,  
"The detonators are in my bed,"  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a bright young "Sub.,"  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
A very ignorant, half-baked cub,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Of the King's Regulations he knows not one,  
He has left undone what he ought to have done,  
And oh! my Lord, when he fires that gun  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a C. M. B.,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Bred in a garage and sent to sea,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Taken away from the motor trade,  
Seasick, sorry, and sore dismayed,  
But a hell of a knut on the Grand Parade,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of the M. L. cook,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
With a petrol stove in a greasy nook,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
Our meals a lukewarm, lingering death,  
We'll praise the Hun with our final breath,  
If he'll strafe our galley and slay our chef,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a North Sea base,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
A dirty forgotten one-horse place,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us;  
When the wind blows west, how brave we are!  
When the wind blows east, it's different far,  
We wish we were back in the barbor bar,  
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

—Rudder.

### Madelon.

#### French Army Song.

For all the soldiers, on their holidays,  
There is a place, just tucked in by the woods,  
A house with ivy growing on the walls—  
A cabaret—"Aux Toulourous"—the goods!  
The girl who serves is young and sweet as love,  
She's light as any butterfly in Spring,  
Her eyes have got a sparkle like her wine.  
We call her Madelon—it's got a swing;  
The soldiers' girl! She leads us all a dance!  
She's only Madelon, but she's Romance!

When Madelon comes out to serve us drinks,  
We always know she's coming by her song!  
And every man, he tells his little tale,  
And Madelon, she listens all day long.  
Our Madelon is never too severe—  
A kiss or two is nothing much to her—  
She laughs us up to love and life and God—  
Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!

We all have girls for keeps that wait at home  
Who'll marry us when fighting time is done;  
But they are far away—too far to tell  
What happens in these days of cut-and-run.  
We sigh away such days as best we can,  
And pray for time to bring us nearer home,  
But tales like ours won't wait till then to tell—  
We have to run and boast to Madelon.  
We steal a kiss—she takes it all in play;  
We dream she is that other—far away.

A corp'ral with a feather in his cap  
Went courting Madelon one summer's day,  
And mad with love, he swore she was superb,  
And he would wed her any day she'd say.  
But Madelon was not for any such—  
She danced away and laughed: "My stars above!  
Why, how could I consent to marry you.  
When I have my whole regiment to love?  
I could not choose just one and leave the rest,  
I am the soldier's girl—I like that best!"

When Madelon comes out to serve us drinks,  
We always know she's coming by her song!  
And every man, he tells his little tale,  
And Madelon, she listens all day long.  
Our Madelon is never too severe—  
A kiss or two is nothing much to her—  
She laughs us up to love and life and God—  
Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!  
—Translated by Heywood Brown.



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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### The Pretty Lady.

The author who sets forth to depict his country at war would do well to he wary lest he depict only himself. But Mr. Bennett makes no attempt to picture the differences in human nature that have been wrought by four years of suffering. On the contrary he says that there are no differences, that human nature has remained the same everywhere.

Of course so much depends on what Mr. Bennett means by human nature. If he means only the human nature of the human body—and this seems to be what he does mean—then we may agree with him. Men are still prone to consort with loose women, and loose women to prey upon them. Vice continues to be popular, and idle wealth to be selfish. It is easy to stand within a narrow circle and to say there is no change. But then again so much depends on the circle chosen.

The circle chosen by Mr. Bennett is certainly a narrow one. In its centre is a French courtesan whose activities are described with a candor that would bring a blush to the cheeks of a dragoon. Near the circumference are some society ladies whose sex is overpowering and asphyxiating. The hero, G. J. Hoape, familiarly known as "G. J.," is an elderly bachelor with whom all the women fall in love, although for the life of us we can not imagine why. Among the incidents are the funeral of Lord Roberts and a Zeppelin raid.

That Mr. Bennett shows his usual skill may be taken for granted. Christine among courtesans is immortal. She does not doubt her own respectability. She gives full value to her clients, and she studies her trade as an art. She has winsome superstitions that amount almost to mysticism, and in obedience to them she does acts of beneficence and unselfishness. The other women, Concepcion and Lady Queenie, are miracles of deft workmanship, but poor little Christine with her heights and her depths will outlive them. There are various subsidiary characters, but they are not neglected nor slurred upon that account. For example, we see Nurse Snaith for only a few minutes, but her description of the Serbian retreat is an epic.

The novelist can, of course, prove anything because he can select his stage and his characters. But these are not evidence, and actually nothing whatever is proved. So we need not concern ourselves with Mr. Bennett's purpose. It may be ignored without any loss of satisfaction in a surprising piece of delineation, but one that is certainly not strengthened by much gratuitous coarseness.

THE PRETTY LADY. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

##### The Bases of War Finance.

After reading the impressionistic magazine articles on war finance by Bahson, Price, and others, it is refreshing to turn to a serious and scholarly study of the subject by an authority like Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, and it is pleasing also to find that this scholarly treatise, "The Credit of the Nations," is lucid and readable, even for the layman. The period covered by the study is the first three years of the war and the credit operations of England, France, Germany, and America are dealt with in turn. From lack of reliable data, the credit operations of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy are not included.

The primary interest of the study lies, of course, in a comparison of the methods employed by our allies and our enemies, the results obtained, and their bearing upon the question of victory. On this point the conclusions reached by Professor Laughlin are definite. The credit operations of Germany have been of such an unstable and speculative character, predicated on the assumption of a short war and a speedy victory, that nothing short of victory and an enormous indemnity can save her from a crushing financial

ruin. It is also interesting to study foreign war finance methods with a view to adopting wise procedure ourselves and for the sake of estimating economic results that will follow the war.

A by-product of Professor Laughlin's investigation has been a new and irrefutable proof of Germany's sole guilt in willing and provoking the war, a proof far more convincing than any argument based on a comparison of diplomatic documents. J. L.

THE CREDIT OF THE NATIONS. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net.

##### The Science of Power.

Benjamin Kidd wrote this book shortly before his death and it now makes its appearance in America as a timely participant in the struggle for the fuller recognition of woman's influence. Civilization, says the author, has gone to wreck on the rocks of individualism, which has preached the exaltation of the individual at the expense of the community. In other and simpler words we have founded the state upon selfishness and upon the power of intellectual aggression untempered by emotion. And this is the result of government by men.

One of the results of the mischief is the pursuit of eugenism, which promises us better individuals rather than a better state. Eugenism points to distinctions and to disintegration, whereas what we need is social integration, the merging of the individual in the community, with its consequent sacrifice of personal ambitions. Indeed sacrifice must be the keynote of the new evolution, a sacrifice somewhat comparable with that instilled into the Japanese and the Germans, but free from the gross perversions of their national ideals.

This is the part that must be played by women, to whom sacrifice comes naturally. Women are emotional and idealistic as opposed to the intellectual and materialistic tendencies of men. The work of women in the preservation of ideals through her early influence upon children is incalculable, and this capacity must be recognized and established in the evolutionary efforts of the future. Mr. Kidd says: "The effect of the emotion of the ideal transmitted to the young of the rising generation by women can never after be entirely effaced in the individual. It is greater, deeper, and more enduring than the effect of any system whatever of subsequent education." This love of the ideal, this willingness to sacrifice should find expression in our schools, where brotherhood and not individualism should be taught.

THE SCIENCE OF POWER. By Benjamin Kidd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

##### The Birth-Rate.

In the year 1913 a commission was appointed by the National Council of Public Morals of Great Britain to determine the causes of the waning birth-rate. This commission was composed of about forty persons and included physicians, sociologists, and the clergy of many denominations. Several distinguished women participated.

The subject is, of course, a vast one, although some of our own pseudo-sociologists believe that it can be condensed into an aphorism or a paragraph. The economic aspect is a very large one. Religious influences, or the lack of them, play an important part. The waning of ethical traditions due to fundamental changes in the inner life of a people must be considered. And there must be comparison with conditions prevailing in other countries where phenomena of a similar kind may be found.

A volume of 450 pages is therefore by no means of excessive size and the commission may be congratulated on its wisdom in confining its general report within the narrowest bounds and devoting the bulk of the book to a transcript of the evidence. Indeed the object of the commission was not so much to suggest remedies as to ascertain the facts. Twenty-five witnesses were examined, including Dr. David Starr Jordan, and without exception they were persons possessing definite knowledge of the subject and willing to present that knowledge in the frankest language. The outbreak of the war has necessarily relegated this report to a temporary obscurity, and it may be that the then existing facts will be fundamentally changed by war. None the less so impressive a collection of experiences and opinions can hardly fail to be of vast value to the work of social reconstruction.

THE DECLINING BIRTH-RATE: ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

##### Preaching.

Those whose business it is to appeal to the minds of others need no apology for an inquiry into the nature of those minds, in other words for the study of psychology. This is precisely what has been undertaken by Professor Charles S. Gardner of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. His book is a psychological treatise embodying all the latest results of research and with a general indication of their bearing upon preaching. We have disquisitions upon crowd psychology,

suggestion, the sympathies and emotions, mental images, and the will. The subconsciousness receives a measure of attention and even the mystic will find some attention paid to his particular beliefs. The preacher and the public speaker will certainly find much in this volume tending toward an increase in effectiveness, while it would be hard to speak too much in praise of a lucidity of presentation that brings comprehension within easy reach.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PREACHING. By Charles S. Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

##### Miles McConaughy.

This is the more or less veracious record of the adventures of Captain Miles McConaughy of the British merchant marine. The gallant captain is an Ulsterman and with an equally fervent hatred for the English and the Home Rulers. His crew is composed of Ulster Presbyterians and of Welsh Methodists who differ deeply on the subject of predestination, but who are none the less as one man when it comes to fighting Germans. Captain McConaughy and his merry men do some desperate deeds between them. They destroy a German cruiser and capture a submarine, and the way they fight at the Dardanelles is little short of an epic. We ought to hear more about them with the war still in full swing.

THE AUDACIOUS ADVENTURES OF MILES MCCONAUGHY. New York: George H. Doran Company.

##### Briefer Reviews.

"The Face of the King," by James Roberts (Robert J. Shores; \$1.25), is an amusing story of an actor who is chosen by political conspirators to impersonate the King of Molvania in order to secure the ratification of a treaty to which the real king was opposed.

"Rough Rhymes of a Padre," by "Woodhine Willie," M. C. C. F. (Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy), is a volume of battle verses, most of them in the vernacular of the Tommy, and inspired by the author's experiences on the battle line. Mr. Studdert-Kennedy gives us very little of the conventional pieties, but a great deal of warm human nature for the men under his care. Moreover, he has the versifying gift. It is published by the George H. Doran Company. Price, 50 cents.

One of the best of stories for boys is "Stephen's Last Chance," by Margaret Ashmun (Macmillan Company; \$1.50). It is a yarn of Montana ranch life and of what happened to Stephen when he is received into the home of the rancher and his wife. There is

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all the incident that any young reader can wish for as well as a narrative skill that makes it the pleasantest of reading.

Captain Emmanuel Bourcier, the author of "Under the German Shells," was one of the French officers sent to this country as instructors. He was a member of the French Military Commission, and was assigned to Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, as an instructor of liaison. He served there until his recall to France late in December.

# When the Allies Strike Back

Frank H. Simonds and Hilaire Belloc See the Rapid Approach of the Time When Foch May Be Expected to Hurl the Full Weight of His Armies Against the Germans.

IN NEXT SUNDAY'S

**San Francisco Chronicle**

Leading Newspaper of the Pacific Coast



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Roots of the War.

This book may not be the best of its kind, but it pleases us more than any other of its kind that we have seen. It is practically a history of Europe since 1870, a careful tracing and untangling of the roots of the war, a dissection of national motives and policies that have led inevitably to the present convulsion. It is elaborate, careful, and accurate, and while it is of an admirable simplicity it contains none of those superficialities that are usually supposed to be good enough for the public. It is a book with an individuality.

The author seems to incline to the opinion that Austria instigated the murder of her own archduke, a theory incredible only to those who do not know Austria. The archduke was practically unguarded, and in his last moments is reported to have said, "The fellow will get the Golden Cross of Merit for this." No high officials were punished for carelessness and the funeral was hurried and mean.

Mr. Norman Angell—whose true name, it seems, is Lane—is described by the author as a perfectly sincere pacifist, but we are told that his book was published in several Indian languages, and this arouses some natural curiosity as to the financial sources of so expensive a procedure. The book was published also in Japan and China.

Dr. Davis writes judiciously and with a painstaking accuracy, but none the less he sets forth to establish a contention that the war has been an undeviating intention of the German government for forty years, and he succeeds triumphantly. The student of current events should keep this volume within reach of the library table.

THE ROOTS OF THE WAR. By William Stearns Davis, Ph. D., in collaboration with William Anderson, Ph. D., and Mason W. Tyler Ph. D. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

## The Lost Fruits of Waterloo.

Dr. John Spencer Bassett is well known as an author of important works on American history. In his present volume he has gone far afield and has put together in not altogether coherent fashion his thoughts on the possible bases of the reorganization of Europe and the world for the establishment of enduring peace.

He recognizes the desire for permanent peace that follows a long and costly war, and rightly points out the shortsightedness that characterizes peace congresses when the main object seems to be the restraint of the offending power that threatened security and the neglect of those conditions that are necessary to eliminate the danger of future war. This is sufficiently indicated by the title of his book, which suggests that the negotiators of the treaties of Vienna missed the great opportunity of placing the reorganization of Europe on a sound basis after the overthrow of Napoleon.

The first page of the volume is devoted to a rapid survey of earlier schemes and ideas for the attainment of universal peace. This survey, while scarcely comprehensive or profound, succeeds in pointing out the conflict in sovereignty that nullifies any form of federation that rests upon the establishment of any central or delegated coercive force, such as the League to Enforce Peace. His chapters dealing with the obstacles and advantages of some form of federated peace are suggestive and provocative of thought. His treatment of the whole subject is, however, far from exhaustive and does not show an acquaintance with some of the most important writing of the past decade in this field.

J. L.

THE LOST FRUITS OF WATERLOO. By John Spencer Bassett. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## The Mainland.

Those who read "Where Bonds Are Loosed," by E. L. Grant Watson, will need no recommendation to read also its sequel, "The Mainland." The earlier story related the strange courtship and mating of John Sherwin and the government nurse who were thrown together on the native hospital island in the Pacific Ocean and the murder by Sherwin of the young physician who first won the heart of the nurse and then neglected her. Now we find the same couple on the same island, but with the addition of their sixteen-year-old son John.

John has never yet left the island, but now his importunities to visit the mainland overcome his father's reluctances and he sets forth on his travels. He is robbed of his money, ships on board a yacht, falls in love with the owner's wife, becomes a prospector and a hobo, and finally wins both wealth and happiness. But the interest lies not so much in the narrative as in the energy of its telling and in the accuracy with which the boy's expanding mind and ambitions are sketched. Almost any one can tell a story, but there are very few who can tell it with psychological accuracy, and Mr. Watson is among the few.

THE MAINLAND. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

J. A. Ferguson, the author of "Stealthy Terror," first came into notice as a playwright connected with the Scottish Repertory Theatre in Glasgow, where he won the admiration of "AE," the Irish poet. The outbreak of war, and the consequent cessation of the Scottish Theatre's activities turned the playwright into a novelist, with what great success is testified by the popularity of his first novel, "Stealthy Terror," which has gone into its fourth edition in England and second in America.

Isaac F. Marcossou has resumed his trans-Atlantic commuting. He has just sailed on his fifth trip to Europe since the beginning of the war. On his present journey he will include England, France, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and Spain in his travels. In England Mr. Marcossou will deliver a course of lectures in the principal cities dealing with the American war spirit and the American war preparations. His new book, "The Business of War," has received the same cordial reception in England that has been accorded to it in the United States, where the second large edition has been printed.

M. Charles Rivet, who lived in Russia for many years as correspondent of the influential Paris paper, *Le Temps*, who stayed there until the beginning of the Lenin-Trotsky régime and who understood Russian life, character, and politics thoroughly because of his long residence and keen interest in Russia, feels sure that the Russian people will yet be able to reconstruct their national life. In his book, "The Last of the Romanoffs" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), he gives graphic description and lucid explanation of the events and tendencies that led up to the revolution.

In connection with reviews of Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azan's book, "The Warfare of Today," a number of newspapers have made the statement that Colonel Azan was sent to this country after having been "incapacitated for active service." Colonel Azan and his publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company, are anxious to correct this erroneous idea. Colonel Azan was at the front when he was appointed for duty in this country, without having asked for the honor; has been wounded many times while at the front with his regiment, but none of his wounds have ever proved disabling. He points out the fact that the French government would not send a disabled military man to perform the duties which are his in this country, that he is now actually on active service, and that while he is at American camps he participates in the duties of the Americans. Furthermore, Colonel Azan hopes to return to active service at the front.

## New Books Received.

LOUISIANA. By Maud May Parker. New Orleans: D. H. Holmes Company; \$1.25.

A pageant of yesterday and today.

FLOWER NAME FANCIES. By Guy Pierre Fauconnet and Hampden Gordon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

Drawings of flowers with quaint explanations in French and English verse.

SEA POWER AND FREEDOM. By Gerard Fienness. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

A historical study.

COLLOQUIAL FRENCH. By William Robert Patterson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

For students.

BRUCE OF THE CIRCLE A. By Harold Titus. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35.

A story of the Southwest.

SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T." By Kay Cleaver Strahan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel.

A GIRL ALONE. By Howel Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A novel.

GERMANY AS IT IS TODAY. By Cyril Brown. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

The present facts about Germany.

S. O. S. STANO TO. By Reginald Grant. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A personal narrative of the war.

THE AUCACIOUS ADVENTURES OF MILES MCCONAUGHY. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35.

A yarn of the modern mariner.

A PROPHECY OF THE WAR (1913-1914). By Lewis Einstein. New York: Columbia University Press.

With a preface by Theodore Roosevelt.

THE GUILT OF GERMANY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

Prince Karl Lichnowsky's memorandum and Secretary von Jagow's reply.

THE REALITY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By W. J. Crawford, D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A record of scientific experiments.

THE PROMISE OF AIR. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A prediction of a new age.

YOU NO LONGER COUNT. By René Boylesve. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A novel.

BIRD WOMAN. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

The story of Sacajawea.



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## German Medical Honor.

At the German prison camp Wittenberg there were from 15,000 to 17,000 prisoners confined in a space of ten acres, surrounded by wire entanglements. At the end of 1914 typhus broke out among them, and the entire staff of German medical and military officers, nurses, and guards fled from the camp. From December, 1914, to August, 1915, a period of eight months, there was no direct communication between the prisoners and their guards. Food and coffins were pushed over the wire fences through chutes. Six English medical officers, prisoners from other camps—prisoners in violation of the international code of war which makes physicians neutral—were put into this place to do the duty of the Germans, which they nobly did. Three of them died in this work. The three surviving English doctors make this shocking report. No appliances of any kind, no mattresses, dressings, bandages, stimulants, or soap were furnished them (says Frederick Peterson, writing in the *Century Magazine*). A German doctor named Aschenbach, whose name will doubtless go down in history, is said to have been sent by the Kaiser to investigate. Hooded, masked, and clothed to avoid danger, he stood at the wire gate of the inclosure for an hour to ask questions, for which courageous act he is reported to have received the Iron Cross.

Mr. Peterson proceeds to describe massacres in which the slaughterers wore Red Cross badges on their arms, and pillaging in which deaconesses in black clothes, with white coifs and Red Cross armlets, took anything that pleased them. He tells, also, how German doctors robbed French doctors and wounded. His most shocking revelation is that many needless amputations were performed on French prisoners so that they could not fight against Germany "in the next war." On this point the writer says:

"This would lend color to our surmise

that, if these attested statements are true, the German doctors may have been under orders from superior officers whom they dared not disobey. In the past their army doctors have been flogged on order from a colonel, and we may readily believe that in war-time they may pay with their lives for disobedience. These stories are inconceivable to the rest of the medical world, in which orders of the kind would be disobeyed and the consequences, whatever they might be, accepted. There should be some day, for the sake of the German medical profession, an international medical investigation of these alleged atrocities of physicians."

Apropos of the use of the telephone at the front in Europe a press correspondent wrote recently: "Just before I dropped in at the post command of the — battery the telephone jingled from French neighbors down the line. 'We've caught a couple of Boche spies,' came the message; 'they were dressed up in American uniforms. One of us had a suspicion and suddenly sprang a German sentence which one of the Boches answered in German before he stopped to think. Then we examined their papers and they couldn't give any account of themselves.' 'What are you going to do with them?' asked the listening officer. 'We're not—it's already done.'"

Seventy-two farmers of Grinnell, Iowa, recently sold a carload of hogs to one of the largest packers at the top price of \$18.50 a hundred pounds. The amount received was \$3675, which they turned over to the Red Cross. The same men recently auctioned off a rooster for \$1200.

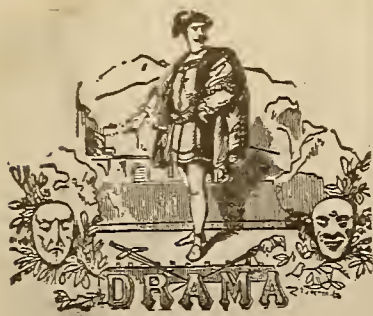
Tunis has attained second rank to the United States for the production of phosphate through the development of mines discovered a few years ago.



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## SOLDIER-SINGING.

"When I took the men at the Norfolk Navy Yard for their first sing the dentist had been ministering to them all morning, the doctors had been at work with their serums, and the chaplain had just been giving them a serious talk on the responsibilities of their new job," wrote a song leader of one of the military cantonnments. "I wondered if I could ever bring hack to normal all those woeful countenances. Ten minutes later the miracle had been wrought, but not by me. It was the songs that did the trick." This comment affords one of the many indications of the inspiring effect that community singing is going to have on the soldiers. Although government funds are not available for the erection of large community halls, citizens of adjoining communities are raising the necessary funds. And the value of song rallies is recognized by the War Department, which may be said to have added choral singing by the soldiers as a new branch of the service. This affords yet another gratifying instance of the solicitude that is felt concerning the happiness and well-being of our soldier boys. "They did not teach us to sing in the old days when I was learning to be a soldier," said Major-General Greene, commander at Camp Lewis, "but we sang anyway. Now the army has added this new branch and we expect it will give the men a great deal of happiness and inspiration." While General Leonard Wood says, "There isn't anything in the world—even letters from home—that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy, marching tune." And General Pershing, also recognizing the soldiers' needs in this respect, has evinced a desire that the music our military hands and song leaders have in charge may be improved to the point of standing some comparison with that of our more sapient allies.

When a nation is at war and becomes one vast sea of motion, it spontaneously hursts into song in order to give vent to its patriotic ardor. The soldiers of the German and Russian armies already had the habit of concerted singing. But, although Americans lagged far behind, our soldier boys in France, borne high on the crest of waves of patriotic ardor, have begun to sing. The songs they have been singing, however, seem to have struck the French as being of rather a subdued and melancholy order, incompatible, in fact, with the disposition of our lively American youth. It is not surprising that our army in France has rejected many of the popular airs of vaudeville, for they do not fill the bill. They are generally the foam of the moment, and their cheap and feeble jingles offer so little vent for the national flood of emotion that they are soon sung out.

So our soldiers on both sides the Atlantic had recourse to such old favorites as "Suwanee Rihher," "Old Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Songs of this type are of indestructible vitality. Talented men composed them, and famous musicians have set upon them the seal of their approval.

Yet, homesick though our boys may be, and rather prone to sentiment under present conditions, their youth and gayety would seem to require an assortment of livelier airs. "Marching Through Georgia" was a great favorite during the Rebellion. But, in spite of the indestructible dash and virility of the air, there is too much gay boastfulness from the winning side to make it possible for the army of a reunited nation to adopt it as a favorite. "Yankee Doodle" has had its day as a song, although it makes a brisk and lively march. Many a Northern army has marched to the inspiring strains of "John Brown's Body." Oddly enough, this chant of exultation is of Southern origin, having first been heard, so far as is known, at some revival camp meeting in the South. Strange how each of the two great divisions of the severed Union reached across the border and took for its favorite war song one of enemy origin. For "Dixie" was born in the North, having been composed by Dan Emmett, the well-known minstrel, as a walk-around at a minstrel show. Both are still loved, although joyous "Dixie" has long supplanted "John Brown's Body," which, nevertheless, was resurrected in later years by the British troops in the Soudan and in South Africa.

There are a lot of old favorites such as

"Hail Columbia," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and, although it can scarcely be classed as one of the more exhilarating favorites, "Tenting Tonight." But their day seems to be over, and when our military representatives in Europe really wish to express American exuberance they will probably fall back on college songs, which are full of youthful elan and toweringly high spirits. Occasionally our boys revive the old Civil War songs, but not always in the spirit of sentiment. They gayly sing,

Just before the battle, mother,  
I was eating pork and beans.

Masculine youth often feels the imperative need of expressing a gay irreverence. Thus, when the first installment of our boys reached France, we are told that they unanimously hurst into the refrain,

Hail, hail! the gang's all here,  
What the bell do we care?  
What the bell do we care?

As against that profane outburst put the simple, unstudied pathos of these words that were sung in the 'sixties:

Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call;  
And yet, and yet, we can not forget  
How many brave boys must fall.

The National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music have now taken the matter in hand, and the time will soon come when the soldiers will no longer stumble through the songs they ought to know. Real songs of the heart are often the spontaneous outgrowth of sudden or strong emotion. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is a famous case in point. But during war-times songs already existent have sometimes become national favorites. Thus it was with "Tipperary" early in the present war. Thus it was with "A Hot Time in the Old Town" in '98, while "Yankee Doodle," reputed originally to have been written by an Englishman to poke good-natured fun at the raw colonial troops, became the marching song of the American Revolution. The "Marseillaise" is no longer an exclusively French possession. Like these old songs, it has overlapped national barriers, and it is rapidly becoming an international institution. It is the great chant of democracy, and every soldier who has a song in his heart wishes to sing it. Indeed, the men in the camps have asked that it be added to the list made out by the National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music. They are singing it in the schools also, for, inspiring though it is in the original French, the translated version of the words is so fine that one feels almost the same lift of the spirit when it is sung in English.

Not the least part of the value of these songs will be their effect upon the alien element in the National Army. There is something touching about the childlikeness with which these men seem to be invested by their inability to speak English. They are at a disadvantage, and beside the brisk, alert young American soldier are obliged to grope their way. The "community sings" give them the opportunity to feel themselves one with the whole army. They are humbly, pathetically eager and anxious to master the words of the songs, and seem to realize that when they are serving as units in the great military chorus, even though the lame and stammering tongue has yet to learn its task, their hearts are all American.

## WORK.

From the dawn of humanity work has been spoken of as the curse of mankind. It takes such a powerful lot of time to punch holes in fallacies; generally a lifetime, and often we go to our graves firmly believing them. All through our lives we are perpetually having it forced upon us that work is the blessing of humanity. And yet the great majority continue to believe it is the primal curse.

What happens to the man who foolishly retires from business before his strength and ability have failed? Premature decay and too often a needlessly hastened death. What is the cause of the frequent flightiness and sensationalism and limelighted folly of the daughters of wealth? Boredom over the lack of any responsibility or real occupation. They feel they must kick up some kind of a dust or hurst. Why are there so many cases of middle-aged melancholia among the women patients in asylums for the insane? Because the unfortunate wretches inherited the hoodle of their fathers, and in consequence they were deprived of all necessity to work for self-support. Why have so many sons and daughters of American multi-millionaires rushed to do service near the front? Because they are more patriotic than others? Not a whit. It is because they are so unspeakably thankful to be doing work that really counts. Golf doesn't count. Polo doesn't count. Dances and tea-fights and costume halls and yachting tours don't count. But saving precious lives does. Driving ambulances to save the wounded, rehabilitating

broken refugees, cheering exhausted soldiers by serving in canteens: ah, those are things that count.

The plain cold fact is that we humans were put into the world to scud around individually for our fodder just as much as the fox sneaking a hen breakfast, the herds ranging over the wilderness in search of food, the hungry tiger exercising his strength and cunning in search of prey, or the patient spider crouching in his cohhewhed snare and just waiting.

Of course, being the lords of the earth, our needs are more complicated, but it was the intention of God, nature, what you will, the Great Creative Force, that every living entity should hustle for its food. Without that some of our powers are atrophied, and all the elaborate schemes worked out by the rich to kill time, and fool themselves into thinking that they are really occupied are in vain. That old saying about Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do is as true as ever it was. Idleness makes for snobbery, uncharitableness, self-sufficiency (why, God only knows), heartlessness, dissipation. Who are the most contented-looking people on the face of the earth? Why, the workers in a free and prosperous country, starting out to do their day's work. Their step is elastic, their eyes shining, their expression alert and anticipatory. This, of course, does not apply to the sick, or the old, or the overworked. That is scarcely to be expected. They are the minority in the great mass of toilers. When wisdom spreads, and the leaders of human thought, backed by the great working majority, have recognized the importance of

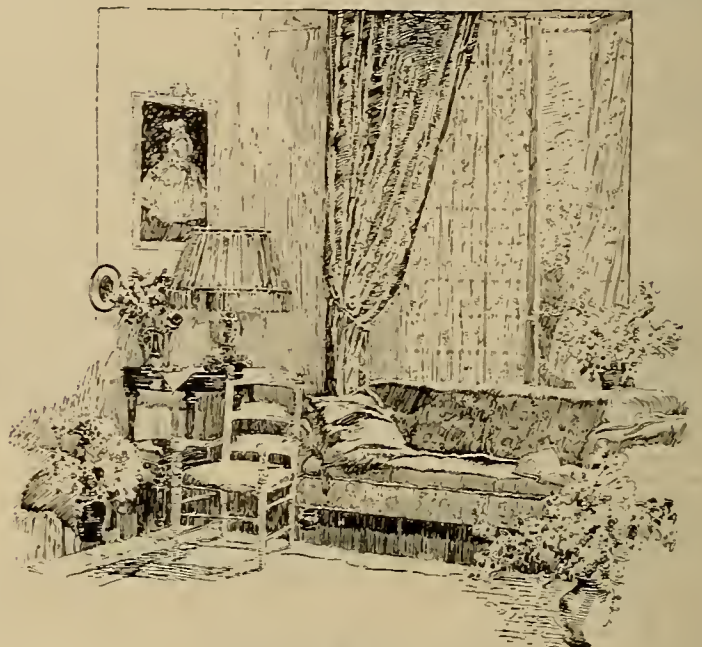
properly regulating industrial conditions, they will evolve a method by which the middle-aged and the old, before their pensioned retirement from toil, can continue work carefully lessened and proportioned to their powers, that will not place them in unjust and failing competition with the young and vigorous.

What a lot we are learning during these troublous days of war! England, for instance, has to her amazement discovered that her idle spinsters and widows, instead of being content with a lifetime of tea and tattle, have eagerly joined the ranks of munitions workers. France never seemed to have so many women loafers as England, but such as there were have nearly all got to work. And now we note that some of our United States are passing laws making it obligatory for all idlers, even moneyed ones, to get busy; to do real work.

Sometimes one hears, "Don't you think that So-and-So ought to step down and out, and give up his job to Such-a-One, since he has plenty of money for his own support?" No, I don't! By working he is exercising his immortal right, of which he should not dream of depriving himself.

The great trouble about work is that it isn't properly allotted or divided. Perhaps it never will be. There are always people that have too little to do as against a lot of others that have too much to do. If we could only even out these two injustices. But at least it is an excellent standard for which to strive.

Perhaps after the great struggle is over, and several more millions of what would have



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been the vigorous young fathers of the future have been killed, and we begin to take stock of exhausted, undernourished and overworked humanity, we will, recognizing the need of conserving and uniting our forces, put more study and effort into training our young in the line of work for which, by natural bent and inclination, they are best fitted. For there is sure to be more organized and united effort in the future. Above all there is going to be work, and plenty of it. And, unless all signs fail, the heretofore idle sons and daughters of wealth are promising themselves that they, too, shall have some share in that work, humanity's greatest blessing.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Return of the Hand Loom.

Weaving with the hand loom has been taken up among women in many cities, and Ida M. Tarbell is credited with responsibility for starting the movement. It was Miss Tarbell who made the suggestion to the members of the war work committee of the Pen and Brush Club of New York, of which she is the honorary chairman, that they procure one or two of these old hand looms and set them up in the clubrooms to be used in weaving garments for our men overseas.

The idea appealed immediately to the artists and writers who comprise the "war workers," and they set up several of the old wooden frames in their rooms, where they have since been in almost constant use.

Several months ago the Red Cross decided not to accept any more half-worn clothing for shipment overseas, as there was rarely enough real wear left in the garments to warrant the expense of sending them over. Consequently there was no practical use for the half-worn woolen garments until the advent of the old hand loom. Now these garments are cut into strips and woven into blankets, shawls, scarfs, or sweaters, not only for our fighting men, but for the destitute peasants of France and Italy and Serbia. Woven on a new warp, these garments have practically the wearing quality of a brand new garment.

The success of the looms at the clubrooms encouraged the members of the war work committee to carry the work still further. A call was sent throughout the rural districts of the Eastern states and Canada asking those who had looms hidden away in the garret to get them down and either weave themselves or send the looms to New York.

Miss Tarbell is carrying her idea, and incidentally her looms, into the hospitals, where they will be used as a part of the educational work for our convalescent or disabled soldiers and sailors. For this purpose she is making a special appeal for the small-sized loom, which can be placed on a bed or table.

"Cad" and "fad" were at first only localisms, struggling for existence and getting slowly into use sporadically in England, until at last they achieve a peaceful penetration into the United States; then they ceased to be mere Briticisms; they won recognition into standard English. A like fate has befallen "hoss" and "boom," the first a localism of New York (descended from the days when the Empire City was New Amsterdam), and the second a spontaneous creation of the lumber camps of Michigan. In time these two words were in common use all over the United States; they were then merely Americanisms; and after a while they made their way into the British Empire, until now they had fair to be lifted into standard English.

In some parts of Northern Arabia the hills are so well stocked with bees that no sooner are hives placed than they are occupied.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### "Lombardi, Ltd." at the Cort.

Oliver Morosco will present "Lombardi, Ltd.," at the Cort Theatre on Monday night, June 17th, for a special limited engagement. The presentation of the comedy will be identical with that at the Morosco Theatre, New York, as the organization comes direct from its metropolitan run of 302 performances, and with Leo Carillo and the original New York cast intact. "Lombardi, Ltd.," is in three acts, with scenes laid in the fashionable shopping district, Fifth Avenue, New York. The story is woven about Tito Lombardi, an artistic, temperamental, and volatile Italian, designer extraordinary of fashionable millinery and gowns. He has attained wealth and prominence in his profession, but his high-heartedness and craving for the artistic leads him to dissipate his wealth and throws his establishment on the verge of bankruptcy. Surrounded by beautiful models, mannequins, ladies of fashion, etc., temptation and debts overwhelm him. It is one of his mannequins who comes to his rescue and saves the firm from bankruptcy. In addition to Mr. Carillo the cast will include Grace Valentine, Winifred Bryson, Hallam Bosworth, Mary Kennedy, Marion Abbott, Inez Buck, Ina Rorke, Mona Moore, Helen Walcott, Charles Wellesley, Warner Baxter, Hafold Russell, and others.

##### Last Performances of "Blind Youth."

Lou Tellegen in his dramatic comedy, "Blind Youth," will close his engagement at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday night. Both play and players have met with distinctive success here. There will be a matinee Saturday.

The Columbia will be dark for two weeks, commencing with Monday. The government's own motion picture, "Pershing's Crusaders," is announced, as is also David Belasco's latest production, "Polly with a Past," coming here direct from its run at the Belasco Theatre, New York, without a stop en route.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Lucille Cavanagh will head the Orpheum bill next week. Her dancing is the combination of grace, beauty, agility, and delightful personality. She is supported by those famous dancers, Frank Hurst and Ted Doner. The music and lyrics of the production are by Charles McCarron.

Marie Nordstrom, in private life Mrs. Henry E. Dixey, is remarkable for her extraordinary versatility and is equally at home in emotional drama, musical comedy, and vaudeville. For her present tour her sister, Frances Nordstrom, has fashioned for her a little whimsicality called "Let's Pretend," with one number, "Twenty Years from Now," from her own pen.

Prince Joveddah, assisted by Princess Olga and Costa Valata, will present some new ideas in mind reading and thought transference. The prince operates from the lower floor and his assistant, Costa Valata, operates from the balcony. Princess Olga answers all questions put to her by the two men. The speed with which they work can best be imagined by the fact that during the fifteen minutes they occupy the stage they answer between three and four hundred questions.

Paul Gordon and Ame Rica are entitled to call themselves the versatile sensations of cycling. In addition to their skill on the wheel they display considerable ability as singers, dancers, and comedians.

Margot François appropriately styles her performance, "Peculiar Doings on Stilts," for she makes all sorts of apparently bone-breaking falls. Miss François has a male partner.

The other attractions will be Sallie Fisher in "The Choir Rehearsal," Dixie Norton and Coral Melnotte, and Carter De Haven and Flora Parker in new songs.

The following extract is from the introduction of "Das Bürgerthum im Jahre 1832," by Heinrich Heine: "It is true that even lately some friends of the Fatherland have wished for the enlargement of Prussia and hoped to see a United Germany under its kings as overlords. . . . As regards me, I could never get myself to feel such confidence. I viewed this Prussian eagle with much concern and the more others boasted how holdly he looked into the sun, the more I felt impelled to look at his claws sharply. I do not trust these Prussians, these long, pietistic heroes of the spick and span uniform, with a wide stomach and the big mouth and the corporal's stick dipped into holy water preparatory to striking. This philosophic, Christian soldiery with its mixture of 'Weiss Bier' lie and sand, is distasteful to me. This Prussia, this stiff, dissimulating, hypocritical Prussia, this Tartuffe among states, is repellent, intensely abhorrent, to me."

Some of the monks of Tibet are still printing books in the manner followed a few hundred years ago, when printing was done from carved blocks of wood.

#### IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

There has always been warm sympathy in the United States for Ireland. Perhaps a part of it is due to the general liking for that very likable people, our Americans of Irish ancestry. No doubt much of it lies in our instinctive American approval of home rule. We are so accustomed in our federal republic to the home rule of our states that we can not see for the life of us why there should not be a like home rule for Ireland. Things which belong to Massachusetts and which do not effect the United States are managed by Massachusetts alone, without interference from the United States.

Perhaps our states manage some things, like domestic relations, which are really of general concern, and might better belong to the Federal power. However that may be, we get along pretty well by leaving each state community quite free from Federal meddling in what we have agreed to consider purely state affairs. We don't see why Ireland could not quite as well be left to its own way in purely Irish affairs. To be sure, we are pretty well accustomed, on the other hand, to leave to the Federal government what we have agreed to consider purely Federal affairs. War, foreign affairs, the customs, the postal service, for instance, the states leave alone. The State National Guard is under Federal law. If Massachusetts and Utah, why not Ireland?

Today we are in the midst of the world war, in which the issue is the freedom of democratic nations from the tyranny of Prussian militarism. The struggle is a desperate one, and it will require the last ounce of energy of the free peoples to win. In the heat of this frightful emergency the old dissensions which have marked the history of the relations of nations have shriveled up and vanished. Great Britain and the United States quarreled at intervals for more than a century; they were at war twice and at the point of war several times: we have forgotten it. France and Great Britain through centuries of conflict became traditional enemies: they have forgotten it.

We have paid little attention to the generations of quarrels between Ireland and England. We have had quarrels of our own—and forgotten them. We made our Federal Constitution because we saw that our interstate wrangles were likely to wreck us all. Then under the Constitution we had long and bitter quarrels of sections, ending in Civil War. But the issues were settled and we are all friends now.

Is Ireland with the democratic and free world in the war for their continued existence? There can be no middle ground. Either the Prussians or the allied free nations must have the primary allegiance of the Irish people. Those who are not heartily for the cause of the Allies are in fact aiding the cause of Kaiserism. Neutrality is merely veiled hostility.

The Americans of Irish ancestry, with all their Irish sympathies, with all their devotion to the cause of Irish home rule, with little love for England, are intensely loyal Americans, and are giving freely of their blood and of their treasure to the common cause. They feel, and justly, that now there is one question which dominates all others among liberty-loving people everywhere: the question of winning the war for liberty against the Prussian Moloch. If that war fails the world enters on a night of despotism, the end of which no one can see. No other ideals or hopes are worth considering in comparison with this vast danger to freedom.

What are the Irish people going to do for the world in this emergency? Will they drop all their immediate political aims, all their long-cherished animosities: will they join wholeheartedly with the entire British Empire, with the American Republic, with the French Republic, with the countrymen of Garibaldi, with every man in the world who loves liberty more than his own life; will they throw into the crusade all their splendid Irish spirit and the unquenchable flame of Irish valor?

We Americans volunteer for the army or navy, or we are called to the colors under the conscription law. We believe this law to be democratic and fair. We in New York and in Illinois have home rule; but we leave the selective service law to the Federal government. We can not see why conscription for the whole United Kingdom should not be enacted by the Parliament in which the whole United Kingdom is represented. We should not dream of insisting that because New York claims home rule, which in fact New York has, therefore New York should be left to decide within its limits the question of conscription for itself. We are quite aware of the situation in Canada and in Australia; but we are also aware of the thousands of miles of sea which separate those dominions from the United Kingdom. But above all we keenly realize the emergency which calls for sinking every minor consideration at this time. There is one



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thing, and only one thing, which demands every energy which we have: the war against Prussianism.

If Ireland drops her old quarrel with England—and it is a quarrel with two sides, which both should drop—and forgets for the time everything but throwing her whole force into the great common cause of this war of liberty for the world, what will it mean for Ireland?

It will mean that Ireland becomes once for all a member of a deathless brotherhood of free peoples: liberal England and Scotland and Wales, free Canada and Australia and South Africa, republican America and France, liberty-loving Italy and Belgium, and all the rest. It will mean that history will be left to bury its follies and crimes, of whatever source—why should we inherit the enmities of our ancestors, and carry them on for all time? We are trustees of justice and happiness for today and for our children. It will mean a splendid and free future for Ireland, with peace once for all in place of perpetual dissension. No such precious opportunity through the long centuries ever has come to the people of Ireland.

Will they seize the golden moment?—From the American Review of Reviews for June.

#### Lexicon of the I. W. W.

Some of the slang phrases which have figured in the trial of the I. W. W.'s at Chicago, and which have been explained to the jurors in Judge Landis' court include the following:

The American Federation is known as the "A. F. of Hell."

"Battleship" means a disturbance in a jail. "Blanket stiff" is a worker who carries bedding with him.

"Black cat" and "wooden shoe" are symbols of sabotage.

Discontented workers are called "class conscious soldiers and rebels."

The "wobbly" word for jail is "can."

A "sah cat" is a saboteur, an expert in the application of sabotage.

A small business man is typified as a "cock-roach."

"Cossack," to those acquainted with the vernacular, means a mounted policeman.

"Hay stake" means the money accumulated during the harvest season.

"High life" is the term applied to lye or corrosive sublimate, intended to be placed in a "scab's" shoes.

Any one whose mode of living agrees with the "principles of the I. W. W." is said to be a "Jake"; if a woman she is a "Jill."

A "scissorhill" is a workman contented with the present social system.

Officials of the American Federation and of other crafts unions are called "labor fakers."

"Spittoon philosopher" is the term applied to inactive members of the organization, who simply discuss conditions in saloons and meeting halls.

China had women soldiers long before they were known in Russia. During the Tae Ping rebellion, 1850, women as well as men served in the ranks. In Nanking, in 1853, an army of 500,000 women was recruited. They were divided into brigades of 13,000 each and were commanded by women officers.

Glady's, the twenty-foot python in Lincoln Park, Chicago, received her semi-annual meal recently. Twelve keepers, with the aid of a sausage-stuffing machine and a five-foot pole, treated her to thirty pounds of ground beef followed by a twelve-pound piece

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## VANITY FAIR.

Let us add one more to the almost innumerable leagues, societies, and associations for the uplift of the human race and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. Let us inaugurate a movement for the exclusion from our newspapers of items likely to increase the influence of the Bolshevik. And, by the way, do you notice that a person has been arrested by the Federal authorities on a charge of fraud, and that this person is described as the leader of the Bolsheviks in America? Evidently they have arrived. The distinguished strangers are in our midst.

But to return. We learn from a palladium of our liberties and through the medium of a news bulletin expensively cabled throughout the country that Miss Lorena Carroll, eighteen years of age, is gravely dissatisfied with her allowance of \$12,500 a year allotted to her by the courts under the will of her father, and that she has made an application to the surrogate of New York for an increase to \$20,850 a year. This is the third application of the kind that has been made by this eighteen-year-old schoolgirl. Her first allowance was \$5000 a year. This was increased two years ago, that is to say when she was sixteen, to \$7500. A girl must live. A year later it was raised to \$12,500, and Miss Carroll did her best to struggle along under a slightly alleviated penury. But her gallant efforts were in vain. Lingerie has increased in price even under the Spartan restrictions of a girls' school in Philadelphia. Automobiles, too. It seems an outrage that honest poverty should thus be compelled to disclose itself in open court. There ought to be special tribunals for cases of this sort, sitting in camera, with sympathetic millionaires as judges. Miss Carroll is now eighteen years of age and beginning to notice. She has to spend \$2000 a year for the rent of quarters in New York. The poor girl must have somewhere to go for her vacations and week-ends. She can not keep her nose perpetually on the demimoon grindstone, as Mr. Mantalini would say. It costs her \$3000 a year to dress. Would you have this poor child going around insufficiently clad? Do you want to get the Gerry Society on the job? Figure it out for yourself. How would you like your daughter to face a cold and cruel world on a stingy allowance of \$200 a week. Make it \$350 a week, says Miss Carroll, and she will try to keep the wolf from the door. Put yourself in her place. Have a heart.

Now this is the kind of item that the new "movement" will be invited to suppress. It is so much more important than the weighing and measuring of porcine hahies. Here we see the Bolshevik factory in full swing. We can hear the buzzing of its wheels and with the eye of faith we can discern its products. Why be so stupid as to supply it with raw material? Already it seems that the Bolsheviks in America have a "leader." Do we want to supply them also with an army? Perhaps they have it already, and of unsuspected proportions. Miss Carroll is good for a couple of divisions any day.

We are creating Bolsheviks in numerous other ways. Our society folk are "doing their bit," but not quite as they suppose. The vulgarities that ceaselessly clamor for mention, the wealth that labels and parades itself, the idle luxuries that flaunt, and the newspapers that give their columns to these noisome things, all are parts of the great Bolshevik machine. You can hear it tick. The lady who elaborately records her little two by four charity and incidentally works in a reference to her "private automobile" has also sent her little recruit to the Bolshevik ranks. And there is the other lady who has placed her "magnificent grounds" or her "sumptuously furnished drawing-room" at the service of some benevolence. She tells us all about it, and we print the horrid nonsense, and off go the reinforcements to the Bolsheviks. One is reminded of the awfully wise words of Nietzsche, who was so pitifully anxious to prove that he was a Pole and not a German, and who said: "The only remedy against Socialism that still lies in your power is to avoid provoking Socialism—in other words to live in moderation and contentment, to prevent so far as possible all lavish display and to aid the state as far as possible in its taxing of all superfluities and luxuries." Certainly it would be amusing if it were not so tragic to see our terror of anarchist forces and the sedulous care with which we foster them by our adulation of "society" doings. And the irony becomes still greater when we realize that eight out of ten of our so-called society folk instinctively relax in their chairs when they hear the 5 o'clock factory whistle. It's in their blue blood.

A New York society newspaper champions the case of a young exquisite who was much annoyed in a hotel lobby by a request to buy a flower in aid of the Red Cross. He explained with some heat that he had already given all he intended to, and he confided further to the hotel cashier that "it seems to me

this Red Cross work in Washington ought to have captains or lieutenants to drill these solicitors into some kind of business system that will not react upon givers to the cause, and harden their hearts through these damned annoyances."

It does seem too bad. One would suppose that in these days of psychic research the Red Cross would have been able to devise some way to measure the intelligence of fashionable young men at a distance, so that they might be spared such wanton annoyance as this. We commend it to the attention of the Red Cross.

Then there is the woman who complains of a similar solicitation at a moment when she was actually and positively frenzied because the mail had brought her no letter from husband and son in France. Of course the Red Cross solicitor ought to have known this, especially as the woman was just entering a movie show and would naturally not be doing such a thing unless to obtain succor from her sorrows. Well, there are others of us who have husbands and sons and daughters at the front and who yet manage to keep smiling and who are even superstitious enough to find a certain relief in giving money to the Red Cross that may actually be employed in ministering to those same husbands, sons, and daughters.

## Killed by Love.

Grim tragedy hangs over Bear Hollow in the ravine at Camp Farragut—tragedy symbolized by a weeping spouse who grieves before the latest golden star to be added to the honor roll of Great Lakes.

For John Brown Bear is dead. John Bear's soul rolled away into Bear Heaven yesterday, and his body now lies a-mouldering in the hollow, a victim of too much love.

From the time of their enrollment as rookies in Detention John and Susie Bear led an ideal life. It was really a honeymoon for them in the picturesque little hollow which had been prepared especially for their coming. John would nose out the choicest tidbits from his daily rations and slip them to Susie for dessert, and Susie in turn would lie for hours scratching John's back.

But behind this lovely picture of conjugal bliss stalked the spectre of death.

Yesterday morning, it appears, John, upon being awakened by the rosy hues of dawn, reached over and gave Susie a bear hug. Her eyes fluttering open, Susie reciprocated by wallowing John playfully in the jaw. This hit of tenderness resulted in John biting Susie on the left hind foot, a display of affection which led Susie to claw two yards of fur off John's spinal column.

John was quite willing to let it go at that for the time being. But the love of a woman, once aroused, is a dangerous thing, especially that of a cave-lady.

"Somebody had better hurry and rescue Johnnie Bear!" shouted a recruit, rushing into Ensign Sharpe's office a few minutes later. "Susie's got him down and is hitting and tearing the hide off'n him."

Members of the guard dashed into Bear Hollow, but it was too late. Even as they appeared John rolled out from Susie's claws and lay with glassy eyes staring into the blue heavens. A pulmotor was rushed to the scene and applied to John, but it was of no avail. He was dead. A post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that a blood vessel had been ruptured by the excitement.

Dumfounded by the result of the unleashing of her affections, Susie was overcome by grief. Last night it was thought she may follow her mate to Bear Heaven.

And that's all to the tragedy, excepting that John's skin is being stuffed and mounted. It will be placed in Detention as a tribute to his life and death.—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

A number of important coal, iron, and electrical companies of western Germany have decided to establish a great laboratory at Cologne for the purpose of developing methods for extracting the oils and nitrogen from coal before burning it. The new laboratory is to take over the work of a smaller experiment station, hitherto in operation at the mines, and carry forward to completion processes already partly worked out there. The Cologne institution will lay special stress upon the investigation of the chemical properties of coal tar and the development of processes for obtaining valuable products from it. One of the objects aimed at is also to generate electrical current at lower cost than was hitherto possible with coal.

There are fourteen Santo Domingo students being educated in foreign institutions at the expense of their government. Of these, one is studying engineering in Switzerland, one music and five medicine in France, and seven engineering in the United States. In addition to the above, it is estimated that there are about sixty studying abroad at their own expense, mostly in the United States. Prior to the war there were quite a number of Dominican students in Europe, principally in France.

## CALLING ON THE PRESIDENT.

The White House in war-time is not the place of generous accessibility that it was. Newly-wed couples no longer stroll about its shady grounds, marvel at the impressive elegance of the blue room, or wait about the door for a glimpse of the President. Informal receptions are no longer held for the benefit of the troops of schoolchildren who used to visit the capital every spring and always stopped in to shake hands with Mr. Wilson.

Necessary precautions and heavy demands upon the President's time have destroyed this atmosphere of democratic hospitality which was so long associated with the executive mansion (says Frederic J. Haskin in recent press correspondence). Entrances are now harried and the grounds are guarded by soldiers and policemen.

The President spends four or five hours each day in seeing callers and this time is divided among all applicants as fairly as may be. Naturally these hours are very much in demand; each must await his turn; and a certain amount of delay in reaching the President is inevitable. But when the appointment has been made it is nearly always kept by the President with perfect punctuality. If the caller is not equally punctual he simply loses his turn. Each visitor is asked how much of the President's time he requires and is expected to finish his interview in that time. When the end of it has been reached the fact is indicated by Mr. Patrick McKenna, doorkeeper of the executive offices, who opens the door, whereupon the President rises, unless he wishes to prolong the interview.

Not long ago Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, called with fifteen representatives of trade unions from the Chicago stockyards district. The gist of what the labor men had to say was that unless the Chicago packers granted them certain demands they would strike. The President, having heard this message, and realizing the gravity of the impending situation, at once sent for Mr. McKenna, and, to the astonishment of that official, who has served as doorkeeper to three Presidents, actively aided him in fetching chairs for the visitors. The interview, which was to have lasted fifteen minutes, then went forward for three hours and a half. As every one knows, there was no strike.

Ordinarily the President does all his private desk work in the morning, but sometimes he finds it necessary to spend a part of his afternoons in the study of matters in which he must make a decision. This was true, for example, when the Federal Trade Commission was studying the question of a fair price for steel. The commission was in its new and then unfinished quarters, where plasterers and carpenters were still at work. The President, nevertheless, attended its sessions for several days, and, with his coat off and a handkerchief stuffed in his collar, plowed through the mass of evidence upon which this important decision was based.

The President's excellent health is ascribed to the rigid regularity of his habits, and to the exercises which he takes under the supervision of Admiral Grayson. He rises at 7 o'clock, breakfasts at 7:30, and whenever the weather permits is on the golf links, generally with Mrs. Wilson, at 8. He plays for an hour, takes a cold shower bath upon his return, and is at his desk in the White House at 10. There he remains until 1 o'clock, and these are the hours in which his creative work of planning and writing are done. But even during this period he is by no means out of touch with things. There is a telephone switchboard in the White House which works three shifts of operators and is never idle. There is also a private wire over which the President receives all of his messages, none of them being delivered to the White House by messengers. Some of these messages are received by the President in code, and by him decoded.

Employees of the executive offices who have been there through several administrations—as most of them have, because of their expert knowledge along certain lines—say that no recent President has used the phone so much as Mr. Wilson. This instrument keeps him in constant touch with cabinet officers and bureau chiefs, and his knowledge of "what is going on" in all departments of the government is a matter of frequent surprise.

The President lunches at 1 o'clock, at 2 he begins seeing visitors, and is often kept busy until his dinner hour, which is 7. The President thus puts in an eight-hour day of writing, planning, and interviewing, with occasional "overtime" at night. Every active man of affairs knows that this is an extremely heavy day's work; four hours a day of really hard mental work is all that the average man has in him. And the President gets no recreation except his morning hour of golf and an occasional auto ride, while he has not had a vacation since the war began except for one short cruise on the *Mayflower* last summer.

## Soldier Old as Arteries.

The medical aporism that "a man is as old as his arteries" should be the test in determining the age limit of a soldier, was recently declared by Dr. Arthur Lynch, a member of Parliament. "After a certain age, say forty, the man who has not been particularly strong physically, and who has not overstrained his system in athletic exercises," the physician stated, "is often more serviceable than a man who has been a brilliant athlete at twenty-five. Of course bronchitis, pneumonia, and rheumatism, which would disable a soldier, would be found much more frequently in men of forty-five and over than in young men. I have seen men well on to seventy capable of walking thirty miles a day. In the Serbian army they use men up to seventy. This matter depends very largely on the individual, and to some extent on the race. The French brought up their fighting forces to over fifty, and as a rule the French age quicker than men in this country or in Ireland."

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One morning Jorkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor, Harkins: "What are you burying in that hole?" "Just re-planting some of my seeds, that's all," was the answer. "Seeds!" exclaimed Jorkins, angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens!" "That's all right," said the other. "The seeds are inside."

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers. "What is your name?" asked the official. "George Washington," was the reply. "Well, George, are you the man who cut down that cherry tree?" "No, sah, I aint de man. I aint done no work for nigh onto a year."

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men. "I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence." After a short effort one of the men stopped. "Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer. "If ye please, sir," was the answer, "O'im coasting."

"I understand Mrs. Gabson has left Mr. Gabson and gone home to her mother." "Yes, a sad affair. She charges him with excessive cruelty." "You surprise me. Gabson doesn't look like a man who would beat his wife." "Oh, he didn't do anything of that sort. He got hold of a gas mask somewhere, and when Mrs. Gabson started one of her monologues he put it on."

The negroes at Camp Dodge drafted into the National Army from Alabama were overjoyed at the amount of equipment they were given. One of them was talking to a white soldier about it. "Say, boss," he asked, "do dey give us all dese clothes for nuthin', without payin' for dem? An' all dese eats three times a day, an' a good bed, an' all dem blankets?" He was told that Uncle Sam gives them all these things. "Well, den, why in de Sam Hill didn't dis wah staht soonah?"

"I lunched," said Bishop Waterhouse of Los Angeles, "one meatless and wheatless day with a family that gave me delicious provender. In short, I never ate a better luncheon."

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The lady of the house, in acknowledgment of my compliments, told me how the nut steak was made and how the flourless biscuits were concocted. "Marvelous!" I exclaimed. "Necessity is indeed the mother of invention." "And invention," she answered with a wau smile, "is the necessity of the mother these days."

Four-year-old Bobby Burgner, full of curiosity, appeared before his mother one day absorbed in deep thought. Finally he said, "Mamma, which is the oldest, you or grandma?" Whereupon his mother informed him that his grandmother was the older. The latter being very small of stature, puzzled Bobby answered, "Well, you beat her growing anyhow."

"No, ma'am, the company does not allow dogs in the Pullmans," explained the porter. "But he don't bark," said the lady with the little animal in her arms. "Never mind if he don't; dogs are not allowed in the cars." "Nor he doesn't bite." "Can't take him in." "He can't growl." "Makes no difference." "He never snarls nor snaps." "Well, say, madam, what kind of a dog have you got there, anyway? If he's a dead dog you can't take him on the car either."

Thomas W. Lawson said in a Boston lecture: "The green speculator is apt to be more suspicious and mistrustful than the seasoned one. Green speculators by their actions often remind me of the farmer who went down to the Boston and Maine station, put down a twenty-dollar bill and said to the ticket agent: 'Round trip to Washington, young fellow.' 'Here you are,' said the agent. 'Change at New York.' 'No ye don't, young fellow,' snarled the farmer. 'I'll take my change right here.'"

Old English sextons have a traditional reputation for wit, reaching as far back as the gravedigger in "Hamlet." One of this class stood listening one day to a street preacher in the market place. The preacher, an uneducated man, attempted an oratorical flight. "My brethren," he exclaimed, "if every field in the world was thrown into one field, what a great field that would be." "Ah," said the sexton, loud enough to be heard, "and if every jackass in the world was one jackass, what a big jackass that 'ud be.'"

Little Johnny, who had lived all his life in the heart of a great city, was paying his first visit to a farm. When he suddenly came in sight of a haystack he stopped and gazed earnestly at what appealed to him as a new brand of architecture. "Say, Mr. Smith," he remarked to the farmer, pointing to the haystack, "why don't they have doors and windows in it?" "Door and windows!" smiled the farmer. "That aint a house, Johnny; that's hay." "Don't try to josh me, Mr. Smith!" was the scornful rejoinder of the city boy. "Don't you suppose that I know that hay don't grow in lumps like that?"

Two brothers once ran a store in a small Western town, where they had quite a large trade in wool on barter. Eventually one of the brothers became converted at a revival and it was not long before he was urging the other to follow in his footsteps. "You ought to join, Jake," said the converted one. "You don't know how helpful and comforting it is to be a member of the church." "I know, Bill," admitted Jake thoughtfully, "an' I would like to join, but I don't see how I can." "Why not?" persisted the first. "What is to prevent you?" "Well, it's jes' this way, Bill," declared Jake. "There has got to be somebody in the firm to weigh this here wool."

Some time ago Mike Jefferson of Indianapolis bought a new automobile. He couldn't run it very well, but of course the whole family and the near relatives wished to see how it would work as soon as possible. So Mike loaded the machine to capacity and started out on a country road. Everybody was delighted and Mike was proud of the fact that he could run the machine so long without getting into trouble. But after a while all decided that it was getting late and about time to turn about for the homeward stretch. This was an unfortunate decision for Mr. Jefferson, for he found to his horror that he did not know how to turn the machine around on the country road. "Sorry. But I'll have to keep going until we come to a town," said Mike. "I know how to run around a hock." He kept on going for fourteen miles before he found a town he could turn around in.

The Rev. Jowett, at a dinner in New York, said apropos of his much-discussed salary: "The cost of living is so high over here that I have decided, after all, to accept the generous salary that I first declined. I hope that this acceptance won't call to my congregation's minds, however, the story of the sheep. A minister was once addressing a Sunday-school

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of little children; and the minister in his address desired to compare himself to a shepherd, and his congregation to the shepherd's flocks. "What are these beautiful animals?" he said, pointing to a drawing on the blackboard. "Sheep! Sheep!" chorused the children. "And the cloaked figure in the foreground—what is he?" "A shepherd!" the children cried. "Exactly," agreed the minister, beaming with satisfaction. "And now, dear children, can you tell me what it is that the shepherd does for the sheep?" A score of little mouths opened wide, and a score of treble voices cried shrilly: "He shears 'em!"

### THE MERRY MUSE.

The Hun Invades Nursery Rhyme.

There was a little Hun,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were all dum-dum, dum-dum;  
He shinned up a tree  
To snipe what he could see,  
But now he is in kingdom come—come!  
—R. M. Eassie.

The Soldier's Credo.

This war is bomb and shell and gun;  
I like it.  
Sometimes it isn't any fun;  
I like it.  
At times you're lonelier than sin;  
You miss your girl, you miss your kin;  
It's the toughest game you ever were in—  
I like it.—New York Tribune.

Breaking Into Print.

Oh, Mrs. Prunella Mehitable Jane  
Was stalwart of muscle and able of brain;  
She could knit, if she would,  
And her biscuits were good.  
The care of a household she well understood.  
But of such things her home-folks did not dare  
to hint—  
They never got any one's name into print.

She carried a banner, and stood on the pave;  
She laughed at policemen who said, "Please be-  
have!"  
She retorted, "Oh, fudge!"  
To the affable judge,  
And obstructed the sidewalk, refusing to budge.  
She rejoiced in reproaches bestowed without stint—  
She is certain of getting her name into print.  
—Washington Star.

Treason.

When some, whose heads, perhaps, were wrongly  
fashioned,—  
Quite honest in their way, if slightly daft,—  
Declaim, in soap-box eloquence impassioned  
Or black-and-white of print, against the draft  
Or other institutions, out of season,  
We pop them into jail, for that is Treason.  
But when a sober, plodding, business body,  
Whose only thought is gain, contrives to sell  
A War Department uniforms of shoddy  
(Which isn't wool, but answers just as well),  
Or shoes with paper where there should be  
leather,—  
Why, that is something different, altogether.

Such things, we lightly own, have been aforesome  
As they are now, and thus will be again;  
Some enterprising ghouls must thrive in war-  
time  
Through coining money from the blood of men;  
And all will smile and cordially salute them,  
Until we stand them up against a wall and shoot  
them.  
—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding announces the engagement of her daughter, Beatrice, to Lieutenant Carlton Carlyle Gildersleeve. The marriage will take place this month in the summer home of Mrs. Gerberding in Belvedere.

The marriage of Miss Elva De Pue and Mr. Warren Matthews of New York was solemnized Saturday at high noon in the Swedish Church. Mrs. Jack Neville was her sister's matron of honor and Mr. Ernest Clewe was the best man. Mrs. Matthews is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue. A reception at the home of the bride followed the wedding services, those seated at the bridal table having included Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson, Baron Jan Carel Van Eck and Baroness Van Eck, Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook, Miss Meta Breckenfeld, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Edith Slack, and Mr. Ernest Clewe. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Matthews will leave for New York.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge was hostess at a luncheon given Monday at the Franciscan Club in compliment to Miss Mary Emma Flood. The guests included Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Miss Olivia Pillsbury.

Mrs. Henry Breeden entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Edward Clark gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, her guests having included Major Mark Gerstle and Mrs. Gerstle, Mrs. H. A. Kleugel, Countess de Mailly Chalon, Miss Alberta Morio, Captain de la Morandiere, Captain G. H. Quisenberry, Lieutenant H. J. d'Ailly, Lieutenant R. R. Matson, and Lieutenant John Maddock.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin gave a luncheon Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue, her guests having included Mrs. Francis Baer of Pasadena, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Jr., Miss Frances Hammond, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Katherine Treat, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Marion Crocker, and Miss Olivia Pillsbury.

Mrs. A. L. Sayre, who is visiting in San Francisco from Fresno, entertained a number of friends at luncheon last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel, her guests having included Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. William Newhall, Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough, Miss Anne Peters, and Miss Helen Cheshrough.

Mrs. Walter Filer gave a luncheon Thursday at her home in Burlingame, her guests having included Mrs. William McKittick, Mrs. John Drum,

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. George Newhall.

A reception was held last Thursday afternoon in Sausalito for the opening of the new canteen for the men stationed at Fort Baker and Fort Barry. Among those who have assisted in the establishment of the canteen are Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. E. S. Merriman, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. J. E. Laidlaw, Mrs. Arthur House, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. E. B. Lawrence, Mrs. C. M. Symonds, Mrs. H. L. Burleson, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Miss Louise Howland, Miss Margaret Foster, and Miss Kate Towle.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman gave a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, complimenting Miss Olivia Pillsbury. Those asked to the affair included Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Flora Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Phyllis de Young and Mr. Nion Tucker. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Miss Katherine Ramsay, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Miss Elizabeth George gave a luncheon Monday in honor of her cousin, Miss Elma Collins. Those asked to meet Miss Collins included Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Philip Kamm, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Phyllis de Young, and Miss Katherine Ramsay.

Mrs. Christine de Guigné gave a luncheon Saturday at her home in San Mateo, her guests having included Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Frederick Cowen, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, and Miss Edith Cheshrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained a group of friends at the dinner-dance given Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel by the Woman's Service Association. Those seated with Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury included Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Lieutenant Daniel Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Katherine Treat, Miss Kate Crocker, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Lieutenant Alfred Montgomery, Lieutenant John Lusk, Lieutenant John White, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Percy King, Lieutenant C. H. Lewis, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland entertained a number of friends at dinner last Thursday at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston entertained a group of friends at the dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mrs. Margaret Crimmins, Mr. Sterling Carr, Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. Thomas Bishop, and Mr. Frederick Bixby.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Louise Black, the guests having been Lieutenant Corbett Moody and Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Miss Helen Keeney, Mr. Homer Curran, Lieutenant Donald McLaughlin, and Mr. Robert Miller.

Miss Sarita Henderson was hostess to a number of friends at the dinner-dance given Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel by the Woman's Service Association.

### Art Sale at the St. Francis.

The art sale in aid of the families of French and Belgian artists to be held in the Borgia Room, St. Francis Hotel, beginning June 17th, promises to be an event of real importance from every point of view. The objects of art to be sold, all of which have been donated, include many beautiful things. The proceeds will be distributed through the American Embassy in Paris and through the Central Committee for Belgian Relief in Washington.

### Dr. Hinkovich.

On Monday, June 17th, at 7:30 o'clock, there will be a dinner given at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Dr. Hinko Hinkovich, the Croatian jurist, member of both Croatian and Hungarian parliaments, signer of the Pact of Corfu, and chief of the Jugo-Slav Mission in this country. Judge Morrow will preside and it is expected that all the leading citizens of San Francisco will wish to be present.

The dinner will be under the auspices of the Serbian Relief Society of California, of which Mrs. Hearst is president, Mr. D. O. Lively acting president, Mr. William H. Crocker treasurer, Mr. Bruce Porter chairman, and Miss Janet Peck the ruling spirit.

### Open House.

The third series of the Open House came to an end with its eighty-ninth party (or the sixty-ninth Open House) on Saturday, June 8th, at Mrs. Ralph Cray's, 2083 Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Cray was assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, chairman of the committee, and by Mrs. Paulding Edwards, Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, Mrs. Pfingst, and other members.

The Open House will be transferred to the peninsula hostesses on June 16th, when Mme. la Comtesse de Cazotte will be the first hostess for the summer at her home in Sta. Inez Avenue in San Mateo. The Sunday affairs will be from 3 to 7, the Saturday ones from 7 to 10:30, to allow of a return by the last trains. Some of the Saturday evenings will begin earlier. Mrs. Sig. Stern's, for instance, which takes place June 22d, begins at 5, to let the guests see the grounds before dancing begins.

Other hostesses who have fixed their Saturdays are Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. Carter Nichols, Mrs. George Howard, and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker. While the Sunday hostesses already settled are Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mrs. George Roos, Mrs. Andrew Griffin, Mrs. A. G. C. Hahn, Mrs. William Breeze, and Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger. Mrs. E. J. McCutchen has kindly offered to take three Sundays, while Mrs. Ed. Eyre, Mrs. William Darsie, Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, and Mrs. Payne have not yet decided as to their dates. Mrs. William B. Bourne will take an Open House if the transportation question is not too difficult.

Did Kerensky foresee what was going to happen in Russia? (asks the London Observer). It looks as if he did, to judge by a remarkable passage which Professor J. Y. Simpson quotes in the *Nineteenth Century* from a speech delivered to a delegation from the front. "I have come to you," Kerensky said, "because my strength is going, because I do not feel in myself my former daring. I have not got my old confidence that before me there are conscientious citizens and not rioting slaves, creating a new state with an attractiveness worthy of the Russian people. I am sorry that I did not die then, two months ago. I would have died with the great vision that once for all there had blazed up in Russia the flame of a new life, that henceforth we could mutually respect one another without the aid of whip or stick, and administer the state in other ways than was done by the despots of former days." And still more striking was the prediction of a public official who took leave of a foreign friend in these words: "Good-by, I shall not see you again. If it were only death I should not be frightened. The end of the war will be a crusade on the part of all the belligerents in Europe to save the remnants of civilization in Russia."

A ton of egg coal contains from thirty-two to thirty-eight cubic feet, averaging about thirty-five. By measuring the cubical contents of a bin it is possible to estimate how much to order to fill it. This may be done by multiplying together the length, breadth, and depth of the bin.

Peru is said to have been the first country to add instruction in aviation to its public school curriculum.

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### Troops in Touch with Food.

The method of feeding troops in Europe during a conflict of many days is now so complete that even in the most critical circumstances the supply train is in constant touch with the fighting line. If communications chance to be cut temporarily each man can rely upon his emergency ration, carried in his haversack and which he is forbidden to consume until he receives the order.

Of this emergency ration, consisting usually of bully beef, biscuit, tea, and sugar, the sugar is not the least important, as it is not only nourishing food, but an excellent stimulant to men suffering from exhaustion. In the event of a retreat, troops subsist largely upon what is known as the Maconochie ration, a meat and vegetable stew packed in cans and easily prepared for consumption.

The majority of the men are regularly fed from the traveling field-kitchen, marvelously ingenious, which cooks food while in motion. It can bake or boil for 250 men and is in charge of regimental cooks under the command of the quartermaster, who must keep in close touch with the transport officer of his corps, who in turn has to bring supplies from train headquarters.

In a kite frame patented by a Wisconsin man ribs radiate from a central disk of metal.

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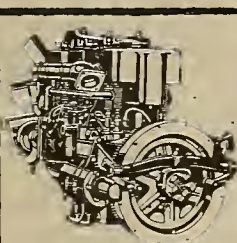
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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Edson Adams and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Adams, have gone on a trip to the High Sierras, planning to be away about two weeks.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin spent the weekend in Burlingame at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman have returned to their home on Vallejo Street from a visit in the East.

Mrs. William Nielson and her son, Mr. Felton Elkins, have taken the home of Mrs. William Grahame in Santa Barbara for the summer season. They will be joined in a few weeks by Mrs. Christian de Guigné.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton are passing several weeks on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, who returned last Saturday from their ranch in Sonoma County, are entertaining as their house-guest Lady Colbrook. The latter has just returned from a visit in Yosemite.

Mr. Lawrence Gray, who has been stationed at San Pedro, has been ordered East, and will leave within a few days.

Mrs. William Devereaux, who came north from San Diego recently, has been visiting in Menlo Park at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gillespie have purchased the Winterhalter house on Green Street and will take possession of it within a few days.

Miss Marion Zeile left Saturday for Menlo Park, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker left for Washington last week for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald returned last week to San Francisco from a visit of several weeks in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones and Miss Marie Brewer have given up their home in Oakland and have taken a house on Baker Street.

Mrs. Corbett Moody has taken apartments at the Fairmont, where she will reside for a brief period. Lieutenant Moody left Thursday for Riverside, where Mrs. Moody will join him shortly.

Captain H. C. Jones, who has been stationed at Fort Sill, arrived this week for a visit with his parents, Colonel William Jones and Mrs. Jones, in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson will leave this week for Mill Valley, where they will reopen their summer home.

Mrs. Walter Hohart left Saturday for her ranch at Beowawe, Nevada where she will remain for some time. Later in the season Mr. and Mrs. Hohart will go to Tahoe where they usually pass a portion of the summer.

Miss Coralie Mejia spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell Jr. are spending a few weeks in a tour of the state planning to return to San Francisco in July.

Mrs. John Gallois returned to San Francisco last week, after a brief absence in the East.

Mrs. Watson Fennimore left last week for a visit to Bartlett Springs.

General John Wisser and Mrs. Wisser, who have been in Honolulu for some time, will arrive in San Francisco in the near future and will probably make their home in one of the Bay cities.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have been enjoying a visit of several days at Tahoe.

Mrs. Marion Lord and Mrs. Franklin Knott, who visited in San Francisco recently, have returned to Santa Barbara from a trip through the southern part of the state. Mrs. Knott's sister, Mrs. L. M. Cuthbert of Denver, who has been visiting in Montecito, made the trip with Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Knott.

Mrs. Alexander Field, who has been visiting in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig, has recently gone to Santa Barbara for a visit with Mrs. James Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro are planning to pass the summer months at Inverness.

Mrs. Martha Ehrenberg and her daughter, Miss Agnes Ehrenberg, have been spending several days in Woodside as the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. August Schilling.

Mr. Evans Pillsbury and Mr. Taylor Pillsbury returned last week for the summer vacation and have joined their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Cornelia Kemper has gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Russell Wilson is enjoying a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

The Misses Betty and Elena Folger arrived Thursday from Menlo Park, where they have completed their studies, and have joined Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. M. H. de Young and Miss Phyllis de Young will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Marve, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot will pass the greater part of the season with Mr. de Young and Miss de Young.

Miss Alice Keeler returned last week from New York, where she passed several months.

Mrs. Frederick Cowen of Salt Lake City is visiting in Burlingame as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Judge.

Mrs. Roger Lapham, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick in Atherton for several days, left Tuesday for Seattle.

Miss Elizabeth George, who has been spending several days in San Francisco from her home at Mare Island, returned to the navy yard on Tuesday.

Miss Jane Flood and her niece, Miss Mary Emma Flood, returned a few days ago from New York, where they have spent the winter and spring months.

Major Delos Emmons will arrive in San Fran-

cisco within a few days en route to Sacramento, where he will be in charge of the aviation school.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Mrs. Joseph Crockett are touring the northern part of the state.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin left last Saturday for Washington, where she will remain for some weeks.

Mr. P. George Crow of Berkeley, California, is now stopping at the Harvard Club, New York. He expects soon to sail for Scotland and hopes by the early fall to be back to his California home.

Professor H. R. Fairclough of Stanford University goes East this week on his way to Europe. He goes to Switzerland as a member of the Red Cross Commission, which is to handle the problems connected with American prisoners in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rounsell and Mr. A. J. Lowenberg have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe and vicinity.

Miss Margaret Ferrie, who has been a guest of Miss Betty Merrill of Berkeley, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles W. Merrill and her daughter, Miss Betty Merrill, of Berkeley, have returned from Washington.

Lieutenant G. B. Peterson, who has been stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, is returning to California on a ten days' leave. He will visit San Diego, where his brother, Ensign F. Somers Peterson, is in the aviation corps of the navy. Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson are now at Coronado, and Lieutenant Peterson will return with them to Belvedere this week. Lieutenant Peterson was promoted to first lieutenant while at Fort Sill.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. Floyd M. Humphrey, Los Angeles; Mr. A. W. Arlin, Virginia; Mr. Thomas L. Cook, Australia; Mr. Vernon E. Gaines, Denver; Mr. W. B. Crane, Portland, Oregon; Captain I. A. Smuts, Sumatra; Mr. J. Andrew Hall and family, Philippine Islands; Mrs. P. A. Phenix, El Paso, Texas.

Before Messina was laid in ruins by the great earthquake ten years ago Sicily was the chief source of the world's supply of orange oil. Sicily's misfortune, however, was Jamaica's gain, for the West Indians took up the industry at that time and have been following it with increasing profit ever since. The industry is delightfully picturesque. Native girls and boys, clad in their striking vari-colored costumes, swarm over the hill-side groves engaged in the work of collecting the oil. The boys, many of them with the beauty of ancient Greeks (says *Gas Logic*), shake down the fruit, while the girls, seated on the ground, extract the oil by means of "rinders." These are shallow copper basins studded thickly on the inside with sharp points or tacks. As the oranges are lightly rolled over these tacks with the palm of the hand the skin yields up its valuable oil. The workers may eat as many oranges as they please, but after the "rinding" is completed the great bulk of the luscious, ripe fruit is thrown away to the pigs and other livestock. Unadulterated orange oil has a strong aroma, and is used in the making of perfumes, essences, soaps, and beverage flavors, as well as of cakes and confectionery. The principal use for Jamaica orange oil is in the manufacture of fancy biscuits, particularly of a wafer biscuit which is used extensively with ices and iced drinks.

Recent shipments of platinum from Venezuela have contained a few of the strangest counterfeit coins ever made—strange in that they are worth about five times their face value. Many years ago some person in Venezuela or Colombia discovered that the native platinum, which was plentiful, made a fine imitation of the old Spanish gold pieces that are still current in South America. He gold-plated them, and a few of them are still in circulation down there.

## PUTTING DOGS IN SERVICE.

"Give your big dogs to your country," is the latest official appeal to British patriots. The British War Office requires "a large supply" of collies, lurchers, sheep-dogs, retrievers, Airdales, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, and other breeds of large dogs to be trained for service at the front.

When the dogs get "into khaki" the active and fast-running kinds will be used as messengers and the others as watchers along the British battle line in France.

As everybody who has followed the war news knows, the "dogs of war" used by the British and French armies have proved invaluable, particularly as messengers. In making their appeal to the public for more of these four-footed soldiers to be educated at the War Dogs' Training School, somewhere in England, the military authorities permit some of the more recent and striking performances of the canines that are now being employed by the British army to be told of for the first time.

The messenger dogs are used in place of men, and are called to work over the fighting zone, where men as messengers would be in constant danger from enemy fire. Their value lies, not merely in saving the lives of men, but in carrying messages much more swiftly than men could do over the same ground, and with less risk of the loss of the message by the death or injury of the messenger.

A dog can creep or run in almost complete safety where a man would be hit, and the lives of many men in the firing line may be saved by a message carried by a dog to a point two or three miles behind.

In one instance last year, where the Germans launched an attack, messages of great importance were carried by dogs, which had to swim across a stretch of water to reach the headquarters with which it was necessary to communicate. On another occasion, in which the Black Watch was concerned, a cream-colored lurcher, known as Creamy, carried a map showing a new line which had been established, as well as an important message, and carried it in twenty-five minutes, where a man would have taken three hours—if he had got through.

Creamy was under heavy shellfire during his journey, but came through unhurt, as most of the messenger dogs usually do. The percentage of dogs lost is small, and after a year's work Creamy is still "doing his bit."

Occasionally there is a loss to be recorded. Some time ago one of the dog messengers reached his headquarters with the lower part of his jaw shattered. He delivered his packet, but was so severely wounded that he had to be destroyed. In similar circumstances a man would no doubt have won his medal, or the Victoria Cross.

Another hero—Little Jim, a cross-bred retriever—is reported to have "rendered excellent service." He carried important dispatches on one occasion in Flanders, and covered two and a half miles in a quarter of an hour under heavy shellfire. While in the trenches Little Jim gave first notice of a German gas attack. He was at once released, and arrived at his destination three-quarters of an hour before a message which was sent by "wire."

It is recorded of a sheep-dog, named Tweed, that he "has never made a single mistake," and that day or night he is "as sure as a clock."

Sam, a liver-colored lurcher about a year old, was taken to a new brigade headquarters the day before a British attack was made over

ground which Sam had never traversed. He had only the afternoon and the night to learn to know the headquarters, but next day, after going forward with the attacking troops, he returned to the new headquarters with a message, covering two and a half miles over difficult country in eighteen minutes. Sam is said to "put his whole soul into his work."

Another dog, Trick, a collie, on the same occasion, did the distance in a quarter of an hour. Trick is a pretty, tri-colored collie, with a white breast.

These war dogs have not only to go through rifle and machine-gun fire, as well as shell fire, but have to find their way through the maze of craters and broken wire which covers the fighting area. They rarely go wrong. This is no doubt due to the training which they receive at the War Dogs' Training School. Their education is most thorough. It is done without a whip—there is not a single whip in the school—and the greatest care has to be taken that they shall not receive a shock at the beginning.


They are first accustomed to hearing a rifle fired, and the firing is gradually brought closer, until they will "stand easy" while a squad of men fire immediately over their heads. They are introduced in turn to bombs and guns of all sizes, up to the great 15-inch. They are taken through smoke and though water, through barbed-wire entanglements and every imaginable kind of obstruction. Like good soldiers, they become used to anything, and go through anything at the end of their course without turning a hair.

They learn jumping and swimming and thoroughly enjoy cross-country races, in which they have to leap hurdles, crawl through wire, or jump or swim dykes. No dog is sent to the front unless it is able to carry a message for three miles, and some have done five-mile runs before going to France. One dog at the front is recorded as having carried a message eight miles in a minute over the hour. Another has done five miles in half an hour, and a third, three miles and three-quarters in twenty minutes. Of one dog messenger it was reported that he could be "sent anywhere within a radius of four miles." As a rule, the trained dog can cover about a mile and a quarter in five minutes.

To make a good messenger dog must be "sensible" and a good jumper. Dogs of breeds smaller than mentioned are of no use. One of the strong points of the dog as messenger is that neither darkness nor fog stops him. Once properly trained, the dog can be trusted to find his way "home" so long as he is able to move.—*New York Tribune*.

All doubt as to the fate of Captain James Norman Hall, who fell some weeks ago behind the German lines, is cleared up by word which has just been received by his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, from the International Red Cross to the effect that "Captain Hall has been reported officially by the German Red Cross as a prisoner." The Red Cross does not yet know Captain Hall's prison camp address, but hopes to secure the information very soon. "High Adventure," Captain Hall's thrilling account of his experiences with the Lafayette Escadrille and the American Flying Squadron, will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company on June 20th.

Tourist—To what do you attribute your great age? Oldest Inhabitant—I can't say yet, sir. There are several o' them patent-medicine companies a-dickerin' with me.—*Houston Post*.



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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Billie*—Brown is a great pianist. *Milly*—Does he play while people eat or while they talk?—*Town Topics*.

"Is your husband a member of any secret society?" "He thinks he is, but he talks in his sleep."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—*Houston Post*.

"Bragg enlisted, I hear. I wonder what kind of a soldier he'll make." "Don't worry. He'll give a good account of himself."—*Judge*.

*Judge*—You struck the first blow. Then you were to blame. *Schmidt*—No, judge. He was, for looking so unready.—*Boston Globe*.

"So you sent a dollar for that advertised appliance to keep your gas bills down. What did they send you?" "A paper weight."—*Dallas News*.

*Bride* (reproachfully)—Why didn't you tell me that you were in debt? You seemed so unhappy that I thought you had money.—*Boston Globe*.

"Jones called his prize rooster Rob." "Rob?" "Yes, that is the short for Robinson." "But why call him Robinson?" "Because he crew so."—*St. Louis Star*.

"The old master who painted that picture got no such price as you paid." "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "it just goes to show what

first-class modern salesmanship means to any line of business."—*Washington Star*.

*Small Brother*—Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here. *Sister*—You bad boy! Run away this very instant!—*Argonian*.

*Willis*—The Allies destroyed the Mole of Zeebrugge. *Gillis*—No doubt that will change the face of the war.—*Town Topics*.

*Lody of House*—Don't you ever get tired of doing nothing? *Tromp*—Oh, yes, mum; but I never complains.—*Houston Post*.

"I notice that you can't buy a five-cent cigar any more." "Oh, yes, you can, if you pay eight cents for it."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Frank*—Why do you say he is a living contradiction? *Ernest*—Because he is straight morally and crooked financially.—*Town Topics*.

"As I understand it, Potsdam is the White House of Germany. is it not?" "It is not. Potsdam is bughouse of Germany."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Mistress*—How do you manage to make such a noise in the kitchen? *Cook*—Well, just you try to break four plates without making a noise.—*Ideos*.

"Smith was extraordinarily attentive to the lady he took in to dinner." "That was his wife." "I still maintain his attention was extraordinary."—*Baltimore American*.

"This machine-gun can fire 600 shots a minute," said the officer. "You don't say," marveled the fair visitor; "I don't see how any one can pull the trigger so fast."—*Judge*.

*Hipp*—Did you see Longshanks in the club's swimming-pool today? *Hopp*—Yes, and I was confirmed in my belief that he had been concealing the family skeleton right along.—*Town Topics*.

"The cavaliers used to drink a toast to some court beauty and then smash the glass so that it could never be used again." "We get the same results with the sanitary paper cup."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*The German*—Of course, I promised you self-determination. *The Ukroinian* (bitterly)—Well? *The German*—But I didn't say whether I meant yourself or myself to do the determining, did I?—*Buffalo Express*.

"Why are you in favor of government ownership?" "I'm not exactly clear," replied the candid man. "But I've a vague idea that I'd like to see some lines of business in the hands

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MANAGER

of elected officers who might try to make a hit by lowering prices instead of raising them."—*Washington Star*.

"She's quite refined, Jack, really! You can never judge a girl by her clothes." "You don't get much of a chance to, by Jove!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

*Chauffeur* (roughly)—Don't you know enough to get out of the way of an auto? *Victim* (humbly)—No; I'm not used to walking. You see I own one myself.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I wish Charles was not so generous to his family." "How do you mean?" "Well, he spends a lot of money, as well as I can find

out, on some ante or other, and when I missed his watch and asked him where it was, he said his uncle had it."—*Baltimore American*.

"Hurrah," cried the young doctor, "I have my first patient, a case of numps." "Good." "I hope I distinguish myself." "Well," said his wife, "you have, as they say in the vernacular, a swell chance."—*Kansas City Star*.

*Doctor*—What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed. *Patient*—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed. *Doctor* (with dignity)—Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.—*Christian Register*.





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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The "Joker" in the Mooney Case.

What is the secret of the effort to save Thomas Mooney—or whatever his true name may be—from the fate to which he has been sentenced, and which he so richly deserves? This question is asked by *Leslie's Weekly*, which finds itself unable to understand why President Wilson should intrude in a matter in which the national government obviously and confessedly has no jurisdiction. It is pertinent to say in reply that while many interests are connected with the case, there is one in particular that is persistent and insistent to the point of desperation. It may be remembered that the bomb massacre is only one of many "activities" in which this precious scoundrel has been engaged. He has long been a known "direct actionist." He is believed to have had a share in many "incidents" in that wide scheme of "moral warfare" of which Mr. Lincoln Steffens is the parlor exponent and apologist. It goes without saying that these crimes have not been single-handed affairs. When a mine is blown up, when a non-unionist is shot in the back, when wholesale jobs like that of the *Los Angeles Times* are committed, the accessories before and after the fact are many. Your direct actionist may touch the button or pull the trigger, or set the bomb, or give the knife-thrust. None the less he is only one member of a wide conspiracy.

Thus there are many parties to every crime of this

sort. In the immediate instance Mooney has been caught. He feels the halter drawn and he does not like the sensation. There are intimations that he has put the matter up to those who have been associated with him in various enterprises. "Get me out of this scrape or I will peach and thus save my own neck at the cost of yours." This or something to this effect, it is presumed not unreasonably, Mooney has said to his associates in the general business of arson and murder. Many of Mooney's pals, it need hardly be added, are higher up in unionistic and other "defensive" organizations. In fear of their own necks they are eager to save Mooney's, and to this end they are pulling every string—and every leg—in sight, even certain legs highly placed at Washington.

The appeal in Mooney's behalf is made from the law to forces outside the law. Furthermore, the effort to save him comes from those who know and can know nothing of the detailed facts of the case. Organized labor throughout the United States has been drawn into it. Even the Russian Bolsheviks are lending their clamor. The President is urged to interfere, not by those who have knowledge of the case, but by those who have none. In California, where the crime was committed, where the evidence was heard, and where the verdict was given, Mooney's guilt is accepted as a moral and legal certainty. Thus the real issue is: Shall this gross criminal be punished under the Law or shall he go free through the intercession of Influence?

### The Latest Hold-Up.

There is no more adroit, persistent, and conscienceless strategist in legislation than your reformer. Invariably he is so hot for moral progress as to shy at no immorality which may be employed to promote it. Just as your extreme religionist is ever when opportunity serves a persecutor, so your ardent reformer is always reckless alike of method, of time, of propriety. Somehow the spirit of moral purpose contrives to lose itself in the passion of the propagandist. It has always been so; and there should be no surprise to find history repeating itself even in the stress of these serious times.

In connection with the efforts of the government to prosecute a war upon which our national security depends—even a war in defense of civilization—we find the woman suffragist, the prohibitionist, and a half-score other self-elected moral specialists seeking by hook or crook to push forward their aims and their isms, no matter how it may serve to embarrass the government or to endanger by hindrances or delays our men at the battle line. Just now the ultra-prohibitionist is horning in wherever in the course of war legislation he finds opportunity, regardless of the effects of his intrusion upon the progress of necessary legislation.

Last year there was inserted in the food production bill to be administered by the Department of Agriculture a provision authorizing the President to deny the use of fruits and vegetables in the manufacture of malt liquor and wines in his discretion. This was a compromise. The prohibitionist sought legislation, not in the interest of food production, but to make the nation dry. The Administration forces objected on the ground that dry legislation would deprive the government of revenues to the aggregate of some \$300,000,000. Out of the conflict came the provision to refer the matter to presidential initiative, as above noted.

The President did not avail himself of the authority to suppress the manufacture of the lighter liquors. So with the idea of forcing his hand Mr. Randall of California introduced this year as an amendment to the Agricultural Department's food production bill, which carried eleven million dollars, a provision denying any part of six million dollars of the appropriation unless the President should prohibit the use as above noted of

fruits and vegetables. This was forced to a record vote and carried by a great majority, most of the members being under pressure from the prohibitionist voters in their home districts. At this stage of the procedure Senator Jones of Washington introduced an amendment to the same bill—it having then reached the Senate committee—repealing the presidential discretion feature and directly prohibiting the use of fruits, cereals, or vegetables in the making of malt liquors and wines. The argument was that this was kinder to the President in that it relieved him of responsibility embarrassing to one who must have regard for political possibilities.

The Administration, having objection to the Jones proposition, selected Mr. Hoover as its agent of obstruction. Accordingly this gentleman made emphatic protest, pointing out that inasmuch as the sale of distilled liquor was still permitted in wet states the practical effect would be to drive drinkers to an orgy of indulgence in drinks of higher alcoholic content. The response of the prohibitionists to this protest is a direct challenge upon the main issue. Last week Senator Jones introduced the following amendment to the food production bill:

*Provided, That from and after the date of the approval of this act and during the continuance of the present war it shall be unlawful to sell, furnish, or transport distilled spirits for beverage purposes, and no distilled spirits held in bond at the date of the approval of this act shall be removed therefrom for beverage purposes, and from and after thirty days from the date of the approval of this act no food, fruits, food materials, or feeds shall, during the continuance of the present war, be used in the production of malt or vinous liquors for beverage purposes; and the President is hereby authorized and directed to prescribe any and all rules and regulations deemed necessary to carry the foregoing provisions into effect, and any one who willfully violates any of the foregoing provisions, or any rule or regulation made to carry the same into effect, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$5000 or by imprisonment for not more than two years, or both. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue and all other officers of the United States shall have all the power for the enforcement of the foregoing provisions which is conferred by law for the enforcement of the existing laws relating to the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors under the revenue laws of the United States or otherwise.*

The purpose of this amendment is to bring on a straight fight in Congress—wet or dry? The Administration is naturally opposed; it does not want to complicate necessary and imperative war legislation with side issues. Already it is sufficiently involved in difficulties and embarrassments incidental to the main purpose of promoting the war. Its wish is to put over to other and less stressful times matters which have no relation to the main purpose of current legislation. But the ardent prohibitionists will not have it so. They see in the necessity for immediate war legislation an opportunity to work in their speciality. No consideration of propriety, of taste, or of political morals restrains them. They will, if they can do it, make support and prosecution of the war depend upon acceptance of national prohibition. In brief, these ultra-moralists will hold up the government, stalling legislation, however necessary, to the end of achieving a project which is dearer to their hearts—or to their passion as reformers—than the integrity of the country in relation to the war.

Thus at a moment of supreme importance as related to the war and its requirements, not so much the war as the issue of prohibition is occupying the attention of Congress. This is brought about by a faction which conceives itself the special possessor and guardian of our public moralities. What Congress may do in this emergency we may only surmise. It is made up mainly or wholly of politicians, and your politician is naturally a weak and yielding creature. He bestows his vote, not so much upon considerations of justice and propriety, but to the end of sustaining interest in his



home district. In other days he was in dread of offending the once powerful "saloon vote." Today it is the organized prohibition vote of which he is most fearful. We venture the guess that when the votes are counted, not the wish of the Administration anxious for unrestricted war legislation will control, but the organized power of the prohibitionists. Apparently they have the better of the situation.

#### A Tentative Programme of Constructive Progress.

It has not escaped the attention of thoughtful men that the problems of war, great as they are, are likely to be dwarfed by the problems of peace when in its own time peace shall come. The end of the war will discover a world calling for reconstruction, not only in a material sense, but governmentally and morally. Already thoughtful minds are turning to times and conditions to come. Prominent among the few whose reflections looking to the future have thus far been presented is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. In an address recently given before the Commercial Club of St. Louis Dr. Butler gave a tentative outline of constructive progress which may well serve as a basis for popular consideration.

Dealing (1) with "International Relations," Dr. Butler suggests that out of the present alliance of free democratic peoples there should come a league or society of nations for putting into effect the lessons taught by the war. There should be no separate alliances or ententes of a political or military character between nations included in the league, and this league should aim in time to include the whole civilized world. A first aim should be the reduction of armaments; another should be application to all members of the league of the most favored nation clause. An International Court of Justice should be called into being, supported in case of need by the strength of all and as a last resort by armed force. Secret international understandings should be deprived of any validity whatever in international law. There should be at least one official public depository for every existing valid treaty. Such a league as that proposed can not exclude from its membership any nation except one openly in arms against it.

Under the head (2) of "National Training for National Service," Dr. Butler is strong for preparedness under a system of universal military training. In no other way can the youth of the nation be effectively instructed, disciplined, and imbued with a spirit of national devotion. Several states have sought to protect themselves from the dangers that accompany lack of intellectual and moral discipline; and in the same spirit, and on similar grounds, the nation should require every youth to submit to a year or more of military training. This would not only provide an effective citizen soldiery, but it would be a powerful contribution to the world-wide problem of vocational training. It would fit men for their work in civil and industrial life and multiply the economic power of the nation. The advantages of this system should be made available for women as well as men. Demobilization of our armies will be a more serious task than their organization has been. The great cantonments therefore after the war should be turned into schools of training for civil life. Instruction seriously given in ways and means of gaining a living might easily save the demobilized men and the nation itself incalculable suffering and loss later on. It will be difficult to win the American people to a plan for universal military training, if presented solely from the military point of view; it must have the purpose and form of a constructive problem looking to preparation for the business of life.

Turning to the "Land and the People," (3) Dr. Butler notes the unwholesome drift towards city life, universal throughout the country. The nation, he believes, by the use of its credit and in coöperation with the several states, should lead multitudes who overcrowd the cities back to the land. Advances at low rates of interest would enable great numbers of intelligent citizens to become owners and tillers of the soil.

The "Problem of Transportation" (4) must press for attention under the oncoming order of things. The transportation system of the country has been crippled not so much by what the railroad companies have done as by what they have been prevented by law from doing. The overlapping and the conflict of state and Federal regulations, and the steady rise in the cost of labor and materials without any corresponding increase

in rates, have impoverished the railroad systems. Their credit has been destroyed. The continued attempt to apply several sets of laws, state and Federal, can only produce conflict of authority, embarrassment in operation, inconvenience and cost to the public. In Dr. Butler's opinion the time has come when the railroads should be put under Federal supervision and when its problems should be dealt with in sympathetic and constructive spirit. National ownership, he believes, would revolutionize our government to its grave disadvantage; it would reduce our railways to the level of those on the continent of Europe and would constitute a policy, not of progress, but of reaction.

"Social Advance" (5) will call for consideration under any revised scheme of things. Shorter hours of labor, increase in wages, better sanitary and protective conditions, are humanizing production. Production for use and for enjoyment is in the way of superseding production for profit. Social waste even in times of peace is enormous in this country; and we have yet to begin to deal effectively with overwork, with underpay, with bad housing, and with industrial disease. What war is teaching us in regard to these matters must not be lost sight of when war gives way to peace.

Turning to the "Cabinet and Congress" (6) Dr. Butler declares in effect that we have outgrown much of the machinery of our system. So complex has become the business of government, with its sharp separation of powers, as to involve lack of coherence and of continuity in public policy, concealment from the people of much that they should know, prevention of quick coöperation between Congress and the Executive Department. Members of the cabinet should be given seats on the floor of Congress with the right of participation in debate on matters relating to the business of their several departments. Members of the cabinet should be required to attend sessions and give information. Attendance of cabinet ministers upon Congress will call for men of large ability and force in cabinet office, for men able to explain and to defend their policies and measures before Congress and the whole country.

Under the heading, "A National Budget," (7) Dr. Butler argues the necessity of a budget system, designed to promote better coöperation between the executive and legislative departments of the government. If Congress is really to understand what the President and his cabinet really want to do, and if the people are to be in a position to hold President and Congress responsible for their action and policies, there must be established a national budget prepared by the chief executives or his aides.

"National Unity" (8) is the concluding classification of Dr. Butler's draft. The war has exhibited the fact that national unity is endangered by diversity of language, with its resulting lack of complete understanding and coöperation, as much as by illiteracy. No country can have a homogeneous or safe basis for its public opinion and its institutions unless these rest upon the foundation of a single language. To protect national unity and security no American community should be permitted to substitute any other language for English as the basis or instrument of common school education. Wherever another language has been introduced into the common schools, whether for conscious propaganda or otherwise, it should be stamped out as a wrong against our national unity and our national integrity. Knowledge of the English language, with evidence of some real understanding of the history and meaning of our institutions, should be required before naturalization. Public safety is the supreme law, and public safety requires that the safeguarding and improvement of our institutions be not committed to those who have had no opportunity to gain knowledge of them or sympathy with them. Those who teach the justice and the necessity of class struggle, declares Dr. Butler, are not believers in democracy; they do not wish to lift all men up; they are bent upon pulling some men down. Their programme is not one of construction and progress. Class consciousness and democracy are mutually exclusive. Every movement and every effort to this end should be challenged preemptorily in the name of the American people, their traditions and their ideals.

The problems above suggested lie directly in front of us. We may not escape them. We may drift on, trusting to fortune with its chance solutions. But the wiser way is to look the situation fairly in the face, to inform the people and to seek through processes of

candid reasoning to find a way to turn the new conditions to the account of public welfare and a higher civilization. "The opportunity," says Dr. Butler, "invites the American people to enter without delay upon a new and splendid path of progress."

#### Other Needs.

Referring to the preceding summary of constructive suggestions, it is pertinent to add that Dr. Butler might have gone further to exploit other large and immediate needs for the betterment of the life of the American people. First of all is the necessity of full and unbiased public information. This is hardly obtainable as matters stand with us now. Our journalism, corrupted by commercialism, has ceased to be, if indeed it ever was in a just sense, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the people. It is less interested in informing the people than in ministering to their prejudices. Under the standards of commercialism it is a pander rather than an instructor and leader. If the people are to govern wisely, or to choose governors wisely, they must be informed, they must have the truth. Without information—without truth—they can not possibly reach sound judgments and just policies. Here is a problem which government, under the infirmities of human nature when called to power, may hardly solve. It is for those commissioned to moral leadership by intelligence and conscience to devise ways and means of giving to public opinion the basis, in the form of definite and sound information, essential to just views and right courses of action.

Another matter of vital importance belongs to any proper scheme of public education. We have elementary schools enough in all conscience; yet we are lacking in the higher sort of instruction which qualifies men and women for public leadership. Our educators in recent years have largely been nurtured in foreign schools, where they have imbibed ideas and ideals more or less in conflict with the ideas and ideals of our own system. Germany has astutely made herself a nursery of scholarship, and she has given to scholarship a bias and a tendency sympathetic with autocratic institutions and projects of social organization. One of our difficulties in the organization and the prosecution of the war has resulted from what we may style the Germanization of our colleges. A way must be found, either at home or in countries sympathetic with our ways of thinking, to equip the teachers of the teachers of our youth.

Perhaps the greatest need of the nation in the period immediately to follow the war is for a sound national leader in the presidential chair. Scholarship is not to be despised, but it is less necessary than a rich endowment of the national spirit combined with disinterested character, an open and sympathetic mind, and powers of reaching and leading the consciousness of the country. Our after-the-war President should be, not a mere scholar, not a mere "man of affairs," not merely a patriot, but a man who combines these gifts, requirements, and qualities with the ability to win the following of the people and the spirit to guide them in wise courses. In the course of our national life we have had one or two or possibly three men of this kind. They were men so inspired as to have no vice of selfishness, to be above sordid or other demoralizing considerations—rich in knowledge of men and things, ripe in judgment, absolute in possession of the jewel of true wisdom. Under the conditions of the time there is but one platform to which all men turn for counsel and guidance. He who speaks from this platform—from the Presidency of the United States—is heard throughout the length and breadth of the country. From the eminence of the Presidency, words there spoken have a weight and potency incalculable in their influence. Give us a man—a man at once informed, fixed in understanding of essential principles, above selfishness and ambition, free from social or class bias. Such a man in the Presidency in the period to follow the war may hold in his hand powers that may lead the nation upon the course of its higher destinies. Without such a man we may flounder and blunder and miss the goal.

#### Hats Off to France!

The oft-repeated assertion that France is "bled white" is denied in positive and definite terms by M. Stephanie Lauzanne, editor of the Paris *Matin* and member of the French War Mission to the United



States—incidentally well known in San Francisco. France, says M. Lauzanne, is suffering, but the blood has not gone out of her body. France is not bled white.

This declaration is supported by an imposing array of facts. In 1914, at the Marne, France had an army of 1,500,000 men. Today, after four years of war, France has on her battle front in the war zone an army of 2,750,000 men. France had only a limited munitions industry prior to 1914. In demonstration of the situation today M. Lauzanne quotes a statement recently made by M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner of the French Republic at Washington, to our Secretary of War:

In the matter of heavy artillery, in August, 1914, we had only 300 guns distributed among the various regiments. In June, 1917, we had 6000 heavy guns, all of them modern. During our spring offensive in 1917 we had roughly one heavy gun for every twenty-six meters of front. If we had brought together all our heavy artillery and all our trench artillery, we would have had one gun for every eight meters in the battle sector. In August, 1914, we were making 12,000 shells for the .75's per day, now we are making 250,000 shells for the .75's and 100,000 shells for the heavy guns per day.

From the beginning of the war to January of the present year France, in addition to supplying her own fighting forces, has aided her allies to the extent of lending them 1,350,000 rifles, 800,000,000 cartridges, 16,000,000 automatic rifles, 10,000,000 mitrailleuses, 2500 heavy guns, 4750 airplanes. The light artillery now used by the American forces in France has all been supplied by France.

Turning to financial conditions, M. Lauzanne exhibits the fact that from the 1st of August, 1914, to the 1st of January, 1918, French war credits had aggregated twenty billions of dollars. All of this vast sum, with the exception of two billions borrowed from outside sources, have been subscribed or paid for by taxation, or by loans in France herself. More than a billion dollars has been loaned by France to her allies. Last year France raised by taxation six billion francs (\$1,200,000,000), all paid to a penny, although ten million Frenchmen were mobilized in the army, in the factories, or on the land, or were untaxable in occupied regions. In spite of the war, of her invaded territory and her mobilized citizens, France in the past three years has raised three national loans of approximately seventeen billions in American money.

In January, 1918, the Bank of France had in hand 5348 millions of francs, an increase of 272,000 millions over the gold on hand on January 1, 1917. All this came from national resources. Individual deposits in the great credit establishments of France, which in December, 1914, amounted to only 4050 millions of francs, amounted to 6050 millions last December. Since January 1st last the deposits in the National Savings Bank have been at the rate of 700,000 francs daily.

Domestic industry in France has kept pace with war industry—this in spite of the large withdrawal of men for the army and for industries connected with the war. Private organizations devoted to the work of sustaining and developing the food industries have published no statistical records; but the "Office National de Reconstruction" has presented a definite report of its operations. To the liberated regions—much of which has since been reoccupied—this office has sent 6,717,555 cabbage plants, 1,980,000 turnip and rutabaga plants, 41,000 radish plants, 27,200 cauliflowers, 270,250 white beets, 5,340,500 leek plants, 1,360,000 chicory and endive plants, 104,500 celery plants, 105,000 tomato plants, 16,900 tetragon plants, 9,569,450 onion sprouts; total, 26,388,075 plants of various kinds. These plants have been divided up into 2436 shipments, and they have sufficed to nourish not only the people returned to the devastated villages, but also the troops at the front.

A nation that is worn out—that is "bled white"—says M. Lauzanne truly is not able to oppose a supreme assault of her enemies. Never, he declares, has the morale of her armies been better. "As to the spirit of the French people," declares M. Lauzanne, "I recite only a single instance":

Mme. de Castelnaud, wife of the general who saved Nancy, had, before the war broke out, four sons. Three fell on the battlefield. The fourth is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. On the lips of their father there is never the slightest word of complaint; on the lips of the mother there are words which the children in the schools will repeat later on. Mme. de Castelnaud was in a little village when her third son was killed. The curé of the village had the pitiful task of telling the already mourning mother of this new blow that had struck her. The curé found Mme. de Castelnaud, and in pres-

ence of her great sorrow he hesitated and was overcome with embarrassment. "Madame," he said, "I come to bring you another blow. But know well that all the mothers of France weep for you." Mme. de Castelnaud knew the truth at once. She interrupted the priest, and, looking him straight in the eyes, replied: "Yes, I know what you are going to tell me. God's will be done. But the mothers of France would be wrong in weeping for me. Let them envy me." Those are the words of a Frenchwoman of noble descent. And on the same high level are the words of an old woman, a humble soul, whom the gendarmes found one night couched on a grave that was still fresh. It was up near Verdun. She told the gendarmes: "I come from La Rochelle. Five of my sons have already fallen in the war. I have come here to see where the sixth is buried—the sixth, my last son." Moved by the tragic grandeur of the sight, the gendarmes rendered her military honors and presented arms. The mother rose and uttered the words her dead and her heart inspired: "Even so, Vive la France!"

Truly the record of the past four years—and the present situation—challenges admiration. In the face of the material facts as M. Lauzanne presents them the theory that France is bled white is ridiculous. A country which sustains and increases its armies, which provides for their needs and incidentally lends money and materials to its associates in the war, which while supporting these great charges increases its bank deposits and augments its savings, which busies itself systematically and effectively in repairing its losses, and which under the tremendous stresses of war defends itself and sustains its spirit—this is a country which deserves as it commands the plaudits of the world.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE MOONEY CASE.

Mr. Gordon Blanding Discusses the Case in Its Constitutional Bearings.

BELVEDERE, CAL., June 17, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your issue of June 15th you express surprise at Mr. Wilson's interference with the administration of the laws of the State of California in the Mooney case, and say: "By what means he has been brought to this extraordinary course we can only surmise." But, after all, is he not simply following his own precedents? Did he not do exactly the same thing in the Hillstrom case? Joseph Hillstrom was an I. W. W. agitator of Utah, and was convicted of a murder committed January 10, 1914. Every possible appeal was taken, but the verdict was sustained by all the courts of the State of Utah. Resort was then had to the hoard of pardons and the governor, but after elaborate review of the facts they declined to interfere. The murder was a cold-blooded and atrocious crime. Widespread agitation for the pardon of the criminal was set on foot by the I. W. W. and by a large proportion of the labor movement, and Mr. Wilson seconded their efforts by making and pressing with great earnestness two successive appeals to the governor to nullify the verdict and the judgment of the highest court of his own state. As usual, violent threats were made against the chief executive of the state, but he remained firm and unshaken, and the sentence of death was carried out at Salt Lake City, November 19, 1915.

In both the Hillstrom and the Mooney cases the chief opponents of the execution of the laws of the state were Mr. Wilson and the I. W. W. Probably the same champions would have entered the lists in behalf of the McNamara's had the latter not broken down and confessed.

All this is nothing new on Mr. Wilson's part, for he has never at any time hesitated to show his indifference to the constitutional rights of the states whenever he has deemed it expedient to disregard them. They have never been allowed to stand in his way whenever he supposed he could gain a temporary party advantage by ignoring them. To achieve such a result he has not hesitated even to overrule his own deliberate professions of faith, made at a time when he was writing, not as a politician with political ends in view, but as a calm judicial historian, actuated only by the search for historic truth. Thus, in "Constitutional Government in the United States" (p. 179), he declared:

The proposed Federal legislation with regard to the regulation of child labor affords a striking example. If the power to regulate commerce between the states can be stretched to include the regulation of labor and mills and factories it can be made to embrace every particular of the industrial organization and action of the country. The only limitations Congress would observe, should the Supreme Court assent to such obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation, would be the limitations of opinion and circumstance.

Yet later, when the exigencies of politics seemed to demand it, he urged upon Congress, in a special message, the adoption of these same "obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation." To its credit it may be noted that the Supreme Court of the United States has just affirmed him as an historian and reversed him as a politician.

Again, in regard to woman suffrage, he repeatedly declared it to be a matter for legislation by the states, and not by the Federal government. He did this at the very start by accepting the nomination for the presidency on a platform of which this was one of the planks, and he repeatedly thereafter affirmed his belief that it was a matter proper for legislation by the state, and not by the national government.

Yet after the women's votes in California had given him his second term, and he saw their gathering strength, a new light began to dawn upon him, and he once more nonchalantly abandoned the great principles of states' rights for practical results. And all this from a man who accepted his nomination and election upon a platform which declared that:

Believing that the most efficient results under our system of government are to be attained by the full exercise by the states of their reserved sovereign powers, we denounce as usurpation the efforts of our opponents to deprive the states of any of the rights reserved to them, and to enlarge and magnify by indirection the powers of the Federal government.

A man was once head of our State Department who was made of different stuff. In 1841 Great Britain was a powerful kingdom and the United States relatively very weak. A party of Canadian rebels had seized the steamer *Caroline* and were employing her against the British government. Alexander McLeod, a British subject and mayor of the Canadian town of Niagara, led an expedition against the rebels, which

resulted in the destruction of the *Caroline* and the death of Amos Durfee, a citizen of the State of New York.

In November, 1840, while in New York, McLeod was arrested by the state authorities and held for trial in the state courts on the charge of murder. The British minister at Washington immediately notified our government that McLeod had led the expedition as an officer in the military service of Great Britain, that her majesty's government approved and accepted full responsibility for his act, and would regard any conviction and punishment of him by the courts of the State of New York as a *casus belli* against the United States. Feeling ran high in New York; she refused to surrender the prisoner, and the situation was most tense and serious.

Daniel Webster was Secretary of State and Mr. Seward was governor of New York. In spite of the tremendous pressure and the threat of impending war Mr. Webster informed the British minister that our government had no control in such a case over the courts of the State of New York, and that it could not interfere with their unquestioned jurisdiction over a crime against the state committed within its borders. The defendant was tried by the state court and acquitted, and his acquittal alone averted war.

Such was the course pursued by Mr. Webster, the greatest opponent of states' rights and the greatest advocate of national sovereignty whom our country has ever known. To his genius more than to that of any other man is due the fact that our Constitution has been built on those solid foundations of granite rock from which we are reaching out today to save the civilization of the world. Mr. Wilson's present view of states' rights is very different from that of the great champion of nationalism; and yet the world has not so far regarded Mr. Wilson as the abler constitutional lawyer of the two.

Whether Mooney be pardoned or punished is not the question of paramount importance. In either event the state and the nation will survive. But it is of paramount importance that, when Governor Stephens makes his decision, it be the unbiased judgment of the highest executive authority of the state, rendered in the exercise of that sole discretion with which he is vested by law, and free from all illegal interference and dictation from Washington. The principle at stake is more important than the pardon or punishment of any particular individual, for it involves the political existence under the Constitution of forty-eight sovereign states. Yet it is precisely this most vital point of view which is rarely mentioned and which nearly every one seems to ignore.

If we are going to consent to the destruction of this Union of sovereign states founded by Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson let us do it advisedly and openly as avowed revolutionists; and let us not undermine the pillars of the state by indirection and stealth, encroaching a little today and a little more tomorrow, until at last the national temple crumble and overwhelm us in its ruins.

GORDON BLANDING.

### The "Berkeley Movement."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 17, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In a recent issue you published, without comment, the platform of a newly planned organization proposing the boycott of Germany after the war in case American prisoners were mistreated.

Why American?

It is a well-established fact that the Huns have most horribly abused English, French, Italian, Russian, Serbian, Roumanian, and all other prisoners that have had the misfortune to fall into their hands. Are we to forget our friends and allies and by a separate pact with our enemy seek to secure more favorable treatment for our own soldiers? I for one shall be ashamed to be a party to any such agreement. But let the proposition be amended by substituting *any for American* and I shall be proud to put into writing a solemn vow, already mentally made, as I opine, will thousands more of my patriotic fellow-citizens.

E. C. S.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

We are now witnessing the conclusion of the fourth great battle of the German offensive, and it is legitimate to say that four German failures may be recorded. Each of these battles was provoked by the Germans in order to secure a definite aim, and upon each occasion they have failed to secure that aim, or any portion of it. Their losses have been ruinously high, and their lines have been forced into vulnerable and dangerous formations. To say that these battles have resulted in Allied victories would be an inexcusable exaggeration. They are not Allied victories in any real sense of that word. None the less they are German failures, and we may be quite sure that if the German commanders could "bid time return" and begin their great offensive all over again they would be pleased enough to do so.

The first battle of the offensive was intended to sever the French and British lines and to capture Amiens. The conquest of territory was incidental and unimportant. Battles are intended to destroy armies and to deprive the foe of his power to resist. The Germans failed either to separate the French and British armies or to capture Amiens with its railroad importances, and it is significant that Foch guaranteed the safety of Amiens just at the time when we were momentarily dreading its fall, and when the Germans were only about nine miles from the city. The second battle, that for Ypres and the Channel ports, was in no sense the unfolding of a preconceived programme. It was an attempt to substitute success for failure. It would not have been fought if the first battle had secured a German victory. But here, too, the Germans failed. They did not capture Ypres. They did not take the Channel ports. They won a small amount of territory, but they paid the price in a heavy casualty list and in the formation of a new salient. Once more we must remind ourselves that territorial changes are not vital unless the ruin of an enemy army, or the prospect of it, is involved. The question that we have to ask ourselves is not what territory did the Germans win, but what price did they pay for the winning of it? Was that price more than the goods were worth? Did the goods include an actual threat to the fighting power of the Allied army? Did it destroy their morale? Did it bring them within sight of rout or envelopment? These questions answer themselves. The Allied armies today are relatively stronger than before the offensive began. And certainly we need not have the slightest fear for their morale.

The third battle of the offensive extended from Soissons to



Rheims. Once more the Allied armies fell back, and the Germans pressed southward as far as the Marne. Then the usual programme was repeated. The French lines were slowly stiffened, the advance died away, and the battle came to an end. Once more the German plan had miscarried. The German forces were depleted by heavy losses, and another big and this time a particularly dangerous salient was created. The Germans were unable to cross the Marne, and their movement westward toward Paris along the north bank of the Marne was stopped. The reason for this third German failure is evident enough. The German advance southward was in the form of a bag. The capacity of the bag was not large enough to allow the passage of a sufficient number of men either southward or westward for any further effective operations. The remedy was to widen the bag at its neck, that is to say either to the west of Soissons or at Rheims, and this the Germans were unable to do. To push on through so narrow a passage, to lengthen the passage without at the same time widening it, would have been fatal. The Germans were somewhat in the position of a man who walks half-way across the bridge only to find an insuperable obstacle in his path. He is in no way advantaged by his position, seeing that he can not reach the other side. He has no particular cause to exult over his progress. The middle of a bridge is not a comfortable place, and it would have been better for him to stay where he was. Certainly he would not have begun the passage had he foreseen the obstacle. It is true that the Germans both in the Amiens salient and in the Marne salient may now be in a somewhat better position to renew their attempts, although this is doubtful, and they are likely enough to do so. At the same time, like the man in the middle of the bridge, they are in a very uncomfortable position. Moreover, if they should try again, and fail again, they will be in a much worse situation than before they began their general offensive. Before leaving this third battle we may notice that in a certain significant way it is still continuing. The American forces have taken Torcy and Boursches, and the Germans seem resolved to expel them from those positions. Now Torcy and Boursches in times of peace are merely little villages, but they have considerable strategical importance at the present moment. They are between Soissons and the Marne, half-way down the western side or leg of the new German salient. In other words they mark the area where that salient would be attacked in force if the time should presently come for such a move, as probably it will. The object of the Americans is evidently to hold and consolidate a position that may presently be a critical one, and to hold it in the most advantageous way from the local point of view. And the same reason impels the Germans to oust them from that position, a feat that they seem to have some difficulty in accomplishing.

We come now to the fourth great battle of the offensive, a battle that seems now to have died away into desultory artillery fire. A glance at the map shows the two German salients—that at Amiens and that at the Marne—something like two teeth of a saw, although very hattered and misshapen teeth. The space between the two teeth is marked roughly by the area between Montdidier and Soissons, the scene of the latest battle. The German object is clear enough. It was to obliterate, to fill in, this intervening space, and to connect by a straight line the points of the two salients or of the two teeth of the saw. In this way the dangerous features of the two salients would be eliminated, and there would be a shortening of the German line and a consequent economy of forces. The attack here was brought with an unprecedented ferocity, and once more we see a hending of the French lines under the pressure. The French left wing at Montdidier held firm, and this, of course, was a critical point, since it represented one side of the neck of the new bag that the Germans were trying to create. The Germans then shifted their attack a little farther to the east, and here they advanced for two or three miles and were then held. Trying their fortunes still farther east they crossed the Matz River, but here they were thrown back and held once more. But they had somewhat better fortune to the west of Soissons. Here they advanced westward for some few miles, and it looked for a time as though they might squeeze the French out of the angle and so straighten their lines from Soissons to Montdidier with the expectation of still further straightening it from the Marne to Montdidier. But they were once more held by the slowly arriving reserves, and once more a paralysis was imposed upon them. But we must not make the mistake of supposing that Foch rushes up overwhelming forces to meet these various drives. He does not send as many men as he can, but as few as he can. He is concerned not so much with the territory that the Germans win as with the price that he can compel them to pay for it, and this with the full realization that their purchasing power is strictly limited, and indeed is not very far from exhaustion. It is quite open to him to join battle with all of his forces, and nothing would please the Germans better than to see him do this. But he prefers to fight with a minimum, and not with a maximum. He reserves his real power until he can use it with effectiveness and finality.

We have been so often assured that Germany is coming to an end of her man power that it is well to be cautious in accepting estimates of her present strength. So much depends upon the extent of her losses, and we have probably been in the habit of exaggerating her casualty lists and minimizing our own. For example, the last British casualty list that was published contained 35,000 names, and this covered a period when the British were not supposed to be very actively engaged and when the French were bearing the brunt of the attacks. This was a very heavy loss for minor

engagements, raids, and artillery duels. It indicates a total Allied loss that is not pleasant to contemplate. None the less the Germans must have lost much more heavily than the French in the Marne battle and the latest battle to the northeast. They were the assailants and were therefore much more exposed. Now we have fairly accurate information as to the available German strength before the beginning of the Marne battle. By combing their fortified lines and bringing all available forces from the east the Germans had massed a mobile army of about 900,000 men to the northeast of Noyon and about equidistant from Montdidier and from Soissons. They could thus choose whichever field seemed the more promising, and they could conceal their choice until the last moment. Now when we come to an estimate of the forces that they actually employed for their attacks between Soissons and Rheims, or what we have called the Marne battle, we are on somewhat speculative ground. None the less there is a general agreement that they used 400,000 men, and that they kept 500,000 in reserve. Calculations of an enemy's strength are far more easy to make than calculations of his losses. The various divisions can be identified by observation and by the prisoners that are taken, whereas it is impossible to count the dead, and information obtained from prisoners on this point is notoriously untrustworthy. But we may assume with some safety that Germany consumed 300,000 men in the Marne battle. This includes not only the killed, wounded, and prisoners, but also the men who must be allotted to guard the new lines, and the new lines are nearly three times as long as the base line from which the attack started. Moreover, the American position at Torcy, Belleau, and Boursches is obviously occupying a much larger number of Germans than would otherwise be needed.

Now this would leave Germany with a mobile army of 600,000 men for her fourth battle between Montdidier and Noyon or Soissons. Once more we have fairly reliable information as to the force with which she attacked. She began the assault with about 200,000 men, and we are told somewhat loosely that she threw "division after division" from her reserves into the fray until at last she grew tired of the murderous game. We do not know how many men she lost, but if we place her total consumption at 200,000 we shall certainly be on the safe side, seeing that this must once more include the increased number of men needed to guard the new lines, which are more than twice as long as the old ones. This would leave her with a total mobile force of 400,000 men estimated on the most conservative of calculations. She could increase this number by evacuating either of her new salients, but this would be damaging from the moral point of view. Conceivably she can bring more men from the east, although this hardly seems likely in view of her present activities there, and the energy with which she is killing her new friends, the Bolsheviks. Maxim Gorky, who may know much or nothing about it, says that she has given orders that her armies there be reduced to the smallest possible limits, but it is certain that she can not bring any considerable number from Russia, nor transport them across the continent with any great speed. We may therefore believe that Germany has enough men for one more great battle on the western front, and that after that she can not continue an offensive on any large scale except by some radical rearrangement of her lines that would be in the nature of a retreat. As to the Allied strength we can say very little. None the less there is one fact that is extraordinarily eloquent of the situation. We know now by official assurance that America has 800,000 men in Europe. We know that this force is being increased with rapidity. If the estimate of 400,000 effective mobile German troops is approximately correct, then the American army alone is nearly twice as large after making allowances for non-effectives. If the estimate of 400,000 Germans is inadequate and must be doubled, we are still faced with the fact that the American army alone is nearly twice as large as Germany's mobile army. However impatient we may feel with the defensive tactics of the French commander, we may be quite sure that they are not being coercively imposed upon him, and that he is well in a position to take the offensive whenever the time shall seem to him ripe for so doing.

At the moment of writing we have the bare news that the Austrians have begun an attack upon the Italian lines and that it extends all the way from Asiago to the end of the Piave position. Of the issue of the fighting we know nothing, except the assurances of the Italian government that its troops are resisting magnificently. None the less we must wait for some more definite news before allowing ourselves to indulge in overmuch confidence. We need have no doubt of the result if the Italians have weeded from their ranks those elements of superstition and credulity that led to the disaster on the Isonzo, and we may reasonably believe that they have done this under that rude awakening, and with the stimulus of the presence of French and British forces in their midst. Italy has a vast superiority in men and has even been sending men up into France. If there has been no shortage of weapons and munitions, if the morale of the army has been restored—and the gangrene never went very far—then the situation ought to be secure. The Austrians are probably unsustained by the presence of Germans. Their army is made up largely of Slavs who are now as ill-disposed to fight against Italians as they were to fight against Russians. The Austrian populace seems to be on the verge of civil war if we may trust the reports that are coming from all over Europe. The Italian position is a strong one in the mountains and on the Piave, although its peculiar shape exposes it to the danger of outflanking from both directions. If the Austrians should be able to cross the Piave it would be fatal to the Italian positions in the mountains. If they should be able to force

their way through the mountain passes, and especially the Brenta Pass, then the Italians on the Piave would in their turn have to fall back. It is to be remembered that the fighting in the mountains, no matter how long the line, is for the possession of the passes, without which there can be no advance to the plains, and the passes can not be traversed so long as the mountain peaks are in the possession of the Italians and crowned by their artillery. We may remember further and for our satisfaction that the Austrians are among the most ineffective and futile fighters in the world, and that the Italians are among the best. The Austrians have never yet won a victory during the present war unless with the substantial aid of Germans. They were disastrously beaten by little Serbia, and they were invariably beaten by the Russians except when they had Germans at their back. Unless there is some fatal weakness in the Italian army such as developed on the Isonzo there ought to be no danger to the Allied forces on this southern field.

SIONEY CORVYN.  
SAN FRANCISCO, June 19, 1918.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Mother Country.

Oh what is that country  
And where can it be,  
Not mine own country,  
But dearer far to me?  
Yet mine own country,  
If I one day may see  
Its spices and cedars,  
Its gold and ivory.

Oh what is a king here,  
Or what is a hoor?  
Here all starve together  
All dwarf'd and poor;  
Here Death's hand knocketh  
At door after door,  
He thins the dancers  
From the festal floor.

Oh what is a bandmaid,  
Or what is a queen?  
All must lie down together  
Where the turf is green,  
The foulest face bidden,  
The fairest not seen;  
Gone as if never  
They bad breathe'd or been.

Gone from sweet sunbine  
Underneath the sod,  
Turn'd from warm flesh and blood  
To senseless clod,  
Gone as if never  
They bad toll'd or trod,  
Gone out of sight of all  
Except our God.

And if that life is life,  
This is but a breath,  
The passage of a dream  
And the shadow of death;  
But a vain shadow  
If one considereth;  
Vanity of vanities,  
As the Preacher saith.  
—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

### Keeping a Heart.

If one should give me a heart to keep,  
With love for the golden key,  
The giver might live at ease or sleep;  
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,  
The heart watch'd over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,  
No heathen should look therein;  
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare  
I should only know, and to enter there  
I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid  
Where precious jewels are ranged.  
A memory each; as you raise the lid,  
You think you love again as you did  
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,  
As I touch'd with the golden key,  
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say  
That another bad stolen one thought away  
And it did not open to me.

But ah, I should know that heart so well,  
As a heart so loving and true,  
As a heart that I held with a golden spell,  
That so long as I changed not I could foretell  
That heart would be changeless, too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,  
To dwell in a life apart,  
My good should be done, my gift be given,  
In hope of the recompense there; yea, even  
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,  
From within we should close the door  
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay  
In that heart shut up from the world away,  
Never to open it more.

—Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy.

Postcards were first used in Austria. They became part of that country's postal service in 1869. They cost less than half a cent to send and the first were limited to twenty-five words. They were taken up by England a year later. The first picture postcard is said to have been sent in England in 1891. Some two or three years later the first view cards made their appearance. Postcards came into use in America in 1877.

French colonies in Africa cover an area of 318,771 square miles, while the total area of all the French colonies and dependencies is estimated at 4,500,000 square miles.



## OVER HERE.

## A British Artillery Officer Writes His Impressions of Men and Things in America.

If Americans never have a less kindly critic than Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie they will stand a good chance of never hearing of their shortcomings. Lieutenant MacQuarrie was invalided from Ypres, and on his recovery he was ordered to come to America as inspector of production. He was a little unwilling, he says, to exchange the comparative peace of the war zone for the noise and racket of machine shops, but none the less the new experience had its attractions and he came.

One may say that Lieutenant MacQuarrie's long suit is admiration, although it is by no means of the indiscriminating kind. He thinks that American hotel clerks are somewhat worse than kings and dukes, but New York charms him, and he resolves to try some of the soft drinks as soon as he can find out their name:

One day I was walking down Fifth Avenue, it was very hot, so I entered what appeared to be a "sweet" shop. Buxom, handsome young women were behind the long counter, so I approached one and humbly asked for a "lemon squash." "Wotsat?" she barked, and looked annoyed. "A lemon squash," I repeated. She seemed to think that I was insulting her, and her friends gathered around. Finally I said: "Give me anything you like as long as it is cool." "Got yer check?" she replied. I begged her pardon. Looking furious, she indicated a small desk behind which another young lady sat, and I went over and confided in her. She smiled and explained that I really wanted a lemonade or a lemon phosphate. I denied any desire for a lemon phosphate. Are not phosphates used for agricultural purposes? This young lady was awfully decent and said, "How do you like York?" but before I could reply she said, "York! It's the finest place in the world." I said I liked it very much indeed, but of course there were other places, and what sayeth the text, "One star differeth from another star in glory." All was going well until "Peanut," a tall animated straw I had known on the ship rushed in laughing like a jackass. He seemed to regard New York as something too funny for words, and giggled like an idiot.

Now I am sure that these young ladies must be very nice, gentle, tame creatures to people who know them, but they frighten me. I desire only to please, but the more pleasantly I behave to them the more I seem to insult them. Some day I am going to enter one of these stores and hark out my order and see what happens.

The author has strong suspicions as to the propriety of cocktail drinking and he finds it unpleasant to see girls drinking cocktails, as indeed it is. Cocktails, he thinks, are destructive of ideals and they are a temptation to talk lightly, or in front of children, of sacred things. The girl who drinks cocktails may be witty, and amusing, and a priceless companion, but as a wife she is out of the question:

When a Britisher marries a French or a Spanish girl there are often difficulties before she becomes accustomed to her new environment. Neither American people nor English people expect any difficulties at all when their children intermarry. And yet they do occur, and are either humorous or tragic, quite often the latter. So I would say to the Britisher, if you ever marry an American girl, look out. She will either be the very best sort of wife a man could possibly have, or she will be the other thing. It will be necessary for you to humor her as much as possible. Like a horse with a delicate mouth, she requires good hands. Don't marry her unless you love her. Don't marry her for her money, or you will regret it. She is no fool and she will expect full value for all she gives. The terrible thing is that she may believe you to be a member of the aristocracy, and she will expect to go about in the very best society in London. If you are not a member of the smart set and take her to live in the country she may like it all right, but the chances are that she will cry a good deal, get a bad cold, which will develop into consumption, and possibly die if you don't take her back to New York. She will never understand the vicar's wife and the lesser country gentry, and she will loathe the snobbishness of some of the county people. In the process she will find you out, and may heaven help you, for, as Solomon said: "It is better to live on the housetop than inside with a brawling woman," and she will brawl all right. I have heard of some bitter experiences undergone by young American women.

Writing on February 28, 1917, the author comments on the war situation and on the part that America expects to play. He can not understand why Germany should deliberately provoke American animosity except on the conviction that America was too prosperous and too comfortable to be aroused. None the less he finds that America has been very much aroused and that she is pondering on the real meaning of her own freedom and on the obligations that come with freedom:

Of course, Germany expects to starve Great Britain into submission before Uncle Sam is ready to do much. She also, in her overwhelming pride, believes that her own nationals in the states possess sufficient power to stultify any great war effort. She also believes that the American people are naturally pacifists and that the President will have a big job in front of him. And indeed he might have had a difficult job, too, for great prosperity tends to weaken the offensive power of a democracy and there were many men here who disliked intensely the idea of sending an army of American men to France to fight side by side with England, but his job has become child's play since Zimmerman's wily scheme to ally Mexico and Japan against the states has been exposed. This exposure united the people as if by magic. The people began to scent danger, and danger close at home, and they saw at once that the only enemy they possessed was Kaiser William. When the Kaiser dies, and I suppose he will die some day, it would be interesting to be present (just for a second, of course) when he meets his grandfather's great friend, Bismarck. One would not desire to stay long on account of the climate, but it would be interesting nevertheless. Would Bismarck weep or laugh?

Lieutenant MacQuarrie comments on the arrival of the French and British missions and he warmly ap-

plauds the choice of Mr. Balfour to accompany General Joffre:

Thank heaven that our folk realized that the American people want our very best sent over to them, and that they love very dearly that type of old world courteousness and gentility that Mr. Balfour represents. It is a good thing that they did not send a "shirt-sleeved" politician. Altogether I know that Mr. Balfour's mission will help to form a foundation stone to a lasting friendship between America and ourselves. He has helmed knights and all kinds of superior officers with him. They are very decorative, and, of course, very useful to the folk over here, since they are armed with much information that will surely help; but if Mr. Balfour had arrived on an ordinary liner alone and walked down the gangway with his bag of clubs, his welcome would have been just as fervent, and the effect he has already produced just as great; for the thing that America fell for was his calm simplicity and gentleness. I wish that the American people could know that Mr. Balfour represents the type of British gentleman that we all hold as an ideal. Of course, we can not all possess his personality, nor his brilliant intellect, but I am certain that we could try to copy his method of dealing with our cousins over here.

The author was told that during the early retreat of the Allied armies from Mons there was a meeting of important members of the steel company to consider what could be done to aid the cause. They knew, he says, that if matters had ever become desperate for Great Britain it would have been possible to raise a volunteer army of several millions of men. They were also worried about their own sons, because they knew that America would not stand by and see England and France crushed:

I would not dare to say this to some of my American friends because they would know, as I knew, that underlying their criticism of England there is often a very deep devotion to the British Empire. The Germans have known this all along, and we can thank fortune that it still exists in spite of our failure to foster it. We established an *entente cordiale* with France our hereditary foe, thank goodness, and we succeeded because many of us are bad at French and consequently unable to insult the French people. We have never seriously attempted the same thing with America. It is the underlying devotion of many Americans for the home country, as some of them still call our land, which has prevented the rudeness of some of our people from doing permanent harm. The Germans have tried to remove this devotion, but they have not succeeded amongst the educated classes, because, like us, intelligent American people don't quite like the Boche until he has settled in the country for over a hundred years.

The author has something to say about his compatriots who by their bad manners do so much to misrepresent the British character. He had learned during his university career that to exalt one's self, even mentally, was to be a snob, and that to look down upon other nations was to be a bounder:

So our older universities try valiantly to turn out, not necessarily educated persons, but persons who have a faint idea how to behave themselves when they are away from home. This does not mean merely the use of an elegant accent called here with a little amusement "English." It means that the fellow who takes a superior attitude towards any one is merely a stupid bounder. It means also that the fellow who thinks himself, as a member of the British nation, to be better or in any way superior to any other nation is a fool. He may be superior, of course, but the mere thought of this superiority entering his mind ruins him at once, and, as I said before, turns him into a bounder.

In other words, "Love your country intensely and beyond all other countries, but for Heaven's sake don't let any one suspect that you regard yourself as a good specimen of its human production." If, unfortunately, you discover, not only that you love yourself, but also that it is owing to you and your like that the British Empire is great, climb the Woolworth Building, not forgetting to pay your dime, and then drop gracefully from the highest pinnacle. You will save your nation and your countrymen much suffering and a good deal of embarrassment.

It is not only the Englishman who shows his worst front to the foreigner. The American does the same. The European is only too apt to associate the American with the detestable person who blows out the sacred light that has been burning for centuries and who is noticeable for his bluster and brag. There is what may be called the stage Englishman and the stage American, but they are in no sense representative of their nations. And then, of course, there is the professional Irishman, who complicates matters:

In England we don't seem to realize the Irish question. We regard the Irish as a delightful and amusing people. Most of our serious experiences has been with the Irish gentry, really English and Scotch, who through years have assumed the delightful mannerisms of the people with whom they have lived. We also shoot and hunt with the real Irishman and find him delightful and romantic. His wonderful lies and flattery please us, but we don't for a single instant take him seriously. The great mass of people here think that we ill-treat the Irish. This is interesting. An Irishman arrives here and finds wonderful opportunities for expansion, and glorious opportunities to fight. He compares his present life with that of his former and the former looks black and horrible. An Englishman and a Scotchman of the same class feel the same way. The Irishman having been brought up on "Irish wrongs" blames the English for his past discomfort. I have heard fairly intelligent people speaking of Irish wrongs, but when asked in what way the Irish treatment differs from that meted out to the average Englishman they art unable to answer. The thing seems a little bit involved.

The author suggests that English government can not be quite so bad as some Americans suppose it to be. Otherwise there would not be such a willing concourse of men from every part of the world to defend it. Even the Boers have displayed an enthusiastic loyalty. Then we are told something about the king:

So we British beg of the American people not to suggest taking our king from us. It is difficult to explain this patriotism which produces such results; but go to New Zealand and you will find that it is the hoast, and the proud hoast of many, that they have seen the king. Go to Australia, where the working man rules the country, and hear the national anthem played, or watch the flag being saluted in the

schools, and if you are courageous pass a rude remark about the king. Go to any part of the empire, and you will find something inexplicable, something unexplainable, which always points to Buckingham Palace and the little man there. Americans look upon this with good-natured condescension. I wonder why? It is not far to Canada, but you will find it there, too, where they ought to be more enlightened, since they live next to the greatest republic. Always is it the empire, and always is "God save the king" the prayer of the people. Perhaps we are a little bit mad, we British, but I daresay we will continue being mad, since madness binds together a mighty throng of people who in perhaps a poor sort of way stand for fairness and decency. We all know how much of the child remains in us, even when we are old. We look back to the days when we believed in fairies, and sometimes when we are telling stories to our children we let our imagination have full play, and gnomes and fairies and even kings and princesses once more people our minds.

The king, says the author, plays a valuable part in the sweetening of political life, while his personal interest, displayed in a hundred unobtrusive ways, is invaluable:

A young English officer received the D. S. O. and the Military Cross and finally died at Loos, getting the V. C. He, of course, went to the palace to receive both the D. S. O. and the Military Cross. His father, an old man with snowy white hair, went to get the V. C. The king gave him the medal with a few conventional words, and then, while shaking hands, whispered to the old man to remain. The king, upon finishing the distribution of medals, took the father into an anteroom and then said very quietly: "I say, Mr. K—, I am awfully sorry for you! I've been interested in this boy of *ours* and remember him well." Then the old man sat down and told the king all about his son, and went away comforted greatly and very proud of his son.

This is just a little thing, but it is the kind of thing that supplies our need.

Sometimes the author reverts to his war experiences. He says he has never known any display of hate on the part of British soldiers, although sometimes they have been maddened by German atrocities:

Past our hattery position there was passing a few prisoners and a procession of wounded—but mostly "highlights"; and I saw one sergeant with a German helmet. I wanted to buy it as a "prop" for lurid stories on leave, so went over to him. He had four bloody grooves down his face, and he told me that he had had a hand-to-hand fight. He seemed a nice chap, and he described the combat, in which he had evidently been getting the worst of it, for the four grooves were nail marks from the German. Fortunately he got his bayonet. "And you killed him," I broke in. "Oh no, sir," he replied; "I just gave him a dig and the Red Cross people have got him now. There he is, sir, I think,"—as a German prisoner, lying on a stretcher and smoking a woodbine went by. I returned without the helmet and told the story to the major, and he said, "Oh no; I shouldn't believe all you hear about Tommy Atkins."

Lieutenant MacQuarrie was invited to deliver the Independence Day oration at Bethlehem on July 4th, the first time, perhaps, that such a thing has ever been done by a British officer in full uniform:

Soon it was my turn to speak, and in fear and trembling I mounted a little stand improvised for the occasion. I looked at the old building beside me in which our wounded of the Revolution had been cared for by the gentle Moravians. I looked at the people around me, thousands of happy faces all looking with kindness and friendship towards me. I don't know exactly what I said, but perhaps the spirits of the poor British Tommies who had died fighting for their king in the old building behind helped a little, for I know that during the half-hour I spoke every face was fixed intently upon me, and when I finally got down, there was a mighty cheer that went straight to my heart. At any rate I had that thing which is greater than the speech of men and of angels, and without which the greatest orator's speech is like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—Love. I had a very great love for my friends of Bethlehem, a love that refused to differentiate between Anglo-Saxons and Teutons, and they knew it, consequently they listened with a great patience.

After the band had once more played, and a clergyman had said a prayer, hundreds and hundreds came forward and shook hands. There were veterans of the Civil War who threw their chests out and offered to go back to France and fight with me. One old gentleman with snowy hair said "Lad, it was an inspiration." Then exiles, mostly women from England, Ireland, and Scotland, came up, some weeping a little, and said "God bless you." One darling old Irish lady said, "Sure Oirland would get Home Rule if you had any power in England."

Lieutenant MacQuarrie writes without any studied literary art, but he has the signal merits of sincerity and good-fellowship. His book is one that ought not to be overlooked.

OVER HERE. By Hector MacQuarrie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35.

The importance of optical glasses in modern warfare is illustrated by the following incident concerning the Roumanian army, told by an American army officer. The world was astonished at the ease with which the Roumanian army was defeated, says this officer, and not until long after was the real cause actually known. It seems that before Roumania joined the Allies it had been in the habit of importing many things from Germany—even German ordnance from the Krupp works at Essen. And, curiously enough, these German guns refused to work when turned against the Germans invading the Dobrudja. It was really quite a simple mechanical defect in the guns which should have been detected by the Roumanian artillery officers, but unfortunately it wasn't—at least, not until too late. Then it was discovered that the delicate leveling instruments were filled with plain water instead of the salt solution which resists a freezing atmosphere. In the cold mountain fastnesses of Roumania these little glass tubes promptly burst and the guns were practically useless.

In some parts of Russia gold has been mined without interruption since 1744.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association, through Frederick H. Colburn, its manager, reports the clearings for the week ended Saturday, June 15th, at \$104,182,810.53, as compared with a total of \$108,245,418.61 in the corresponding week of 1917. Saturday's total was \$17,640,887.63.

The total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco were reported Saturday at \$227,178,000, as against \$218,820,000 in the week before.

This is a net gain of \$8,358,000 in one week—which is "going some" for even as big and as growing an institution as Uncle Sam's bank.

Gold reserves now stand at \$137,059,000, or in the proportion of 69.62 per cent. to net deposits and note liability.

Total bills on hand stand at \$60,361,000, as against \$59,021,000 in the preceding week.

The amount due members' reserve accounts stands at \$79,651,000, having increased from \$72,356,000.

Total gross deposits now stand at \$105,269,000, as against \$99,350,000.

On the heels of the announcement from Washington of the added tonnage to the port of San Francisco, which will come from the release of a considerable number of Dutch steamships as cargo carriers, comes now the word that the United States Shipping Board has allotted seven ships to the Matson Navigation Company to replace two of their large liners, which will go into the war routes on the Atlantic side.

These new vessels will be of 3000 tons each, and are numerically figured as a large increase, so far as herthings are required, for they will demand practically equal space at the docks ship for ship as the larger craft.

The harbor officials are, therefore, confronted with the further problem of providing dockage for these ships, which, it is announced, are due on berth here early next month, continuing for an indefinite period.

The demand for United States Bonds available to secure national bank note circulation has increased considerably during the last month. As a result of these purchases U. S. Registered 2's of 1930 and U. S. Registered 4's of 1925 have advanced about ¾ of a point, selling now at 98 and interest and 106 and interest respectively, as against 97¼ and interest and 105¼ and interest during the early part of the month. The buying of the bonds has come from national banks, who are using them as a basis for additional circulation, as well as with the idea of substituting them for U. S. Registered 3's of 1918. At the present time there are approximately \$18,000,000 of the 3's under circulation ac-

count. The United States Treasury Department has announced that it will actually pay these bonds in cash at their maturity, namely August 1st of this year. Accordingly the currency against the 3's will either have to be retired between now and August 1st, or the bonds replaced with other U. S. obligations carrying with them the circulation privilege, i. e., the 4's of 1925, and the 2's of 1930, or the Panama 2's of 1936 and 1938. Country banks as a rule like to show the maximum amount of circulation issued to them, due to the handsome profits to be thus derived and the advertisement to be secured by having the bank notes distributed in their sections. The profits on every \$100,000 of the circulation secured by 4's purchased at 106 are approximately \$1650 per annum and on the 2's about \$1250 per annum, overloaning the cost of the securities direct to the open market money being figured as worth 5 per cent. In the case of the 2's banks do not feel that they are taking any real market risks, basing this opinion upon the possibility of the Federal Reserve Banks again purchasing 2's from member or national banks at par, when conditions become normal again, in accordance with the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act. It will be recalled that approximately \$41,000,000 of the 2's were thus purchased by the Reserve Banks before our entrance into the European conflict.—*National City Bank of New York.*

Net operating income of American railroads in the first four months this year was \$143,454,000, or about \$100,000,000 less than in the same period last year. This reduction represents in a general way the temporary loss to the government in operation of the railroads, since the four months' proportion of the annual guarantee to the railroads is more than \$100,000,000 greater than the actual income.

The decrease in income was due entirely to increased operating costs under bad weather conditions early in the year, and higher wages and prices of supplies. Operating revenue was even greater than last year.

Operating income of Eastern roads showed the greatest decline, amounting to only \$22,688,000 for the four months, as compared with \$94,048,000 last year. Western lines earned \$86,391,000 as compared with \$120,051,000, and Southern roads \$47,148,000 as compared with \$52,516,000.

The money market has given a wonderful account of itself during a period of exceptionally heavy government financing. During the fiscal year ending with last March, Great Britain advanced to its allies \$2,760,000,000. During our own fiscal year, with all but a few weeks accounted for, the advances of the United States to its allies have been \$4,460,300,000. Owing to the admirable arrangements made by the treasury to protect the money market during a period of acute strain, the immense payments in connection with the Liberty Loan operation and the adjustment of corporation and income taxes have been financed without any disturbing developments. It is difficult to see how the banks could have financed these immense engagements without the machinery and facilities of the Federal Reserve System. The United States has become the financial backbone of the Allies and it is proper that the government should have first claim upon the money market during the period while this country is at war with Germany. The Treasury Department early in July will resume the issue of Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness in anticipation of the Fourth Liberty Loan, which is expected to be put out in October. These Treasury Certificates constitute one of the best elements of government war finance and will doubtless be taken freely for investment by the banks, and by corporations and individuals having funds for the next loan or otherwise available for temporary employment. There is a fairly broad demand for money, which is not surprising in view of the immense volume of business which the country is doing at a time when the government is absorbing nearly all surplus funds.—*Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.*

In the minds of the experts the big hull swing of June has gotten under way in the stock market, and Steel, the market barometer, is the pathfinder for higher prices for the entire list. It will be remembered that Steel early in the year sold down to 86½. It advanced from that point to 113¾. It then swung back on profit-taking to 96¾ and paid a dividend in the meantime amounting to \$4.50. Now it has started upward again and W. C. Gregg of McDonnell & Co., who has charge of the firm's office in the Palace Hotel, predicts that Steel will cross 120 this month and go to the highest point ever recorded in July.

He bases his prediction on the fact that during the first quarter, when the corporation was running at 60 per cent. of its capacity, its net earnings totaled \$56,000,000. During April, when its capacity had been increased,

its net profits were \$45,000,000, or only \$11,000,000 less for that one month than for the first three months of the year. Capacity production from now until winter sets in is almost a foregone conclusion. Therefore the second quarter report, coming out in July, should show the highest earnings ever piled up by the corporation.

The earnings of the second quarter added to those of the first quarter should pile up the corporation's surplus to a good many millions more than \$500,000,000. This means that the company will have upwards of \$100 per share in cash or U. S. Bonds on hand on July 1st. In other words, they will be in a position to cut a great big juicy melon, and that is exactly what they are expected to do. It may be for \$25 per share and it may be for \$50. At any rate, the big stock pool that has been acting as a balance wheel to the interests of the Steel Corporation have scented something like that down the wind and the market sharps expect to see that melon discounted by a continued advance in the shares until the directors take action in July.

During April \$13,988,619 was paid out to farmers of the United States by the Federal Land Banks on long-time, first-mortgage loans.

On May 1st the total amount of money paid out to farmers since the establishment of the Federal Land Banks was \$91,951,886, covering 40,451 loans closed. The total amount of loans applied for up to May 1st was \$229,948,835, representing 126,630 applicants. There are in process of closing loans to the amount of \$174,858,616, which are awaiting abstracts of title, release of mortgages, or other formalities.

"I earnestly hope that every one who has bought Liberty Bonds will try to keep them for the period of the war at least. . . . If each and every purchaser keeps his Liberty Bonds he helps to protect the credit of the government by maintaining the market for the bonds at par, which is a very helpful thing in war-time, and he also renders a more essential service to our soldiers and sailors in the field by practicing those economies and savings which release materials and labor necessary to the support, if not the very life, of our army and navy."—*Secretary McAdoo.*

The practical suspension of the importation of pig tin into the United States affects an industry turning out at the present time over \$100,000,000 worth of products. All of the tin used in the manufacture of the \$100,000,000 worth of tin-plate now produced in the United States is imported, more than 90 per cent. of it originating in the Orient, and with the partial suspension of shipments from that part of the world, recently announced, the United States becomes more dependent upon its South American neighbor, Bolivia, which produces about 20 per cent. of the world's tin and is practically the only world producer of tin outside the Orient.

While we consume about one-half of the world's tin, all efforts to develop a successful tin-mining industry in the United States have thus far proved unsuccessful. Small quantities have been found in Alaska and smaller quantities in other parts of the United States, but not enough to supply even one per cent. of the large and steadily increasing quantity required by our tin-plate and other industries. The quantity of tin imported into the United States has grown from 70,000,000 pounds in 1900 to approximately 150,000,000 pounds in 1917. The value of the 1900 importation was \$19,000,000 and that of 1917 \$68,000,000, the price per pound having also greatly advanced during the period in question. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that the sums of money sent out of the United States for the purchase of tin since the beginning of the tin-plate industry in 1893 having aggregated approximately \$700,000,000. About 90 per cent. of the tin imported is used in the manufacture of tin-plate.

During this period the quantity of tin-plate produced in this country has grown from 42,000,000 pounds in 1892 to 1,000,000,000 pounds in 1903, 2,000,000,000 pounds in 1912, 1,845,000,000 pounds in 1914, and 2,766,000,000 pounds in 1916. The value of the output of tin-plate is stated by the census of 1899 at \$32,000,000 and for 1914 \$68,000,000, making it apparent that the annual value now exceeds \$100,000,000. About 25,000,000,000 pounds of tin-plate have been produced in the United States in the twenty-five years since the beginning of the industry. Meantime tin-plate has assumed an important position in the list of exports from the United States; the value of the exports of domestic tin-plate having grown from \$1000 in 1899 to \$1,000,000 in 1908, \$12,000,000 in 1915, \$21,000,000 in 1916, and \$42,000,000 in 1917.

Prices of the tin imported for use in the manufacture of tin-plate have steadily and persistently advanced, not only during the war period, but in the dozen preceding years, this increase in price being apparently due in part

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at least to the increasing demand, which has more than kept pace with production. The world's output of tin has increased about 50 per cent. since 1900, while our own output of tin-plate has trebled in the same period. The prices paid in the United States for imported tin have advanced from less than 13 cents per pound in 1897 to 27 cents in 1900, 36 cents in 1911, 46 cents in 1913, and 53 cents per pound in December, 1917, these figures being in all cases prices in the country from which the tin is imported into the United States.

The heavy income taxes which are being levied in all countries, not only upon residents and citizens, but upon incomes derived from domestic sources, will be, if continued, a serious barrier to international investments, inasmuch as income derived from one country by a citizen of another is subject to taxation in both countries. The American Chamber of Commerce of Paris has recently passed resolutions and made representations to the French ministry upon the subject. The Chamber properly says that although comparatively few people are affected a principle is involved and injustice is done, and it can not be the intention in any country that the income tax shall react upon some citizens in such a manner as to become in effect a penalty for residence abroad. The Chamber says:

"Export business can not be done successfully by correspondence, or by occasional visits in foreign markets. The South American field, assiduously worked for years by European commercial representatives (residing in those countries), and until recently very much neglected by the United States, is a striking example of this truth. If America would export her products, American citizens must reside abroad to take care of the business and this they will be discouraged from doing if their incomes are to be burdened with accumulated taxes from both sides."

The Chamber urges that the matter be made the subject of an international agreement, recognizing the principle that incomes should be taxed but once, and only in the country from which they are derived, irrespective of the domicile, the residence, or the nationality of the taxpayer.

It is evident that the taxes as at present levied work injustice, but the greatest sufferers are the British investors, approximately one-quarter of the wealth of Great Britain being invested in other countries. Even the incomes of Englishmen from investments in the British colonies are subject to this double taxation, and the protests on this account are very numerous, but probably for the very reason that so much revenue is involved, the government has so far been deaf to appeals on the subject.

The War Finance Corporation on April 25th approved its first loan. It is for \$1,000,000, bears interest at 6 per cent. per annum, and will run for two years. It was made through two large banking institutions of the Pacific Coast to the Northwestern Electric Company, and is made on the notes of the banks secured by first mortgage bonds of the company and other collateral.

The money is to be used to make extensions and enlargements so that additional power may be generated and used in connection with shipbuilding.

San Francisco bank clearings made a new high record for a single day's transactions through the clearing-house on last Monday, the day's exchanges reaching the sum of \$36,179,175.53. Greatest in the city's history.

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#### SPAIN AND THE SUBMARINE.

##### A French View of the Situation.

(The Christian Science Monitor prints the following interesting letter from a Spanish correspondent now in Paris on the subject of Germany's submarine campaign.)

At a time when it is known that public opinion in Spain with regard to the ruthless German submarine attacks upon Spanish ships is rapidly hardening, and when it is believed the government is preparing to adopt a much firmer policy, there has been a tactful disposition in the leading French newspapers to refrain from all comment upon what is proceeding. It is well known that this careful attitude is much appreciated in Spain. Only on one occasion in recent times has the French press broken silence in this respect, although the recent affairs of the *Luisa* and the *Provence*, the latter being sunk within a couple of miles of the Spanish coast and therefore in Spanish territorial waters, have been of a nature to provoke much discussion.

The exception referred to is *Le Temps*, which has always had a keen appreciation for Spanish developments, and in some carefully phrased editorial remarks says that, once again, the submarine war makes ravages among the Spanish merchant fleet. The newspaper proceeds: "The number of sailors who have been lost through these torpedoing approaches the hundred, while the ships sunk, including the *Luisa*, which was 6000 tons, represent almost a third of the total tonnage of Spain. This resumption of hostilities, as one might say, against Spain is the evident consequence of a diplomatic check. As long as pourparlers were being continued with regard to the *U-C 48* the Spanish ships were spared. The internment of the crew of this submarine has been immediately followed by severe measures against the Spanish transatlantic ships, whose voyages to North America and probably Cuba will be forbidden by the German submarines, contrary to the assurances that had been given. On the other hand the maritime routes between Spain and the allied nations have been closely watched since the signing of the international commercial agreements which indicate a decisive step in the direction of the Entente. The Central Empires see in this not only a menace to their immediate interests, but above all to those of the future. There is proof of this in the fact that, notwithstanding the arrangements they had made, they have not been able to maintain the tight blockade which they have held for so long upon the peninsula.

"There is a story in circulation to the effect that the Kaiser was petitioned by the Germans in Spain, who pointed out to him the inconveniences they suffered through this blockade. But if the obstacles opposed to the fulfillment of the agreements with the Entente have been vain, this time it is the neutrality of Spain that is threatened from the very fact that the state has directly intervened to guarantee the services of importation and exportation. The Germanophile press will not be able to allege that it is guilty of carrying contraband. The injured

shipowners have not failed to make a point of this matter. One gathers a definite impression in official circles that the government will not give way to any pressure when it is a matter of safeguarding the interests of the country, but one does not hide the fact that neutrality is no longer the convenient posture it was at the beginning of the war, and that, on the contrary, it implies for its maintenance action and energy. The fact that Spanish opinion regards the present cabinet as something like a committee of public safety is a proof of it. German diplomacy in this matter has achieved a result diametrically opposed to that which it sought."

It may here be mentioned that there have been some increasing movements in the Spanish colony in Paris, a community that on many occasions has exhibited much spirit and enthusiasm in its devotion to the interests of France. The central committee of the Spanish Interventionist Party in Paris has just addressed the following note to the premier: "Before the latest crime of the German cowards in bombarding the churches of Paris . . . Spaniards who are partisans of armed intervention by their people on the side of the Entente and of the formation of a volunteer reserve among Spaniards living in France, have the honor to express to the government of this glorious nation, three times sister of the Spanish nation by their triple and common Celtibero-Latin origin, their deep indignation and at the same time their impatience to contribute to the salutary punishment of the shameful German, the disgrace of human civilization."

A number of prominent members of the Spanish colony have just sent to King Alfonso, on the initiative of Señor Ysidoro Alonso, former secretary of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce in Paris, an address in which, after protesting against the war methods employed by the Germans, and more particularly against the bombardment of Paris by the long-range guns, they solicit the intervention of their sovereign to put an end to these criminal practices, in the following terms: "In the presence of such a situation as this, in the name of the 600,000 Spaniards who reside in France, and with the greatest respect, we entreat your majesty to exercise your high authority with the German government to bring about a cessation of the bombardment of Paris and the neighborhood, so that 300,000 Spaniards here may not be the victims of such procedure as long as we at home in Spain give hospitality to 100,000 Germans who are treated with all the marks of the legendary chivalry of our race."

##### Religion of a Man of Letters.

Man is imprisoned in the external present, and what we call a man's religion is to a great extent the thing that offers him a secret and permanent means of escape from that prison, a breaking of the prison walls, which leaves him standing, of course, still in the present, but in a present so enlarged and enfranchised that it is become, not a prison, but a free world. Religion, even in the narrowest sense, is always seeking for Soteria, for escape, for some salvation from the terror to come or deliverance from the body of this death.

And men find it, of course, in a thousand ways, with different degrees of ease and of certainty. I am not wishing to praise my talisman at the expense of other talismans. Some find it in theology; some in art, in human affection; in the anodyne of constant work; in that permanent exercise of the inquiring intellect which is commonly called the search for truth; some find it in carefully cultivated illusions of one sort or another, in passionate faith and undying pugnacities; some, I believe, find a substitute by rejoicing in their prison, and living furiously, for good or ill, in the actual moment.

And a scholar, I think, secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past and treasuring up the best out of the past, so that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils. He draws out of the past high thoughts and great emotions; he also draws the strength that comes from communion or brotherhood.

And the student, as he realizes it, feels himself one of a long line of torch-bearers. He attains that which is the most compelling desire of every human being, a work in life which it is worth living for, and which is not cut short by the accident of his own death.

It is in that sense that I understand religion.—Gilbert Murray, president of the Classical Association, in the Century Magazine.

One Cadillac (Michigan) restaurant solved the meatless day edict by serving bear meat to its patrons. The bear was killed near that city and weighed 200 pounds. There was no Federal ban on meat obtained outside the usual sources of supply.

#### CURRENT VERSE.

##### A Song for Marching Men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A martial song with a swing in it,  
With measured rhythm and ring in it,  
The breath of a deathless thing in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A gallant song with a cheer in it,  
A tender song with a tear in it,  
And never a taint of fear in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
Trumpet and bugle and fife in it,  
The passion and pride of life in it,  
And the old mad joy of strife in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
With iron and blood and ruth in it,  
Vision and beauty and truth in it,  
Terrible pathos of youth in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
With a sacred wordless space in it,  
With a clinging last embrace in it,  
A song with a woman's face in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A scorn for the tyrant's rod in it,  
A thought of the crimsoned sod in it,  
A faith in the Living God in it,  
A song for marching men.  
—Theresa Virginia Blair, in the Bellman.

##### The Song of the Trench.

December, 1914.

This is the song of the blooming trench:  
It's sung by us and it's sung by the French;  
It's probably sung by the German Huns;  
But it isn't all beer, and skittles, and huns.  
It's a song of water, and mud and slime,  
And keeping your eyes skinned all the time.  
Though the putrid "bully" may kick up a stench,  
Remember, you've got to stick to your trench—  
Yes, stick like glue to your trench.

You dig while it's dark, and you work while it's light,  
And then there's the "listening post" at night.  
Though you're soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone;  
Though your hands are like ice, and your feet like stone;  
Though your watch is long, and your rest is brief,  
And you pray like hell for the next relief;  
Though the wind may howl, and the rain may drench,  
Remember, you've got to stick to your trench—  
Yes, stick like mud to your trench.

Perhaps a bullet may find its mark,  
And then there's a funeral after dark;  
And you say, as you lay him beneath the sod,  
A sportsman's soul has gone to his God.  
Behind the trench, in the open ground,  
There's a little cross and a little mound;  
And if at your heart-strings you feel a wrench,  
Remember he died for his blooming trench—  
Yes, he died like a man for his trench.

There's a rush and a dash, and they're at your wire,  
And you open the hell of a rapid fire;  
The Maxims rattle, the rifles flash,  
And the bombs explode with a sickening crash.  
You give them lead, and you give them steel,  
Till at last they waver, and turn, and reel.  
You've done your job—there was never a blench  
You've given them hell, and you've saved your trench;

By God, you've stuck to your trench!

The daylight breaks on the rain-soaked plain  
(For some it will never break again),  
And you thank your God, as you're "standing to,"

You'd your bayonet clean, and your holt worked true.

For your comrade's rifle had jammed and stuck,  
And he's lying there, with his brain in the muck.  
So love your gun—as you haven't a wench—  
And she'll save your life in the blooming trench—  
Yes, save your life in the trench.

—From "From the Front," by Captain C. W. Blackall. Published by D. Appleton & Co.



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### TWO INTERESTING BOOKS

#### RUNAWAY RUSSIA

By FLORENCE MACLEOD HARPER

Illustrated with photographs.

\$2.00 net

#### FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

By NEWTON D. BAKER

Secretary of War

This book contains the text of Secretary Baker's addresses to the various units at the front on the occasion of his recent visit.

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#### THE LATEST BOOKS.

##### A Modernized Historical Novel.

Edward Lucas White has hit on a new device to make a historical novel lose its tediousness. "The Unwilling Vestal" tells the story of Brinnaria, one of the six vestals of Rome, who serves the goddess for thirty years with fidelity and veneration, but who, nevertheless, manages to figure in various adventures. Not through intention, however, Brinnaria being a creature of impulse and subject to sudden attacks of revolt against cruelty or hypocrisy.

The device employed by the author is that of departing entirely from the grave and reverend tone in which historical novels are usually couched and making his characters use vigorous, up-to-date, and slangy colloquial English. And it works. The author, by the end of the book, has convinced his readers that he knows whereof he speaks. The book amounts to an authentic treatise on the lives, duties, and sacred traditions of the vestals. Yet it is a capital and entertaining story.

Only the author will have forfeited some of the consideration won for him by "El Supremo." "The Unwilling Vestal" will gain him readers, but will lose him literary prestige. For it is written in journalese.

THE UNWILLING VESTAL. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

##### Germany at Bay.

Major Macfall's book is ostensibly on strategy, but it is intended for the layman rather than for the soldier. There are two kinds of strategy displayed by Germany. There is the strategy that welds a whole nation into a projectile of willful ambition and the other strategy that carries that ambition into effect by means of armies. Under the former head comes the whole problem of Kultur and Germanic aspirations, and while the author treats this with lucidity and insight he is more interesting from the popular point of view when he is handling the actual disposition of the armies in the field.

Major Macfall puts a new complexion upon the early stages of the war and it has all the merits of probability. The Germans, he tells us, were not detained in Belgium against their will. They remained there in order to cover their intention to attack Nancy. Joffre, on his part, invaded the provinces, not with the serious object of wresting them from German control, but in order to create the conviction that he had fallen into the German trap. From that moment he gained the initiative and the Germans were compelled to follow his lead to the appointed battle ground on the Marne, where they were to meet their downfall. The German armies were not driving upon Paris. They were following the French army and they had no other alternative.

The author has the gift of exposition and he is easily able to initiate us into the fundamentals of the soldier's trade. But the most impressive part of his book is in its warning against a negotiated peace that shall leave Germany in possession of Mitel Europa. Here indeed is the supreme danger in the coming clash between the statesmanship of the world and the pacific inclinations of its uninstructed democracies.

GERMANY AT BAY. By Major Haldane Macfall. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

##### Under the German Shells.

The author joined the French army as a private at the beginning of the war and afterwards became an instructor at Camp Grant. He was at the battles of the Marne, Champagne, Rheims, and Verdun, and he tells us of his experiences with all the dramatic energy of the man of letters.

But M. Bourcier is also something of a seer. He would have us understand that the war is an epoch, the beginning of a new world, the creation of a new humanity. Every incident of the war will be a sort of

departure point of a new calendar. "All the tragedy, all our cries, our furies, our agonies, our suffering, and death—all this, without name, hurried and indistinct, will be contained between two numbers, and will mark two eons—that before the war, that after the war." Of books of experiences there is already a large number, but this is something more—much more.

UNDER THE GERMAN SHELLS. By Emmanuel Bourcier. Translated by George Nelson Hope and Mary R. Holt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

##### The New Book of Martyrs.

Here we have a few pages from the notebook of a doctor in a French military hospital. He tries to interpret for us the soul of his patients and he does it so exquisitely that we almost wish to apologize for intrusion upon sacred places. There is something infinitely tender about the book even when it deals with the grumbler or the coward, and there are very few of these in Dr. Duhamel's hospital. We seem to have had a personal introduction to these poor sufferers who have paid so heavy a price for the well-being of us all. Probably we shall never hear of them again, but they will have a certain immortality in the minds of those who have read of them.

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Florence Simmonds. New York: George H. Doran Company.

##### Reincarnations.

Mr. Stephens is inclined to apologize for his title, but to the reader it will seem to be well chosen. For what other title could there be? A translation implies, or ought to imply, a fidelity to the original text, and there is no such fidelity here. Mr. Stephens injects himself into these renderings of the old Irish poets and thus makes of them a blend of the ancient fancies and the peculiar genius that marks his own versification. Personally we prefer to have Mr. Stephens undiluted so far as the poetry of the thing is concerned, but none the less students of Irish literature will welcome the volume as a contribution to Irish literary history otherwise unattainable.

REINCARNATIONS. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

##### Briefer Reviews.

The Macmillan Company has published "A Brief Bibliography of Books, in English, Spanish, and Portuguese Relating to the Republics Commonly Called Latin American, with Comments," by Peter H. Goldsmith.

"The Stag's Horn Book," edited by John McClure (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.60). "gathers together within handy compass the best convivial and merry verse of the English language from early days to our own."

"Colloquial French," by William Robert Patterson (E. P. Dutton & Co.), seems to be admirably designed by its conversation lessons and in other ways to give the student a working knowledge of useful French. Moreover, it is printed in comfortable type.

The Macmillan Company has published "The New Horizon of Church and State," by William Herbert Perry Faunce, president of Brown University. It belongs to the Bedell Lectures at Kenyon College on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion or the Relation of Religion to Science. The price is 60 cents.

We are not at all sure that "success" books are ethically wholesome or that they conduce to a true social efficiency. But for those who desire them there is none better than "Gaining the Round Above," by Gustavus S. Kimball, just published by Duffield & Co. (60 cents). The usual incitements to personal ambition are supplied in admirable form as well as the usual formulas for the gratification of that ambition.

The war has produced few more suggestive or imaginative pieces of writing than "The World Significance of a Jewish State," by A. A. Berle, A. M., D. D., just published by Mitchell Kennerley. Such a state might easily become a world court of arbitration and so develop Messianic functions to which there need hardly be a limit. Possibly the enthusiasm of the author will not be wholly shared by the reader, but the little book has persuasive and ingratiating qualities that will be generally recognized.

Harry Emerson Fosdick is the author of "The Challenge of the Present Crisis" (George H. Doran Company; 50 cents). It is a sketch of the reconstructive work that the churches must do after the war, but it is to be hoped that we may have some stronger reed than this to lean upon. We note with some interest that Mr. Fosdick furnishes us with a prayer for Germany, beginning "O God, bless Germany," and continuing, "Save to the great service of the world, we beseech Thee, the wonderful qualities of the people whom we fight; let them not perish from the earth, burned in retributory fire." We do not like the tone of Mr. Fosdick's book.

##### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Captain Alan Bott, whose "Cavalry of the Clouds" has been widely read, has been reported severely wounded and a prisoner of the Turks in Palestine, whither he had been ordered only a short time ago. Captain Bott was a special correspondent of the London Chronicle during the early weeks of the war, and in the course of his work made a perilous journey for "stories" into Germany. Then he joined the Motor Cycle Dispatch Corps, but after a few months in this work he took the training for air service and has been one of the most daring of the British fighting pilots.

Friends of the late Hamilton Wright Mahie who have letters from him or personal recollections or incidents that would be of interest in the preparation of a proposed volume of memoirs are requested to send any such material to Mrs. Mahie at Summit, New Jersey. Their receipt will be acknowledged, and in due time, if it is so desired, they will be returned.

"Boyd Cable," of whose several books about the war "Front Lines," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is the latest, is the pen name of Captain Ewart of the British army, who has taken part in the bitterest fighting in Flanders and France ever since the beginning of the war. During recent months he has been detailed by the British government to deliver talks and show pictures in airplane factories in order to speed up the production of the workers by making vivid to them the results and importance of their work.

Stella Benson now comes forward as a poet. She has already made many friends through her stories, "I Pose" and "This Is the End," and her first volume of verse is sure of a cordial welcome. In fact there are those who have been predicting for some time that Miss Benson would excel as a poet, the basis of this belief being found in the charm of the lyric interludes in "This Is the End." By many these are held to be the most delightful parts of an altogether unusual volume.

Miss Lucy H. Humphrey, whose translation of Marcelle Tinayre's famous novel, "To Arms!" was recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., will be married the latter part of June to Dr. Preserved Smith, known as an authority on Martin Luther, author of Luther's "Life and Letters" and other volumes upon the great reformer, as well as a contributor of articles on philosophical and historical subjects to American and European magazines and reviews.

With the approval of the British Foreign Office one of the most interesting figures among the war writers and war lecturers has recently come to America to aid us to see from afar the inside of the war. This is Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore of the King's

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Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, well known in the United States for his book and lectures on stalking Africa's big game with a camera, and whose book, "When the Somme Ran Red," has just been published by the George H. Doran Company.

Lewis A. Da Costa Ricci chose the *nom de plume* "Bartimeus," the blind man of the Bible, remembering his midshipman days when he feared the light had failed. Under the care of skilled oculists he escaped the terror of blindness with the sight of but one eye lost. Ricci is a paymaster in the Royal British Navy and just before the war became known as a writer. On the publication of his wonderful sea yarns it was Rudyard Kipling himself who sent "Bartimeus" a letter of congratulations.

## Back of the Firing Line

Modern war conditions demand that our armies must have behind them national solidarity, the co-ordination of all the vast activities and an industrial army many times greater than the Nation's fighting forces.

The Nation's capital is linked with all these varied activities by the toll and long distance lines of the Bell System. Thousands of miles of special wire systems have been turned over to the Government for its exclusive use. Switchboards in the Government departments at Washington have been enlarged and new ones installed. Right of way is given to Government business over all commercial lines, so that the Government chiefs may keep in constant touch with every phase of the Nation's great task and direct its progress intelligently and effectively.

In organizing the military activities of the country, the Government has had the effective co-operation of the Bell Telephone System, which even in peace times reached 70,000 communities and now extends to the headquarters of every Army Department and Naval District in the United States.



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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Wonders of Instinct.

Two things amaze us after reading a book by Jean Henri Fabre. The first is the admirable industry of the author; and the second is the magical world of insect life that he unfolds to us.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Fabre's revelations would be incredible if they came from an impeccable source. Here is a domain that is wholly overlooked and ignored by the average man. If he is at all aware of it he relegates it unthinkingly to the lower planes of evolution. But under the guidance of Fabre we detect an intelligence that often seems to be in no way inferior to that of the human mind. We are invited to witness the plotting, the planning, and the ingenuities of the insect. The spider catches a hornet with a brave skill that no human being could surpass. She binds him, stupefies him with a subtle and slow poison, and she eats her way through his living body for days, carefully avoiding the vital organs in order that her horrid meal may remain fresh and juicy to the end. We see a panorama of frightful cruelties—or so they seem—accomplished with an intelligence that we may call instinct if we please, but that remains unaccountable and mysterious. Criminals and saints in tiny forms crowd at our feet, but it is their uncanny intelligence that amazes. They think, reflect, and take counsel of one another, and if obstacles intervene they are overcome. Here in the insect world we have a veritable microcosm, a universe in miniature, and we seem to miss nothing with which our own lives have made us familiar.

Once more we are indebted to Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall for a translation that seems to possess all the virtues of the original. There are sixteen illustrations.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

## Religion and the Churches.

We need have no doubt that the end of the war will bring with it a religious revival. Indeed it is already here. But whether the churches will lead that revival, whether they will help or hinder it, remains to be seen. Unless we are much mistaken there is a large amount of resentment against the churches, and a still larger amount of utter indifference to their claims. Certainly they could make no greater mistake than to assume that they will necessarily be identified with the new religious wave. They will have to establish themselves *de novo* in the mind of the masses.

Mr. Cope, the general secretary of the Religious Education Association, has gone a long way to show them how this may be done. He seems to have grasped the fact that the central purpose of Christianity is not to show men how they may reach heaven, but rather how heaven may be established among men. It is concerned far more with this life than with the life to come, about which, as a matter of fact, it says very little. Mr. Cope's book may be left to tell its own story, and it is to be hoped that it will be read widely by those who have only a dim realization that they and their institutions have been tried in the balances and have been found wanting.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE CHURCH. By Henry F. Cope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

## God in Modern Life.

Professor Eugene W. Lyman joins the ranks of those who are searching for some new conception of God that shall satisfy a new age and a new race. It is unfortunate that so many of these enquirers are so wedded to theological or scientific preconceptions as to lose sight of logic. Mr. Wells makes for us a God who is surprisingly like a college professor, and we are not sure that Professor Lyman has a much better success. He would postulate an infinite God, an ever-present good-will behind material and spiritual evolution, but he does not explain how the Infinite can be behind anything, or in relationship to anything, how anything but the Infinite can exist, or how man can enter into communion with an Infinite that must necessarily be himself. Would it not be simpler to cut the Gordian knot and to postulate a God that is the totality of all being in all its states?

THE EXPERIENCE OF GOD IN MODERN LIFE. By Eugene W. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

## The Triangle of Health.

Alma C. Arnold is well known for her advocacy of a system of drugless medicine, and of reliance on physical culture and hygiene. Possibly she is an extremist. Most reformers are. They would make small headway otherwise. But at least she gives us some measure of energy against the operating surgeon whose enthusiasms we strongly suspect to be a public menace. Reading Dr. Arnold's book we may remain still unpersuaded to travel with her all the way, but at least we shall be helped to preserve our medical sanities, and

to look to nature with some of the same confidence that now we give to art.

THE TRIANGLE OF HEALTH. By Alma C. Arnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25.

## His Own Home Town.

From time to time in our leading magazines the statement is made that ninety per cent. of the men who succeed in our metropolitan cities are small town men—men who came from the farms and the county seat back home.

A great many of them, too, men who were first-class failures back there in the little one-street town that gave them birth. It is not always lack of opportunity that write men down failures. Prejudices, long-standing enmities, and a name for being the under dog do their part.

It is easy to know the town Larry Evans pictures. There are a hundred of them in your vision. Only this is the story of an under dog who could not make good in the city, at first, and went back to the town that had reviled him to prove himself a man.

The entire story is a mature, finished picture of life in our Mid-Eastern States and woven into it the romance of a truly wonderful woman.

HIS OWN HOME TOWN. By Larry Evans. New York: The H. K. Fly Company.

## Prince Lichnowsky.

All intelligent students of the war are familiar with the main outlines of the memorandum written by Prince Lichnowsky for his family records, and given to the world through the fortunate carelessness or treachery of a friend. The document was fully printed by the New York Times and was reproduced in a more or less complete form by the press of the country. Now it makes its appearance in volume form, together with Von Jagow's reply, and it need hardly be said that its possession is essential to the well-equipped war library.

THE GUILT OF GERMANY: PRINCE KARL LICHNOWSKY'S MEMORANDUM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

## Social Progress.

Here we have a book for social workers and educators, suggesting the division of cities into homogeneous population units as a basis for educational and social administration. The authors—writing from practical experience gained in making the Pittsburgh Survey—show how this plan of subdividing a city into sections of a size that can be covered adequately has brought about great improvement in health conditions, and recommend the same plan for handling all educational and social problems.

A NEW BASIS FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS. By William C. White and Louis J. Heath. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

## Camp-Fire Verse.

This is an anthology of the best verse on life in the woods, hunting and fishing, with a characteristic and inspiring introduction by Stewart Edward White. The collection includes nearly one hundred and fifty poems by such men as Bliss Carman, Robert Bridges, Arthur Stringer, W. H. Drummond, C. G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Irving Bacheller, etc.

CAMP-FIRE VERSE. By William Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

## Surgeon Grow.

This is the story of a surgeon with the Russian army. The author joined the forces in 1915 and came home after the revolution and before the rise of the Bolsheviks. His book is valuable not only for its description of the Russian front, but for its shrewd insight into the character of the Russian people and the extent of the German propaganda.

SURGEON GROW. By Malcolm C. Grow. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

The Illinois penitentiary at Joliet is now preparing to promote deserving prisoners from a guarded cell to a residence in a cottage outside the walls. All prisoners who enter Joliet will hereafter be placed in Class I without privileges. If the convict shows a desire to do right, fulfills his duty, and seeks to better his condition, he will get merit marks that will give him a home outside the prison. The cottage plan is to be given a thorough trial when the new penitentiary is finished that is now being built on a 2000-acre prison farm.

In the war with Spain alumni of the University of Minnesota carried "tokens" as pocket pieces, which were given them by their alma mater. Each one bore the name of the graduate and also words testifying to the academic mother's affection for her son and her pride in him. The "Harvard Bulletin" hacks the idea for Harvard now, and adds the comment that even should the "token" fall into the hands of an enemy "it could suggest only the quality of the backing that is behind so many Americans."



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## New Books Received.

A COMMUNITY CENTRE. By Henry E. Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1. What it is and how to organize it.

THE END OF THE WAR. By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. A consideration of future problems.

LESSONS IN PERSONAL EFFICIENCY. By Robert Grimshaw. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. How to develop.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN, THE CHURCH, AND THE WAR. By Robert E. Spear. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents. The religious problem.

THE GOD OF VENGEANCE. By Sholom Ash. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1. A drama in three acts.

IN THE FOURTH YEAR. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25. What is a League of Nations? What is Democracy?

POEMS AND LYRICS. By George Reston Malloch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A volume of verse.

WAR LETTERS OF EDMOND GENET. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50. With preface by John Jay Chapman.

THE SCHEMES OF THE KAISER. By Juliette Adam. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50. Translated from the French by J. O. P. Bland.

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION. Edited by Huntly Carter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A symposium on the situation after the war.

WAR BREAD. By Alonzo E. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents. Just what the wheat problem is.

AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVERY. By Ulrich B. Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3. The entire story of American negro slavery.

GAINING THE ROUND ABOVE. By Gustavus S. Kimball. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents. A guide to personal efficiency.

TWO THOUSAND QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A war catechism.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35. Letters from Lieutenant Edwin Austin Ahhey, killed at Vimy Ridge.

RIGHT AND WRONG AFTER THE WAR. By Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25. What the church ought to do.

# TOYING WITH DEATH

The "sniper" in war-time lasts ten days on an average, says a writer in this number, describing the work of men who drop the Germans one at a time by their marksmanship.

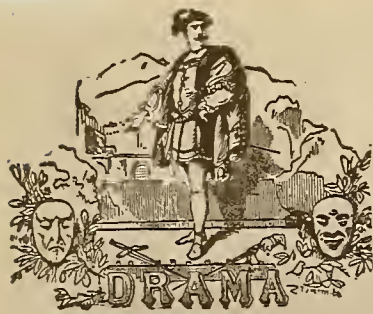
# AMERICA'S SILENT ARM

The United States Secret Service has suppressed the German spies in this country, but it never talks, and it remains for J. J. Bosdan to tell of its work in this number.

Features of Next Sunday's  
**San Francisco Chronicle**

JUNE 23, 1918





"LOMBARDI, LTD."

It would take a triply compounded word aptly to hit off the exact term to describe Morosco's production, "Lombardi, Ltd.," now playing at the Cort Theatre; but the programme calls it a comedy, as well as a fun and fashion show, so the audience is prepared to know what to expect. It has besides a little melodrama thrown in, it verges on farce at times, and it is more than anything else a character study, for Leo Carrillo presents a very well rounded out study of the fashionable man dressmaker of New York, Tito Lombardi.

A well-filled house greeted the players on the opening night of the piece, and the audience was in a pleasantly expectant mood which established a sympathetic rapport with the players almost from the moment the curtain rose on the studio of the man dressmaker. From the setting of the scene and the numerous drapings of multi-colored stuffs it was evident that the subject of clothes—women's clothes—was to play a very prominent part in the piece; and there was satisfaction to be derived from the presence of half a dozen girls in the cast, each with sufficient individuality to give the proper fillip of interest to her lines, each with a sufficiency of good looks to set off and be set off by fashionable gowns. And it was plain, too, that Leo Carrillo in the rôle of Tito Lombardi was able at once to establish himself in the esteem of the audience and to satisfy an exacting standard in the matter of his playing.

The authors, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, have shown no originality in the handling of the material which makes up the play, but they have put together a great deal of oft-used material into a very acceptable form of entertainment, and they have given opportunity to at least two players to achieve some very real characterization. One of these is, of course, Carrillo in the part of Tito, and the other is Grace Valentine as Daisy.

The character of Tito, as presented by Leo Carrillo, is not a mere surface hit of acting, beginning and ending with the lines he speaks in the play; Tito is a real individual and, given a certain set of circumstances, one could safely predict how he would comport himself. His irreproachable accent fits like a glove his complex English, which is as funny as it is artistically evolved. Both help to point out the fact that he is a Latin of Latins, yet they are merely the external signs. Carrillo's clearly conceived interpretation of the sunny-hearted son of Italy—good friend, good fellow, good business man, and ardent lover, all in one—is well set off by the surroundings, but is in no sense dependent on them.

The part of Daisy, the 'prentice mannequin, not much more than a sketch as far as the lines go, becomes a well rounded out character as played by Grace Valentine. The jumble of ideas in the head of this typical American salesgirl, drawn from movies and vaudeville shows and crystallized by glimpses of the Great White Way and by life in a dressmaking establishment, where dress is the he-all and end-all of existence, is capitably and humorously hit off; and Grace Valentine played it so well and so tickled the risibilities of the audience by her comportment as the haughty saleslady in a select dressmaking establishment that they singled her out at once, next to Carrillo himself, as the recipient of their particular approbation. She might have just stepped out of an O. Henry short story, and the romantic finale to her love affair, when she became the bride-to-be of the "vermicelli millionaire" and helped to smooth the financial difficulties of Lombardi, Ltd., has the true O. Henry flavor, too.

Tito himself has of course a love romance, and it threads its way in and out through the play, appearing and reappearing according to the exigencies of the situations and agreeably punctuated by a series of smart costumes worn by the feminine members of the quintet engaged in this game of love's tangles. The audience knows from the start that true-hearted Norah will win out and that the false siren Phyllis will be balked; and also that Lida, who loved not wisely but too well, will repent and return to the straight and narrow path. These three rôles are played respectively by Miss Kennedy, Miss Winifred Bryson, and Miss Inez Buck, and are played

to the satisfaction of the audience. But though these matters engage the attention pleasantly, the moment of really tense interest is reached when the model of the establishment, played by Miss Helen Wolcott, attired simply in a silk "combination," mounts a pedestal in the centre of the stage and is clothed and draped, piece by piece, by the efficient hands of the man dressmaker himself. Then is seen in full completion in all the glory of its filmy, faintly-hued draperies and its golden spangles the "sunshine after rain" gown, designed in the first place to deck the beauty of the fair and treacherous Phyllis.

The remaining rôles, more particularly that of the forewoman Millie by Miss Marion Abbott, and the various mere male personages are in competent hands; while the group of mannequins very successfully hold the attention in a fashion show of extreme modishness.

#### THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum offers a good bill this week, of excellent variety, and of the light, laughter-producing order suited to these troubled days of war, when no one wants any great strain on the emotions. The screen which opens the programme affords that quite sufficiently, and the audience looks on breathlessly with a lump in the throat while these pictures of a great nation's preparations for war sweep swiftly by, and then adjusts itself with zest to the lighter entertainment that is to follow.

All the acts are in the hands of skilled performers in their various lines, from little French Margot François' hair-raising antics on stilts to the equally perilous up-in-air cycling stunts of Paul Gordon and Ame Rica. As for the headliners, you may take your choice as to what you like best, for there is variety to choose from here, too. For my part I prefer Marie Nordstrom in her gay little "Let's Pretend." They are recitations or monologues or impersonations, just as you choose to call them, and they are done with a humor which is the real thing, and they are fresh and piquant besides. Perhaps the most ambitious, certainly the most popular, is "Twenty Years from Now," where a crusty female lawyer of the future turns eyes of approval on the budding charms of her young male stenographer. It was something of a pull on the imagination when Marie Nordstrom tried to twist the curves of her blooming visage into the lines of dour middle age, but her art was equal to it.

Lucille Cavanagh's singing and dancing act can perhaps claim the most important place on the bill. It is presented by Martin Beck, the decorations are by Livingston Platt, the act has its own orchestra leader, and the gowns are designed by a special artist dressmaker. In addition, Lucille Cavanagh is young and pretty, is endowed with an exceptionally handsome figure, and is a vigorous and rapid dancer. Frank Hurst and Ted Doner assist her in the act with both singing and dancing, and the piece goes with verve and lively tempo. Half a dozen changes of costume are an important factor in the enjoyment of the act—costumes which hold the eye by their harmonious color blendings and which are such imponderable and transparent morsels of drapery that they hardly seem more than a handful of gayly fluttering ribbons. Lucille Cavanagh is not a horn dancer; but she has been made one by the possession of a pretty face and figure and an energetic and active temperament which finds an outlet in the dance. As an appeal to the eye only, with rapid motion and color harmony as the dominant note, the act makes good.

Joveddah the Rajah, the Master Mind of Mental Mysticism, gives the familiar mind-reading question and answer stunt. The lady with the bandaged eyes is the Princess Olga this time, and they have doubled up on the speed with which the questions are given and answered, and they have a double ring, so to speak, for two Master Minds of Mental Mysticism circle around among the audience and shoot out the questions with machine-gun speed and mechanical effect. But the questions are the same old questions of lost and found articles and of journeys to be taken, and the jokes appear at the same periodic intervals and are from the same joke factory. Nobody knows just how they do it; but it begins to appear as if it were no such great feat after all to answer questions which all run in the same commonplace groove and to describe articles which the average men and women carry about with them every day.

Carter De Haven and Flora Parker do a series of new songs with their customary neat dexterity. They have a pleasing setting and Flora Parker entertains the audience as of yore with many changes of costume. I think there were eight, each a little more diminutive in area than the last, each worn with a certain dainty hutterfly grace. They have followed the latest fashion in vaudeville circles—set in the beginning probably by Eddie Foy in his act with his wife and the seven little Foyes—and have injected into their act a distinctly domestic, not to say conjugal atmosphere. Vaudeville players would seem to be distinctly elated over the fact that they do an act with

their lawfully wedded wives, and they become really hoastful when there are children in the family.

"The Choir Rehearsal" is a leftover, and is nevertheless almost the most popular number on the programme. It doesn't possess much incident, but it has some genuine music in it, something which can not be said for the rest of the bill. And it has any amount of atmosphere of the rural New England village type of the long ago, and its quartet of choir singers sing the old songs with just the touch of soft, reminiscent sentiment that a vaudeville audience enjoys. Most of all, it possesses in Sallie Fisher a player whose talent has the right setting in the bright little sketch, and whose charm lingers pleasantly in the mind after all the other numbers of the bill are forgotten.

#### AMERICAN FRENCH.

All the world—our world—is trying to master the difficult feat of speaking French. Every woman, more or less, takes a try at the beautiful language—making it strangely unheathful on the American tongue—before their final subsidence into contented acquiescence with good, plain English. The men are too husy wrestling for boodle, but even a small proportion of them tackle the great chimera.

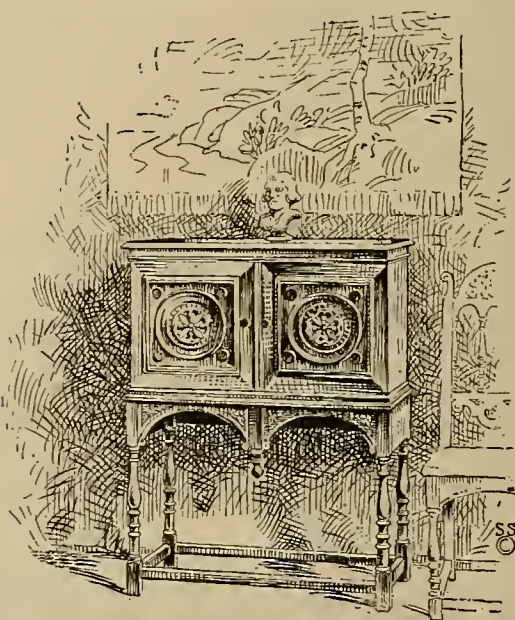
For we Americans are not linguists. Strange, in view of the cosmopolitan nature of our population. But the great crucible seems to burn out of the young citizens-to-be all ambition to retain even a howing ac-

quaintance with the native tongues of their progenitors. This indifference arises from an intense desire to be thoroughly identified with the great mass of Americans, and thus many young people lose the opportunity of securing what might be a valuable acquisition in future business relations.

For language acquired in home life, by instinct, as we eat and breathe, is truly language. This hasty thing that we learn from text-books and teachers is merely a cold, pale imitation of living, throbbing speech, minted from our daily needs, our hopes, fears, ambitions, and aspirations. And with the methods followed here in acquiring unknown tongues there is very little opportunity for using them in real speech. People, of course, can learn another language by sight, which is an entirely different thing. It is told of Prescott, when he was writing his "History of Mexico," and needed to study innumerable old Spanish documents, that he learned Spanish, and yet never spoke a word of it. The Spanish that he knew was entirely that of the eye.

We Americans are given to learning languages by sight only. We study conjugations, and grammatical construction, and do translations, and when our discouraged instructors ineffectually try to make us speak we balk shyly and cling tenaciously to our mother tongue.

A girl student was studying French at the university. She had learned a lot by archaic methods practiced in a convent; so much that she had to be admitted to a very advanced class. She loved it, and was blissfully happy. But she never spoke a word of French, her



## The Unusual in Furniture

—Breuner Furniture leaves nothing to be desired either in durability or style. This cabinet illustrated above has an air about it that is most dignified and charming. It seems to say of those who own it: "Here is a person that knows furniture." Or, "Here is a person with exquisite taste."

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instructor making a special exception in her favor. Another university student, shy, but conscientious and studious, sat silent in the French literature class through the months and years of the course, mastering all the written work required, handing in the themes specified, but never speaking a word. This student graduated with honors from the French department; another instance of the incomplete way in which French is taught in America.

Yes, we have numerous cosmopolitan schools in which other languages are taught with equal lack of success. Practically all of our universities have displaced Latin and Greek with living language departments. Our young men and women contemplating business careers are attacking Spanish with ardor. But nobody gets down to brass tacks.

I remember noticing in Tahiti that the natives spoke the French of their comparatively limited vocabulary simply and instinctively. Why? Because their instructors did get down to brass tacks. I went to a mission school there to see how they managed to acquaint the little half-clad brown babies with the language they needed to learn. And they took the children on their own ground. They had accumulated a lot of miniature objects, toy size; objects such as figured in the daily lives of the pupils—furniture, necessities, cooking utensils, dolls' garments. The children handled them, gave them, received them, took them down from their hooks or out of their boxes, played at using them, suiting the action to the word, accompanying each action with speech under the direction of their instructors, and all done wholly by ear. The process of becoming acquainted with the French of the printed or written page was a plant of later growth.

Of course this objective method is merely a beginning, and must speedily be displaced by something else. But what the average French teacher does is to plunge his class into French literature before the students have acquired a vocabulary of the humbly utilitarian objects of everyday life. Lots of students of the French language are familiar with the graceful French of sentiment and romance, and can fairly intelligently follow an address dealing with French literature. Ask them, however, to specify a lot of detailed repairs to a French carpenter you have called in, or tell the scavenger what *débris* he is to remove from the hasement and what to leave, or to relate to the doctor the various symptoms of numerous ordinary ailments, and they are stumped.

A number of years ago a symposium of modern-language teachers in Eastern universities was held, to which each one contributed a paper giving his methods, theories, conclusions, which were afterwards collected and published in book form. It was evident that the greater number of these instructors fell back unanimously on literature for the sole theme in their lessons. It was also evident that the majority, try as they would to conceal it, found their work discouraging. There was one enthusiast. But he was getting down to brass tacks. He had postponed literature until his pupils had made acquaintance with the simpler, homelier, more colloquial elements of the language. There was a general agreement, though, on one point, and that was that students can not learn a foreign language by dicking at the edges of it once, twice, or thrice a week. They have got to more or less live it; and if they can't really live it they should approximate a fair imitation.

Justice requires, however, that we admit the university instructor's attempt to conform to exactions; he is supposed to make his pupils acquainted with French literature. Nevertheless a knowledge of French is supposed to precede an acquaintance with the literature of France in the original tongue. So it is quite plain that there are faults all along the line, beginning with the lowest classes in the cosmopolitan schools.

Strange what a fascination this idea of conversing in another language exercises on the average human. When the innumerable American women of leisure decide that they need to improve the mind by some intellectual employment they are wont to begin to study the French language. That they are mistaken in the idea that studying an unfamiliar language is an intellectual exercise may perhaps be demonstrated by subjecting to observation the mental processes of an American family living in France. At the end of two years, let us say, the intellectual seniors are still groping their way through the unfamiliar tongue, while the baby-minded juniors are quite at home in it, and boldly correcting their elders. The latter have of course learned much, among other things that they will never learn to speak another language instinctively; an accomplishment easily mastered by the children of the family, who are, however, nearly forgetting their mother tongue.

In this they have followed nature, for it would be going against the intentions of that simple but wise dame to be equally proficient in two languages. In the symposium re-

ferred to it was pointed out that just as soon as perfect mastery is attained over a second language the first ceases to be instinctive.

Nevertheless the frequent familiarity of men of other nations with three or four tongues is rather discouraging to Americans. But Europe, we must remember, is a continent of many tongues, and North America of only one. So much is this the case that those solid blocks of immigrants who settle down in hyphenated communities and fail to blend in the social body by acquiring a knowledge of English constitute just so many threats against American nationality.

There is much innocent happiness in the preliminaries of mastering a new tongue. The beginning, indeed, is the happiest time, for there is more illusion then. The phrase-book is king, at present, and quantities of studious young soldiers will naively write home that they have learned to speak French. No wonder. Women who have studied French all their lives, beginning in their youth and keeping it up until they are gray-haired, often labor under the same delusion. Some know the truth, but having some acquaintanceship and even familiarity with it, they grimly hang on to the accursed thing. But in their hearts they know that the French spoken by the hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of American women of leisure who have learned it in classes is just a sort of hoarding-school French; a medium that is full of literal equivalents of English, signally devoid of real colloquialisms, of racy idioms, of soul, and that when they speak it they are merely playing around the edges of that rich, eloquent, varied, and beautiful medium of speech, the French language.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### AN EXCITING JOURNEY.

N. Stuart Lockhart, a merchant from Durban, Natal, South Africa, arrived in New York recently with a stirring tale of his four weeks' trip to London, when he witnessed a sea battle off Dover.

"We left Durban early in January with several passengers and considerable cargo," he said the other day. "Stopping at several ports, we took on additional cargo, and at Sierra Leone joined a convoy of seven steamers and one armed cruiser. After leaving this port we received a wireless from the admiralty stating that there were six submarines cruising between this point and the Canary Islands, so that sharp lookouts were arranged. We called a general meeting of the passengers and elected a committee, which arranged outlook stations on the boat deck to be manned day and night, dividing the watches up into one hour each and maintaining all posts until we arrived at Dover.

"Life belts had to be carried the whole day and at night many of the passengers slept in their clothes. After leaving Sierra Leone until we picked up our escort of destroyers we did not sight a single steamer.

"On February 12th we received information by wireless that there were two submarines between us and our destroyers, which were on the way and would meet us the following morning. The same evening we sighted a submarine three miles behind, just at sundown. Our cruiser turned back to make chase, but the submarine dived. Daylight brought relief, for on the skyline we saw the smoke of our destroyers.

"Just after breakfast a submarine was sighted. Two destroyers gave chase, dropping depth charges. The submarine came to the surface bottom upward and was dispatched by the third destroyer, which returned then to take up her position and was greeted with a hearty cheer from us all.

"However, this was not to be our last trouble, for we ran the gauntlet past Dover just thirty minutes ahead of a homardment, in which we were told seven German destroyers were engaged.

"We gave a sigh of relief when we arrived at St. Pancras Station, feeling thankful that we were once again safe, as we thought. We decided to stay at St. Pancras Hotel, where dinner was ordered, but when served brought home most vividly that times were anything but normal. Firstly, there was no sugar, no butter, no meat. Our meal consisted of soup, fish, bread, and cheese. During the meal an air raid took place, and all was in darkness, but we were unhurt.

"The following day warnings were sent up that another air raid was about to take place, and I, with many others, took up what was considered the safest position in one of the downstairs corridors. We had been there only about four minutes when the most fearful crash was heard and I was knocked down amid the falling debris. Four bombs were dropped on the hotel. The experience is indescribable—deafening noise, falling masonry, blinding smoke, hurling plate glass, the screaming of women, and cries of the wounded. A part of the building was demolished. Eighteen were killed and thirty-five wounded, of whom three have since died.

"London is clothed in khaki and I never saw it more busy."

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### "Lombardi, Ltd."

Oliver Morosco's comedy, "Lombardi, Ltd.," with Leo Carrillo as featured player, enters upon the second week of its Cort Theatre engagement Sunday night, June 23d.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," was written by Frederic and Fanny Hatton and it is a play far removed from the commonplace, with a unique plot, clever characterizations, and really witty lines.

Supporting Carrillo are Grace Valentine, Warner Baxter, Marion Abbott, Hallam Bosworth, Ina Rorke, Winifred Bryson, Mary Kennedy, Inez Buck, Harold Russell, and others.

#### Film Attraction at the Columbia Theater.

The government film attraction, "Pershing's Crusaders," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre commencing with next Saturday night, June 29th. This film is to be offered by special arrangements in San Francisco and only two or three other Pacific Coast cities. It is the sensation of the hour throughout the East and every element of public interest is behind the film. As the government is desirous of having as many people as possible see this picture the prices during the Columbia Theatre engagement will be 25 cents and 50 cents. The advance sale of seats begins Wednesday.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill which includes several of the most famous artists in vaudeville.

Lucille Cavanagh, with her kaleidoscope of song, dance, and color, will enter on the second week of her engagement and will vary her programme. Her associates, William Hurst and Ted Doner, will also introduce new numbers.

Wellington Cross is known as the American musical-comedy favorite. Mr. Cross sings and tells stories in his own peculiar and delightful manner.

Barry and Layton will offer a complete novelty called "The All 'Round Boys," in which they entertain in an original way, introducing dancing in all its forms as well as comedy and amusing skating.

Frances Dougherty will present what she appropriately calls a characteristic melodic diversion.

The Misses Black and White are two exceptionally clever acrobats. One of the girls dresses completely in white, while the other is attired in jet black.

Aaron Hoffman's comedy, "The Honey-moon," in which Glen Anders and company recently scored a great hit, will return for next week only.

Comedy and daring crowd each other for first place in a remarkable comedy aerial surprise accomplished by Stewart and Mercer. All their work is clean-cut and rapid.

Joveddah the Rajah, assisted by Princess Olga and Costa Valata, will continue their feats of mind-reading and telepathy, and Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will close their engagement with this programme and will be heard in new songs.

#### "Hearts of the World."

A big event in the world of motion pictures will be the presentation of D. W. Griffith's latest film, "Hearts of the World," under the management of Sol L. Lesser, at the Alcazar Theatre, Sunday evening, June 23d.

"Hearts of the World" required eighteen months in the making and many of the scenes were taken on the actual battlefields of France by Mr. Griffith with the official aid and assistance of the British and French governments. Mr. Griffith, however, is anxious to remove any apprehension that "Hearts of the World" is primarily a war picture. It is primarily a love story, in which war figures as the grim background. It may be called "the story of a village," and for more than forty minutes during the exposition of the story there is not a cannon shot, not a suggestion of war's alarms. Then comes the conflict, with its ensuing effects upon the fortunes of those in the little village. The battle scenes shown are actual battle scenes taken right in the trenches during the death struggles of the French and the Germans; only occasionally has it been found necessary to piece the story of the battles together by means of acted scenes. Thus one sees the life in the trenches, the charges of the French, British, Scotch, and Irish soldiers, the thrilling hand-to-hand conflicts and the thrust of the bayonets, the murder of the shells, the great guns in action, the tanks, the attack by liquid fire, the charges and the retreats, the German pill-boxes, the flight of the villagers, the ruthless destruction of property, the treatment of young girls who fall into the hands of the Germans, and other things too numerous to mention.

Prominent in the cast of "Hearts of the World" are the beautiful Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, Robert Harron, George Fawcett, George Siegmann, and other well-known players.

Seats for "Hearts of the World" may be



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purchased in advance at the Alcazar box-office.

Old correspondence has been found in England which throws much light on the much-mooted question as to whether Napoleon planned a march on Petrograd. The correspondence reads: "When Comte de Siméon met Napoleon in Dresden after the emperor's return from Russia in a sorry, one-horse sledge—de Siméon was then prime minister of the Kingdom of Westphalia, and came to inquire after his own sovereign, King Jerome—Napoleon said to him: 'You probably think I ought to have added to the collection of cudgels of the Great Frederick which I brought from Potsdam by getting one of Peter the Great, which are kept in St. Petersburg. But I never had the stomach to undertake the invasion of that mud peninsula, most of it morass and water. Besides I had become interested in the problems of Russian civil administration; that kept me in Moscow and kept me too long. Perhaps if I had pushed on I would not be here now.'"

One of the unexplained social phenomena arising in England from the war is the noticeable predominance of young widows at the altar. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has made an analysis of the marriage statistics, and finds that while bachelors, widowers, and spinsters show even more than their usual hesitation about seeking mates, widows of marriageable age are coming more than ever to the fore. This promises to result in a greater number of "old maids" than ever in the history of the country, for two reasons. There are fewer available husbands and the widows are cornering the limited supply. Since the war began there has been a larger ratio of boy babies to girls in the birth statistics. The number of boys born in 1916 was 402,137, to only 383,383 girls.

More than 190 canal boats are regularly navigating the creeks and tributaries of the Thames. Among them fifty-six carry families, which aggregate 256 children.

## ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
Matinee Every Day

### LUCILLE CAVANAGH & COMPANY

In New Songs and Dances

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#### A GREAT NEW SHOW

WELLINGTON CROSS in Songs and Stories of the Moment; BARRY and LAYTON, "The All 'Round Boys"; FRANCES DOUGHERTY in a Characteristic Melodic Diversion; THE MISSES BLACK and WHITE in Their Novelty Diversion; "THE HONEYMOON," with Glen Anders and Company, Return for Next Week Only; STEWART and MERCER in Their Latest Comedy Aerial Surprise; JOVEDDAH THE RAJAH and Company in Telepathy and Occult Science; CARTER DE HAVEN and FLORA PARKER in New Songs.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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LEO CARRILLO

And the Original New York Cast

Nights, 50c to \$1.50; Best Seats \$1 Wed. mat.

Not Playing Oakland



## VANITY FAIR.

It need hardly be said that gilded society is not gold. Perhaps even the gilt is often alloy, cunningly fashioned to deceive the sight. But if we may be sure that it is not gold we may be equally sure that it is not lead. Human nature is pretty much the same all over the world, but in some cases the crust is thicker than in others. But the differences are in the crust; not in the substratum.

Arthur Train, who wrote "The Goldfish" and who has now written "The World and Thomas Kelly," that has just been published by Scribner's, probably knows as much about high society, the high society of the East, as any man living. At least his revelations have never been challenged. In his hook he divulges the process by which Thomas Kelly, an unknown young man of obscure family, succeeds in insinuating himself into the ranks of the elect. It seems quite easy. All you need is a jumping-off place. It would be more difficult for a woman, but the credentials of a marriageable young man are not too closely inspected. Kelly is substantially assisted by an elderly hanger-on called Parradym, who is described as a little brother of the rich and who manages to sustain life by accepting social invitations. Parradym, in point of fact, is a harnalee:

"I'll take a few melons, please." Tom stretched luxuriously.

"That's what I thought," said Parradym. "Well, it's easy to get them here. They fall right off the vines into your lap. Melons, plums, and peaches! Only don't tell too many people, old chap. Don't spoil the market! Let's keep it to ourselves!"

Tom flushed uncomfortably. He didn't care to be classed by Parradym with himself. But he recognized the truth of the latter's earlier remarks about satiety. In fact, the dinner at the Welfleet's had been an astonishing example of it.

"Guess you're right," he answered. "I suppose that dinner I went to last night cost at least a thousand dollars, but I didn't see any one there who seemed to enjoy eating it. I should say you might just as well have given them scrambled eggs."

"Better!" said Parradym. "Everybody here is suffering from ennui—old and young alike! Even the children are bored to death. Your true social Newporter has no appetite for anything. They have exhausted everything the world has to offer in the way of legitimate amusement and luxury. Did you ever happen to think that this was the real danger of this sort of life? There's nothing legitimate—straight—decent—that anybody has any taste left for, so they go after the other thing."

"Do you really mean that?" demanded Tom.

"It's as true as most generalities," replied Parradym. "Anyhow, that's the tendency. 'But'—and he slapped Tom on the knee—"that's where you and I come in, my boy! These millionaires must have entertainment—somebody to talk to, and their daughters have got to marry. And the supply of presentable males doesn't equal the demand. Just look around you during the next few weeks! Anything in trousers that isn't deaf, dumb, and blind, or that hasn't actually served a turn in state's prison, can live here for nothing on golden plover and champagne, and when the season is over can spend the winter cruising round the Mediterranean on somebody's yacht, and afterward marry the daughter, and the yacht, too. Really, it makes me blush!"

"I should think it would!" said Tom disgustedly. Parradym's bald cynicism almost made him ill.

"But the 'free ride' is a dangerous game in some ways," continued his new friend without noticing Tom's tone. "And the first thing to look out for is the possibility that in a very short time you may not get any more fun out of it yourself—that you'll be tired of the same scenery. Don't eat too many melons! Go easy on the plover! Don't get hored, because it's your stock in trade to be interesting and interested. And then, my dear young man, you may be able to hang on like myself to a ripe old age, still moderately enjoying your dinners, the dances, the clam-hakes, the yachting, and the house parties that will be furnished to you 'free gratis for nothing,' simply because the lonely rich have got to have companionship. And then, too, when you are quite ready, you can take your pick of a hundred really beautiful and highly educated young girls and go to live on the Riviera on papa's money. Well, what do you think of the prospect?"

The superficial may suppose that these Newport people are immoral. They are apt to talk in that way. They must talk about something. They have none of the conventions of morality. In a queer kind of way they are ashamed of decency. But speech and deeds are quite different things. These people are human, although they nearly succeed in hiding that fact. And human beings are not immoral unless they are undergoing the painful process of being coerced into morality. Penalties are a temptation, not a deterrent. Give people carte blanche to go to the devil and the chances are that they will go to heaven. Set up a fence around your forbidden fruit and we will break our way through. It is not the fruit, but the fence, that tempts us. One day the world will learn that fact.

Poor Tom has to make discoveries for himself. Passing along a dark corridor he

meets a young woman who has always talked like a wanton and he kisses her and is repulsed. The faithful Parradym comes once more to the front with advice:

"You know there's an awful lot of rot written and talked about this sex business," said Parradym, taking a sip of carbonic. "Don't mind my mentioning it, do you? But, you see, I've drifted round for a good many years—for more than twice as many as you've existed—and I've used my eyes beside talking with all kinds of people. Take my word for it, the emphasis on sex is the grossest exaggeration in human affairs. Use your common sense. It isn't mating time all the year round!"

"Seems to be—here!" answered Tom. "A sort of artificial spring induced by champagne, French novels, and risqué conversation."

"A sort of 'hothouse'?" suggested Tom, reviving.

Parradym eyed him sharply. "You're feeling better!" he announced. "But let me take this chance to speak seriously. Suppose all the poets and playwrights and novelists suddenly began to sing and write about the glories of Scotch whisky or saddle of mutton. We've drunk whisky and we've eaten mutton—or our friends have. But they don't dream of either every night or spend their days planning to get them. Look around. Most people are able to live quiet, regular lives without coveting their neighbors' wives. The sex impulse—like the impulse to eat—is a real one, of course, but that it occupies the thoughts of most men—or women—the greater part of the time is a rank fiction. It isn't as strong in the average person as the impulse of a hungry man for food. Mind you, I'm talking about physical desire. It doesn't begin to be as influential in our lives as the loyalty of a man to his wife, or his affection for his parents, or his love of country. But the way they talk here and in the cities you'd be led to suppose that people thought of nothing else. It isn't so. It's largely a literary fiction—which, unfortunately, is accepted as true by playgoers and novel readers."

The real France isn't the France of the Folies Bergere any more than Rector's or the Café Martin is the real New York. But mo psychology is such that self-respecting people will go into a theatre and for the time being, at any rate, accept an entirely fictitious standard of morality as their own. You can go to a musical show any night in the week and find straight-laced old maids snickering at jokes that by daylight would chill their blood. Staid old papas harbor the mad idea that the only proper way to treat a chambermaid is to chuck her under the chin—until they try it. And so it goes. It is the thing here, for example, to pretend to be jaded and worldly wise. You may be a confirmed teetotaler, but you must talk about vintage champagne. You may be a hred-in-the-hone Puritan, but you must ape the amativeness of the comic-opera tenor, and hint at imaginary conquests. How many of these people, do you suppose, actually experience any stimulus from the contiguity of a member of the other sex? Not one in twenty! And, if they did, how many decent young girls or young fellows would permit such thoughts to linger in their minds? You hear all kinds of stories about the people in society, but my experience is that very few of 'em are true. In a word, my son, don't base your conduct on an artificial theory, an imaginary idea, that everybody is really on the loose. They're not. Moreover, the majority of 'em wouldn't want to be, even if they could have the chance."

No, people are not immoral; and because people are not immoral, society is not immoral, for society is made up of people. It is the perpetual prohibitions that are responsible for most of the immorality that exists, and the conventional prohibitions are the worst of all. And because the conventional prohibitions are, perhaps, less strong in society than elsewhere, so we are inclined to think that society is less immoral than what it pleases us to call the middle class.

Colonel Lord Denhigh, in an address before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, recently told how German designs upon the Island of Madeira were checkmated by Great Britain in 1906. He said it was more or less a piece of secret history outside diplomatic and naval circles. At Madeira, he said, the Germans first took a hotel. Then they wanted a convalescent home, and finally desired to establish certain vested interests. They demanded certain concessions from Portugal. The German ambassador, early in 1906, called on the Portuguese government and said that if the concessions asked for were not granted the Kaiser would send his navy up the Tagus to Lisbon. The Portuguese government telegraphed to England, and that night the British admiralty were on the point of mobilizing the whole resources of the British fleet. They thought of another way of meeting the situation, however, and sent the Atlantic fleet close up against the Portuguese coast. They let the Kaiser know what had happened through an undiplomatic source, with the result that next day the German ambassador had to call again on the Portuguese government and explain that he had exceeded his instructions.

The United States Ordnance Department manufactures about 100,000 items. One type of gun with its carriage has 7990 parts, exclusive of accessories.

## ISAAC M. WISE.

As the years pass the work and worth of Isaac M. Wise, the great reformer, come to be more and more admired and appreciated. During his lifetime the many antagonisms he had encountered and the spirit of opposition he had aroused were still too fresh in the memory of men to make a universal appreciation of his masterly genius possible.

While already then he was recognized as the leading Jew in the land and his noble qualities of heart and mind received an admiration on the part of his host of followers that bordered on hero worship, yet there were many who could not forget nor forgive that he was the first in this country to introduce such reforms into the synagogue as family pews, regular sermons in the vernacular, a mixed choir, and confirmation. Today, however, all these reforms are so firmly established that they seem part and parcel of the synagogue service, even in so-called conservative congregations.

Then, too, the debates and discussions on the question of reform which greatly agitated the Jews of this country in Wise's time are no longer in vogue. The relationship between reform and orthodoxy has come to be one of friendliness. No longer do they attack and assail each other, and the spirit of opposition has given way to a spirit of co-operation in works of charity, civic enterprise, and communal welfare. The question of reform and orthodoxy is today one of social standing rather than of religious conviction. There are congregations which have introduced into their service all the reforms for which Wise fought, but call and consider themselves conservatives. There are congregations which worship with their hats on and do not use the reform prayer-hook, and yet belong to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which is a distinct creation of Wise's reform tendencies. Also there are many conservative congregations whose rabbis are graduates of the Hebrew Union College, which institution is again an offspring of Wise's reform tendency and was meant to constitute the bulwark of Judaism in this country. On the other hand there are many reform congregations whose spiritual guides are graduates of a so-called orthodox seminary.

Thus there is a good reason why today, after a period of only eighteen years since the death of Dr. Wise, American Jewry should be united in admiration of the masterful accomplishments and marvelous achievements of this great leader and teacher in Judaism. Even those who during his lifetime kept aloof from his particular enterprises and endeavors are today ready and willing to admit his genius for organization, his richness in resources, his indomitable strength and energy, his prolific pen, and the indelible imprint of his personality upon the history and development of Judaism in this country. The things that he is remembered for most, however, are the various institutions that he called into life, such as the *Israelite*, which he established in 1854; the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which he organized in 1873; the Hebrew Union College, which he founded in 1875, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis, which he called into being in 1889. These, as time goes on, will continue to play a most important part in the affairs of American Jewry, heralding the name and commemorating the greatness of Isaac Mayer Wise.—*St. Louis Modern View.*

## The Flower with a Soul.

The immortal "Sixteenth-Day Zakura" of Iyo Province, the "Cherry Tree with a Soul," that Lafcadio Hearn has immortalized in "Kwaidan," blooms on the sixteenth day after the New Year in the old lunar or Chinese calendar—in the first days of March of the year, in which I made a pilgrimage to it. No one whom I questioned in Matsuyama knew of the famous skura, and it was only by the clue given in "Kwaidan" that it was found. It was an achievement to discover the "Jiu-Roku-Zakura," and it was discovered in the queerest company, the blooming beauty of its branches shadowing brightly a group of shaggy, disheveled, melancholy Russian prisoners of war, pawns taken in the great game won at Port Arthur. Despite the presence of these aliens the Iyo country folk had made pilgrimage to "the cherry-tree with a soul" and hung it with poems to filial piety as well as to Japan's flower. The soul incarnate in the tree is that of an old man who, when near to death, prayed that he might live long enough to see this beloved cheery-tree bloom again. It was then the dead of winter, and only the plum trees were beginning to show signs of returning life; but the gods granted the prayer, the beautiful tree covered its branches with rose-pink flowers, and when the happy spirit had left the wasted human body, it entered the tree, and it lives there to this day—so the Iyo people say. In that year of the war the blossoms were so pale as to be nearly white. "So much blood has been shed over there in Manchuria," said the

priest of the temple, "that this year the cherry blossoms are blanched."

In the April sunshine—better still by moonlight, and best of all by the poet's pale, pure light of dawn—the blooming cherry tree is the most ideally, wonderfully beautiful tree that nature has to show, and its short-lived glory makes the enjoyment the keener and more poignant. Light radiates from it. There is a soft, pink electric glare overhead, beneath, and all around when one stands under branches laden with masses of flowers even more compact than any green foliage that grows. Wind and rain make havoc with buds and petals, and rain is the April rule in Japan. With its flowering, its mission is accomplished, for the Japanese cherry tree is not a cherry tree in our practical, material sense. It does not have to work for a living, and produce a crop for the market. When its hurst of beauty is over nothing more is expected of it. Its whole strength is well and wisely spent in flowering, and it rests in peace until the season rolls around again.—Miss E. R. Scidmore in the *Century Magazine.*

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A deau of Westminster used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been to the abbey and had knelt down to pray, when one of the vergers came up to him and told him he must not kneel there. Upon asking the reason why, the verger replied: "Well, sir, if I was to allow it, we should have them praying all over the place."

Lincoln, during the Civil War, gave a humptious young German a commission as captain. As the interview was about ended, Herr von A. said: "And you must remember, Mr. President, my name is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Germany." Old Abe looked at him a moment and then said: "Well, if you are careful, it won't hurt you any."

With an air of great importance the small hoy of a Sunday-school in Belfast imparted this happy fact to his teacher: "The devil is dead," he said, solemnly. "What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher. "Dad said so," exclaimed the hoy. "I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when dad saw it he said, 'Poor devil! He's dead!'"

The first Tommy was ruddy of countenance, with a huge head of the hue politely known as auburn. The second was smooth-shaven. "I useter 'ave a head-like that till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off." But the hearded man was not dismayed. "Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter 'ave a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I grewed this head."

The caddie was an unusually quiet, stolid lad with a freckled, expressionless face, and never cracked a smile. At the end of the round, in the hope of getting a compliment, the golfer said: "I've been traveling for the last six months and am quite out of practice. That's why I am in such had form today." The caddie finally consented to smile and replied: "Oh, then you've played before, have ye, mister?"

"Astronomers tell us," said the man of statistics, "that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star." The other man sat silent, wrapped in thought. "Did you hear me?" asked the man of statistics. "Oh, yes, I heard you," responded the other quietly. "I was just thinking what a predicament a chap would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk."

A dear old lady had been presented with a parrot from the Congo, and she was showing it to her old gardener. "You know, Joseph, that this parrot comes from Congo, and the Congo parrots are so intelligent that they are almost human. This bird whistles 'Home, Sweet Home,' so beautifully that the

tears run down his cheek." "Yes, mum," replied Joseph, "I know them parrots from the Congo. I used to have one, and it whistled 'The Village Blacksmith' so beautifully that sparks used to fly from its blooming tail."

John and Mary were talking, and their young aunt overheard the following conversation: "I am glad that they have such good things to eat in heaven," said Mary. "You silly, they don't eat at all up there," objected John. "I just guess they do, John Marten," answered eight-year-old Mary with dignity. "It says in my catechism, 'The Lord makes preserves, and keeps us.'"

On the night of the first big minstrel show in Richmond a private entered one of the boxes with a magnificently jeweled and he-furred young woman on either arm. Lord Chesterfield had nothing on him for chivalrous hearing and grandiloquent concern for the comfort of the ladies. They were conspicuously long in getting settled. Not being able to stand it any longer, or perhaps prompted by jealousy, a soldier in the balcony yelled down: "That's all right, old top, you'll be washing dishes tomorrow."

"John," said the clergyman to his new man, "do you—er—ever employ strong language?" The new man blushed, self-consciously. "Well, sir," he faltered, "I—I may be a little carelesslike in my speech at times." "Ah," murmured the clergyman, "I'm sorry, John—I'm sorry! But we will converse on that at some more fitting time. Just now I want you to go to Jenkinson & Blenkinson and settle this bill for repairing my summer house. And you might talk to them, John, as if it were your own hill, in a carelesslike sort of way. Will you, John?"

An American sailor went to Scotland Yard to report that he was changing his place of abode, isasmuch as he was on his way to the hospital for a stay. The sergeant behind the desk looked up at him and said: "Are you going down to die?" The worried Sammy looked more doleful than ever and replied: "Well, if I do I will not be any more trouble to you except that you will have to ship my body back to the states." Gloomily he started to leave the office when a clerk laughingly told the American that the sergeant—who was a cockney—had merely asked, "Are you going down today?"

Private Jenkins, home from France, was seated in the village inn one evening surrounded by a group of admirers. "I suppose," said old Farmer Wurzel, "ye had some narrow escapes out yonder." "Well," answered the Tommy, "nothing to speak of much, but I remember one night I felt like a drink, so I goes down to the estaminet. I'd just got me 'and on the doorknob, when just then old Fritz sent one of 'is big ones over right on the 'ouse, and, believe me, it knocked the 'ole blooming show down, and left me standing there, silly like, with the knob of the door in me 'and."

Representative Scott Ferris of Oklahoma, who is a candidate for the Senate, was down in the Osage country looking after some cattle land when night overtook him and he stopped at the bome of a renter for shelter and food. When breakfast was served, all of the members of the household poured their coffee into their saucers to let it cool, and Ferris did likewise. A few moments later, according to a friend who accompanied Ferris, two of the women folk were overheard discussing the congressman. "He seems plain, don't he?" one said. "Yep, he does," the other replied. "He saucers his coffee just like anybody that wasn't stuck up widge."

An old lady who was riding on a street-car in a small Ohio town was fascinated by the behavior of the conductor. Every time the conductor collected a fare he would throw the nickel up to the ceiling of the car, catch it, and put it into his pocket. Finally his actions so aroused her curiosity that when he returned through the car past her seat she grabbed his sleeve and inquired why he tossed the coins into the air. Laughing, he replied: "Well, madam, it's this way. There's only one car on this line and I took the job on commission, so when I throw the nickels up all that land on the hellcord go to the company, and all that come down I get."

Major Jackson tells of the visit of one of the generals to the trenches on the end of the British line. The general, who was a great stickler for discipline, said to the last man on the left: "Do you know, sir, that you're the most important soldier in the army?" Private Perkins murmured some modest rejoinder, hut, as in duty bound, kept his eye glued to the periscope with its vista of No Man's Land. "Yes," resumed the general, "you're the last man in the last squad of the last platoon of the last company of

the last battalion of the last regiment of the last brigade." After this impressive announcement the general turned on his heel and departed. Then the sergeant-major, lest Private Perkins should be puffed up by the suddenly conferred importance, added: "Yes, and if the army gets the command to form on the left you'll mark time for the rest of your bloody natural life." Any military man realizes what it would mean to be pivot man for a line 125 miles long.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

When We Roll Along in France.  
Shake yore dice thar! Git ter rollin'!  
Shoot the bones! You'll make it shore!  
Fer we're shootin' craps with Germans—  
They aint never played before.

Roll the bones thar! Git ter goin'!  
Make yore p'int! Yore shootin' well.  
Listen, Bullies; with the devil,  
We'll be shootin' craps in bell.

Roll the bones thar! Git ter goin'!  
Pull yore gun and take a chance.  
Fer all hell will get ter poppin'  
When we roll along in France.  
—Los Angeles Times.

## A Letter from Overseas.

DEAR DAD:  
We had a scrimmage here last night;  
I wasn't hurt, but two of us got killed;  
It's curious that my head was only filled  
Through all the heat and racket of the fight  
With wondering how this April hass would hit  
In Willow River; if the larks would build  
In our big elm tree; if the high school drilled;  
If little Tom was flying his first kite.

I'm glad I'm in the trenches, hut this spring,  
When it's so bare and bleak and treeless here,  
So muddy and so grim and creepy-queer,  
It helps a lot to hear each small home thing—  
Hello! a shell just splintered my new gun—  
Good-by, write all the news.  
Your loving son.

—Charlotte Becker, in Life.

## The Old 'Un.

Women have nursed and women have knit  
Since ever the war began.  
Each fellow who's fit is doing his bit,  
As only a patriot can.  
But what is the hit that's officially fit  
For a loyal and elderly man?

He may practice economy, stint and save,  
And say an occasional prayer,  
He may polish his hoots and learn to shave,  
And harber his scanty hair,  
His flesh may be weak, hut his heart is brave,  
And he longs to be "over there."

He may limit himself to a shirt per week  
To lessen the laundry bill,  
The cut of his clothes may surely speak  
Of an amateur tailor's skill,  
But he longs, though he looks like a rare antique,  
To enter the ranks and drill.

Oh, it's rough on a loyal and elderly guy  
To twiddle his elderly thumbs,  
To furtively wipe an elderly eye  
Of a tear that readily comes,  
As, heads held high, the boys sweep by  
To the sound of the fifes and drums.  
—Montreal Star.

## A Negro Preacher Selling Liberty Bonds.

At a Liberty Bond meeting of the colored population of Quebec, Louisiana, attended by Scott Wallace of Lilbourn, Missouri, April 23, 1918, the following address is said to have been made by the negro parson:

"Niggers! I cums hefo' you to nite to get you to huy Liberty Bon's. My text am from two-eyed chapter an' one-eyed John! Hinnin-hurg an' de Kiser am a scratchin' whur dey won't git a hug! They think dey can cum over 'No Man's Lan' like de dehil cum over de Chilliko mountains in a hallow! An' de smoke rollin' frum his eyes like de smoke frum a tar kill! But dem Allys am rollin' de fire an' smoke over dem Huns, in sech a way dey will hab to crawfish hack to Germany or go to hell. So you niggers jest got to buy a bon! If you don't, when you die an' get to de golden gate, Saint Peter will be standin' dar wid a haseball hat, an' he will beat all de wool off you niggers' hoids! An' yo' hoids will be as naked as a Hun's hack! Den yo' will hab to go to Germany or to hell."

Then a negro woman said: "Parson, what am a Hun? Sum kind of a human?"

"No, sister," said the parson, "deys no human 'bout 'em, dey is sum kind of mean race dat gambles, cusses, drinks, smokes, chews, an' lies, snores an' tries to suck everybody's eggs."

"Parson," interjected the woman, "I knows somebody dat is gwine to brake dem Huns from suckin' eggs, an' dat's dem Allys."

The negroes bought a hond and sang a song: "Hah Uncle Sammy make a gun for us, an' we'll tie de Kiser's helmet to Hinnin-burger's mad dog bitten Militarism's bulldog's tail."

Mr. Justwed—This soup seems very thin. What did you use for stock? His Bride—Why, you see, Mr. Hoover advises us to use the water food has been boiled in, so I used the broth from the hoiled eggs.—Judge.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Emilie Eleanor Owens and Mr. Chandler Bernard of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, took place last Wednesday at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia, where the bride's stepfather, Captain Arthur Owens, is on duty. Mrs. Bernard, with Captain Owens and Mrs. Owens, formerly resided at Mare Island, having left for the East about three years ago.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Wood and Lieutenant Russell Deane was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Deane, on Vallejo Street. The maids of honor were Miss Dorothy Deane, the sister of Lieutenant Deane, and Miss Eleanor Wood, the bride's sister. Mr. Thomas Boyle and Mr. Charles Hickox attended Lieutenant Deane. Mrs. Deane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Deane and Mrs. Deane will leave for Astoria, Oregon.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Gerberding and Lieutenant Carleton Gildersleeve was solemnized Sunday afternoon in Belvedere at the bride's summer home, Rev. C. S. Dutton officiating. The only attendants at the wedding were Miss Genevieve Taggard and Mr. George Acheson. Mrs. Gildersleeve is the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Lieutenant Gildersleeve and Mrs. Gildersleeve will reside at San Diego.

Mrs. Cheever Cowdin was hostess at a garden party Sunday afternoon, the affair taking place at her new home in Easton.

Miss Helen St. Goar entertained at a luncheon Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Phyllis de Young, the fiancée of Mr. Nion Tucker. Her guests included Mrs. Philip Kamm, Mrs. Clement Milward, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Helen Keeney, and Miss Cara Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden entertained at dinner Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Hans Barkan was hostess Wednesday afternoon at her home on Gough Street, her guests including Mrs. Louis Mullgardt, Mrs. Arthur Eloesser, Mrs. Hans Krussman, Mrs. Walter Alvarez, Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. Charles Christin, Mrs. Sol Heyman, Mrs. Frank Hinman, Mrs. Edmund Butler, Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Mrs. John Cowan, Mrs. Craig Neill, Mrs. Philip Pierson, Mrs. Theodore Smith, Mrs. A. O. Leuschner, and Dr. Millicent Cosgrave.

Mme. Marguerite Chénu entertained at tea Wednesday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel. Those who accepted her hospitality were Mrs. Pio Morbio, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. Louise Bee, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Florence Pngst, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. William Seson, Mrs. Joseph Redding, Mrs. Edward Clarke, Baroness Tokugana, Miss Agnes Lowry, Miss Nellie Lowry, Miss Alberta Morbio, Countess de Mailly de Chalon, Baron d'Aguay, Captain de la Moradière, Captain M. Choinville, Dr. Ragotte-Fabre.

Mrs. Marshall Williams gave a tea recently in honor of Mrs. Elia Williams and Miss Margaret Williams, her guests including Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, Mrs. Walter Boardman, Mrs. Alan Cline, Mrs. Gordon Bromfield, and Mrs. Edwin Sheldon.

Mrs. Henry Coon and Miss Dorothea Coon entertained at a tea Monday afternoon at their home on Broadway, their guests including Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Hasket Derby, Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. John Murphy, and Miss Grace Rodgers.

In honor of Miss Phyllis de Young and Mr. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent were recent dinner hosts at their home in Burlingame. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Lieutenant Harold Chase and Mrs. Chase, and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins.

Mrs. Walter Kamm complimented Miss Phyllis de Young at luncheon Wednesday. Her guests were Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Philip Kamm,

Mrs. Charles Blythe, Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Helen Garritt, and Miss Katherine Ramsay.

Miss Frances and Miss Ruth Lent gave a luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Miss Constance Luft and Miss Cordelia Smith.

Mrs. Alan Cline gave a knitting bee Saturday at her home on Broderick Street, her guests including Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Robert Holmes, Mrs. A. L. Nichols, Mrs. Alice Smith, Mrs. Robert Hall, Mrs. William Keech, Mrs. Norton Chipman, Mrs. Jane Finnell, Mrs. Dutro Cole, and Miss May Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel for their son, Mr. Leon Walker. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Katherine Treat, Miss Alice Claire Smith, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Sally Havens, Miss Sallie Long, Miss Jean Wheeler, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. George McNear, Mr. Percy Morgan, Mr. Paul McKee, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Mr. Jack Morgan, Lieutenant George Young, Lieutenant William Bliss, Lieutenant Maurice Gibson, and Ensign C. E. Ervin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a picnic supper Sunday evening in San Mateo, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Miss Marion Zeile, Lady Helen Colebrooke, Mr. George Pope, Colonel Childs of the British army, and Mr. Lycette Greene of the British army.

Mr. Robert Miller gave a supper-dance Saturday evening at his home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a garden party Saturday at their home in Menlo Park in compliment to the officers stationed at Camp Fremont.

Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner Monday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue, her guests having included General Charles Treat and Mrs. Treat, General Edward McClelland and Mrs. McClelland, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Captain William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mr. Evans Pillsbury, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

When delegates from all over Russia assembled at Petrograd in January, 1918, for the Constituent Assembly (which was never held) the member from Tobolsk, Siberia, gave a correspondent the following sketch of the daily life of the exiled Czar and his family: "The people of Tobolsk exhibited a lively curiosity regarding Nicholas II when he first arrived there, but this gradually evaporated, and now scarcely anybody pays any attention to the former Czar of all the Russias. Nicholas II soon accepted the routine of his new life. Every morning regularly he attends religious service at a church near his chateau, if one may so designate the house he occupies. On leaving the church he takes a roundabout way back to his residence. Sometimes a few curious persons follow him at a distance. At first the ex-Czar saluted the crowd; now he walks with head down and does not reply to salutations addressed to him. After service Nicholas II saws wood, and this exercise, which he adopted while still at Tsarskoe Selo, apparently has a good effect upon his health, which seems greatly improved. The former sovereign devotes most of his afternoon to reading. He receives French and Russian books, besides a large number of newspapers. In the evening he gives lessons in history to his son. The Czarina passes a large part of her day in prayer; in the evening she converses with her friends and often plays cards."

The following definition of "poetry," which won a prize of fifty dollars, is printed in the *Writer*. It is by Annie L. Laney of Providence, Rhode Island:

The magic light that springs  
From the deep soul of things  
When, called by their true names,  
Their essence is set free;  
The word, illuminate,  
Showing the soul's estate,  
Baring the hearts of men!  
Poetry!

Mrs. J. B. Sperry

The death of Mrs. George B. Sperry removes from our midst one of the real women war-workers of the day, and one whose practical and benevolent sagacity was an unfailing source of inspiration to those who were privileged to labor under her direction. Mrs. Sperry from the first made the welfare of soldiers her peculiar care, and the benefits that she conferred upon them are innumerable. She started the Defenders' Club in the Monadnock Building, and its success was so immediate, its benefits so great, that there are now seven others fashioned upon similar lines, one of Mrs. Sperry's last acts being the organization and opening of one of these beneficent establishments at the Presidio. Indeed it was to rest after her arduous work at the Presidio that she went to San Jose, where she contracted the malady that proved to be fatal.

In pursuance of Mrs. Sperry's known wish the City Federation of Women's Clubs has arranged to operate the unoccupied part of the Presidio Club as a hotel to be placed at the service of relatives of convalescent soldiers at the Letterman Hospital. Tributes of respect were paid to Mrs. Sperry's memory by the soldiers and attendants at the Defenders' Club and also at Forts Miley and Winfield Scott.

#### French and Belgian Artists.

Renewed attention is drawn to the art sale now being held in the Borgia Room of the St. Francis Hotel. The sale is in aid of the families of French and Belgian artists reduced in many cases to extremities by a war that has necessarily destroyed their sources of livelihood. The objects of art now on display at the St. Francis Hotel are well deserving of the attention that they invite. All of them have been given for the purpose and their beauty is of a high order. The American Embassy in Paris and the Central Committee for Belgian Relief in Washington have made themselves responsible for the wise disposition of the proceeds, which it is hoped may be generously large.

Figures compiled by the Red Star Animal Relief Society show that at the beginning of 1918 there were 4,500,000 horses in use by all the armies in the war, and that the losses on the western front alone averaged 47,000 a month. About 1,500,000 horses had been bought by the Allies in America; 33,000 of these had died before they could be embarked, and 6000 died in the ships. The value of horses shipped to Europe in 1917 was more than \$50,000,000, and the loss in a heavy month of fighting is about \$1,500,000. The United States Army in France will need 750,000 horses for draft purposes and mounts, with several hundred thousands more to fill losses. Experience on both sides has proved that a shortage of horses means a corresponding loss of guns in battle and the impossibility of rapid advance. Only well animals can be used, and there are always thousands in the hospitals. Behind the British lines there is a horse hospital within four miles of any point, and eight miles away from each is another. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has hospitals for 10,000 horses and mules, with well-designed buildings, complete operating equipments, ambulances, forage barns, cooking kitchens, quarters for the staff, and every detail for curing the wounded animals. The veterinary surgeons of this society are saving 80 per cent. of the injured horses and sending them back to the batteries.

A recent bulletin of the American Red Cross contains a report showing that up to February 1, 1918, this organization had supplied 3,431,067 sweaters, mufflers, wristlets, helmets, and socks to the soldiers and sailors of the United States. Of this total 1,189,469 articles were delivered to the fighting services in January of this year. Though official figures were not available for later months, it was estimated that the total to the end of March was in excess of 5,000,000 garments, all knit by American women for the Red Cross. The same bulletin reported the distribution of 5,000,000 francs contributed by Americans for the relief of those French soldier families which have suffered most from the war.

A European writer states that, despite the unparalleled suffering that the people of Germany are compelled to undergo, the rich are prospering as never before. It points out that in Kiel, for example, where the millionaires numbered 105 in 1913, there are now 202, and that multi-millionaires increased from fifteen to forty-seven in the same period.

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#### American and European Plan

W. C. JURGENS, Gen'l Manager

#### England's Dogs.

The state of things in regard to the feeding of dogs in England is said to be undoubtedly acute. Until the food economy campaign set in early last year most households provided enough waste to feed a dog, and where more than one was kept hutchers' offal could be had for a few pence. These sources of supply now vanished more ingenuity will have to be exercised in order to preserve the family friend and guard him from extinction. Blood, steamed until it is of a solid consistency, fish heads and the heads of poultry offer some alternatives. Rice, oatmeal, and other cereal products may not be used. The whole question of dogs is engaging the closest attention of the authorities. Admittedly the problem of reducing the numbers is beset with difficulties, and, whatever is done, it is extremely unlikely that the one-dog owner will be disturbed, the government recognizing the sentimental forces involved, to say nothing of the utility value of many breeds. The suggestion that all additional dogs kept beyond the first should be heavily taxed (says the *London Times*) is open to the objection that breeding would then be made a privilege of the rich, and that the class of dog—the pedigree animals—which it is most desirable to preserve would suffer the most.

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Cates have given up their home on Russian Hill and have gone to Washington, where they will reside for the period of the war. Mrs. Cates left for the East several weeks ago and Mr. Cates took his departure Tuesday, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Dr. Walter Franklin returned Monday, after a week-end passed in Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant Edmund Lyman returned last week from a brief trip to Washington and New York. Mrs. Crawford Clark and her daughters, Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, have left for a tour of the southern part of the state.

Lieutenant Wilder Bowers, U. S. A., left a few days ago for Jacksonville, Florida, after a visit of a few weeks in San Francisco. Mrs. Bowers and her little son, Master Wilder Bowers, Jr., have gone to Los Altos to spend the remainder of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Méière.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have reopened their home at Woodside for the summer months. Miss Margaret Brunswig has completed her studies in Menlo Park and has joined her mother, Mrs. Lucien Brunswig, at her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. William Holloway arrived Sunday from New York and will spend two weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edgar Preston has closed her apartment in town and will spend the summer in Jacksonville, Oregon.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens has arrived in Seattle, where she has gone to join Miss Josephine Ross, who will graduate next week from the Convent of the Sacred Heart. During her stay in the northern city Mrs. von Behrens will be a guest at the Hotel Washington. Mrs. von Behrens and Miss Ross will visit in San Francisco for a week on their return trip to Santa Barbara, where they will pass the summer at the ranch of Miss Ross' sister, Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler.

Mrs. Frederick W. Clampett and Miss Cornelia Clampett have gone to La Jolla, near San Diego, for a visit of several weeks, the trip having been taken in order to be near Dr. Clampett, who is chaplain for the Grizzlies.

Mrs. Grahame Parker is being welcomed to San Francisco, after a visit of several months in the East, the greater part of which has been spent at Brooklyn, New York, where Surgeon Parker, U. S. N., is stationed.

Captain Frederick Hussey and Mrs. Hussey have returned to San Diego from Oklahoma, where Captain Hussey has been taking a course in intensive training at Fort Sill. Mrs. Hussey made her home in Lawton during the period when her husband was in training at the military school.

Dr. Florence Ward is entertaining Mrs. Andrew Kent, who has returned from Santa Barbara to enjoy a few weeks in San Francisco. Mrs. Kent will also visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, and Mrs. William Bliss before departing for the south, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Oscar Sutro and her children departed Saturday for Glenbrook, where they will pass several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna are enjoying a week's visit in the Yosemite Valley. Accompanying them on their outing are Mr. and Mrs. John Percival Jefferson and Miss Frances Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson are spending several weeks in Southern California, where they are visiting their sons, who are in the service of the government. Lieutenant Baltzar Peterson is on a brief furlough from Fort Sill at San Diego, where Ensign Somers Peterson is on duty with the aviation section of the navy. Lieutenant Peterson will come north with his parents next week to visit at the family home in Belvedere before returning to his post in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro and her family moved today to Inverness, where they have taken a cottage for the season.

Major William Devereaux of the Grizzlies and Mrs. Devereaux have returned to San Diego, after a brief sojourn at Del Mar.

Miss Nancy Glenn and Miss Jean Wharton, who returned early in the week from New York, where they have been engaged in war relief work, have gone to the Glenn ranch for a stay of several weeks.

Mme. Chénu has taken an apartment in Berkeley, where she will pass the summer, in order to attend the summer session of the University of California.

Mrs. Robert Holmes and her two children have arrived from St. Louis to pass the summer at Homeside in Sausalito. Mr. Holmes will join his family July 1st. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Nichols, Miss May Nichols, and Mrs. William Leeb are spending a month in Sausalito as house guests of Mrs. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis have taken a cottage in the Santa Cruz Mountains and will leave this afternoon to pass the summer there.

Lieutenant Russell Deane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Deane have returned from their honeymoon and are passing a few days in this city as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Deane on Vallejo Street before proceeding to their new home in Astoria, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt and their children, Master Russell and Master Orville Pratt, have returned from a visit in Chico and are again established at their home on California Street.

Lieutenant William Parrott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parrott have arrived from Texas and are guests at the home of Mrs. John Parrott in San Mateo.

Mrs. Emory Winship is en route to Washington, D. C., where she will join Lieutenant Winship, U. S. N., who has recently been appointed chief recruiting officer for the navy.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman and his daughter, Mrs. Robert McMillan, left San Francisco Monday for their country home in Sonoma County, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Lieutenant John Calhoun, U. S. A., and Mrs.

Calhoun have concluded their honeymoon, which was passed in the Virginia mountains, and are established at their new home in Camp Logan, Texas.

Mrs. Francis Loomis and Mrs. Henry Scott have returned from a week's motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Mrs. John Valentine has arrived from Seattle and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore at their summer home in Contra Costa County. Mrs. Valentine was accompanied by her four children.

Mrs. Millen Griffith is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Norman McLaren, at her home in New York. Later Mrs. McLaren will visit in Portland, Maine, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold Sewall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle and Miss Miriam Gerstle returned Thursday from New York, where they have been spending the last ten months while Miss Gerstle pursued her art studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monserrat have taken a cottage in Los Gatos for the summer season and will occupy it Monday.

Miss Helen St. Goar is entertaining Mrs. Clement Milward of Santa Cruz as her house guest at her home in this city.

Dr. William Younger and Mrs. Younger arrived from New York Thursday and have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel. They will be here for an indefinite visit and will pass a portion of the summer at Carmel-by-the-Sea as guests of their daughter, Mrs. Burns McDonald.

Mrs. Hans Barkan has gone to Mill Valley, where she has reopened the country home of Dr. F. Barkan for the summer season.

Major Bruce Cornwall has arrived in Washington, where he has been appointed to an important position. Mrs. Cornwall will join her husband early next week in the nation's capital.

Mrs. Henry Sherman will arrive tomorrow from Tacoma, Washington, where she has been passing the last few weeks.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott has arrived from her home in Monterey and will enjoy a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. During her sojourn she will be a guest at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman are spending a few weeks in the Yosemite Valley, whither they motored the first of last week. They will not reopen their San Francisco home until July 1st.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop will arrive next month from Seattle, where he has been passing a fortnight. Mr. Lathrop has recently returned from an extended sojourn in the Orient.

Baron Alfred de Ropp and Baroness de Ropp are visiting in Los Angeles, where they are guests of the later's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Webb.

Mrs. Nathan Moran, accompanied by her children, has gone to Wawona to spend the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ehrman are enjoying a few weeks' stay at Wawona, where they were attracted by the fishing.

Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee will leave San Francisco on a month's trip through Oregon the first week in July. Mr. and Mrs. Magee will probably extend their journey to Vancouver to visit Mrs. Norman Lang, who resides there.

Mrs. Gardner Sherman and Mrs. Fordham Morris of New York have come up from Santa Barbara and are spending several weeks in San Francisco, where they have taken apartments at the Clift. They will go shortly to Ross to be the house guests of Mrs. Henry Bothin.

Mrs. Ross Nercereau has arrived in New York and will leave the Eastern metropolis shortly to pass the remainder of the summer in the Adirondacks. She recently was a visitor in San Francisco and Oakland, in the latter city visiting her brother, Mr. Brendon Brady.

Mme. Anselme de Mailly, accompanied by Miss Alberta Morhio, will leave next week for the Yosemite Valley, where they will pass a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neustader have gone to Wawona for a brief outing. They will return to San Francisco the latter part of next week.

Dr. Thomas Addis and Mrs. Addis have arrived in Tacoma, where the latter has taken an apartment. Dr. Addis, who joined the army some time ago, has recently received an appointment to Camp Lewis at American Lake.

Mrs. William Henshaw will close her home in Piedmont the last of June and will go to Santa

Barbara to reopen her summer home for the remainder of the season. Mrs. Charles Keeney and Mrs. Alla Chickering will pass the next two months as their mother's guests.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Saunders have just returned from the north and will close their home on Spruce Street and go to Palo Alto, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. G. S. Terrett, Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Gray, Portland, Oregon; Mr. P. Van Santen Klaff, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ramsay, Seattle; Mr. Lane Cooper, Ithaca, New York; Miss Grace Thomas, Elmira, New York; Major Park and Mrs. Park, Camp Lewis; Mr. B. L. Brown, Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Potter, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. George Lesher, Washington, D. C.

## ANARCHY IN RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

(The following account of the terrible condition of Russian village life is given in Maxim Gorki's organ, *Novaya Zhizn*, which may be described as advanced Socialist, but not Bolshevik in character.)

All observers of the village today are unanimously of the opinion that the process of disintegration and demoralization is proceeding there with irresistible force. Having plundered the estates of the landowners, having shared out among themselves or simply destroyed the dead and living stocks on those estates, having even taken to pieces the buildings, the peasants are now preparing for war against one another for the division of the spoil. To this is added the calamity of famine. In some districts the population has long ago consumed all the available stocks of corn, including seed-corn, while in others the peasants, having had a good harvest, are hiding corn and even burying it in order not to share it with their starving neighbors. All this must lead, and in some places has already led, to a war of all against all, and to the most senseless chaos and universal destruction and murder.

Information is constantly arriving of the division of military property among the demoralized soldiers and of various outrages committed by them. Monstrous rumors are circulated about the army which is returning from Asia Minor. It appears that it has brought into the Crimea a large number of female slaves, and that at Theodosia a regular slave market is being held, the supply being so large that prices soon fell from 100 or 150 rubles to 25 or 30 rubles per slave. Can any contrast be more striking, any sarcasm more biting than this? According to official assurances we are entering the kingdom of communism, where complete equality is to reign among men, where bourgeois property is entirely abolished, and where the power of chattels is entirely broken. In reality we are transforming human beings into chattels; we are restoring pre-bourgeois property in human beings, and the soldiers of the Revolutionary army are publicly trading in slaves, as the planters did in the times of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

Yes, the process of self-discipline among the masses is proceeding with gigantic strides. The Revolutionary army garrison at Sebastopol has already undertaken the last final struggle with the bourgeoisie. Without much ado they decided simply to massacre all the bourgeoisie who lived within their reach. They decided and did it. At first they massacred the inhabitants of the two most bourgeois streets in Sebastopol; then the same operation, in spite of the resistance of the local Soviet, was extended to Simferopol, and then the turn came of Eupatoria.

Apparently similar radical methods of class war will soon be applied also to Greater Rus-

sia, for we have already M. Bleibron (the leader of the anarchists) energetically carrying on an agitation within the walls of the Petrograd Soviet in this sense. In Petrograd itself, at the factories, the discipline has reached such a state of perfection that more and more the subordinate organs of the Soviet, and even the trade unions, have to issue threats of deductions from wages and even of complete dismissal for the never-ending holding of meetings.

How an important agricultural enterprise was initiated to meet one of the requirements of the aviation section of the American army is disclosed in the minority report of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. In the course of a description of the initial difficulties encountered in producing battle planes the report says: "Remember again that when these combat planes were contracted for the only known lubricating oil adapted to their delicate parts was an oil made from the castor bean. There were not enough beans in this country to make anywhere near the amount of oil required. Neither were there enough seeds with which to grow the needed quantity of beans. The Signal Corps had to search the globe for seeds, and finally secured a shipload from distant India. Then the corps had to contract for the planting of the seeds in this country, and has succeeded in having about 110,000 acres planted. It is now claimed that a form of petroleum has been developed that will answer the same purpose. This, however, is still in the experimental stage, while the oil from the castor bean is known to be entirely adequate and reliable."

British soldiers and sailors are making frequent use of carrier pigeons as emergency messengers from the firing line and from sinking vessels far out at sea. Many a man has been saved from death by the speed of the homing pigeon. Captain Thomas Crisp, who had won the Victoria Cross and who died at the wheel under fire from a German submarine, lived long enough to dispatch a message by pigeon. The bird sped away with his last request for help for his son and crew, and they were saved—but only through the timely arrival of their pigeon messenger. On another occasion a flying boat (a boat with airplane wings) and a hydroaeroplane (an airplane with floats in place of landing wheels) both got into difficulties in stormy weather and it seemed that all lives must be lost. A message for help was sent out by pigeon. In the teeth of a fierce wind the gallant bird fought its way home, only to die from exhaustion on arrival. But its message had been delivered, assistance was sent with all speed, and the lives of both crews were saved.

An increase of 1,426,000 in the number of women employed since 1914 is shown in figures announced by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The greatest increase was in industries, which took in 530,000 more women, but the largest proportionate increase was 214,000 additional women taken into government service. Women have replaced 1,413,000 men since 1914. Industrial and government work has taken 400,000 women formerly employed in domestic service or in dress-making.

The British coöperative movement has a yearly turn-over of \$750,000,000 and its membership is up to 3,600,000. It has huge business blocks in most of the larger cities in the United Kingdom.

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“There is always room at the top.” “Yes; that is what the hotel clerk says.”—*Dallas News*.

“Books are wanted for the soldiers, Tommy.” “I got a nice arithmetic they kin have.”—*Kansas City Journal*.

“Mayme says she likes to feed her mind.” “I don’t think she’s going to do it by devouring serials.”—*New York Globe*.

*Hokus*—Here comes Talkalot. *Pokus*—Do you know him to speak to? *Hokus*—No, merely to listen to.—*Town Topics*.

*Teacher*—Can you tell me if you are an invertebrate or a mammal? *Scored Pupil*—Please, miss, I’m a Methodist.—*Baltimore American*.

*Samuel*—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? *Solly*—I couldn’t say, Sammy. If he’s anything like me he would.—*Puck*.

*Friend*—What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it. *Ardupe*—Yes, rather—he’s always asking for it.—*Cleveland Leader*.

“I wish to look at some fountain pens.” “Yes, sir. Now, what do you wish in the way of a fountain pen?” “Well, I’d prefer

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one that throws a jet rather than a spray.”—*Kansas City Journal*.

*Edith*—How does Fred make love? *Marie*—Well, I should define it as unskilled labor.—*Kansas City Star*.

*Mr. Oldboy*—Marry me and I could die happy. *Miss Bright*—Yes, you could—but would you?—*Toledo Blade*.

“The government ought to get after those peace predictors and tax them.” “Under what head?” “Excess prophets.”—*Cleveland Leader*.

“How you do stutter, my poor lad. Did you ever go to a stammering school?” “No-n-no, sir. I dud-dud-do this n-naturally.”—*Boston Transcript*.

“I write just exactly as I feel,” said Smuck, the celebrated dramatic critic. “And the worst of it is,” replied Dohson, “you make others feel the way you write.”—*Life*.

“You never feel any doubt about getting home on one of your motor jaunts?” “Never,” replied Mr. Chuggins. “I make it a rule now to follow a car track.”—*Washington Star*.

“You can’t fool the people all the time.” “I don’t want to fool ‘em all the time,” declared the alleged statesman. “Just a few weeks before election will do me.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Parson*—Do you know the parables, my child? *Johnny*—Yes, sir. *Parson*—And which of the parables do you like best? *Johnny*—I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes.—*Washington Post*.

“Do you wish to show me your references?” “No, mum, I came for me wages.” “I see. I get you cooks mixed up so. Half the time I can’t tell whether you are going or coming.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

“Can’t you and your husband dwell together in unity?” inquired the police judge. “Listen, judge!” exclaimed Aunt Hanner; “I hrung dis no-count man hefo’ you to talk business, not religion.”—*Dallas News*.

*Wife (of the ploy)*—Is it possible, John Henry, that such amateurish acting has moved you to tears? *Husband*—You wrong me, woman! I was thinking of the four dollars the seats cost me.—*Buffalo Express*.

*Pot*—That old villain of a Kaiser has turned everything topsy-turvy since the war started. *Mick*—How’s that, Patrick? *Pot*—

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In olden times they used to hang thieves on crosses, but now it’s crosses they are hanging on thieves.—*Manchester Guardian*.

“Pop, is an abyss anything that’s sleepy?” “Of course not, child. What put that into your head?” “Well, people always talk about it as yawning.”—*New York Globe*.

*Visitor*—Have you ever been bitten by a mule? *Soldier*—Have I? Say, mister, the longest time I ever went without gettin’ bitten was a week I was in hospital from hein’ kicked.—*Liverpool Post*.

“How long has that clerk worked for you?” asked the caller. “About four hours,” replied the boss. “I thought he had been here longer

than that,” said the caller. “He has,” said the boss. “He has been here for four months.”—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

*Mistress*—Bridget, I’m tired of your carelessness. Only look at that dust on the furniture. It’s six weeks old, at the very least. *Bridget*—Sure, it’s no fault av moine. Oi’ve been here only t’ree weeks.—*Life*.

*Flora*—The idea! Here is a doctor who says that yawning will remove that annoying huzzing in one’s ears. *Lauro*—That’s true. The other night, after young Mr. Jones had been talking steadily to me for three hours, I yawned twice and he went home.—*Houston Post*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Characteristic Pronouncement.

The address of Dr. von Kuehlmann, German Foreign Secretary, in the Reichstag on Tuesday, was of course intended less for immediate hearers than for the Allied nations. But it tells us little that we did not know before, since repeatedly we have been informed that Germany is eager for peace if she can have it upon her own terms. The one contribution to common understanding made by Dr. von Kuehlmann is his concession that the end of the war "can hardly be expected through purely military decisions alone and without recourse to diplomatic negotiations." In other respects the speech is mere repetition, illustrative of the unpleasantly familiar Prussian spirit of assumption, aggression, and brag. Incidental interest attaches to the suggestion that "one of the preliminary conditions to exchange of peace views must be \* \* \* mutual confidence in each other's honesty and chivalry." If indeed there is to be no peace until we may "confide" in the "honesty and chivalry" of those who rule Germany, then God pity a doomed world!

A far more hopeful possibility than that embodied in Dr. von Kuehlmann's speech is connected with

a proposed conference at Berne, Switzerland, between American and German representatives "to discuss maintenance, treatment, and exchange of prisoners." It is significantly added that "all questions will be discussed fully." Much will depend upon who and what manner of men shall be commissioned to this conference by the two countries. If it shall be left to strictly military men, then nothing more than the avowed subject of discussion will be considered. But if we should send say ex-President Taft, Mr. Root, and Secretary Lansing, and if Germany in turn should send a delegation of relative ability and authority, it is easily conceivable that something of very great importance might come out of the meeting.

### Under Which King, Benzonian?

Organized labor through a multitude of so-called walking delegates and headed by that horny-throated son of toil Mr. Bourke Cochrane, proposes to bear down on President Wilson on July 29th and demand that the case of Thomas Mooney—or Mooneyvich, or whatever other brand of -vich this precious scoundrel may be—be taken over by the national government from the jurisdiction of California. It is not pretended that there is any warrant of law for this prescribed procedure, it being proposed "as a war measure to stop labor unrest." Following the conference a mass meeting "of thousands of labor men and women will be held back of the White House on the ellipse." Obviously the whole procedure is to be splendidly staged—with whose consent we would best not inquire.

The significance of this interesting programme is obvious. Organized labor, to whom Mooney has appealed from judgment of court, is arranging to "impress" the Administration. Asking from it an extra-legal and high-handed procedure, it will support the demand by a show of popular force. By a dramatic demonstration it will seek to gain through intimidation what it has no right to expect upon legal or rational grounds. It is of incidental interest that among those who will appeal to the President in person only one man, and he a professional pleader whose services have been bought and paid for, really knows anything about the case in the sense of having heard the testimony in court. Others, including the multitude who are to assemble "on the ellipse," will be enlisted through their unionistic affiliations and as a matter of organization politics.

The President will be asked to act thus outside the law "to stop labor unrest in the country." The idea appears to be that the way to avoid trouble is to yield whatever may be demanded by those who make trouble. That a good way to "stop unrest" would be to quit agitating about matters which don't concern them, and to go home and mind their own business, appears not to have occurred to those who assume status as champions of social order by intimidation.

The issue in this whole business is not as to the guilt or innocence of Mooney—that is clearly a matter for legal inquiry—but as to whether the Law or Organized Labor shall rule in this country. Perhaps it is just as well that the matter should come to a try-out now. If organized labor outside all legality or authority can give orders to the President of the United States and compel his obedience by a show of force, the country may as well know it now as at a later time.

### A Pledge Violated.

Shortly following our entrance into the war organized labor through its official spokesman, Mr. Gompers, made public declaration of its intentions. Reserving the right to demand increased wages where increased living costs made it necessary, it gave its pledge *not to attempt during the war to change the relations between labor and employer*. This pledge, tendered with pro-

fessions of loyalty, was accepted as assurance that organized labor would support the war in patriotic spirit without seeking to use a national emergency as a lever in schemes of social revolution or reorganization.

It is pertinent to review the demands made upon the Western Union Telegraph Company as they stand related to the above defined pledge. The matter of wages does not enter into the issue. That has been or is in the way of being satisfactorily adjusted. The contention is with respect to the status of the Western Union under the principle of the open shop. There is no other issue than that of open or closed shop. The attempt on the part of organized labor is to unionize a great institution directly and closely related to the transmission of intelligence throughout the country. Intrinsically the matter is of large importance, but we are now considering only the fact that in raising and urging this issue organized labor is breaking faith with the government and the people—none the less because the government either complacently or unwittingly is giving countenance to this act of violation.

There is no difficulty in understanding the motive of Mr. Gompers and his associates in the movement to change a long fixed relationship between employer and employed. Control of the Western Union would naturally and inevitably involve all telegraph and telephone systems. It would of course mark a great advance of the powers of organized labor, since there is implied in it power to halt transportation and to paralyze every industry in the country. It would put a club of overwhelming potency into the hands of the captains of organized labor ready for use in connection with readjustments to follow the war. For after the war there is to be a new world, a world of new conditions, but subject to old and familiar passions. Organized labor is making ready for a supreme struggle. That struggle will not be between capital and labor, but between the government and organized labor

### Size of the Army.

Talk about an army "big enough to win the war" has in it a fine flavor of magnitude, but in cold truth it is meaningless until supplemented by legislation extending the draft age, up or down or both ways, with provision for assembling, clothing, feeding, training, arming, and paying the men. Without such revision the army must remain a definitely limited quantity in spite of the recent act of Congress bestowing upon the Administration discretionary authority of expansion.

Our own Julius Kahn of the House Committee on Military Affairs holds the opinion that in addition to our present enlisted force we ought to provide at least 3,000,000 men. Mr. Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Military Committee, seconds Mr. Kahn's motion. Mr. Roosevelt thinks we ought to provide a total force of at least 5,000,000 men. General Crowder is likewise on record for a vastly increased draft. All military men are like-minded. The President asks, "Why limit the army at all? We should have an army big enough to win the war."

It would seem that a judgment thus universally held should find reflection in definite legislation making, as above suggested, provision for registering, drafting, assembling, clothing, feeding, and arming a great force. Yet when the first practical step toward this end is proposed, namely a plan to broaden the draft age, there is objection. Secretary Baker, speaking for the Administration if not by its direct authority, can see no reason for extending the age limits subject to draft. Thus he puts the Administration in the position of demanding an enlarged army, but in opposition to the means essential to its development.

The draft age as now defined by law is from twenty-one to thirty-one. The registration of June 5th was 744,364, or only about three-fourths of the number esti-



imated. Of the number registered (744,364) not to exceed 75 per cent. may be counted upon as acceptable; probably the percentage of fit men will fall below this estimate as did the former draft. Now how in the name of common sense are we to get an army without limit, or an army under a high limit, without extending the draft age? The thing is absurd on its face. If we are to have an army of 5,000,000 in excess of the present organization, or even of 3,000,000 under Mr. Kahn's estimate, we must have a broader field for selective draft. There are multitudes of men above the age of thirty-one eminently fit for military service, also a multitude of youths under twenty-one likewise fit. And it is further to be said that the country is full of men both above and below the draft age as presently defined who are eager to get into service. Then why this protest against proposals to broaden the limits of the draft registration? Opposition is in effect opposition to large expansion of the army. It nullifies logically and practically grandiloquent talk about an unlimited army, of an army big enough to win the war, etc. It flies in the face alike of expert counsel at home and of demands on the part of our Allies.

General Crowder, whose success in organizing and working the selective draft gives weight to his opinions, thinks that we should move the draft age down from twenty-one to eighteen. Likewise he thinks that we should move the limit up from thirty-one to forty-five. He estimates that in the first instance this would yield registration of 3,087,063 and in the latter 10,683,249. Of course this does not mean that this vast total would actually be called to service. It does mean opportunity to pick suitable men from an increased range subject to selection.

One thing is plain, namely, we should either quit talking about an army without limit, "big enough to win the war," or we should not shy at arrangements essential to the creation of such an army. To talk big and then to fail at the point of definite arrangements is nothing more or less than to multiply high-sounding and deceptive phrases.

### Ireland.

Active and potential revolutionists in Ireland are wisely counseled in the warning that they are doing the cause of Ireland an irreparable injury in their plans and schemings. That part of the world with which Irishmen are allied in kinship and sentiment is enlisted in the Allied cause and it can not but regard with contempt and resentment any movement calculated to embarrass their efforts. Movements by any element in Ireland against the British government in the period of the war is held to be in aid of Germany and treason to the Allied cause. Ireland it is truly declared is merely the cradle of the Irish race. There is a far more potential Ireland in America and Australia than in the green isle; and the Irish people of the larger world are practically to a man in sympathy with and support of the Allied cause. Those who are seeking to create ruction in Ireland should know that by their present activities they are losing a sympathy and sacrificing a support of vast importance as related to future political organization of the home land.

The future of Ireland is now absolutely in the hands of the Irish people. All the world demands justice for Ireland. Every political party or association, in England or in the colonies or in America, wants to see Ireland freed from whatever is damaging or humiliating in her political conditions. Home rule will come to Ireland the very hour that the Irish can suggest a workable political order. Never in the history of that most distressful country have the situation and the outlook been so potentially fortunate. But the first essential of Irish independence is domestic sanity and self-control. Long ago it was said that a house divided against itself can not stand. Ireland is no exception to the principle implied in this famous scripture. A divided Ireland must continue a subject Ireland; and, partial and harsh as British rule has been in other times, it must in some form still be maintained until there shall be practical political accord between the racial and religious factions of the country.

The dream of an Ireland wholly detached from England is a wild vagary of imagination. From her geographical position and in her relative weakness an absolutely independent Ireland could not exist a month. Should England bid Ireland go her own ways, as a

country wholly separate and independent, a door for alien aggression would be left open. And who can doubt the course of Germany in such a situation? The future of Ireland in respect of her own traditions and aspirations is bound up absolutely with Britain and must ever remain so. But an Ireland independent and self-governing in the sense that Canada, Australia, and South Africa are free is not only possible, but inevitable if only Ireland herself shall say the word.

A moment's reflection, it would seem, ought to impress even the most obstreperous Sinn Feiner with the economic and social value of partnership with Britain. Currently Ireland is tremendously the gainer through the connection. Her industries are busy on British account. Her products find eager market in England. Separate Ireland from England and the great prosperity which is transforming her into a garden and enriching all classes of her population would instantly fail. If Ireland is, as even the most illogical Irishman will admit, a necessity to England, by the same token England is a necessity to Ireland.

### The Case of General Wood.

It is to the credit of the War Department that in the matter of appointments, promotions, and assignments of officers of the army its general course during the past year has been admirable. While it is true that influence has imposed some men upon the non-combatant department of the military organization, and while some mistakes have been made, the fact remains that broadly speaking this very important duty has been well performed. It is believed by those most competent to judge that there has been sincere effort to organize the army upon the basis of merit and efficiency and to so dispose commands as to secure the best results.

The treatment accorded General Wood is all the more striking because it stands out as an exception to the general policy as above outlined. Wood, the ranking officer of the army, and a man highly accredited at home and abroad for ability, has been slighted, even snubbed. When the enlarged army was in the making he was placed, not as his rank entitled him, in command of one of the more important divisions, but in a relatively minor post in South Carolina. Later, when the division which he had brought to a fine state of discipline was ordered to the war zone, he was detached from it and held for several weeks "awaiting orders." Now he has been sent to train recruits in Kansas, alike remote from the war front and the centre of executive administration in Washington. In these assignments there is exhibited a disposition to keep General Wood out of active or conspicuous service. He is obviously, in the language of the street, being "sidetracked."

There has become current, through what inspiration may only be guessed, a report to the effect that General Wood is a physical and mental defective. Stress has been laid upon the fact that for some years back he underwent two serious operations of surgery and that he still suffers from their effects. But whatever General Wood may have suffered in times past, his present qualification for military service has been certified by a board of medical investigators. After a thorough-going examination within sixty days he has been duly pronounced sound and fit. The verdict of a medical board, made up of the most eminent physicians in the country, is positive and unanimous. So much for a bug-a-boo of the gossips.

Few, we suspect, have any doubt as to the underlying motive which has denied to General Wood his natural place at the head of the General Staff, which has refused his request to be sent to the battle front, and which has given to him minor duty as the commandant of a rookie camp. General Wood is a Republican and one who has been spoken of widely as a possible candidate for the presidency. He is likewise a close friend of Mr. Roosevelt, in which fact there is widely felt to be certain political potentialities. To speak plainly, there is a theory and one which finds support in many circumstances large and small that General Wood is being slighted and humiliated to the end of destroying him as a presidential figure.

If it be true that the intent and purpose of the powers that be has been and is to put General Wood out of the political running, the means employed to that end has been mistaken and blundering. When he was sent to South Carolina the people of that section took his assignment as a special compliment. Everything that could be done locally to emphasize

popular satisfaction and to do him personal honor was done by the people of the southeastern seaboard. His appointment in Kansas has likewise been signalized by a marked exhibition of respect in that part of the country. In brief, it has been made evident that General Wood is a large and popular figure even in the South. Concurrently the country at large has observed with disapproval the snubbing of General Wood and has manifested its feeling towards him by emphatic and reiterated protests.

The business of "killing off" presidential figures has not prospered in times past. Abraham Lincoln, it may be remembered, largely under influences engineered from the national capital, was once "killed off" in a senatorial candidacy in Illinois. More recently Theodore Roosevelt was "shelved" in the vice-presidency. Many other instances, less notable perhaps but none the less instructive, have in the course of our history illustrated the principle. Public sympathy is quick to respond, and always on the side of the victim, when there is an effort to put into the discard a man highly and popularly regarded. In the immediate instance General Wood is being kept out of conspicuous service. Opportunity for exercise of his talents in the war has been denied him. But as a popular and potential figure he has grown under the process. It would have been far wiser even upon political calculations to have employed him in some service suitable to his rank and acknowledged abilities than to have kept him at home and consigned him to relatively unimportant duties.

The latest suggestion is that General Wood is being reserved for Mexico. But the explanation comes late. The impression has been made that he is being martyred upon political account. Nothing that may now be done will alter the universal feeling that a patriotic and capable man has been badly treated.

### The Tampico Oil Fields.

Progress of events confirms what has hitherto been declared in these columns with respect to the Mexican situation. More and more President Carranza is yielding to German influence, established in his country as a direct effect of the withdrawal of Americans under orders from Secretary of State Bryan three years ago. The most serious and immediate danger is the attitude of the Mexican government with respect to the Tampico oil fields. While pretty much everything else in the way of production and business in Mexico has been turned over to the Germans, Englishmen still control the oil wells whose product is an essential resource of the Allied navies, more particularly the British. Protection of British interests—in other words of the interests of the Allies in the Tampico field—has been maintained through employment of local guards. Carranza, while imposing a heavy export tax upon oil and in other ways embarrassing production and shipment, has not had the temerity to interfere with arrangements which have enabled the oil operators to continue their work and to despatch their product to the United States and England. But under German inspiration he is now making preparation to drive out the private guards sustained by the owners of the oil fields and to extend over the latter his own dubious authority with new schemes of taxation and restriction.

The United States government can not afford to stand by idly and observe the transfer of the Tampico fields from British to German hands. It is to thwart Carranza if he shall attempt to carry forward his thinly disguised plan that the Washington government is now assembling a considerable force near at hand. At various points there has been assembled a force of something less than 7000 marines fully organized and equipped. The staff is made up, the supply ready, the transport available. An army of 2600 marines is ready at an hour's notice to sail from Galveston. Another body of marines now at Guantanamo, Cuba, is ready to move upon receipt of orders. Still another is in waiting at the big marine concentration camp at Quantico, Virginia. This is not all. Six regiments of National Guard cavalry have been organized in Texas and are about to be transferred to the Federal service.

If there is to be a fight for the Tampico oil fields the United States is ready. It will not permit Carranza, suborned and inspired by German money and German influence, to take possession of the Tampico fields and thus nullify an essential war supply. To be sure, announcement has not been made, but there is no doubt



as to the intentions or as to the ability of the Washington government to control the situation.

### Editorial Notes.

The universal feeling under the demonstrations of last year that Fuel Administrator Garfield did not measure up to his job finds confirmation in estimates which he has just given to the country of production and requirements for the year beginning April 1st last. He figures the total production at the present rate of operation at 360,010,000 tons with requirements at 625,594,000 tons. Thus we are not producing enough coal to meet consumption requirements. And when winter comes we are likely to have the conditions of last year over again. The whole trouble with the coal situation, if we except the possibility of another period of railroad congestion, lies in the fixing of prices so low as automatically to limit production. In establishing prices the factor of production cost was adjusted upon the records of the greater mines, which naturally do the work cheaper than the smaller mines. Thus a great number of pits producing individually limited quantities but in the aggregate very large tonnage were put out of business. According to Dr. Garfield's figures requirements for the present year over the present rate of production runs to the very considerable total of 79,866,000. Analyzing the fuel director's report the Providence *Journal* declares that "there has been no week this year during which production has reached the rate necessary to provide such an increase. To produce the required total means a weekly output of more than twelve million tons, whereas the nearest approach to this was in the week of May 25th, when 11,810,000 tons were mined." The *Journal* supplements this statement with a pertinent inquiry:

Why is it that the Fuel Administrator does not see the propriety of his immediate retirement from the office he can not satisfactorily fill? If he is unwilling to resign he should be peremptorily removed. No matter if his feelings should be hurt. No matter if he should consider himself badly used. He has fallen down in the business of providing the country with a sufficient supply of coal, and it would be the purest folly to let him go on contributing, through his lack of the necessary qualifications for his position, to a second winter of national shortage and suffering. We need a man as Fuel Administrator who can assure us a prompt speeding up of production and distribution, a man of long training, familiar with the special problem he is called upon to solve. The experiment of putting a New England college president at the head of this exceedingly technical branch of the public service is a flat failure.

Dr. C. D. Usher of Auburndale, Massachusetts, formerly engaged in the study of political and commercial conditions in the transcaucasian district and long a resident of Germany and other central European countries, is authority for the statement that Germany has sought through systematic falsification of vital statistics to deceive the world as to the magnitude of her man power. Whereas, he declared, Germany has been represented to have a population of 68,000,000, with a man power in ratio to this total, she has in fact a population of 90,000,000, with a man power corresponding to this larger figure. Dr. Usher gives as his authority for this astounding statement of Germany's concealed man power no less a personage than Field Marshal von Hindenburg. Von Hindenburg, says Dr. Usher, told his (Usher's) daughters, who in the summer of 1913 were guests in his home, that a part of Germany's war plan covering a period of twenty years had been the deception of the world as to the multiplication of her population within her own borders. Hindenburg went on to say that the concealment had been effected through juggling the reports as to illegitimate births. While published figures disclosed an illegitimate birth rate in the neighborhood of 25 per cent, the actual percentage was nearer 50 per cent. In the view of Dr. Usher this deception has served to throw out of alignment the calculations of Germany's enemies from the beginning of the war until now.

The Park Garden Club of Flushing, New York, does not agree with the immortal Shakespeare—if that is what Shakespeare really meant—that the scent of the rose is unaffected by its name. In pursuance of this idea it has formally resolved that rose growers in the United States "should no longer be required to designate the flowers they grow by names that are repugnant because remindful of a land and a people devoted to a species of barbarity which United States soldiers and sailors are giving their lives to destroy!"

It therefore proposes a concerted movement to change the names of certain roses widely cultivated in this country. The secretary of the association, speaking of the movement, suggests the renaming of varieties of roses "for people who stand for the things we are standing for and our boys are fighting for." By way of illustration she recites the well-known Kaiserin Augusta Victoria rose, with the suggestion that it be called the Edith Cavell. The Frau Karl Druschki she would rename the Lusitania. The Gruss an Teplitz she would rename the President Wilson. "It is," says the secretary, "quite conceivable that as the war continues and its effects are brought home to us more and more, rose growers, or a considerable number of them, will refuse to raise and exhibit these roses because of their names. In fact, I know of growers who refused to exhibit roses with such names at the recent show of the Park Garden Club."

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Once more the centre of military interest has been transferred from the French to the Italian fields, and with results of the most encouraging kind. We need not inquire too closely into the causes that prompted Austria to her great offensive. She may have been acting under orders from Germany, hopeful of diverting Allied forces from France, or she may have been impelled to her present activity by the extremities of her own domestic situation. And we need not doubt that her own domestic situation is of the gravest kind. At the present time there is a disposition to attribute all stories of disorders in the Central Empires to a German camouflage designed for the promotion of false hopes of Teutonic disintegration. Germany, we are told, has always spread such stories as a preliminary to her greatest efforts. But it is at least possible that these efforts have to some extent been necessitated by a domestic discontent that was becoming dangerous, and that must be assuaged by military activity. The stories are not necessarily invented because they are found to precede great battles. Germany may have perceived a certain advantage in the publicity given to these reports. She may even have permitted their exaggeration. But we may easily carry our suspicions too far. The food situation in Central Europe may be measured with some degree of accuracy by a consideration of Teutonic imports before the war, and before they were so curtailed by the blockade. Certainly the stringency in Germany and Austria must be many times greater than in Great Britain and France, that have no real blockade to contend against, and that are munificently supplied by America. By all means let us be cautious in accepting good news without a liberal discount, and also in the military inferences that we should like to draw from it. At the same time we should be careful not to reject good news on the ground that, being good, it can not possibly be true, and that it must be spread by Germany for her own sinister ends. To ascribe to Germany a cunning that she does not possess is a part of the German myth.

That Austria should be in turmoil is not only probable; it is nearly certain. Mr. Lloyd-George believes it and has said so definitely. The information comes from too many neutral sources to be of German manufacture. It is confirmed by Austrian prisoners taken in Italy. Austria has none of the material efficiency, the power of organization, that have distinguished Germany, while that she has been ruthlessly plundered by Germany need not be doubted for a moment. Germany has, of course, taken from Austria whatever she needed, and with a contemptuous indifference to Austrian necessities. We may remember that a majority of the subjects of Austria are Slavs who have no patriotism to stimulate them to endurance, and whose interests lie, not in the victory of Austria, but in her defeat. The Slav subjects of Austria have hitherto had a certain reluctant willingness to fight against Italy, because Italy herself was a rival claimant to Slav territory. But Italy has now renounced her territorial policies that were in conflict with Slav aspirations, and as a result she becomes a friend and not merely an alternative master. That the Slavs of Austria should willingly endure privations imposed upon them by a tyranny that they abhor and in furtherance of their own enslavement is not probable. That they would eventually be goaded to revolt was indeed certain. And we may believe that the moment of revolt has been hastened alike by an American sympathy that has now been officially avowed, and by an act of renunciation on the part of Italy that have combined to bring the hopes of the Slavs once more visibly to the political horizon.

But whether the Austrian offensive was induced by German insistence or by the necessity of Austria herself to seek a military emolument for her domestic situation it is now certain that the offensive has failed and failed disastrously, at least in its first phase. The Italian army has purged itself of the elements of weakness that led to the Isonzo catastrophe and it is fighting against its hereditary foe with all the valor with which the history of Italy has familiarized us. The initial Austrian success in crossing the Piave River has not only been stopped, but the Austrian forces have been thrown back to the eastern bank of the river with the loss of 40,000 prisoners and an incalculable amount of stores and munitions. It was not a retreat, but a rout. The Austrians, with all but one of their bridges destroyed, were forced across a deep and rapid river in frightful confusion, harassed by the Italian cavalry and under the concentrated fire of the

Italian guns. They had no alternative but flight—capture. They had been cut from their base and were practically without food and ammunition. It is easy to believe that they lost a quarter of a million men. Under such conditions they could hardly have lost less. So far from a weakening of the Allied strength in France, it seems that it is the German strength that must be weakened in order to send aid to Austria. The attack upon the Italians may of course be resumed in the mountains on the northern front and with German aid, and with all the uncertainties inseparable from military movements, but it is at least safe to say that at the moment of writing Austria has received a damaging defeat, and that her reverse must react upon the Teutonic cause in general. For the effects of that reverse upon the Austrian populace we must wait with what patience we may. In the meantime we may note the significant fact that the German armies have been fought to a standstill in France, and the Austrian armies in Italy. It is of course only a lull in the storm, but it is of the happiest augury that the Allied forces should make so definite a display of their present power and capacity.

The task of the Italian army was a particularly difficult one, and it has been so from the beginning of the war. It must defend two frontiers, the northern and the eastern, and a reverse upon either means a reverse upon both, as neither can maintain its position if the other should be swept away. An Austrian incursion from the northern mountains around Trent implies an instant threat to the rear of whatever Italian armies may be operating along the eastern line. In the same way an Italian reverse in the east includes a similar threat to the Italian armies along the mountain line in the north. The two fronts bear a rough resemblance to the two sides of a square. If either side should be pierced, the other side must at once save itself by falling back. Here we have an explanation of the long delays in the previous advances of the Italian army eastward across the Isonzo River and into Austrian territory. Austria had always one unfailing reply. She massed her forces in the Trentino, and threatened a descent through the mountain passes to the Venetian plains. It was always a serious threat, and it compelled the Italian armies to cease their eastward movement until they had made their positions secure along the mountain line. No army can advance if there is a menace to its communications, and here the menace was one of actual envelopment. In order to understand the present situation it must be remembered that the Italians had advanced eastward across the Isonzo when they met their defeat of last year. They fell back to the Tagliamento River, and finding that position untenable they continued their retreat to the Piave River, which is the scene of most of the present fighting. But they were not forced to retreat so far as to uncover their mountain lines. It looked for a time as though these, too, had to go, but the Piave positions were held, and the northern lines were saved. The eastern side of the square was forced back, and while this necessitated a shortening of the northern or mountain side, it was not compelled to retreat, and so to abandon positions that were nearly essential to the defense of northern Italy. The danger to the northern line must still be met unless it shall now be obviated by Austrian discouragement, which is by no means impossible. Italy has won a great victory upon her eastern front. It remains to be seen if she must win another on her northern lines.

But the Austrian attack upon the northern line was by no means a simple operation. Indeed the advantage of position here was somewhat with the Italians. The mountain chain, west and east, from Lake Garda to Montella, is practically impassable except at one or two points. It presents a precipitous front to the southern plains, and without any of the foothills or gently sloping acclivities that usually announce the proximity of a range of mountains. An army descending from the north must come by way of the valley of the Brenta River, which runs to the west of, and parallel with, the Piave River, taking its rise in the mountains, and discharging its waters into the Adriatic to the south of Venice. The Brenta Valley is equipped with railroads as well as broad military roads, and its occupation by an army gives to that army a dominance over the plains. There are, of course, other passes, but this is the only one that is considered really practicable for purposes of invasion. The task of the Italian army in the north is therefore to guard the Brenta Valley. To this end we find the Italian concentration upon Mount Tomba, Mount Grappa, and the other peaks of the great chain to the east and the west of the Brenta River. So long as Italy can make good her hold upon these mountain peaks, so long can her guns command the pass. Austria must take these positions before she can make any practical advance southward toward Bassano, which is the first town of importance on her road to the Venetian plains. Her main armies on this particular front may thus be said to be waiting at the northern end of the pass until it shall be made possible for them to descend the valley by the capture of the Italian positions that command the valley. The battle on this particular section is for the control of the Brenta Pass. If the Austrians have that they have everything. The possession of the Brenta Pass would neutralize Italy's victory.

Austria began her offensive by simultaneous attacks on the northern and eastern lines. That is to say she tried to open her way to the Brenta Valley and at the same time to cross the Piave River. As has already been said, if she had succeeded in routing the Italians upon either of these fields she would have been victorious upon both, since neither position could be held without the support of the other. The Austrians at the moment of writing have failed alike in the north and in the east. They suffered a "severe defeat" from the



British who were holding the northern end of the Allied positions on the pass itself. They had no success whatever in their attacks on the Tonale Pass to the west of Lake Garda, nor upon Mount Grappa and Mount Tomba. Along the whole of the northern line the Austrian failure was unqualified. The Allies held their positions apparently without relinquishing a yard of ground, and they indicted the severest losses upon the enemy. But the situation upon the Piave River was not quite so clear. This river is ordinarily shallow, and with many sandbanks in midstream. Its waters were presumably low when the attacks began, although they seem to have risen rapidly a few days later. The Austrians crossed the river along a narrow front at S. Dona di Piave and advanced as far as Capo Sile, but there they were held and Capo Sile was retaken. Farther north they sent a force across the river at Zenson, and this force also was held and crowded back upon the river bank. Between Montello and Nervesa they made a more extensive crossing, and succeeded in landing a considerable force upon the western bank of the river. But here their success was also their undoing. The forces that they sent across the river were far too small to make headway westward against the Italian resistance. The rising waters, aided by the Italian artillery, destroyed all their bridges with one exception. They could be neither munitioned nor fed except by aeroplanes, and they were forced to withdraw under the most destructive conditions. Italian cavalry is said to have crossed the river in pursuit and we hear of large Austrian forces in danger of envelopment. The Austrians are not likely to attempt a further movement against the Piave positions. They have been too badly shattered for that. But they may try to retrieve their fortunes in the north. That is where the real danger, such as it is, is now to be found. Germany is sending forces to the aid of her ally, but on the other hand we may remember that at least half of the Austrian army is Slav and therefore unreliable.

The western front has not been wholly quiet during the past week. The Germans brought an attack upon Rheims with 40,000 men, but they were driven back without gaining any advantage whatever. One is inclined to be surprised at the comparatively small number of men employed. This is probably to be accounted for by the present exposed position of the city, and the consequent expectation of an easy success. If we compare the new German positions that stretch southward to the Marne with a hag we may place the two sides of the neck of that bag at Soissons and Rheims. The Germans have already failed in their efforts to widen the neck of the hag by attacks to the west of Soissons, so we may suppose that the assault upon Rheims was an attempt upon the other side of the neck. So long as the new German salient which rests upon the base from Soissons to Rheims can be held down to its present dimensions it will be of no value either for a further attempt to cross the Marne or to advance toward Paris along the north bank of the river. If we compare this new German salient with a corridor instead of with a hag we shall see at once that the number of men that can find a passage through it is strictly limited by its dimensions. An army advancing through this corridor would necessarily have so narrow a front that it would be destroyed by the Allied forces on its sides. Before it could be used to give passage to an army of requisite size it must be enlarged, and hence the attacks upon the east and the west of its base line. And it may be said that unless it can be enlarged it becomes a liability instead of an asset, a source of weakness and not of strength.

The situation is then of the most encouraging kind, whether we look to the west, to the south, or to the east. Germany is by no means having her own way in the east if we may credit the reports of widespread resentments in the Ukraine and the persistence of fighting in that new and unlucky republic. Certainly there is no reason why we should not credit these reports. Any conquered populace that could tolerate the rule of German soldiery without rancor and resistance must be something less than human, and the Ukrainians are perhaps the most vigorous and the most independent of the Russian stock. The peace for which they bargained has meant no more to them than their acquiescence in the plunder of their farms and the extermination of their villages with poison gas. Small wonder that a sort of guerilla warfare should prevail throughout the territory. In the south we find the Austrian armies defeated and their enemies invigorated by victory. And in the west we have the German armies fought to a standstill, only a momentary standstill perhaps, but one that points indubitably to an exhaustion of Germany's man power, and to her speedy inability to fight great battles. And in the meantime we find the American army, now nearly a million men, perhaps quite a million men before these words are in print, with undiminished energies, and in waiting somewhere to cooperate in a bludgeon blow—to use Foch's simile—that ought to be relatively conclusive so far as the western front is concerned. Last week I ventured to say that Germany's man power would not permit her to fight more than one more great battle in the west without a shortening of her lines that would be almost worse than a defeat. Lloyd-George seems now to say the same thing, and no one knows the facts better than he. The Allied army is immeasurably the stronger of the two, no matter how carefully the fact may be hidden from us. It is now distinctly possible that Germany will not risk that one more great battle in view of the help that she must send to Austria, and if such fact should become apparent we may anticipate an Allied offensive of the most formidable and intensive character.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1918.

SIDNEY CORY.

Experiments are being tried in Norway with the creation of automobiles with acetylene gas.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall is said to cherish no illusion about himself or about his office. He says that a man in his office is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and doesn't properly belong to the Senate or to the cabinet, but has the saving grace of maintaining kindly relations with all his associates. He likes being Vice-President because it gives him a chance to meet the great people of the world. Just now the opportunity has been improved by the war, which, he declares, has enabled him to observe the world from the ethnological point of view.

Of Champ Clark, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, a recent biographer says: "His fine, slow-moving figure has an impressive dignity. His features are of classic regularity. His head, crowned with white hair, suggests a well-ordered life and a serene and able mind. When he talks in that delicious Southern drawl of his, with a rich accent, the effect is complete. 'Here,' you say to yourself, 'is a character almost too good to be true.' You feel, somehow, as if Champ Clark were a great actor impersonating a statesman, the kind of statesman rarely seen in the halls of legislation, an idealization achieved only on the stage."

Charles M. Schwab, whom Andrew Carnegie described to a congressional committee as "by far the greatest steel maker in the world," and who is in charge of America's shipbuilding programme, started in life as an errand boy in a grocery store. Then he went to a steel mill as water boy. He had no influential friends. He learned in turn every process of steel making. He became superintendent of one of the mills of the Carnegie group, and this mill began to produce steel faster than any other mill. This brought Schwab to Carnegie's attention. Schwab became president of the Carnegie Steel Corporation and then of the United States Steel Corporation when the billion-dollar corporation was formed.

Gorky, or "the Bitter," is merely a pseudonym of the noted Russian writer. He was born in a dyer's humble home, at Nizhni-Novgorod, as Alexei Maximovich Peshkov, and was brought up as an orphan by his maternal grandfather, a religious miser. He became a tramp and helper to a cook on a Volga boat. He baked bread in a noisome cellar. He wandered with the vagabonds whose chronicler he was to become. He trudged through the Caucasus, labored in railway yards, and herded with the fierce, half-tamed gypsies and Tartars of his stories. He became so much at home with these wastrels of civilization that he felt uneasy and estranged among "intelligent people." Yet he secretly longed for goodness and beauty.

Lieutenant Henri Farre, the French military painter, whose pictures of modern aerial warfare have been sent to America by the French government to stimulate war activity, is forty-seven years old. He is a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and a pupil of Gustave Moreau. He wears the French war cross. Before the war Henri Farre had exhibited his paintings in the salon every year consecutively, from 1896 to 1914. He has been awarded the gold medal at the salon. When the war came he was painting portraits in Buenos Aires, but he returned at once to his native land and, like André Tardieu, the French high commissioner, and Commandant George Tulasne, head of the French aviation mission, was one of the first to offer his services to his country.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, LL. D., who has been actively working for the enfranchisement of women in the United Kingdom for many years, and who is president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, was born and brought up at a quiet fishing village in Suffolk. At the age of twenty she married Professor Henry Fawcett, who afterward became Postmaster-General, and almost immediately began her public career, in connection with the London Society for Women's Suffrage. As a result of a meeting held in Mrs. Fawcett's house in Cambridge, many years ago, the organization of lectures for women at Cambridge was undertaken, and this progressive step culminated in the establishment of Newnham College. Mrs. Fawcett was also one of the founders of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, of which she remained a member for fifteen years.

Charles Henry Brent, until recently bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Philippines, but who has been made a major in the American Expeditionary Forces in France and is to have charge of the Protestant chaplains of the army at the front, went to the Philippines in 1901 to supervise the work of his church there. He at once became one of the leading figures in the islands, popular alike with the natives and with Americans of all sects, and a constructive factor in shaping the process of adjustment of the island life to United States rule. Governor-generals came and went, but he stayed. He was conspicuous in his fight against the opium trade, serving for a season on an international commission investigating the traffic, and aiding by his influence in checking the industry. He was chosen to preach the sermon in St. Paul's, London, following the declaration by the United States of a state of war with Germany.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Cry of the Children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers'—  
And that can not stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;  
The young birds are chirping in the nest;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?  
The old man may weep for his tomorrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago—  
The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—  
The old hope is hardest to be lost:  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the hosoms of their mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy—  
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary";  
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.  
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,—  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the young children, "it may happen  
That we die before our time.  
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen  
Like a snowball in the time.  
We look'd into the pit prepared to take her—  
Was no room for any work in the close clay:  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—  
Could we see her face, be sure we would not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—  
And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in  
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!  
It is good when it happens," say the children,  
"That we die before our time.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we can not run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
Through the coal-dark, underground—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—  
Their wind comes in our faces,—  
Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—  
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
All are turning, all the day, and we with all—  
And all day, the iron wheels are droning;  
And sometimes we could pray,  
'O ye wheels,' (heaving out in a mad moaning)  
'Stop! be silent for today!'

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
To look up to Him and pray—  
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,  
Will bless them another day.  
They answer, "Who is God that He should bear us,  
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?  
When we so loud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
Strangers speaking at the door:  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,  
Hears our weeping any more?

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,  
"He is speechless as a stone;  
And they tell us, of His image is the master  
Who commands us to work on.  
Go to!" say the children,—"Up in Heaven,  
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—  
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."  
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—  
And the children doubt of each.

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in their places,  
With eyes meant for Deity:—  
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world; on a child's heart,—  
Stifle down with mail'd heel its palpitating,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's soh curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The octopus frequently changes in color like a marine chameleon. It would appear, from recent studies of this creature, that the colored pigment whereby this change in color is effected is contained in envelopes in its skin, in the tissue of which are muscular fibres actuated by nerves. Should these fibres become relaxed, a dark pigment appears. The phenomenon is said to be analogous to blushing.



## REAL FACTS ABOUT RASPUTIN.

## Princess Radziwill Describes an Amazing Chapter of Russian History.

So much of a speculative and impossible nature has been written concerning the Russian monk, Gregory Rasputin, whose life and death are said to have had a great deal to do with the bringing about of the Russian revolution of 1917 that it is refreshing to find a sober, thoughtful, and seemingly authoritative utterance, such as that which has just been issued from the pen of the well-known Princess Catherine Radziwill.

According to this writer, the monk was "far from being the remarkable individual he has been represented by some people, and, had he been left alone, it is likely that, even if one had heard about him, it would not have been for any length of time."

"Rasputin," she says, "was but an incident in the course of a whole series of facts, all of them more or less disgraceful, and none of which had a single extenuating circumstance to put forward as excuse for their perpetration":

Those who hated him did so chiefly because they had not been able to obtain from him what they had wanted, and they applied themselves to paint him as much more dangerous than he really was. They did not know that he was but the mouth-piece of other people far cleverer and far more unscrupulous than himself, who hid themselves behind him and who moved him as they would have done pawns in a game of chess according to their personal aims and wants.

So far from having the mystic sway over the Czar with which he has generally been credited, Rasputin, according to Princess Radziwill, was cordially despised by the monarch and was seldom allowed into his presence. He did, however, command the confidence and the protection of the Czarina, and that fact figured potently in the working out of all the political and religious intrigues in which he eventually became involved.

On the whole, Princess Radziwill regards Rasputin as essentially a product of one of those "waves of mysticism" which periodically sweep over Russia, and which are more or less peculiar to the Slav nature:

It must never be forgotten, and I can not repeat this sufficiently, that Rasputin was a common peasant of the worst class of the Russian moujiks, devoid of every kind of education, without any manners and in his outward appearance more disgusting than anything else. It would be impossible to explain the influence which he undoubtedly contrived to acquire upon some persons belonging to the highest social circles if one did not take into account this mysticism and superstition which lie at the bottom of the Slav nature and the tendency which the Russian character has to accept as a manifestation of the power of the divinity all things that touch upon the marvelous or the unexplainable. Rasputin in a certain sense appeared on the scene of Russian social life at the very moment when his teachings could become acceptable, at the time when Russian society had been shaken to its deepest depths by the revolution which had followed upon the Japanese war and when it was looking everywhere for a safe harbor in which to find a refuge.

The caprices of two or three fanatical orthodox ladies are stated by the princess to have been responsible for Rasputin's introduction into the higher circles of Russian society. Prior to that he had risen from an undeterminable past, evaded prosecution for an alleged commission of murder, and, after following a wandering religious pilgrimage for some time, acquired the notion of proclaiming himself as follows:

"I am possessed of the Holy Spirit, and it is only through me that one can be saved. In order to do so, one must unite one's self with me in body and soul. Everything which proceeds from me is holy, and cleanses one from sin."

On the strength of this theory, Rasputin declared that he could do whatever he liked or wished. He surrounded himself with worshippers of both sexes, who believed that by a close union with him they could obtain their eternal salvation, together with divine forgiveness for any sins they might have committed during their previous existence.

Like most persons who venture forth into this kind of a career, Rasputin succeeded in coupling profit-making with his preaching, and was soon requiring a number of secretaries to attend to his correspondence. These secretaries "made an immense amount of money themselves because no one was ever admitted into the presence of Rasputin without having previously paid dearly for this favor. Very soon they established a tax in regard to the audiences granted by their master."

Increasing in self-confidence and power of imposture as he went along,

Gregory Rasputin very often used to visit Tobolsk, where he was always received with great ceremony and pomp, as if he had been really the important personage he believed himself. The policeman in the streets saluted him as he passed; the carriage in which he drove was escorted or preceded by a high police functionary, and the governor asked him to dinner. The same kind of thing used to take place in other Siberian cities. In one of them the stateroom reserved at the railway station for any high authority on a visit to the place were thrown open to him. In another triumphal arches were erected in his honor, while in a third he was met by deputations in the midst of which could be seen civil functionaries and religious dignitaries.

How all this happened no one knew or could explain. In what consisted the fame of Rasputin and what he had done to deserve all these honors nobody could tell. But fame he had acquired, honors he had obtained, and where another person gifted with a smaller amount of impudence than he was possessed of would have been put into prison or sent to a madhouse, Gricha had it all his own way, and defied governors and judges with an equal indifference, sure that none among them would be daring enough to try to put a stop to his progress or to his avidity.

In the course of time Rasputin gravitated to Petrograd. His mock piety and his rough eloquence grad-

ually appealed to certain persons in religious and other circles who belong to the class of public life which is quick to avail itself of the services of the charlatan and demagogue:

Here his reputation of a latter-day saint grew with every hour, until at the last he came to be looked upon as a real manifestation of the Divinity upon earth.

It was about that time that he was seen more frequently at Tsarskoie Selo, where the poor empress was eating her heart away in anxiety over the health of her only son, the little heir to the throne, whose days seemed to be numbered. Rasputin, who had been introduced to her as a pious, good man, whose prayers had already worked miracles, was very quickly able to influence her in the sense that he persuaded her that the small Grand Duke could only be cured if constant prayers were said for him by people who were agreeable to the Lord. It is not to be denied that the pseudo-saint had cultivated to a considerable extent the science of hypnotism and that he used it in regard to the consort of the sovereign in the sense that she grew really to believe that the presence of the "Prophet" by the side of her sick child might cure the latter. There was nothing else in their relations to each other, which remained always, in spite of all that has been said, purely official ones.

Continuing in regard to Rasputin's connection with the imperial court, Princess Radziwill says:

A kind of camarilla formed itself about Rasputin that clung to him and used him for its own purposes, and that went about saying that he was the only man in the whole of Russia capable of obtaining what one wanted, if it pleased him to do so. One declared that he could persuade the empress, always trembling for the health of her only son, to discuss with her imperial spouse any subject that he might suggest. In reality no such thing ever took place. Alexandra Feodorovna always kept Rasputin at arms' length, and for one thing had far too much faith in his absolute disinterestedness even to imagine offering him any reward or gratification. But it is a fact that he was often called by her to pray at the bedside of her little boy, who represented the best hope of Russia. This circumstance was cleverly exploited. No one was ever present at his interviews with the Czar or with the empress; it was therefore easy for him to say what he liked about them, certain that no one could ever contradict him, with the exception of the interested persons themselves, and these could never get to hear or to learn anything about the wild tales which it pleased him, together with his friends, to put into circulation regarding the position which he occupied at the court. Thanks to his persuasive powers and to the undoubted magnetic force he was possessed of, he contrived to imbue even earnest and serious people with the conviction that he was at times the echo of the voices of those placed far above him, and that they had called upon him to say to others what it embarrassed them to mention themselves.

As Rasputin and the camarilla which surrounded him gradually strengthened in this effort to make the monk's power appear greater than it was, an extraordinarily interlarded system of political and financial corruption developed, with Rasputin as its ostensible centre. But far greater personages than the monk did the real directing and managing of affairs:

It is no exaggeration to say that there was a time when nothing of importance ever occurred in the political, social, and administrative life of the Russian capital that was not attributed to Rasputin, and the result of this was that there crowded about him all kinds of dark personalities, who hoped, thanks to his support and influence, to obtain this or that favor. Everything interested him, everything attracted his attention; railway concessions, bank emissions, stock exchange speculations, purchase of properties, acquisition of shares in industrial concerns, arranging of loans for persons in need of them—nothing seemed too small or too important for his activity. He liked to think himself necessary to all these high-born people, whom he compelled to wait for hours in his antechambers, just as if he had been a sovereign. And for every favor he granted, for every word he promised to say, he exacted payment in the shape of a pound of flesh, which consisted, according to circumstances, in a more or less important commission.

Two very notable persons are mentioned by Princess Radziwill as having taken part in the using of Rasputin to serve their own ends. One of these was the famous police official, Manassevitch Manuiloff, and the other was the still more celebrated Count Witte:

Rasputin was in close relation with Count Witte, always eager for his own return to power, and desirous of overturning every individual in possession of the posts which he had formerly occupied himself. . . . Count Witte was very well aware of all the secret influences which were paramount at Tsarskoie Selo, and he contrived to turn them in favor of Rasputin, suggesting at the same time to the latter the things which he ought to say, when in presence of certain personages.

Rasputin was strongly antagonized by M. Stolypine, who was for a while the Russian premier, and through him was almost driven from the capital and his power broken. But so intricate did the political and financial machinations which clustered around the monk become that eventually he was able to turn the tables and bring about Stolypine's assassination.

Stolypine at one time said of Rasputin: "The best thing to do with him is to send him to light the furnace; he is fit for nothing else." Rasputin heard of this, and never ceased his quest for revenge until Stolypine was undone.

Very naturally, according to the princess, a man of such character and position became the object of German attentions, especially when the plot for the war of 1914 began to reach its climax. He was utilized by pro-German influences, the princess says, as the chief instrument for inducing the Czar, much against the latter's own inclination, to make the trip to Berlin to attend the nuptials of the Kaiser's daughter. This trip was one of the principal steps looking toward the breaking of the Franco-Russian entente and the establishment of closer relations between the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs. She adds:

That Germany rejoiced at every tale which reached its ears in regard to Rasputin is evident if one reads its newspapers. That it was in understanding and accord, if not directly with him, at least with some of those who were his immediate friends and habitual confidants, has been proved to the satis-

faction of all impartial persons. And that he worked continually towards establishing an understanding between the Czar and the Kaiser is another fact of which more than one man in Russia is aware. Whether he did so intentionally, or whether he was the unconscious instrument of others cleverer and more cultivated than he ever was or would become, is still a point that has not been cleared up to the general satisfaction.

After the war broke out it was Rasputin who was more responsible than any other obvious agent for the placing in power of Sturner as premier, and for the military failures and the final disgrace of Grand Duke Nicholas. She observes:

He began to give his special attention to the interesting matter of army contracts, and there he found a very rich field to explore. All the different agents and intermediaries who constituted such a notable element in Petrograd crowded around him, offering their services, or imploring his help in all kinds of shady business, out of which no one with the exception of Rasputin himself got a single penny. Thanks to him, bad cartridges were delivered to the army; rotten meat, or meat at a fabulous price, was sold for its wants, and not only sold once, but several times over.

At the time of the Galician campaign, says the princess,

The country believed so firmly in a victory over the Prussians that it was very hard to shake its confidence in the Grand Duke's abilities. The early successes of the first Galician campaign had strengthened this confidence, and no one in Petrograd during the first months of the year 1915 ever gave a thought to the possibility of our troops being compelled to retreat before the enemy, and no one foresaw the fall of Warsaw and of the other fortresses on the western frontier. Rasputin, however, knew more than the public at large. He had his spies everywhere, who faithfully reported to him everything that was occurring in the army. He was well aware that the army was suffering from an almost complete lack of ammunition, and that it would never be able to hold against any offensive combined with artillery attacks on the part of the enemy. This knowledge, which he carefully refrained from sharing with any one, enabled him to indulge in prophecies of a more or less tragic nature, the sense of which was that God was punishing Russia for its sins, and that with an unbeliever like the commander-in-chief at the head of its armies it was surely marching towards a defeat which would be sent by God as a warning never to forget the paths of Providence, and never to disdain the advice of the one prophet that He had sent in His mercy to save Russia from all the calamities which were threatening her.

Having participated in the conspiracy against the Grand Duke, Rasputin joined in the German plan to induce the Czar himself to assume the supreme command of the army, in order that, with defeat certain, the obloquy might fall upon the head of the nation and thus hasten the revolution which it is now known Germany so heartily desired.

As in so many other of his schemes, Rasputin reached the Czar in this matter of the military command through the empress. It is therefore interesting to note the following brief picture of the influence exercised by the monk over his female followers. Princess Radziwill accompanies the narrative by a statement to the effect that, while Rasputin indulged in all manner of moral excesses with women of the lower ranks, his policy with the higher ranks was the very opposite. He maintained his position with the latter class by consistently preaching denial of the flesh and exaltation of the spirit. But says the princess in further explanation:

The method used by Rasputin was to humiliate all the women of the higher circles whom he had subjugated, and who had been silly enough to allow themselves to fall under his spell. Thus he liked to compel them to kiss his hands and feet, to lick the plates out of which he had been eating, or to drink out of the glass which he had just drained. He made them say long prayers in a most fatiguing posture, compelled them sometimes to remain for hours prostrate on the ground before some sacred image, or to stand for a whole day in one place without moving, as a penance for their sins; or again to go for hours without food. Once he commanded one of them to walk in one night to the village of Strelina, a distance of about twenty-five miles from Petrograd, and to return immediately, without giving herself any rest at all, with a twig from a certain tree he had designated to her.

In summary Princess Radziwill says of this extraordinary character:

Rasputin, taken individually, did not deserve any notice. He was never in possession of the influence which was attributed to him, and his voice was never preponderant in the councils of the Czar. It served the interests of those whose tool he had become to spread the notion that he had acquired it, and that, thanks to the religious enthusiasm which he had contrived to rouse among a certain small circle of influential men and women, he had installed himself in the confidence of his sovereign. Unfortunately for Russia, these people not only had accomplices in their evil deeds, but also had the means to spread their opinions among the public and the ability to make these opinions penetrate into all the different classes of the nation. They discredited the imperial family; they discredited the government of the day; they discredited the monarch, until it became at last a political, and I shall even say a national, necessity to suppress them, together with the adventurer whom they had put forward and thanks to whom they had been able to play unmolested for so many years the most nefarious of games.

Appended to the princess' book is a highly illuminating section on the revolution. It is from the viewpoint of a royalist, but from that of a royalist who opposed the exercise of the tyrannies which eventually culminated in the overthrow of the monarch. She believes that the Czar was honest and kind of heart, but with a fatal tendency to arouse against him the animosity of all classes of the community. He might have saved himself at the last moment, but he preferred to listen to the empress and the false counsellors that she kept around her.

RASPUTIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.



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#### BUSINESS NOTES.

For the week ended Saturday the bank clearings aggregated \$128,297,047.20, as compared with \$96,952,103.39 in the corresponding week of 1917, according to the report of the San Francisco Clearing House Association. Saturday's clearings were \$14,729,115.36.

Reporting as of June 21, 1918, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco shows total resources of \$225,668,000, or \$1,510,000 less than in the preceding week. The gold reserve is now \$136,485,000, or in the proportion of 70.93 per cent. to net deposits and note liability combined, as against 69.62 per cent. in the preceding week.

Total cash reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank system have gone over the \$2,000,000,000 mark, establishing a new record. Gold reserves increased last week \$27,600,000.

The ratio of total reserves to aggregate note and deposit liabilities shows an increase for the week from 61.5 to 61.9 per cent. Federal Reserve agents report net additional issues of \$23,500,000 of Federal Reserve notes. The actual note circulation of the banks increased by \$12,100,000, of which about \$400,000 represents the increase in Federal Reserve banknote circulation of three reserve banks.

In order to prepare the financial system of the country to meet the requirements of the United States Treasury, without extraordinary strain being put upon its resources suddenly Secretary McAdoo has addressed a telegram to all the banks and trust companies of the country on the subject of floating a new issue of certificates of indebtedness. Such an issue of short-term obligations was made prior to the flotation of the Third Liberty Loan, and this issue will bear the same relation to the Fourth Liberty Loan, which is understood to be scheduled to be issued next October.

A notable feature of the plan, as outlined in Secretary McAdoo's telegram, is the fact that some of these new certificates will have

dates of maturity which will make them suitable for payment of taxes due in June, 1919. This will help to relieve the strain on the banking resources of the country incident to the payment into the treasury at one time of the present large tax levies.

The American National Bank Building, a ten-story bank and office structure at the southwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the very heart of the banking and business section of San Francisco, has just been completed.

The building is designed in the Italian Renaissance. The lower part or base is of California granite, with free standing columns on California Street and engaged columns on Montgomery Street, giving a feeling of great stability. The colonnade or monumental feature embraces the first and second stories of the building, and is surmounted by an ornamental belt course.

Above this base the shaft of the building rises of granite terra cotta. The main or banking floor gives the impression upon entering of richness and good taste. Columns support the decorated ceiling. The public space in the banking room is flanked on either side by carved Hauteville marble screen, filled in with bronze grille.

The safe deposit vault, being in the basement, is reached by a stairway from the public space in the banking room and also from the office building elevator lobby. The nine floors above the first are devoted entirely to offices, with unobstructed light, making the offices especially desirable for the tenants. There are three elevators, known as the Otis high speed traction elevator.

The building is of Class A construction, steel frame and reinforced concrete floors. The partitions are of hollow tile, which make the best sound-proof partition known.

The total approved budget of expenditures for railways under the control of Director General McAdoo is \$946,293,828. Some of the largest items included in the list are: Locomotives and freight cars, \$206,994,914; passenger cars, \$28,340,446; other equipment, \$12,963,109; improvements to existing equipment, \$35,043,290, the total for equipment being \$482,417,179. For construction of extension branches and other new lines, \$18,237,424; with trestles and culverts, \$38,035,762; for additional main tracks, \$47,471,002; additional yard tracks and sidings, \$98,661,553; shop buildings, engine houses, and appurtenances, \$61,979,476.

The British American Bank of San Francisco has been authorized to issue 10,000 shares of the capital stock at par, \$100, for cash. This corporation will take over the banking business heretofore conducted in San Francisco by the Bank of British North America since 1853. The latter institution has recently been merged with the Bank of Montreal.

The market has recently given convincing proof of its strong underlying position due to the fact that a relative minimum of stocks is being carried on margin, while holders seem generally satisfied that they would be sacrificing securities were they to sell at current prices. Certainly the array of recent developments susceptible of bearish construction would have worked more definitely in furtherance of bearish endeavors had the market position been unsound. For the crucial period of the war is upon us, with the German high command exerting its every item of military strategy and force to effect a favorable conclusion before the increasing American army sways the balance definitely in favor of the Allies.

After all the war is and must continue until peace is won, the principal consideration from a stock market standpoint, and more and more it looks as if real peace, the sort of peace by victory that alone can mean defeat for the military armies of Prussianism, is only months, not years, away. Yet, of course, we must not falter in our plans to facilitate the ending of this horrible war, and for the government or the people to be unduly elated over the prospects of an early peace would be one sure way of prolonging the war. Consequently we hear from "highest sources" in the government, in military and naval quarters, in the realm of high finance, that the war will not be won for a year or two years or three.

Still those who have the money and the nerve to buy good securities should not be unmindful of the prospects of some great and early change in the military situation that would open the eyes of the public to the prospects of a peace by victory even before next Christmas. For when the public is overtaken by that sort of feeling most stocks probably will be up ten to twenty points from current levels.

I read a good many comments about the "reckless speculation" in last month's huying movement that put Baldwin Locomotive above par and Steel Common above 113. Yet even those prices, I think, will look low by comparison with some that we will see later in the year.

Meanwhile here and there stocks go on their way to higher levels, making new and newer "tops" for the 1918 market, which, to my thinking, is a "victory" market, one that has its good "downs" as well as its high "ups," to be sure, but one that is endeavoring to discount the overthrow of the Kaiser and his plans of world empire.

There is some disposition to talk about the disadvantages of the price-fixing policy. With reasonable limits the supply-and-demand rule is a certain good standard, but, while the government requirements run practically to the full extent of the supply in many lines, I think a certain amount of price-fixing is legitimate and proper. Restrictions, however, should not be such as to discourage enterprise or diminish output. This war business is the one real business of the country. It is costing almost untold millions, but peace will be worth all it costs and more in lives and money and effort.—*Town Topics.*

One of the most important factors which the operator in the stock market must take into consideration is the current position of prices with regard to former turning points. So far as records show no hull market has ever started from a high level nor any bear market from a low level.

At the present time there is a great difference of opinion regarding the future course of the market. Some adhere to the opinion that the upward movement which began in December and which is still on constitutes the first step forward of a new hull market, which will gradually develop in strength and public following until the usual boom stage is reached and distribution takes place.

The huge long interest, built up during the bull market of 1915 and 1916, has been practically eliminated by the severe decline during 1917 (a veritable stock panic, which alarmed even the investors and caused them to sell out great quantities of stocks at the bottom of the market).

Who under the circumstances, it is argued, but the strongest of market interests would buy stocks at such a time? It must be assumed, therefore, that the floating supply of stock has passed into strong hands again. As far as prices are concerned a condition somewhat similar to the present and one which may be cited in confirmation of the theory above existed in the year 1908. Like 1915-16, the years of 1905 and 1906 had been years of bullish activity and huge distribution of stock at record high prices had taken place. Then followed the famous Roosevelt panic of 1907.

There was a period of hesitancy and stagnation in the early part of 1908, but after four months of accumulation by insiders a new upward movement gained headway and did not stop until eighteen months later, ending November, 1909, when prices were well up again to the high mark of 1905 and 1906 and stocks were again in weak hands. The writer is of the opinion that the present hull market has just started and will continue for many months.—*W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co., Palace Hotel.*

On April 23d the total enemy property held by the Alien Property Custodian was \$275,249,688.84. Of this amount \$26,832,436.86 was cash, of which \$24,096,992.31 was invested in government securities and \$2,735,444.55 was uninvested. The value of the stocks held aggregated \$113,480,880.22, and bonds, other than investments made by the Secretary of the Treasury, were \$44,399,195.91. Mortgages totaled \$6,396,550.75; notes receivable, \$4,252,772.72; accounts receivable, \$50,196,796.12; real estate, \$4,184,879.66; and general business, etc., \$25,506,176.60.

In addition to all this, the Custodian holds sixty-two steamships of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd lines valued approximately at \$140,000,000.

The purpose of the Trading with the Enemy Act is to prevent the use of enemy-owned properties in the United States—either manufactured products, securities, money, etc.—as an aid to the enemy. Much of the accomplishment of the Alien Property Custodian and his forces in this direction, particularly the sensational ones, may not be disclosed until after the war. It is known, however, that valuable holdings of Bethmann-Hollweg himself have been taken over in Texas. Huge sugar interests of the enemy in Hawaii have been uncovered and numerous "American corporations" of unmistakable enemy complexion and characteristics are being exposed and absorbed by the government constantly.

Serious attention is being given to the effect of the proposed increases in railroad rates upon the export business of the United States. Exporters regard it as a serious drawback to American producers in competition with foreigners because goods shipped here under higher rail rates and the high ocean charges will compel a very substantial increase in prices.

Petitions have been submitted praying for a restoration of the preference which, for the

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last quarter of a century, has been granted by railroads in favor of commodities intended for export. This lower export rate gives the inland manufacturer a chance with competitors at the seashore; but, putting all goods for domestic consumption on a parity with those for export changes the situation and the increased cost of transportation places American exporters at a disadvantage.

It is well to remember that above all things it is necessary to maintain at this time and after the close of the war our paramount position in the export field. It will be difficult enough to do this because of the high cost of production due to abnormal wages, and it will complicate the situation further if the exports are taxed unnecessarily by heavy export charges. This is a matter of such vital concern to the whole country that there should be no hesitancy on the part of the government to meet the situation promptly and to remedy it effectively.

The seventieth anniversary of the founding of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was celebrated at Shanghai on April 12, 1918, with a banquet which was attended by 200 prominent business men, mostly American. The local agent of the company, who presided, referred to the fact that it was exactly 134 years ago that the first American ship, the *Empress of China*, a boat of 360 tons, sailed from a port of the United States for Canton, China.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was incorporated in New York on April 12, 1848. Its first steamer in the China trade was the *Colorado*, a side-wheeler of 3000 tons, which was dispatched from San Francisco for Hongkong on January 1, 1867, touched at Yokohama and Honolulu, and returned to San Francisco exactly seventy-eight days. The *California*, a picture of which appeared on the menu, operated between New York and San Francisco around Cape Horn.

In one of the addresses of the evening attention was directed to the fact that while at the time of the organization of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and for many years thereafter, Japanese tonnage was not represented at the port of Shanghai, the returns for 1917 show that the tonnage of Japanese vessels entering and clearing approximated 5,000,000, being second only to the British tonnage, which was over 5,500,000. Ten years ago the British tonnage was greater than that of all other nationalities represented, the American tonnage then being 848,650, as against 409,492 for 1917. The Japanese tonnage ten years ago was about 3,000,000, but Japan was not represented at all fifty years ago, when the total tonnage of American and British vessels entering and clearing at Shanghai aggregated 691,086 and 911,171 respectively.

The first records obtainable date back sixty-two years, and were collected by the Chinese customs authorities from the newspapers then published. Thus in 1856 the available statistical data show that American vessels entering and clearing at Shanghai for that year numbered 120, aggregating 74,678 tons. For the same year the number of British vessels entering and clearing is given as 610, with the aggregate tonnage of 182,215. Roughly estimated, the average tonnage of American sailing vessels of that day was about 600 tons, while the average tonnage of the British vessels was about 300 tons.

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### THE KAISER AT WORK.

The Emperor and His Press Agent.

In the *Vossische Zeitung* (says Michael A. Morrison in "Sidelights on Germany," lately published by the George H. Doran Company) we have a visit paid by the Kaiser to Vilna, where he met Hindenburg and where the field marshal and his master went to church.

The two clergymen, both of them old men, are outside watching his majesty's coming. He approaches, wrapped in a gray cape, with a hood; and under his helmet a gray head protector. He shakes hands with the clergy, chats with them a while, and offers to follow them into the church. But the pastors know their duty, and follow the supreme War Lord to the altar.

Prince Oscar attends his father, and finds the places for him in the hymn-book. The Kaiser sings the first verse. Hindenburg is close at hand. We read about his serene face. The chiefs of the marine and general staff are also there—Falkenhayn and Holtzendorff, Ludendorff and Eichborn. The writer declares that had he an entire paint-box and twenty yards of canvas at his disposal he could not do justice to his impressions. We believe him.

The sermon was of the usual character—the sort of stuff a Prussian parson would preach to a war lord like the Kaiser, to a war lord who has also preached sermons. We are told that during its delivery the imperial gaze was fastened unmovingly on the preacher, his features showing traces of the "sharpest thought." There was another hymn, and suddenly the sun broke from the clouds. It is always breaking from the clouds when the Kaiser is about. The Kaiser again spoke to the clergymen, beckoning them towards him as though he wished to say something cordial.

We are then told that his majesty, accompanied by his brilliant suite, went to the castle and distributed Iron Crosses of the first and second class. The writer saw the Kaiser as he was engaged in this occupation, and got the impression of a "great friendliness of heart which one seldom sees on the stern face." He recalls how a hundred years ago Napoleon came to Vilna, and contrasts that scene of long ago with the present brilliant picture.

A number of sketches deal with the Kaiser visiting soldiers in hospital. In the following we have described the emperor's fatherly

ways with the men, followed by a description of a visit to the battlefields of Verdun. The characteristic report does not bear curtailment.

According to the *Tägliche Rundschau*, his majesty had been to church near Verdun, and he then visited this particular locality in order to see "his wounded warriors." He entered the courtyard, filled with men slightly wounded.

"Morning, boys!"

"Morning, your majesty!"

"And then rapid questions and answers.

At first the men were a bit timid, but the Kaiser's adroit camaraderie and jolliness soon put every one at his ease, and they soon felt as though they were talking to a popular captain. You should have seen the men whom he spoke to—the unconscious convulsion in their battle-scarred visages, the deep breathing. Sometimes it was only a word or two about their homes. To one man the Kaiser said, 'Ah, yes, I know your place. Was there on manoeuvres. Beautiful place; you might willingly let your bones be smashed with shot for a home like that. Fancy, if we had let the Russians into it!'"

But it was not exactly what the Kaiser said which we are asked to admire; it was his genial and cordial laugh, his consoling and inspiring humor. It is this which stiffens the boys' necks, which brings radiance to their eyes. It is this which makes them say, "I have been in this neighborhood, I have seen him face to face, the man for whom I have battled and bled, and for whom hundreds of thousands have already died without hearing the Kaiser's thanks from his own imperial lips."

The Kaiser then entered the hospital where the seriously wounded lay. There was a board at the head of each bed, with particulars of the case. Those who had won the Iron Cross had their ribbon pinned on the board. Here the same jolly atmosphere, only slightly damped as the men were very weak. It is astonishing, the jollity caused everywhere by the Kaiser's coming. From bed to bed he went, and on each bed the War Lord laid a twig of laurel and a picture postcard of himself, which he took from his aide-de-camp. Then Schmuck of the *Tägliche Rundschau* tells us that sometimes the "August Visitor" took from a parcel the most treasured of all war decorations, the Iron Cross and its ribbon, and presented it to the suffering men. "Ah," says Schmuck, "how our souls' eyes see the joy of the homes when the letters come, written with trembling hands, which tell that the Kaiser has spoken to the writer, and has laid an Iron Cross and a sprig of laurel on his bed!" "That laurel sprig and Cross will occupy the place of honor on the wall, and go down to the children's children. What proud blessedness for their owners!"

"Ye enervated and enfeebled enthusiasts for peace, do not denounce war! Ye do not know war, the mighty regenerator of the souls of men!"

Then Schmuck takes us up unto a high place where there is a tree, a great spreading beech. He describes the approach of the Kaiser and his chief of staff and their staffs. They have come from the hospital, and are approaching the tree in profound meditative talk. High up the tree a watch tower has been built, reached by a flight of stairs. The War Lord ascends with his chief of staff and others. In this conning tower there are great telescopes and vast maps, with the use of which the emperor is perfectly familiar. He looks out over the extended landscape, with the glittering Meuse winding through it, with rusty red zigzag stripes (the trenches), dark round spots (the craters), a landscape like that of the moon, arid, desolate, hopeless. Here and there patches of spring verdure, and in the grass and amidst the distant trees villages nestle. No—they are villages no longer. They are shapeless, waste places, full of horror, standing there in the diffused light of the evening sun. Germany's "Oberster Kriegsherr" surveys the scene, and his features assume a stern, unheeding aspect. We are asked to wonder what his thoughts are. The omniscient Schmuck can not help us. Even he does not know.

But he tells us about the fire-vomiting hills of the Meuse, the white shrapnel cloudlets, the smoking woods and farms, the smoking Verdun, with its soaring cathedral towers, the vomiting earth where a heavy shell strikes. The War Lord's stern gaze takes it all in, his ear listens to the undertone and hoarse murmur of the distant guns. The earth trembles. The greatest War Lord in history watches the greatest battle in history, a battle which language is too feeble to describe.

Schmuck proceeds to tell us that it almost seemed as though the battle knew its great Disposer were present, for from far and near came a mad resonance of firing. In the Disposer's presence the battle threw off its wearied Sunday manner, and German guns thundered along the slopes of the Dead Man into the French trenches.

Slowly, thoughtfully, the Kaiser descended from his tree, and then with rapid step to his waiting car, the soldiers throwing their caps into the air and yelling "Hurra! Hurra!" It was once more quiet on that hilltop, with its giant beech bursting into leaf. The beech must have thought, says Schmuck, "What a precious hurden I have borne today, him in whose person Germany's sacred struggle for life and prosperity is personified!"

At regular intervals selected correspondents are permitted to write letters from "Grand Headquarters," descriptive of the life led by the Kaiser, and of the deeds of manhood, chivalry, and piety which fill it. All of them, of course, unite in describing his imperial majesty as a twentieth-century Bayard, with the tender heart of a St. Francis, and the mystic piety of a St. Thomas à Kempis.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### The Irish Guards.

We're not so old in the Army List,  
But we're not so young at our trade,  
For we had the honor at Fontenoy  
Of meeting the Guards Brigade.  
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,  
And Lee that led us then,  
And after a hundred and seventy years  
We're fighting for France again!

Old days! The wild geese are fighting,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's bound to be  
fighting,  
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no  
more!

Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,  
But once through France we went  
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—  
The English—left at Ghent.  
They're fighting on our side today,  
But before they changed their clothes  
The half of Europe knew our fame  
As all of Ireland knows!

Old days! The wild geese are flying,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's memory un-  
dying,  
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,  
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,  
The ancient days come back no more  
Than water under the bridge.  
But the bridge it stands and the water runs  
As red as yesterday,  
And the Irish move to the sounds of the guns  
Like salmon to the sea!

Old days! The wild geese are ranging,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish their hearts are un-  
changing,  
And when they are changeable, it is Ireland no  
more!

Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,  
But we're not so new in the ring,  
For we carried our pack with Marshal Saxe  
When Louis was our King.  
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now  
And we're King George's men,  
And after one hundred and seventy years  
We're fighting for France again!

Ah, France! And did we stand by you  
When life was made splendid with gifts and re-  
wards?  
Ah, France! And we will deny you  
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?  
Old days! The wild geese are fighting,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's loving and  
fighting,  
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!

—Rudyard Kipling.

#### The Vanished Earth Gods.

There are no gods to hear us;  
He hath taken our gods away—  
The Princess of Air who hearkened our prayer—  
And we have forgotten to pray.

The children scoff in the highways  
And use His name for a jest;  
And the high priests laugh and chatter and quaff,  
And rule their lives like the rest.

He is not like us—He hears not,  
Nor heedeth our uttered plea;  
But the gods of the earth as mortals had birth,  
And they were fashioned as we.

The god of the rains and the rivers  
Was strong, and we served him aghast;  
And we hushed our breath with the fear of death  
When the lord of the night wind passed.

Messengers they, not judges,  
Nor measured the right and wrong;  
But they heard our pleas in the winds and the  
seas,  
And were swift to answer and strong.

Or that our prayers were righteous,  
Or that our prayers were amiss,  
Little they'd care, the spirits of air,  
They answered, and judgment was His!

Still is He far beyond us,  
Master and spirit of light;  
And they who were near and fashioned to bear  
Are gone, and now it is night!  
—From "The Grass in the Pavement," by M. E.  
Buhler. Published by James T. White & Co.



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### RECENT PUBLICATIONS

#### "ROVING AND FIGHTING"

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By Major E. S. O'Reilly

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#### "CASTE THREE"

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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### After the War.

There is a discernible tendency to exaggerate the importance of the reconstruction work that will be done by the churches after the war. The churches were utterly powerless to prevent the war or to mitigate its worst horrors. It is by no means sure that they will play an important part in the reconstitution of society or that their influence will be larger in the future than it has been in the past.

Perhaps there is a still more undesirable disposition to arrange social and political programmes for the churches. Such programmes are usually a reflection of the personal opinions of the author, and sometimes they are put forward without due recognition that a true religious feeling may find itself in conflict with them. Thus we are assured by the present author, and as a sort of axiom, that "the church ought to be welcoming the feminist movement." Now the feminist movement may be a new evangel, but it is certain that there are good Christians who do not think so. If the church is to welcome the feminist movement perhaps it ought also to welcome Japanese immigration, or free silver, or a high tariff. Why stop anywhere? If the church wishes to regain its lost ground it would do well to advocate personal righteousness and nothing else, and to leave its application to the vision of the convert. This will be found to include such topics as contraception and the teaching of sex hygiene, which also find a place in this volume. It is that "unto which all other things are added." Outside of that are the shoals and rocks of partisanship and schism.

RIGHT AND WRONG AFTER THE WAR. By Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

#### Toward the Gulf.

We need not consider whether Mr. Masters in his "Anthology" and now in his latest work has dealt in prose or poetry. At least we can postpone that consideration until we have given to our definitions a precision that now they lack. We refuse to count his syllables or to observe his stresses. We care nothing for footrule or balance. It is enough to note the solemn music that he can convey to the minds of his readers alike by the ideas that inspire his writings and his capacity to choose the only words in the language that exactly correspond with those ideas. Mr. Masters is a magician because his art is unmistakably based upon his own intense feelings and his own unerring perceptions. He has the essential clairvoyance.

But Mr. Masters is no less surprising when he deals with the more current coin of the poetic realm. We wish there were more of it. Take, for example, the four-stanza poem, "Poor Pierrot." Here are two of the stanzas:

I have learned the secret of silence, silence long and deep.  
The dead know all that I know, that is why they sleep.

They could do nothing with fate, or love, or fame, or strife—  
When life fills full the soul then life kills life.

I would glide under the earth as a shadow over a dune,  
Into the soul of silence, under the sun and moon.

And forever, as long as the world stands or the stars flee,  
Be one with the sands of the shore and one with the sea.

This is the sort of thing that changes the consciousness, that haunts it and converts it. Mr. Masters has taken his place and he is not likely to be supplanted.

TOWARD THE GULF. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

#### A Cadet Manual.

The authors are to be congratulated on so clear and practical a work on the training of boys to a better citizenship through the medium of what we must call military drill in

lack of a better term. The book is the most complete of its kind that we have seen and admirably adapted to the use of schools. The illustrations are particularly helpful.

THE CADET MANUAL. By Major E. Z. Steever and Major J. L. Frink. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

#### Aircraft.

Man, it seems, could not enter into his heritage of the air except through the gateway of war. But for war the aeroplane might have continued indefinitely to be no more than a toy.

In this interesting volume Mr. W. H. Berry tells us all about the aeroplane, what it was, what it is, and what it ought to be in the future. The development of the aeroplane has advanced under forced pressure during four years. The improvements have been weekly, almost daily. It is now the most effective weapon of modern war. At any moment it may be a decisive factor. Mr. Berry describes for us its achievements, the improvements in its mechanism and its accessories, not forgetting its giant sister, the Zeppelin. He tells us how bombs are thrown and something about the conduct of raids. And finally he gives us a chapter on the future commercial uses of aircraft with an attractive picture of peace values as opposed to war values. His numerous illustrations are from official photographs.

AIRCRAFT IN WAR AND COMMERCE. By W. H. Berry. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

#### Willow, the Wisp.

This is a story of the Canadian backwoods, but one of a somewhat unusual kind. It centres around the character of Dorkin, who has forsaken the cities as a result of an unmerited disgrace and who finds in the forests a cure for the drug habit which he has contracted in his despair. Dorkin earns a livelihood by the sale of the wild animals that resort to his domain and over which he exercises a curious and controlling fascination. The main elements of the narrative are Dorkin's love for a nymph of the woods, "Willow, the Wisp," his feud with the outlaws of his vicinity, the restitution of his own good name, and the establishment of the identity of the strange forest girl who throws in her lot with his, and from whom the story takes its name. The author is to be commended for a clever and not too intricate plot and for a narrative style that is simple and pleasing.

WILLOW, THE WISP. By Archie P. McKishnie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35.

#### Briefer Reviews.

"Bombs and Hand Grenades: British, French, and German," by Captain Bertram Smith (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), covers the whole subject of explosive missiles, bombs, rifle and hand grenades, fuses, and their uses in the attack and defense. The book is extensively illustrated.

A book of peculiar interest to the feminist—if that is the right word to use—is "Maid, Wives, and Widows," by Rose Falls Bres, just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2). It is described as "the law of the land and of the various states as it affects women." The facts are well arranged and presented, and without undue hate.

The new American edition of "The Miracles of Jesus," by the Right Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, D. D., D. C. L., Archbishop of York, has been followed by a similar publication of "The Parables of Jesus," by the same author. The subject is treated as before with simplicity and dignity. Price, \$1.60.

"Over Here Stories," by Timothy Hay (Montgomery Rollins), published by the Marshall Jones Company, Boston, is a collection of stories illustrative of some phases of the popular mind with regard to Liberty Bonds and other varieties of war work. They are, of course, well told. The proceeds go to the Red Cross. Price, 75 cents.

It is more instructive to read a few stories by Russians than many learned books about Russia. And Gorki's stories are among the best. Three of these stories have been published by the Stratford Company, Boston, under the title of "Stories of the Steppe," and they give an insight into the Russian character that it would be hard to overvalue. The price is 25 cents.

The editor of this collection of poems by soldiers tells us that there are already one hundred volumes of soldiers' verse. His own is a selection from the poems already published, and it is done with taste and discrimination. Lieutenant C. E. Andrews calls his book "From the Front," and it may be recommended as representative. It is published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.

Miss Turpin, so deservedly popular as a writer of books for girls, has now added "Peggy of Roundabout Lane" to her list. It is, in a sense, a continuation of "Honey Sweet" and "Happy Acres," that is to say it deals once more with the Callahan family. And it is just as delightful and just as whole-

some as its predecessors. It is published by the Macmillan Company and the price is \$1.25.

The Macmillan Company have published "The Heart of Isabel Carleton," by Margaret Ashmun (\$1.25). Miss Ashmun now takes up the story of her heroine about where she left it at the conclusion of "Isabel Carleton's Year." She carries her through a series of adventures in London and other parts of England during the early days of the war and brings her back finally to Jefferson, the scene of the first book.

A late addition to the Home Economics Series in course of issue by D. Appleton & Co. is "Sewing and Textiles," by Annabelle Turner, B. S. It is intended as a text-book for grades and rural schools prepared in the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin and designed for the help of the teacher. The work is arranged in proper sequence and detailed directions are given for the making of each article or garment suggested. The price is \$1.75.

#### Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sara Teasdale is the recipient of the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by Columbia University for the best book of poems published in 1917. The book which won the prize is "Love Songs," published by the Macmillan Company.

The ultimate honor has come to H. G. Wells. An enterprising restaurant man has named his new eating place "The Britling Cafeteria," doubtless expecting to attract to his doors many of the 400,000 purchasers of that most widely read of all war novels, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

The Phi Beta Kappa poem at the commencement exercises of Columbia University the first week in June was read by Louis V. Ledoux. Mr. Ledoux is the author of several books, including "The Story of Eleusis: A Lyrical Drama."

"In an incredibly short period Francis Hackett developed from an immigrant boy into one of the most conspicuous and highly respected critics of literature in America," says the *Bookman* of the author of "Horizons," a book of literary and dramatic criticism. "The son of a distinguished Kilkenny physician, Mr. Hackett came here as a youth with assets limited to good blood, good schooling, good taste, determination, and optimism. He has extracted something vital from every experience in his varied career. There was

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no snobbishness to keep him from being Mr. John Brisben Walker's office boy or from working for Mr. Marshall Field, in whose emporium he began at the bottom, literally, for his chore was in the basement. An affinity for literature, perhaps, prompted him to spend a space with a book-cloth manufacturer."

Winston Churchill's "A Traveler in War-Time" is to come from the press within the next few weeks.

# Berlin's Royal Scandals

Further Hohenzollern domestic infelicities are disclosed by the former lady in waiting to the German Empress, this time involving the Crown Prince.

## BLOODY CHECK FOR THE GERMANS

This is the way Frank H. Simonds describes the failure of the enemy's drives against civilization, writing exclusively for

NEXT SUNDAY'S

San Francisco Chronicle

JUNE 30, 1918



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Efficiency.

We are beginning rather to dread the word efficiency. Its worship is rapidly becoming either a new collar on the slave's neck, or a fetish that threatens to replace spontaneity by calculation.

Of this we find examples in Mr. Robert Grimshaw's new book. Why, he says, do we put "Dear Sir" at the beginning of a letter? For the same reason that we utter a conventional apology if we inadvertently jostle a man on the street. Nothing is meant in either case, but there is none the less an instinctive desire to be gracious. Without such "wastes of time" we should be more barbarian and less bearable than we are now.

Why do we strike matches lengthwise on the box and so exhaust a long streak thereof? This is one of Mr. Grimshaw's questions, and once more the answer is simple. In order to insure ignition. Moreover, the prepared surface will outlast the matches in any case.

One more example. Let us be physically efficient, says Mr. Grimshaw. "No middle-aged man should have the right to take his wife or his daughter in his lap, unless he can pick her up and carry her in case she faints or sprains her ankle." But suppose the wife weighs 260 pounds—they get that way sometimes—and the husband 110.

It is to be feared that Mr. Grimshaw does not know what efficiency means. The man who designedly omitted the usual salutations from his letters, or struck a match crossways on the box, would not be efficient. He would be a piffing little prig, and probably an unemployable nuisance. Efficient men may do such things instinctively, but their minds do not move on those levels.

None the less there is much of a high value in Mr. Grimshaw's book, although it is mixed with trivialities. He gives us good advice on the strengthening of the mind, the memory, and the will, and the ordering of the life in such a way that the best results may be attained.

LESSONS IN PERSONAL EFFICIENCY. By Robert Grimshaw. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## Through War to Peace.

This is one of the books for which we are grateful because it comes from the soul of a man. Professor Keller sees clearly that Germany is an incarnated evil, the national expression of an antiquated iniquity, and that there can be no peace for the world until the German people have renounced the villainess of their ideals and given substantial pledges that they will conform with civilization and its usages. It is not the German government, but the German people, that have descended to a plane that ought not to be described as beastlike, since no beasts ever went so low. Let there be no false magnanimity, he says, at the finish. Here we are in the presence of a cancer that can not be cured by scraping its surface. Only the emotional and the weak-minded will try. It is not an army that must be destroyed, but a national code.

"If you want war," says Sumner, quoted by the author, "nourish a doctrine." It will become a blinding and a bloody obsession like "the balance of power," or "trade follows the flag." This is the danger of such phrases as "no annexations or indemnities," probably invented, says Professor Keller, by a German. In Russia we see the results of a doctrine, and some such doctrine will certainly try to stay the hand of restitution, reparation, and guarantees. The job must be finished in workmanlike style. There must be no faltering. The cancer must be excised to the roots.

THROUGH WAR TO PEACE. By Albert G. Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

## Blocking New Wars.

A league of nations, says Mr. Herbert S. Houston, resolved on the prevention of wars and wielding the weapon of the commercial and economic embargo, would be able to impose a perpetual peace on the world. This is one of the panaceas now much in favor, and it is ably presented by Mr. Houston. We are by no means sure that a world court could ever be persuaded to agree about anything save pious platitudes or that it would be more than a repetition of the farce at The Hague. Much depends on the incalculable national psychology that will be created by the war, but in the meantime it is well that we should have such careful presentations and pleas as the present one.

BLOCKING NEW WARS. By Herbert S. Houston. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.

## New Books Received.

THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A biography.

THE SMILING OF THE ROCK. By Palmer Bend. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE INDIAN CORPS IN FRANCE. By Lieutenant Colonel J. W. B. Merewether, C. I. E., and the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

With an introduction by the Rt. Hon. Earl Cur-

zon of Kedleston. With portraits, illustrations, and maps.

SMALL ARMS INSTRUCTOR'S MANUAL. Compiled by the Small Arms Instruction Corps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

An intensive course.

CITY PASTORALS AND OTHER POEMS. By William Griffith. New York: James T. White & Co. A volume of verse.

THE SOLOIERS' ENGLISH AND ITALIAN CONVERSATION BOOK. Translated and adapted by Ida Dickinson from W. M. Gallician's Soldiers' English-French Conversation Book. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

For the man going to the front.

STORIES OF THE STEPPE. By Maxim Gorki. Boston: The Stratford Company; 25 cents.

Issued in the Stratford Universal Library.

TWENTY. By Stellar Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company; 80 cents.

A volume of verse.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The recent history of Japan.

RELIGION: ITS PROPHETS AND FALSE PROPHETS. By James Bishop Thomas, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A study of religious history.

MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS. By Rose Falls Bres. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The law of the land and of the various states as it affects women.

THE QUEST OF THE FACE. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

The search for the ideal.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

With more than eighty photographs.

A BOY OF BRUGES. By Emile and Tita Cammaerts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

An idyll of child life.

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. By Roger Bigelow Marri-

man. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7.50.

In two volumes. Volume I, "The Middle Ages";

Volume II, "The Catholic Kings."

THE TIME SPIRIT. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

SEWING AND TEXTILES. By Annabell Turner. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

Instruction in all kinds of plain sewing.

CAPE COD, NEW AND OLD. By Agnes Edwards.

Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

With illustrations by Louis H. Ruhl.

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Mary Du-

claux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

From Caesar's invasion to the battle of Water-

loo.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA. By J. W. Wood. San

Francisco: Newbegin's; \$3.50.

A complete history of the organization of the

Indiana colony.

SONGS OF AMERICA. By Simon N. Patten. New

York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents.

A book of songs.

THE ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT. By

Y. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Translated from the French by Grace Fallow

Norton.

THE NEW VOTER. By Charles Willis Thompson.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Things that ought to be known about politics

and citizenship.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME. By Lilian Leveridge.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

A volume of poems.

THE POETS OF MODERN FRANCE. By Ludwig

Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.

A translation of sixty lyrics, with comment.

THE BIBLE AT A SINGLE VIEW. By Richard

Green Moulton. New York: The Macmillan Com-

pany; \$1.

With an appendix, How to Read the Bible.

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE. By Irving K.

Pond. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$2.

An essay in constructive criticism.

A NATION AT BAY. By Serg't Ruth S. Farnam.

Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

What an American woman saw and did in

Serbia.

THE STRUCTURE OF LASTING PEACE. By Horace

Meyer Kallen, Ph. D. Boston: Marshall Jones

Company; \$1.25.

An inquiry into the motives of war and peace.

DRAFT CONVENTION FOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

By a group of American jurists and publicists.

Description and comment by Theodore Marburg.

New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE GERMAN PIRATE. By Ajax. New York:

George H. Doran Company; 75 cents.

His methods and record.

THE LIGHT ABOVE THE CROSS ROADS. By Mrs.

Victor Rickard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.;

\$1.50.

A novel.

THE BOYS' MILITARY MANUAL. By Virgil D.

Collins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Com-

pany; \$1.

For boys from twelve to twenty years. And for

their parents.

From fresco paintings of women in the

Cretan palaces of about 2000 B. C. it is

learned that the women of that time pinched

in their waists, wore elaborate coiffures, shoes

with high heels, and hats which might have

come from a Parisian hat shop.



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## A Chinese Password.

Writing in the *Central China Post*, a correspondent who signs himself as "Rover" says an amusing incident is causing much merriment in Changteh. Mr. Wang Kwei-ling, one of the wealthiest merchants of the city, who has been for some time filling the arduous and thankless post of vice-chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce, is the hero of it. Since the successes of the Northerners have upset the calculations of the Southern generals considerable vigilance has been shown in patrolling the streets at night and stopping all pedestrian traffic. The password is changed nightly, and any one who can not respond when challenged by the sentries is not only stopped, but runs the chance of suspicion and rough handling. Mr. Wang Kwei-ling set off in the evening on urgent business to the Chamber of Commerce, which was some distance from his home. In his hurry he had neglected to ascertain the password and was soon held up by the sentries patrolling the deserted streets. They demanded the password and he, thinking his position would get him through, simply stated he was the vice-chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. "No, no," said the sentry, "you will either give the password or be arrested." In great fear Mr. Wang cried out "Tai-piao" (government cash note) thinking to bribe the man. The sentry at once became covetous, and asked Mr. Wang what he meant. With considerable astuteness he concocted a story that he was one of the gentry going to the Chamber of Commerce to arrange a loan of cash notes for the Southern soldiers, whereupon the soldier let him go and, moreover, volunteered the correct password. To point the moral: it is a fact China today has only one password, "Tai-piao," i. e., money. This magic word is at the bottom of all the present difficulties which are ruining and bankrupting this land—as in the present so also in the past. In the past officials would do anything for sycee. Justice was bought and sold

as a regular commodity, and now when the country has been bled white and there are no dollars or lumps of silver sycee left, nor hardly any coppers, the tale is still the same. The military officials wage civil war with each other for "Tai-piao"; the soldiers collect in their thousands at that magic word; cities are sacked and burnt, men, women, and children are murdered and outraged, mutilated and dismembered, all because of "Tai-piao." Peace is driven away, the merchants and people are exploited to their last possibility because of the lust for money. China has long made the "Tai-piao" its god, it is capable in all eyes of covering every failing and justifying every enormity, so to the end "Tai-piao" will be the ultimate cause of the final ruin for which this vast land is in travail.

Travelers coming from Constantinople in May gave the following description of the economic and political situation: A ton of coal costs 650 francs (a franc is worth approximately 20 cents); a pair of boots 300 francs; tea and coffee are not available for the lower classes of the population. Poor people live from small rolls of bread, the composition of which can not be discovered. One piece costs 2 piastres, that is, 40 cents. When the travelers left Constantinople all people were looking forward to the first arrivals of vessels with grain from the Ukraine. Turkey itself needs at least one million tons of Ukrainian grain in order to compensate for the bad crop of 1917, the worst in many years. In some districts of Asia Minor the population is dying of hunger. The paper money issued by the government, not on gold, but on a deposit of German treasury bills, on which repayment in gold ten years after the war is promised, has only one-fifth of the nominal value. Metallic coin is not in circulation in Constantinople.

Algeria has 7,500,000 acres of forests, of which cork trees make up 1,112,000 acres.

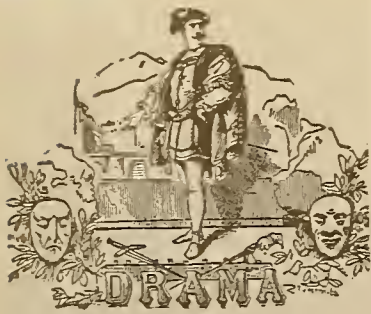


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### "HEARTS OF THE WORLD."

Nowadays we get our knowledge of the war from the "movie." The elect among us read as many war hooks as the brevity of time will permit, and even plow our way through diplomatic documents. But then the elect are so few in number, but it is to be observed that even they are by no means superior to the delights of the moving picture, and to the pictorial visualization of the scenes that are now holding the world in the grip of their horror and fascination.

"Hearts of the World" is by no means so important a picture as "My Three Years in Germany," but it is quite as interesting. The latter was historically accurate, seeing that it was supervised by Mr. Gerard himself, and was concerned almost exclusively with the events in which he had borne a part. It contained practically nothing that was fanciful, and for once the stage manager must have taken something like a back seat, an unfamiliar experience for him, but doubtless salutary. Now there is necessarily a good deal that is fanciful in "Hearts of the World," and one did not always know where fancy began and fact ended, so clever was the blend. The desperate scenes of trench fighting with bayonets and bombs must have been acted, since it is certain that no camera could have existed in that inferno. They were well acted, although the hypercritical might have detected a certain lack of intensity in the cut and thrust work, the substitution of the mere rough-and-tumble for the deadly realities of a life-and-death, hand-to-hand struggle. But it was only the hypercritical who would have noticed this. It was as realistic as sensitive nerves could bear, indeed more so, and there was more than one woman present who shut her eyes as the charging warriors leaped into the enemy trench. None the less there were plenty of real pictures of real fighting. Mr. Griffith spared himself nothing in the way of personal danger in order to get his coveted pictures. There was no make-believe about the mighty guns belching their blasts of flame, or the cataclysms of mud and earth upflung by the exploding shells. The marching men pictured in their thousands were real soldiers intent upon their grim business. We saw real charges, and real wounded, and real prisoners. Wherever it was humanly possible to secure a genuine picture it was done. The faking was honest and avowed faking, a sort of necessary cement to the realities, and inserted only for the sake of continuity and completeness.

"Hearts of the World" is a war picture, and the little sentimental story that pervaded it was no more than a thread upon which to string the pearls of fact. It is the story of an American artist who has settled in France, making his home in one of the little villages that lay on the path of the German invader. There is the pretty young girl who wins his heart, and everything is moving forward tranquilly and blissfully to the wedding day when the call to arms comes, and the young lover goes to defend the country that is good enough to live in and therefore good enough to fight for. The village is evacuated, but the girl and her family are left behind, and we see something of the terrors to which they are subjected by the barbarian Prussians. They are dragged forth from the wrecked hovels in which they take refuge, and compelled to do menial work for the invader, and flogged when it proves too much for their strength. And then the blood of the audience boiled, audibly boiled. They knew that here there was no exaggeration. No matter how patent the acting it was the acting of bloody facts. If the audience at the Alcazar had been called upon then and there to fix the terms of peace, it is doubtful if Germany would have made even an appearance upon the map of the future. She would have been obliterated, effaced, abolished.

In the meantime the lover is "doing his bit," and something more than his bit, with the French army. We see him in the trenches, charging, fighting, and wounded. Dressed as a German officer we see him crawling through no man's land in order to discover the German strength, penetrating the enemy trench, and finally detected and hiding for his life in a shell-hole. Then comes the French advance, and the capture of the village, just the critical moment when the girl has

fallen into the hands of a Prussian officer, and we are beginning to shiver in anticipation of new crimes. Of course everything ends up as all well-conducted stories are expected to end, but as, it is to be feared, such stories do not always end in war-riven France, where sentiment has no jurisdiction, and where lovers must not always expect to "live happily ever afterwards." But it is all right with these lovers, and we may go away with a happy and realistic illusion.

Mr. Griffith deserves all praise for a thorough and conscientious piece of work. Of course he was helped by the authorities. Otherwise he could have done nothing half so good. But that he secures such help is an additional feather in his cap. One wonders how they do these things. How does one secure the cooperation of Mr. Lloyd-George, for example? There was no doubt about it, for we saw a picture of Mr. Lloyd-George standing in the doorway of his official residence shaking hands with Mr. Griffith and wishing him success. At least so we were told in the screen legend, and it undoubtedly was Mr. Lloyd-George, and he was undoubtedly saying something cordial and kind. Anything was possible after that handshake. And we saw Mr. Griffith talking to the staff officers, French and British, in France, and they, too, were saying cordial things. Presumably they were offering to bring on a battle at any time convenient to Mr. Griffith, and to see to it that he had front seats for himself and a comfortable tripod for his camera or whatever it is that they fix those things to. And then again we saw Mr. Griffith in the trenches with his camera. They were real trenches, and they were real shells that were bursting all around. Once more Mr. Griffith says so himself, and his statement is confirmed by the expression on his face as he watches the missiles overhead and wonders where they will fall. There can be no doubt about the reality of the thing, but again one wonders by what ingratiating arts Mr. Griffith manages to insinuate himself and his camera into the heart of the maelstrom. But at least we are glad that he did so, and we will not inquire too closely into ways and means, seeing that the results are so eminently satisfactory. C.

### SALT OF THE EARTH.

Recently I was reading a book by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, the English novelist, called "Succession," in which the young hero, a musical genius, was visiting at the German home of a famous orchestra conductor. There was a very pleasant pen-picture of this happy German interior and of the kind and discerning people who made it a delightful abode, full of the harmonies created by family affection and the warm friendliness extended to congenial outsiders. The core and centre of the home was the big-bodied, big-hearted genius who loved and understood and soothed the sensitive boy violinist from France. The women in the family had hearts of gold. They, too, understood the child genius, and with tactful tenderness smoothed away the weariness from his worn and overstimulated nerves.

As I read I said to myself, "This kindly attitude toward Germans is something that can happen on more in our time." Ethel Sidgwick is a psychologist; true, not a great one, but she belongs to the same class of writers as Henry James and Edith Wharton. She gets at the inside of people's brains and hearts. Her love for music, her understanding of sincere musicians, has made her meet the Germans that compose that class of artists on common ground. She has written of them with affection, with sympathy, and with understanding. And she can never do it again.

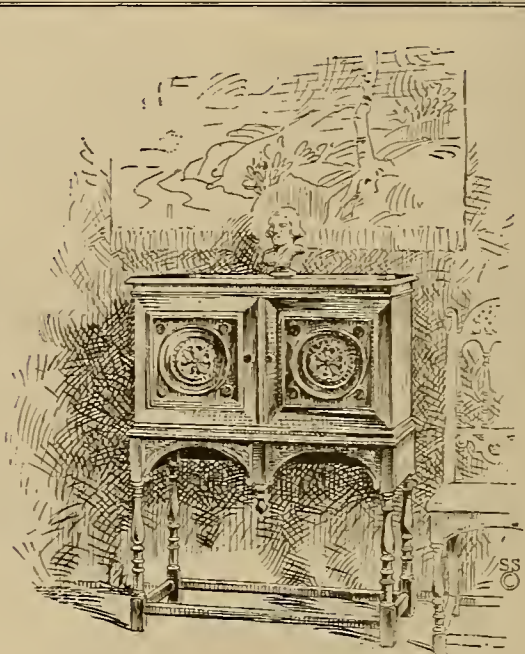
English fictionists have, in pre-war times, been very kind to Germany. Not that they were straining a point in doing so. They believed that Germany still possessed the sturdy virtues, the idealistic sentiments, the kindness toward humanity that were hers before the Fatherland willingly yielded to the Prussian ascendancy. We can not, in reason, doubt that many individuals, even in the converted and perverted educated classes, still possess them. Widely though the Prussian virus has worked, still one can not judge and condemn an entire nation. There are cases of soldiers who wept during Belgium's tragedy when they were obliged to obey their superior officers. According to Professor Bédier there have even been written records in the diaries of officers found on the battlefield, or seized on the persons of prisoners, in which were expressed a sense of outrage at the massacres they were obliged to enforce. Some few thinking Germans, early in the war, looked forward with foreboding to the victory that they believed inevitable, foreseeing later wars in which their children would pay dearly for the triumph in this. Others, recognizing how completely Germany is discredited before the world, and facing with saddened vision the terrible expiation that she must make for her crimes, have sunk out of life calmly, resignedly, like those who die of broken hearts. These few exceptions,

of which we hear through investigators who still look with hope for that lost soul of old Germany uncursed and unobsessed by the Prussian, give us a slight hope that there may yet be an awakening. And yet, when we realize how the ruling cliques have corrupted and perverted a too-submissive people, we feel that no man knows what terrible shape that national awakening may take.

The old Germany is dead. The English, who were Germany's blinded admirers, believe in it no more. Scholars, historians, scientists, and philosophers were among the deluded ones. When English novelists wished to locate their romances in some imaginary kingdom of ideal charm they always thought of Germany. Thus Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" was based on the romantic popular idea of the little German kingdoms. So was Anthony Hope's "Zenda." George Meredith made the heroine of the love idyll in "Harry Richmond" a golden-haired German princess, and gave very pretty pictures of the life at her father's pleasure-loving court. Germany profited by the romantic popular idea. Millions of good American gold pieces have been left in the Fatherland by our prosperous romanticists, making fervent pilgrimages there and, in spite of surly officials and arrogant officers, returning home with their illusions still in full vigor. But all that current of sympathy and admiration is switched off; perhaps forever. Germany has been a huge mutual admiration society, but such of her people as made excursions into English fields of literature have in the past found ample material with which to increase the national megalomania.

But England will increase it no more. To come down to a concrete instance, Mrs. Sidgwick has written a novel since the war began entitled "Salt of the Earth" (published by W. J. Watt & Co., New York), which title expresses the German exalted opinion of the national type.

The author, one might be disposed to think, has had her eyes opened by the events of the war. These Germans in her latest novel belong to the "new Germany, efficient, material, and dangerously aggressive." A German would declare that her apparent change of base is inspired by war-born prejudice, but there is such a very vivid depiction of German types and German social life that it is evident it is founded on real impressions, since the author must rely on her memory of a pre-war Germany. And, besides, these odious, woman-hectoring, blunt, aggressive, self-admiring males bear a resemblance in type to characters in books by the author of "Elizabeth in a German Garden." Lothar in "Salt of the Earth" is just as enraging as, or rather more so in fact, than the German officer guest in "The Caravaners." Mrs. Sidgwick quite palpably has met such people in Germany, but probably while noting them with her trained observation for the sake of her valued German friends had hitherto kept them out of her novels. No such feelings can hold her back now, and while the bitterness engendered by Germany's crimes have probably caused some exaggeration of the general odiousness of the characters presented, they are altogether too much like the national composite German of today as he has shown himself in the press, in the speeches



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of diplomats, and in the printed utterances of the professional class not to inspire conviction as to their authenticity. The hook will be widely read, for it is very interesting; more interesting, in fact, because it is more simple and direct than her other novels, and also because it is borne of an agitating and tempestuous epoch.

The author has placed in contrast two German families, one living in England, where the children were born, and another in Germany. The admiration and esteem that is conveyed for the transplanted Germans indicate the author's conviction that it is the external German character, and not the innate tendency. The hook will doubtless give pain to people of German birth or origin who are loyal Americans, who have, however, but to class themselves with the Müllers in England. Lothar, a German officer visiting his cousins in England, by whom he was speedily disliked with extreme cordiality, "used speech . . . not to agree with you, but to knock you down." Herr Erdmann, his father, visiting the Müllers in London, is cordially greeted by his sister, whom he is seeing for the first time in twenty years.

"A trunk has been lost," said Herr Erdmann.

"My trunk has been lost," said Lothar. "I saw it at Dover. The confusion at Dover is scandalous. With us such things can not happen."

"Why can't they happen with you?" said Brenda.

"We have system," said her uncle.

"We have order," said her cousin.

Father and son had hardly been ten minutes in the house, but Brenda had made up her mind about the elder man already. He was a heist, a ponderous, sour-tempered beast without the least resemblance to her mother.

It is apparent from this extract that Mrs. Sidgwick has departed from her hitherto characteristic style. The hook has probably been written rather hurriedly. It shows signs of speed in composition, but as the author is a psychologist, and she does not take the time to point her usual psychological subtleties of social intercourse, the public, which is not a psychologist, will take to it more kindly than to her other hooks. "Salt of the Earth" in fact, will probably make her better known to the public than all her other eight or ten novels joined together. For the hook has knowledge in it; knowledge of the new Germany and the old; knowledge and affection for that lost soul, some essence of which still survives in certain chosen spirits.

Mrs. Sidgwick has assisted in making plainer to our vision the intoxication that has maddened the brain and heart of Germany. There are some people who when they emerge from their intoxication and return to their senses find that their friends are still faithful to them because they are essentially lovable. But Germany is not of that kind. She has been too hestial in her prolonged bout and even the clean-minded of her own sons regard her acts with apprehension. For it is a German—the author of "J'accuse"—who forms an estimate of his people similar to that of the English novelist. "They overpower themselves with their own phrases," he writes, "until they foam at the mouth from sheer patriotism and fall down in adoration of themselves. . . . But they will in time awake from stupefaction, and the wild intoxication will be followed by the terrible discomfort of returning sobriety."

It is too much to hope that when that time comes the national vision will be cleared, and the lost soul of a chastened people be reborn.

But perhaps slowly and painfully, with occasional backslidings from her most incurable Berserkers, and with groans and tears wrung from her by her bitter expiation there may perhaps be the rise of a regenerated public sentiment in that proud and inflated nation which so tragically lost its soul.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Australia's Environs.

Australia is a great island, according to its premier, William Morris Hughes, who expressed his views of that country at a recent dinner of the Pilgrims in New York. "Along its northern and eastern shores," said he, "guarding or menacing its coasts, accordingly as they are held by friend or foe, are three belts of islands. There are hundreds of these islands, some being very small, and their distance from Australia varies considerably. New Guinea, the largest, is only about 150 miles from Australia. Others like Fiji, the Loyalty Islands, the Solomons, are more distant. But none of any importance is as distant as Honolulu from San Francisco. And in the aggregate the territory in what may be termed the Australian portion of the islands is very considerable. Perhaps I can best give you an idea of the area involved by comparing New Guinea, the largest island, with countries with which you are familiar.

"New Guinea, which before the war was divided into three parts, held by Holland, Germany, and Australia, is as large as Cuba, the Philippines, and the greater part of Japan all taken together. And this great rich island is within a stone's throw of Australia! It is much nearer to Australia than is Tasmania, one of the states of the commonwealth. And studded about New Guinea are dozens of smaller islands which stretch out forming part of one of these belts which run parallel with the coast of Australia. What would your attitude be towards any predatory power that claimed territory so near to your own shores?"

"Now the position of Australia is such that it is essential to its territorial integrity that it should either control these islands herself, or that they should be in the hands of friendly and civilized nations. For they stand in the same relation to Australia as say Mt. Kemmel does to Ypres, Amiens to Paris, or as Calais and the Channel ports do to England. Very many of them are suitable for coaling stations, submarine bases, and other points d'appui. To allow another nation to control them would be to allow it to control Australia. Calling ourselves a free nation, we should in effect be mere vassals."

#### The Silent Clock.

Three women came over from Monastherchoise To kneel with the Soggarth and answer his voice, For pale on the poster their grandfather lay And two candles were burning, though bright was the day.

A shutterless window framed acres of land, But a sixpenny cross was the wealth in his hand; And he held it as though 'twere the shaft of a plow That stiffens the muscles and softens the brow.

With the weight of its wood slipping out of his grasp, The heath of the dying soon grew to a gasp; And the sixpenny cross, which an angel might wear, Decked his breast—and thus ended a common affair.

As I passed through the chamber an old-fashioned clock

Stood weary and worn, for its tick and its tock Had measured his labor and tallied his breath, From the hour of birth to the hour of death.

But an old Gaelic woman went up to its side And set the black hands to the minute he died; And I, but a youth from a gay foreign clime, First new what it meant for to pass beyond Time. —Norrays Jephson O'Connor.

To get some idea of what crack shots the American marines are it is necessary only to glance over the record for the month of May of the men in training. Out of 4729 men who fired on certain ranges in this country, 3889 qualified and 395 failed to qualify. This is a percentage of 90.8, and of that 3889 there were 1123 expert marksmen, 1081 sharpshooters, and 1630 marksmen, as they are technically described.

A vast amount of real poverty is said to exist in Tokyo and the environs of the city included in the area of Tokyo-fu. The governor of Tokyo-fu, Dr. Inouye, states that there are 30,700 families in his district earning less than twenty yen (\$10) per month, comprising over 130,000 people.

Negotiations are proceeding with a view to the establishment in Switzerland of the family of the ex-Czar, who, it is understood, would arrive by way of Austria.

For restaurant use a machine has been invented that serves individual portions of hutter as needed without them being touched by the hand.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### Third Week of "Lombardi, Ltd."

"Lombardi, Ltd.," breeziest of Oliver Morosco comedies, grows steadily in popularity at the Cort Theatre, where the Leo Carrillo starring vehicle begins its third big week with the performance of Sunday night, June 30th.

The action is wrapped around the troubles and pleasures of a young Italian who has won recognition as a designer of fashionable gowns for women. But there is nothing unmanly about Tito Lombardi, the designer, as Leo Carrillo plays him. Lombardi is a man's man. To this part Leo Carrillo brings a fine comedy sense, the true spirit of the Latin, and a nice touch of sentiment.

Supporting Leo Carrillo are the following clever players: Grace Valentine, Warner Baxter, Marion Abbott, Mary Kennedy, Winifred Bryson, Harold Russell, Inez Buck, Ina Rorke, Charles Wellesley, and others.

##### War Film at Columbia Theatre.

Commencing this Saturday night, June 29th, at the Columbia Theatre, and twice daily thereafter, the first official United States war film, "Pershing's Crusaders," will be shown under the auspices of the government. "Pershing's Crusaders" gives a very fair idea of some of the more important activities, not only of the army and navy, but of the vast number of civilians who are doing things that are just as important and valuable as is done on the actual fighting front. There are pictures shown of how the National Army is being made into a powerful fighting factor in the war for liberty. You see how millions of guns, uniforms, and shoes are made, and how enormous food supplies are gathered and landed back of the trenches. Best of all there are many scenes of American soldiers in France. Regiments march with swinging stride through picturesque French villages. The recreations of the soldiers are shown. The daily life of the trenches is pictured in detail. One of the most impressive scenes shows the first German captured by Americans—a crowd of unkempt soldiers and two supercilious officers who object to being photographed for the "Rogues' Gallery." "Pershing's Crusaders" gives to all a clear idea of what is happening. Being a government project no war tax is charged. Seats are reserved for both matinee and evening performances and are now on sale.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall will head the Orpheum bill next week in a skit entitled "Snap Shots in a Musical Frame." Mr. Stevens is one of the most versatile actors on the American stage. He is actor, singer, humorist, and student, and there is a superiority and dignity in everything he does that always appeals. He is assisted by that winsome and gifted ingénue, Tina Marshall. Carl McCulloch will present "New Footlight Impressions," which consists, not of imitations, but of good-natured travesties of famous people.

Fred Whitfield and Marie Ireland, assisted by Lew Murdock, will present "The Belle of Bingville," a rural satire that is a blend of rustic mirth, song, and dance.

John Gardner and Marie Hartman term their efforts "Vaudeville Vagaries." They introduce a skit called "Before and After Marriage" and a fine assortment of songs and dances.

Art Hahn, George Weller, and Jerry O'Donnell are the possessors of melodious voices of extraordinary volume. They sing favorite numbers in a delightful way and are also capital comedians.

Davis and Pelle will appear in "An Equilibristic Marathon." Their performance is an extraordinarily interesting one.

Barry and Layton, "the All 'Round Boys," will be included in this bill.

Wellington Cross, the American musical-comedy favorite, will be heard in new songs and stories.

Lucille Cavanagh, who in consequence of her enormous success and in compliance with a generally expressed wish has been retained for another week, will be seen in new dances. Her associates, Frank Hurst and Ted Doner, will also contribute new numbers.

##### Lieutenant O'Brien.

"Smiling Pat" O'Brien is coming home. Since leaving San Francisco as lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps in France, he has gone through sensational experiences more thrilling than the wildest tales of the imagination. Fighting in the clouds he was shot and fell 8000 feet into the German lines, but escaped death. Then on his way to prison, directly under the eye of his German guard, he leaped from the window of the train going thirty-five miles an hour. He was then somewhere near Strassburg, eighty-five miles inside of Germany. Injured as he was by his fall from the train and his reopened wounds, he man-



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aged to escape pursuit, and for seventy-two days he struggled through this enemy country, through Belgium, tunneled under the electric barbed-fence on the border and escaped into Holland. When he reached London King George ordered him to the palace for an audience and found his story so amazing that he spent fifty-five minutes with him.

Lieutenant O'Brien is only twenty-seven years of age. He is now on a three months' leave and is seeking a transfer to the American army in order that when he reenters the struggle he will fight under the flag of his own country. In the meantime he is touring the United States, holding great audiences spellbound with the story of his wonderful experiences. His visit to San Francisco is under the direction of Paul Elder, who has arranged for him to appear at Dreamland Rink in San Francisco Tuesday evening, July 2d, and at Oakland Auditorium, Wednesday evening, July 3d.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt Coming to the Orpheum.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum Sunday matinée, July 7th. The first week of her engagement will be devoted to a one-act play written for her by a French officer at the front entitled "Du Théâtre au Champ D'Honneur" (From the Theatre to the Field of Honor). Mme. Bernhardt's programme for her second and last week will be the last act of "La Dame aux Camélias." She brings her own company and a perfect scenic equipment. Seats for Mme. Bernhardt's entire season are now on sale at the Orpheum box-office.

##### New Morosco Musical Show Coming.

Scheduled for production at the Cort Theatre, immediately following the engagement of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is Oliver Morosco's newest musical show, "Look Pleasant," which will have Walter Catlett, a great local favorite, as the featured player. "Look Pleasant" is a companion piece to "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage," and "What Next," and from all accounts will more than prove a worthy successor to those popular bits. The hook of "Look Pleasant" was written by Elmer Harris, the lyrics by Ballard MacDonald, and the music by Harry Piani. Harry James will be musical conductor. In addition to Catlett the cast will embrace such well-knowns as Juliette Day, Marion Vantine, Jack Pollard, Byrdine Zuher, James Gleason, Lela Bliss, and Frank Darien.

Direction of Paul Elder

"SMILING PAT"

O'BRIEN

Lieutenant R. F. C.

In His Thrilling Story

My Escape from a German Prison Camp



DREAMLAND RINK

Tuesday Eve, July 2, 8:15

Tickets, War Tax Included—1000 seats, 50c; 1500 seats, reserved, 75c; 1000 seats, reserved, \$1.00; a few choice seats, \$1.50 and \$2.00. On sale at PAUL ELDER'S BOOK STORE.

Oakland Auditorium, Wednesday Eve, July 3

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Beginning Sunday Matinee, July 7th

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# VANITY FAIR.

It is a common failing to suppose that one's own particular "set" is representative of humanity. The clubman who talks about public opinion means the opinion that is current around his lunch-table. The barber when he talks in the same way refers to the views expressed at Hairdressers' Union, No. 4. And so it goes.

The statement of a fashionable Frenchman that women have lost their importance since the war is an expression of the same delusion. One naturally asks, what women have lost their importance? Has the woman munition worker lost her importance? On the contrary she has become important for the first time in her life. Has the nurse lost her importance? With the exception of the fighting man she is the most important person there is. Has the new mother lost her importance? Have the women who have taken the industrial places of men lost their importance?

But the fashionable Frenchman who asks this question is not an idiot. Far from it, unless we are all idiots, which one is sometimes tempted to believe. He means that the women of his own particular "set" have lost their importance, that the women who work at idleness as at a trade, and without any eight-hour rule, have lost their importance, that luxurious and frivolous women have lost their importance, that they do not any more "set the pace" for any one, that they are hounded by the law and despised by the multitude. Because his own particular "set" is an idle and a silly one he supposes that womanhood in general is idle and silly. We all do more or less the same thing when we talk about public opinion. We mean our own opinion, and the opinion of those with whom we consort because they happen to agree with us.

Mr. Arthur Grierson has something to say about this in his latest book, "Illusions and Realities of the War." Here in America we are just beginning to condemn the idleness of fashionable wealth. Hitherto we have adulated, fawned upon it, licked its boots. Our bleary-eyed daily newspapers with minds opaque to everything except ancient history are doing so still. But the handwriting is on the wall. It is unpatriotic to be idle, says Mr. Grierson. War has brought home to even the most superficial observer the folly of the customs of modern society during the past fifty years, but particularly society during the past two decades." But idle fashion will die hard, says Mr. Grierson. "Its death rattle will be a series of gasps under varying conditions. Its breath will go out in charity functions where it will continue for some time to 'patronize' those who are doing the hard work and getting things accomplished."

In France the breath has already gone out of idle society. Not even the patronesses are in demand. It is no longer necessary to fawn upon frivolity in order to get names for a charity bazaar. The owners of those once coveted names are either keeping themselves in the background, or they are getting some work to do, real work, the kind that makes the back ache.

Who would have supposed that this particular year of grace would see a reversion to the sumptuary laws of almost forgotten centuries? But it has come. Both men and women must pass under the harrow, and so far there is not even a squeak of protest. The War Industries Board has ordained that the height of women's shoes must not exceed eight inches from heel to top, with the same regulation for overgaiters. The only colors must be white, black, and two shades of tan, and the black alone for patent leather. No new style lasts must be introduced, and manufacturers are specially urged to encourage the sale of low-cut and low effects in shoes, to reduce the number of boot samples for women, and to cooperate with retailers and wholesalers to restrict the return of merchandise. Sack coats for men must be shorter and so must top-coats and there must be only three outside pockets. Facings must not exceed four and a half inches. Side and back straps and flaps of trousers—what is a flap?—must disappear and there must be no reinforcement of trousers with wool cloth. We do not know what a reinforced trousers is, but we shall have to go without it, or them, in the future. There will be only ten models of sack suits, and this comes as a surprise. We had no idea there was so many as that. Says an Eastern commentator, "All differences between the man who dresses merely to clothe his nakedness and him who dresses to fascinate in a modest, manly sort of way, are wiped out by the War Industries Board order. American pride of the neat dresser will disappear, and a premium of patriotism be placed on slouchiness."

Just now we are having quite a run of boob on commercial letter-writing, but unfortunately one never finds the kind of letter that one wants to write. For example, what

man in his senses would write to a firm of dressmakers to complain of a dress that they had made for his wife. It is simply not done. In the first place women do not order their dresses by mail (do they?) and in the second place they write their own letters. These things ought to be known even by Sberwin Cody, author of "How to Do Business By Letter," who presents us with the following elegant epistle written by the imaginary firm of dressmakers to the imaginary husband:

"It is certainly very unfortunate that your wife does not like the dress we made for her, and we can well appreciate her disappointment. It often happens that a dress does not look the same made up that it does in a picture, and that the goods have a different air, which you would not suspect from the sample. The case would be just the same, however, if a dressmaker made a dress in your own home, for your wife would have to judge of the style first by a picture, and the goods might not look the same in the dress that they did in the piece. We think it is very fortunate that she got a good fit. Perhaps after wearing the dress a while she will like it better."

We, too, think that the lady was fortunate to get a good fit; fortunate also to get a husband who would thus rashly venture upon holy ground. But we risk the prediction that she will not like the dress any better after wearing it a while and we also offer our condolences with the husband during the troublous days ahead of him.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post complains that he went down to one of the bathing beaches and was annoyed by a number of young exquisites who were sporting radical opinions and who impressed him with a sense of sin because he had no Social Conscience nor a Sense of Reaction to the Pain of Humanity. How are these things acquired? he asks. If one feels no pang of sympathy for the Russian Soviets, what is one to do about it? And then there was the question of profiteering. It was all very sad and disturbing. None the less the correspondent observed that these young people seemed to enjoy themselves very much like others who had no Social Conscience nor Sense of Reaction to the Pain of Humanity. They donned their bathing suits and tossed about the medicine ball in the morning; and after luncheon they paid social visits, the water, it was rumored, being as yet decidedly chilly. Moreover, some of the young men who felt the Pain of Humanity did the following things:

1. Walked on their hands for considerable distances along the beach.
2. Fox-trotting contest.
3. Mounted combat. This is waged between two young knights with padded lances mounted on the shoulders of two other young men.
4. Demonstrated the elements of the trudgeon and the dog paddle and the overhand stroke to the young lady novice swimmers (on the sand).
5. Amateur circus.
6. Imitation of Al Jolson.
7. Imitation of a dull needle on a cracked Caruso record.
8. Hard-boiled egg eating contest.
9. Sprayed water on young ladies' bathing suits.
10. Yodeling contest.

The new "lighthouse" at Sèvres, where the famous potteries of the French government are situated, is expected to prove one of the most useful means of reeducating the blinded soldiers. Making pottery is one of the occupations in which the blind may become adept, and, although the Sèvres lighthouse has been in existence only a short while, eight blinded men have already been graduated from the modeling class into the government shops. These men are receiving the same salaries as the seeing workers, and, according to the report, they "do quite as good work, which, it is estimated, they do in one-third less time." "The French government," it adds, "has apportioned land to the committee in the grounds of the Sèvres potteries, on which it is about to build a training school for blind potters, who will be graduated from there to other factories."

Germans are showing signs of restiveness over their war debt. A recent manifesto of the Industrial Union of Saxony says the war has added 14,800,000,000 marks to the peace expenditure of 4,000,000,000 marks, which would absorb 60 per cent. of the whole national income. Capitalized at 5 per cent. it would represent a national debt of 392,000,000,000 marks.

Recently a seven-year-old child of Pasadena, California, after his usual nightly petitions remained silent for a few moments without rising, and then added: "O Lord, make the Kaiser good. We don't want the Kaiser dead, but if you can't make him good, kill him."

# LITTLE ROOM IN PALESTINE

According to Viscount Bryce, in a recent issue of the *Menorah Journal*, the area of the Kingdom of Solomon was about as large as that of the State of Massachusetts. But Palestine had not then, and never has had, and has not now, any well-defined boundary except the sea on the west. But let us take it, as understood today, at about 10,000 square miles. Much of this area is too dry and rocky for tillage; large parts are too dry even for cattle or sheep. Some large tracts might be irrigated, and would then yield rich crops, but to construct irrigation works would require considerable capital expenditure. There is no water power, except in the Jordan, which has a rapid fall from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, and it is also the only important stream from which water could be drawn for irrigation. So far as is known, no minerals exist in quantities that would repay working. Its population must therefore depend on agriculture. This was estimated before the war at about 650,000. But as many have died of want, or been killed by the Turks, within the last three years, the number must now be smaller. About two-thirds are Moslems, speaking Arabic—some very fanatical. No one would propose to eject them from their lands, so the present question is: For how many immigrants can room be found?

Taking the country as it stands (including the cultivable parts of the district east of the Jordan) probably not more than about 300,000. If, however, the middle and lower Jordan Valley were irrigated, if reservoirs of water from the winter and spring rains were provided, if the ancient cisterns were repaired, if the terrace cultivation on the slopes of the hills were replanted with trees, for the land is now terribly bare, it would be possible to provide work and sustenance for many more, perhaps for another 300,000, or an even larger number.

Other improvements which Palestine sorely needs are better roads and more of them. Some few light narrow-gauge railways might also be constructed, and better ports provided. Haifa is at present the only fairly good one. Jaffa, the next best, might, however, be rendered more secure. Such improvements would be so beneficial to the existing inhabitants as to reconcile them to any régime that might be established; and I believe (from what I could learn when I visited the country in 1914) that they would welcome any change from Turkish rule. They know from the example of Egypt, and they have been assured of it by the proclamations which General Allenby issued when he entered Jerusalem, that a European administration would act with justice and consideration to all the inhabitants, assuring religious equality and freedom to all alike, whatever their former faith.

## Czech Song from Austrian Trench.

Signor Orlando, premier of Italy, addressing in Rome the leaders of the recent Congress of Oppressed Nationalities, told the following anecdote related to him upon his visit to the Italian front:

It was night, dark and gloomy, and our own and the enemy's first lines were plunged in that silence full of mystery and menace which broods over two armies confronting each other. In the Austrian advance posts there were at one point many Czechs.

Suddenly in the darkness some one began to sing. Homer alone could have described the solemnity of the moment. It was the Czech national hymn. And then the sentinels were seen to change their positions, the soldiers in the trenches rose to their feet and stood bareheaded till the singer ended. Nothing more simple or more profound; in the night one felt the breath of epic poetry.

These men, with an enemy in front, who might, in ignorance, fire upon them, with another worse enemy behind them, who at the sight of so bold and magnificent an assertion of national feeling might well fire on them treacherously from the rear—these men feared neither open or hidden danger, and at the voice of the Fatherland sprang to their feet.

Through all such incidents I see erect and shining a Cross which makes all tortures and sufferings a Communion Sacrament, and which stands for sacrifice and death. But on this Cross is inscribed the radiant prophecy of hope and faith: *In hoc signo vinces*. And by this sign, gentlemen, ye shall conquer.

## Why Yezo Is So Rugged.

It is said in the Ainu folklore that the island of Yezo, in Japan, was made by two deities, a male and a female, who were the deputies of the Creator. The female had the west coast allotted to her as her portion of work, and to the male deity was assigned the south and eastern parts. They vied with each other in their tasks, to see which should get through first. But as the goddess was proceeding with her work she happened to

meet the sister of Oioina, and instead of attending to her duties, stopped to have a chat with her, as is the general custom among women when they meet. While they were thus talking the time sped till the male deity, continuing to work away, nearly finished his portion. Upon looking up and seeing this, the female became very much surprised and frightened, and in order to hasten matters did her work hurriedly and in a slovenly manner. Hence it is that the west coast of Yezo is so rugged and dangerous. If, therefore, any one is disposed to grumble at the very rough and dangerous condition of the west coast of this island he should remember that it is not the Creator Himself who is at fault in this matter, but His deputy. The chattering propensity of the goddess was the original cause.

Colonel Stokes, military attaché to the British legation at Teheran, recently traveled from Bagdad to the Persian capital by aeroplane. The distance is some four hundred miles.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The electrical expert was breaking in a green man. "Never touch the wires with your bare hands." "I see. Everything sanitary."

When two Germantown children recently met on the street one announced with considerable pride: "We've got a new baby at our house." Whereupon the other, rather contemptuously, responded with: "That's nothing. We've got a new pa at ours."

The president of the Santa Fé Railroad, Mr. Edward Payson Ripley, recently ordered a totally deaf man to be employed. "For what position?" asked his general manager. "He's so deaf he can't hear thunder." "Exactly," said Mr. Ripley. "Let him listen to passengers' complaints."

The sale was over, and Mike pushed his way through the crowd, carrying two fat geese under his arms. On his way home one of the geese screamed out, "Quack, wack, wack, wack!" until Mike got so angry that he shouted, much to the amusement of his fellow-passengers, "Devil the step ye'll walk, for sure I'll carry ye all the way."

While his mother was away on a visit Johnny didn't say his prayers. Upon mother's return there was a reckoning. "Why didn't you say your prayers, Johnny?" "Well, you see, it was this way, ma: I forgot to say them the first night an' nothin' happened. 'N' then I didn't say 'em the next night an' nothin' happened, 'n' so I decided I wouldn't ever say 'em again if nothin' never happened." And then something happened.

An Atlanta woman was standing on her back porch one beautiful spring morning. She did not appear to be happy or contented. She confided her restlessness to her old darky housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!" "Look heah, chile," said the old mammy. "Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Dis heah beautiful house? Dese heah luhbly chillun? Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Yo' gotta lug yo'self 'long wher-cher yo' go."

Scotch penuriousness continues to help out the professional humorist. One of the latest incidents is that of a Scotchman who, being taken ill in the wee sma' hours, went to a drug store for medicine. "Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the chemist, who had been aroused at 2 a. m., "when a glass of hot water does just as well!" "Weel, weel," returned Sandy hastily, "I thank you for the advice. I'll no hother ye after all. Gude-night."

One of the crew of the *Vindictive* was asked by a friend who met him on his return what happened to him when the old cruiser was blown up in the harbor at Ostend. "I jumped overboard," was the reply, "and the next thing I remember was when I came to in Dunkirk. An officer leaned over me, and told me I had earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal, a money bonus, and a week's leave." "What did you say to that?" asked his friend. "I told him I would like the leave first," replied the sailor.

A stout Irishwoman, hearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street-car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the stout lady squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth. After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every

evidence of relish. Whereupon the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his overcoat closer to him. "I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer-r to have a gentleman sittin' next to ye?" "I certainly would," snapped the youth. "So would I," calmly responded the fat woman.

"One of my pupils," says a Buffalo teacher, "could not understand why I thought that the following paragraph from his composition on 'A Hunting Adventure' lacked animation and effectiveness: 'Pursued by the relentless hunter, the panting gazelle sprang from cliff to cliff. At last she could go no farther. Before her yawned the chasm, and behind her the hunter.'"

"He's an infernal liar and a tuttering fool!" snarled Constable Sam T. Slackputter, as he sat alone on the porch of the Petunia Tavern. "He's a thief, a reprobate, and—" "Here, Sam!" exclaimed the landlord, appearing at the doorway of the hostelry. "What in thunder are you doing, cussing along that-a-way, all hy yourself?" "I am running down a criminal!" ominously replied the sleuth.

Two Canadians were comparing recent fighting with the 1915 Ypres vintage. The new man gave a harrowing description of a hayonet charge he had been in. The old-timer scoffed. "Why, on one occasion," he said, "I had two 'Heinies' on my hayonet at one time!" "How do you know there were two there?" inquired the new man. "I heard one telling the other to move up and make more room," was the answer.

Apropos of the Kaiser and his deity Mme. Waddington tells in her war diary, just published, of an Englishman who happened to be at Potsdam on Good Friday (this was before the war), and was surprised to see the imperial flag on the palace at half-mast. He asked the driver of the fiacre what it meant—was any one dead? The man grinned, and, pointing to the flag, remarked: "Familien-trauer" (family mourning)."

The schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift and pointed out how squirrels stored up nuts for the winter. Then he asked for another illustration on thrift in animals, and one boy cried out: "A dog!" "A dog! In what way does a dog practice economy?" "Please, sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet." The master laughed, and another boy said: "A bear." "Well, what does the bear do?" "He makes one coat last him for a lifetime."

A Japanese resident of Vancouver recently enlisted in a British Columbia hattalion, and, before going to the front, wished to sell a small marine engine. He wrote to a possible purchaser the following letter: "I was educated in most excellent high school in Japan, and in high hope of my condition hethering made my resolution and embarked for this nation. But thing do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated. I sell hull of hoat engine I possess. I have signal honor to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, dam Hun, excuse me I hesech you my colloquial phraseology. Price, 95 dollars. Ask for K— T—, private."

It was the youngster's first experience at Sunday-school and he sat eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. Whereupon the superintendent turned

to his small audience and, in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter." "Try him sideways, mister!" called out the youngster.

Nora had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house had her on the carpet. "If such a thing occurs again, Nora," said the lady, "I shall have to get another servant." Whereupon Nora, with a grin, responded: "I wish you would, mum—there's easily enough work for two of us."

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad and said: "Me name's Casey. Oi worruk out in th' yar-r-ds. Oi'd loik a pass to St. Louis." "That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again." At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yez the man I saw before?" "I am." "Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been worruk in out in th' yar-r-ds." "Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?" "Oi've got a joh an' a pass to St. Louis on th' Wahash. Yez can go to hell."

Brand Whitlock said in an address in Washington: "My war experiences have done me good. They have broadened my mind. I am a writer rather than a politician, and we writers live too restricted lives. You know the story of Carlyle and his sound-proof room in Chelsea. Carlyle had built a sound-proof room for himself on the top of his house. The room had no windows, but only a skylight for illuminating purposes. To an elderly visitor from Craigenputtock the room was shown proudly by Carlyle, and the visitor gave a cackling laugh and said: 'My conscience, this is fine! Here ye may write and study the best o' yer life and nobody he a hit the wiser.'"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Wilhelm Von Shakespeare.

The German emperor, as patrons of arts, has ordered the production of a great "national" edition of the works of Shakespeare, whom the Germans profess to regard as more German than English. By special arrangement we are enabled to lay before our readers a few extracts from this new and improved "national" edition of the Bard of Avon. As the editor points out, much of Shakespeare is intelligible as it stands. For example: I must be cruel only to be kind.

Let me say "amen" hetimes, lest the devil cross my prayer.

Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt.

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfeur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all, And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

Turn thee back, And tell thy king I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais.

If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of heef.

Let it not disgrace me If I demand before this royal view, What rub or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace, Dear nurse of hearts, plenty, and joyful births, Should not in this best garden of the world, Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

France is revolted from the English quite, Except some petty towns of no import. The English army is grown weak and faint; The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, And hardly keeps his men from mutiny.

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

On the other hand, many passages require editing, as:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle bomb from heaven Upon the place beneath.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

U-boats hourly ring his knell: Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, hell.

The winter coming and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, we [the English] will retire to Calais. 'Tis certain, he [the Kaiser] hath pass'd the River Somme.

Occasionally a passage is hopelessly corrupt, and can be accepted only after the most scholarly emendation. We give one example. Former editions print thus:

My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French.

In the "national" edition it will appear this way: My people are not with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers not lessen'd and those many I have Are very much better than ever so many French. —New York Evening Post.

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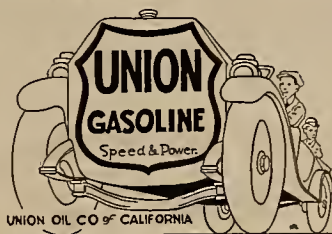
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### PERSONAL.

#### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. William Havemeyer has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ethel Havemeyer, and Colonel Curtis Otwell of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Engineers. Miss Havemeyer is a sister of Mrs. Andrew Stone and Miss Vera Havemeyer. The wedding of Miss Havemeyer and Colonel Otwell will take place July 3d in San Mateo.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Yost of Kansas and Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., was solemnized recently at Junction City, Kansas. Colonel Crimmins and his bride have returned from their wedding trip and are living for the present at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The marriage of Miss Esther Sharon and Mr. Lucius Norris was solemnized Sunday in Piedmont, Rev. C. D. Milliken officiating. Miss Frances Brown attended her cousin as maid of honor and the best man was Mr. Jack Norris. Mrs. Norris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sharon of Piedmont. She is a sister of Mrs. Alberto de Grassi, Lieutenant Robert Sharon, and Lieutenant Hereford Sharon. Mr. Norris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Norris. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Norris will reside at Danville.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in compliment to Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Miss Emily Pope, and Mr. Henry Bowie. Mrs. Frederick Randall gave a dinner Tuesday at her home in Montecito in honor of Mrs. Thomas Breeze. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Cary Weston, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Vail, Lieutenant J. H. Langhorne, and Mr. William Edwards.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, her guests having included Miss Olivia Pillsbury, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Elena Eayre, Miss Elizabeth George, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Jean Wheeler.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Broadway in compliment to Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park, among their guests being Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden,

Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery.

The Misses Pauline and Catherine Wheeler entertained at dinner Saturday evening at their home on Broadway, their guests having included Miss Edith Kynnersly, Lieutenant Harold Bergen, U. S. A., Lieutenant Clyde Ford, U. S. A., and Paymaster R. H. Hadden, U. S. N.

Miss Helen Cheshrough entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel, her guests having included Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Miss Newell Brown, and Miss Edith Cheshrough.

Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a children's party Friday at her home in Burlingame for her little daughter, Miss Isabelle McCreery. The guests included Miss Agnes Clark, Miss Virginia Clark, Miss Barbara Tohin, Miss Gloria Wood, Miss Mary Grace Hayne, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Barbara Clark, Miss Patricia Tohin, Miss Nancy Tohin, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Master Orville Pratt, Jr., Master John Drum, Jr., Master Nicol Smith, Master Russell Pratt, Master Christian de Guigné, Jr., Master Richard Tohin, and Master Charles Clark, Jr.

Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., gave a luncheon and bridge Saturday at her home in Menlo, her guests including Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal entertained at dinner Friday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Victor Horta, M. and Mrs. Edouard Deru, Dr. Harry Sherman and Mrs. Sherman, Mr. William McCann, and Mr. Edgar Walter.

Mrs. Joseph Grant gave a luncheon last Tuesday at her home in Burlingame, her guests having included Lady Alexander Colebrook, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Richard McCreery, and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blythe entertained at dinner Friday evening at their home on Powell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday at their home in San Mateo, complimenting Dr. William Lucas and Mrs. Lucas and Dr. Paul de Lille or the French army.

Miss Josephine Moore entertained a group of friends over the week-end at her home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. George Pope gave a dinner Friday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Howard Spreckels entertained a group of friends over the week-end at his home in Sonoma County.

Miss Elizabeth George gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at her home in Mare Island, complimenting her house guests. Included in the group were Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Elma Collins, Lieutenant Alfred Montgomery, Lieutenant Stanton Merrill, Ensign Howard Melvaine, and Lieutenant de la Seves.

"I told Murray that we might drop in on them this evening," remarked Crowell. "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowell, impatiently. "You know I don't want to visit those Murrays, and I can't understand why you do." "I don't," replied the husband. "I told him that so that we might stay at home without fear of having them drop in on us."—Life.

### THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

As we sit and read the London reviews of books written by young men who know how to think we can not help wondering what will become of all the middle-aged and elderly people in England, who, hypnotized by the decaying and the obsolete, still dream on in a world of illusion and make-believe. What will be their portion in the quick-change performance about to begin on the political and social stage of the British Empire?

When we see a drastic change in the spirit of the English novel something worth while is happening. One competent London critic writes: "The dull sensual novel is buried in Flanders, the dull snobbish novel is trampled in the mud of Picardy, the dull cynical novel is rotting on the dump that contains a thousand mangled delusions."

With the passing of the old social order the novels and essays written in the old easy-going mode will become stale. Writing like that of Henry James will be uninteresting, not because his types will cease to exist—types do not pass away suddenly—but because they will be relegated to the social background like old bonnets or old chignons. "What Masie Knew" no longer matters in the least, but what that sly minx is doing now as a member of a new order of people and things does matter.

William De Morgan's novel, "It Can Never Happen Again," now takes on a double meaning, for such a book would not be taken seriously in these days of hurry, worry, and drastic events of international importance, so it can never happen again.

The war will kill the sentimental novel; but it will die hard in America. Here the novel will change like everything else, but not until events compel such a change. A new realism is coming, in which the sentimental, if it exists, will apply only to those who cling to the past and who will figure as insignificant characters in the background.

The war has cut society in two. Young people who have gone to the war will come back prepared for all eventualities. They will return initiated. The middle-aged and the old who stayed at home will remain ignorant of the mystery of initiation. And as knowledge is power all the power will be in the hands of men and women under forty.

The impressions we receive between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight are the most lasting. Is it possible for such minds to come back to find pleasure in Pickwick or Monte Christo? Impossible, because of the rocco sentiment of the first and the unreal romance of the second. We might as well expect a soldier of the trenches to become absorbed in a description of one of Napoleon's battles fought with bullets and bayonets.

Nothing ever written by the most gifted writers about past wars will hold the slightest interest for men who have waded in trench mud, breathed poisonous gas, staggered under the intonations of bombs hurled from modern howitzers.

The old novels, for the greater part, will die of inanition. Like hundreds of other old things, they will pass, not because people oppose them, but because of indifference. They will no longer be discussed. To do so would be like discussing the utility of old balloons in modern warfare.

In this way much that appeared classical a few years ago has now passed into a region of meaningless emotions and trivial sentimentalities. Much of what was called new in art, poetry, and music before the outbreak of the war is now seen to be altogether lacking in vitality and wanting in ethical solidity.

The jumble of loose sentiments and loose modes of reasoning that brought on the war was the same in character as the jumble of new color forms, word combinations, and tonal concatenations in other directions.

All the world was moving towards a point where the refuse of exploded theories and negative beliefs were to be dumped into the crater of extinct volcanoes, not by any mental process, but by the derrick, mechanically.

Nothing that is not up to the vitality of the new epoch will survive long enough for prolonged discussion.—From "Illusions and Realities of the War," by Francis Grierson. Published by the John Lane Company.

Several hundred miles of old Roman walls are still standing in England today. The best specimen of this work of the ancient Romans in England is the wall which crosses Northumberland, from near Newcastle to near Carlisle. In many places the facing of this wall is still intact, showing what marvelous builders these Romans were.

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#### Growth of a Southern City.

In the last ten years Houston has doubled its population and now has 160,000, four times that of Galveston, which has stood still. Like spokes of a wheel seventeen railroads radiate from Houston, making it a receiving and distributing centre and connecting it directly with the important cities of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, the Middle West, and Mexico. A ship channel has just been completed, fifty miles in length, connecting Houston with the Gulf and making the city an ocean port. The expenses of the channel, \$8,000,000 up to the present time, has been borne in part by the Federal government and in part by the city. Since it offers to all except very large ships harbor and wharf facilities free from the menace of storms, its opening strikes the final blow to the one-time supremacy of Galveston. At present vessels of twenty-five-foot draft can use the channel and the wharves, owned and operated by the city, but the depth is being rapidly increased to thirty-two feet, with the expectation of making the channel still deeper should it become necessary.

Danish scientists claim to have discovered a method of manufacturing yeast without using grain as raw material.

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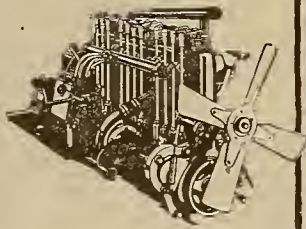
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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, accompanied by Mrs. John Drum, left Friday for a visit to Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark of New York and their daughter, Mrs. Howard Park, arrived Saturday at the Fairmont. Mrs. Clark will remain in San Francisco for the summer, but Mrs. Park has already left for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Charles Park. Lieutenant Howard Park, who has been stationed at Camp Lewis, is en route to France.

Mrs. Edward Howard and her children will pass the remainder of the summer at Glenbrook. Mrs. Harry Gray and her daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Wilson, have left on a tour of the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Thomas Holcomb has returned to her home in Washington from a visit to White Sulphur Springs with her parents, Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover and Mrs. Clover.

Captain Henry Dutton and Mrs. Dutton arrived in San Francisco a few days ago and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Maurice Hall passed the weekend in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and her little son, Master Samuel Hopkins, Jr., left Friday for Lake Tahoe, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Harold Law.

Mrs. Charles Page has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue, after a sojourn of several weeks in Washington and New York.

Miss Clara Wall, who passed the winter at the Clift Hotel, has taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel for the summer.

Lieutenant Edmunds Lyman and Mrs. Lyman, who have resided at the home of Mrs. Leigh Sypher since their marriage, have taken the cottage in San Mateo formerly occupied by Lieutenant Lyman's parents, Captain Charles Lyman and Mrs. Lyman.

Mrs. George Marye, accompanied by Miss Isabel May, arrived a few days ago in San Francisco. Miss May has gone to San Rafael to visit her aunt, Mrs. William Bahcock, but Mrs. Marye will remain in town, where she is living at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John Drexel of Philadelphia arrived Monday from Del Monte to join Mr. Drexel at the Clift Hotel.

Miss Helen Cheschrough left Thursday for New York, where she will remain a few days before sailing for France.

Mrs. Frederick Tallant is visiting in Tacoma as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant William Austin and Mrs. Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., accompanied by Miss Martha Sutton and Lieutenant Charles Westbrook of Philadelphia, recently spent several days in Del Monte.

Lieutenant William Tevis, Jr., who has been stationed in San Antonio, Texas, has been ordered East.

Mrs. Norris Davis and her daughters, Misses Majorie and Ruth Davis, have gone to Montecito, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Miss Edith Kynnersly, Miss Doris Durrell, and Miss Mary Gorgas have been spending the past week at Inverness. Miss Gorgas returned recently from Mare Island, where she was the guest of her uncle and aunt, Surgeon John Neilson and Mrs. Neilson.

Mrs. Emory Winship left last week for Washington to join Lieutenant Winship.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze is passing several weeks in Montecito as the guest of Mrs. Frederick Randall.

Mrs. Loren Van Horne and Mrs. Sherman Stow of Santa Barbara recently passed several days at the Palace Hotel from their home in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis will pass the summer in Berkeley, where they have taken an apartment at Cloyne Court.

Miss Cora Smith has taken a house in Washington, where she will reside with her brother, Captain Felix Smith.

Mrs. Edward Haas has been enjoying a visit of several weeks in Stockton.

Mrs. William William Phul and her daughters, the Misses Alzire, Claude, and Marcia von Phul, are spending several weeks in San Diego.

Mr. William Herrin has been passing several days at Byron Springs.

Mrs. George Boyd and her daughters, Miss Jean Boyd and Miss Cynthia Boyd, have taken apartments at the Hotel del Coronado for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Harvey Bassett has been passing several days with Mrs. Isaac Upham at her home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tokin, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, Miss Phyllis de Young, and Mr. Nion Tucker passed the week-end at Hollister as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor returned recently from Sonoma, where she has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. George Pope, Miss Emily Pope, and Mr. George Pope, Jr., returned a few days ago from a prolonged sojourn in Boston.

Mr. Alfred Oyster arrived in San Francisco a few days ago and has joined Mrs. Oyster at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins, on Jackson Street.

Lieutenant Paul Jones and Mrs. Jones and the former's sister, Miss Helen Jones, returned Saturday to San Francisco from American Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule left Sunday for the East, where they will remain until August.

Mrs. Peter Martin and her son, Mr. Charles Martin, arrived Monday from New York to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. W. O. Van Schuyver returned Friday to her home in Portland, having passed the winter and spring months in San Francisco.

Miss Alice Claire Smith returned Monday to the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, from a visit to Mare Island.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. A. G. Shirley, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnson, Las Vegas, New Mexico; Mr. K. C. Eldridge, Oregon; Mr. F. Thomas, Trinidad, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Kinsaid, Stockton; Mr. E. E. Mantell, Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Field, Mr. E. H. Rampe, San Jose.

Describing a journey not long ago through Korea, Ray J. Baker, a writer in *Far East*, says: "My progress was much impeded by a crowd of youngsters who went always before me bowing and begging. I drew a handful of coppers from my pocket and threw them as far as I conveniently could. I have seen hungry, half-famished dogs struggle for food as these children struggled for coins. But, as far as I was concerned, the situation was unrelieved. Indeed, it only aggravated the nuisance. I turned into a side street and made my way to a sort of park located on a hillside back of the city. Here, I thought, I would have peace. Rustic seats under the trees made it possible to sit and enjoy the beautiful view of the city of Fusan below, and the harbor with its masts and sails beyond. I had barely seated myself when the beggar children of the street, noting the direction in which I had gone, followed me. They fought with each other to get near me. They clawed the ground, threw rocks at each other, and gibbered with one another. They scarcely wore any clothing, a few dirty rags only covered their nakedness, and they climbed trees like monkeys. They seemed so ferocious, so animal-like, so primitive. My memory led me back to the dim gray morning of the race and I repeatedly found myself wondering over the fact that they really used spoken language. Korea was annexed to Japan in 1910. The testimony of old residents of Korea is without exception to the effect that the country has been vastly improved under Japanese occupancy. If this is true, what must have been the condition of the country and people under their own native rulers?"

A little over a century ago, when England had been fighting for years against Napoleon, food became very scarce. The following is from a book on bread-making, written by Sylvester Graham in 1837: "In order to conserve it as much as possible the British government ordered that the army should be supplied with bread made from unbolted wheat meal, *i. e.*, simply the wheat ground without having the bran or middlings removed. The soldiers were at first displeased with the bread and refused to eat it, even casting it from them in great rage, but after two or three weeks they began to be much pleased with it and preferred it to the fine flour bread."

In Ceylon the Singhalese men wear long hair, twisted into a coil at the back of the head, and a horseshoe-shaped tortoise-shell comb at the top, while the women wear no such ornament. The men vie with one another in the quality and finish of the comb. This custom supports a large number of comb-makers, who get the raw material from the hawksbill turtle.

The chief inventions used in the present war as distinguished from the Napoleonic wars are: Steamship, submarine, aircraft, high-power guns, smokeless powder, breech-loading gun, rapid-fire gun, revolver, automatic pistol, telephone, wireless telegraphy, automobile, poisonous gas.

## GERMAN SUPER-PUPILS.

## Some Mental Tests for Children.

In selecting "super-pupils" for elevation from the communal to the high schools the Berlin educational officials adopted the following tests:

Twelve pairs of syllables were written two by two upon a blackboard and then when the former of any two was called out the candidate was required to write down the second. This test was to enable the teacher to anticipate the ability to learn the words of a foreign language, and only in the case of the most brilliant candidates was this test as successful as in that of the other functions, from which the examiners concluded that memory and intelligence are not entirely interdependent. On the other hand, the second test, which was concerned with memory combined with reasoning, was successful in the case of a far larger number of candidates. Three logically connected words were spoken which had to be written down, the appeal thus being not only to pure memory, but also to logic and the gift of combining ideas. Then the candidates had to write down all that occurred to them on the mention of some particular word; this being intended to test fluency and abundance of ideas.

The next experiments were concerned with the power of combination. Three ideas were mentioned among which there were several possible connections, and these connections had to be enumerated as fully as possible. A further experiment consisted in the filling up according to the sense of the lacunae in a written sentence in which dashes appeared instead of syllables that had been omitted. There was a difference in the answers to this question amounting in the case of the boys to between 130 and 30 correctly given syllables, and in that of the girls to between 115 and 8. Finally the children were called upon to show how the various parts of a rectangle drawn out of their place upon a blackboard required to be put together in order to construct the original figure. This experiment was designed to test the faculty of consideration, and here the boys showed themselves distinctly superior to the girls.

The degree of capacity for concentration was ascertained by relating a short story to twelve children at the same time, and by setting them twelve simple sums in arithmetic. While they listened they were required to give the answers to the sums, and after a short pause to write down all they had retained of the short story. Comprehension was tested by an experiment requiring intuition. A number of geometrical figures were given on which the characteristics common to all and their differences had to be enumerated; further, definitions were asked for, and, finally, the essential points of a very long story that was read aloud had to be given. The definitions test, in particular, was responsible for some excellent results, as well as for some complete failures. The test of capacity for decision was based upon the criticism of the report of a battle, the meaning of a picture, and the form likely to be taken by the conclusion of a story which had been broken off during its recital. In the latter case a logical conclusion had to be evolved from the preceding portions of the story. There followed in connection with incidents related questions as to their probability and suitability. Finally the capacity for intuition and observation was subjected to analysis. In this case a picture was displayed for a short time, and then a description of it was called for. Further, technical

models difficult to grasp were set in motion, and the results due to their motions were asked for.

Thus, then, writes Professor Hildebrandt, the whole domain of intelligence was systematically inquired into on the basis of accurate methods, and the ultimate results of the selection were founded on it. Since there was no question of a general examination of children's idiosyncrasies, but rather of determining their suitability for attendance at a higher school, the pedagogue, he thinks, will not find much fault with this method of the employment of experimental psychology. An accurate examination of all the intelligent idiosyncrasies of this kind might indeed, he observes, often be of great use to a teacher in individual cases when, for example, the judgment of the parents and the teachers with regard to a child is completely at variance; it would be possible by such means to determine, without bias, which of the two parties was right. Moreover, the professor adds, the correctness of the system employed has already been demonstrated by the fact that after three months' instruction the verdict of the teachers in the Berlin establishments has almost entirely agreed with that of the psychologists.

In 1915 there were only twenty-eight franchise-holders per thousand of the population in Japan, and these in large cities like Tokyo were almost exclusively confined to the commercial and industrial employer class, there being little or no social organization as understood in the West among the working classes of all grades—the mental and physical workers. The law prevents their uniting for the protection and advancement of their community interests; it frowns upon any sort of social activity that is not initiated by the government itself, and the consequence is (according to the *Far East*) that the poor in Japan are peculiarly helpless—and entirely dependent.

The feature of this year's exhibition of the British Horticultural Society is a new orchid, with mauve petals and rich purple tip, which has been named the General Pershing.

The salary of the President of Switzerland amounts to \$2200 a year, with an additional \$6000 for expenses.

## DIVIDEND NOTICES.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1918.  
H. C. KLEVESAHLL, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum will be payable on and after July 1, 1918.  
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market-Street Branch, junction Market, Turk, and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1918. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1918, will earn interest from July 1, 1918.  
A. P. GIANNINI, President.  
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You must isolate the patient." "All right, doctor; where shall we put the ice?"—*Baltimore American*.

Captain (angrily)—Button up that coat; you'll catch cold. Morried Recruit (absently)—Yes, my dear.—*Judge*.

"Son, why are you always behind with your studies?" "So that I may pursue them, father dear."—*Lehigh Burr*.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," quoted the Parlor Philosopher. "Yes; or at least till she gets old," added the Mere Man.—*Town Topics*.

Merchant—Are you a man who watches the clock? Applicant—No, sir. I watch the

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stenographer; as soon as she begins powdering her nose I put up the hooks.—*Boston Globe*.

"Pop, what are the silent watches of the night?" "They are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, son."—*Baltimore American*.

Heck—I suppose you always let your wife have the last word. Peck—Yes, and I'm tickled to death when she gets it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"It doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes. "What doesn't seem right?" "That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."—*Washington Star*.

Acroge Father (showing his prodigy's drawings)—Would you believe that he never took a lesson in his life? Art Editor—Seeing is believing.—*Buffalo Express*.

"That young man you introduced to me seems to lack opinions on most subjects." "I know, but he makes up for it in his opinion of himself."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Then I understand that after your husband had made over all his money to you, you left him." "Yes; I couldn't live with a man who cheated his creditors like that."—*Boston Transcript*.

Officer—Any particular branch of the service you'd like to connect with? Recruit—You'll make no mistake by putting me behind a machine gun, sir. I was chief camera man for a movie company that specialized in 'chase' stuff.—*Buffalo Express*.

Iris—Mrs. Lothaire will be sorry if she lets her husband run around with that fascinating widow. Cyrus—Yes; if a man's wife can't keep him from paying attention to another woman, the other woman will soon keep him from paying attention to his wife.—*Town Topics*.

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner. "Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisself. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep."—*Life*.

Gentleman Former—I've got rather a lot of meat at home. I thought I hetter report it—a whole sheep, in fact. You see, I kill my own sheep. Clerk to Food Control—But that won't do. I shall have to look into this.

## CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS



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You mustn't kill a whole sheep all at once.—*Punch*.

"We must give until it hurts." "I think I get the idea. We must act as though we were giving money to our own wives."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"That last speech of yours was a classic." "I'm afraid so," replied Senator Sorghum. "You don't seem gratified." "I feel complimented, but apprehensive. As a rule a classic is something that people admire, but don't understand."—*Washington Star*.

Little Ethel—Mr. Young, my sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw.

Mr. Young—You oughtn't to tell things you hear at table, Ethel. Ethel—But she's going to give me a nickel for telling you.—*Stroy Stories*.

Iris—After all, there are only two kinds of women. Cyrus—What are they? Iris—Women who tell each other naughty stories and women I have never met.—*Town Topics*.

"Lemme see one o' dem cuckoo clock," said Mr. Erastus. "Here you are." "Could you kind o' change de tune a little?" "What's the idea?" "I wants an alarm clock. I don't take to dese hasty an' excited alarm clocks. If you could train one o' dese to cackle like a chicken, I could wake up spry an' hopeful every time."—*Washington Star*.

















